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The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. II.--NO. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

TERMS: \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

[It is usually and justly considered unfair to publish private correspondence, but the following letter fell into our possession in a manner so extraordinary that a suppression of it would look like an attempt to thwart the decrees of Fate. How it fell into our possession it is not necessary that we relate; it is sufficient to say that in this case, at least, the Post-office is not blamable. Evidently it is from one young lady to another, and of its genuineness there can be no doubt, the delicate thread-work of foreign languages and the italic tallies where ever a point is made being all as so many broad seals to attest its authenticity. Of course we do not understand in all cases the author's exact meaning, but we print the letter as it is written, trusting that she is not personal and hoping that no one will be bit. We have fairly tapped the correspondence, and other letters may be expected.]

SAN FRANCISCO, November 29, 1864.

WILL you believe me, *caressima*, that this is the first moment I can honestly claim as entirely my own since my arrival in this gay metropolis? I feel confident that you will attribute my silence to what you persistently term my spirit of procrastination; but, *m'amie*, you are at fault this time. Of course I remember having promised to give you a description in detail of my visit to San Francisco: what I saw, what I did, what was said, and who said it; but one day you will yourself be obliged to confess that a promise made in the country and kept in the city is a sort of *rara avis*, and that it requires an exceedingly well-balanced mind to retain its equilibrium when overwhelmed as I have been by the kind attention of my many good friends, who regard me as a species of involuntary exile and treat me accordingly. I have been in a perfect whirl of excitement for the first few days, and consequently have not had time to attend to anybody's business except my own. Do not now, I beg, reject my letter with an ejaculation of supreme contempt, but with your usual serene disposition bear with my prolixity.

To-day is perfectly glorious, and I have just returned from a delightful drive to Black Point, where I met and was introduced to your friend Capt. —, who is, as you have frequently described him, a model of rhetorical excellence, and fully convinced of his own importance, but withal hospitable, and, I understand, a very efficient officer.

Speaking of officers, I was told, to-day, of the promotion of one of whom you have repeatedly heard me speak as being such a very "nice gentleman." Your fertile imagination has doubtless already suggested to whom I refer. I will remark, *en passant*, that I sincerely trust the old adage of "*honores mutant mores*" may not be verified in this instance, for then the "nice gentleman" might descend to the level of a VAIN BOAST. How can I thank you sufficiently for the introduction to your *bon ami* of the uncommon cognomen? He has contributed more to my amusement during my sojourn in the city than "any other man." In a word, he is charming. With an interminable fund of anecdote always at his command, he

possesses the essential commodity of an excellent memory which prevents him from ever inflicting upon his hearers the same story twice. (?)

I hope you will not be pained to learn that they tell some very funny tales about him; but, between you and me, I do not believe he is half as naughty as the over-scrupulous credit to his account. If he is, he must certainly adopt the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* style, for one could never be so mild and yet so wicked. Mrs. — told me, in her customary confidential manner, that he is an ardent admirer of *Parisienne* beauties. Well, who has a better right than he, when, after having seen the natural productions of almost every other known country, he chooses to become a votary of *Paris*? I think it proves conclusively his superior taste. We have, however, learned not to give credence to all the reports emanating from Mrs. —, as she is dreadfully spiteful, you know; and why I cannot conceive, for although at present laboring under the disadvantages of a state of impecuniosity, she is refreshingly respectable.

Among the current items of the day I know of none, with the exception of two sad departures from among our midst. They were both of the gentler sex; but one left for France in the English style and the other for England, (or elsewhere,) taking "French leave." At this moment a verse of Scott presents itself forcibly to my mind. I will give it to you as near as I can remember:

"The day was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old."

O tempora, O mores! The morals of the inhabitants of this gay Elysium I fear are becoming slightly equivocal, mildly speaking; but then I, who am verging towards the "venomous astringency of ancient maidenhood," must not be too severe with my younger friends, for rashness, you know, is the error of youth; so I content myself by telling them that they have only to be virtuous and they'll be proportionately happy. But I will remark, without any malice, however, that if this same rashness were to confine itself simply to juveniles instead of attacking so virulently the more mature portion of the community, we would immediately perceive beneficial results; but "to err is human," so we poor mortals must not assume too boldly the character of censors.

As for the theatres, I am fearful my account of them will not prove at all gratifying, having only been twice—*mirabile dictu!* As I had feared, I was almost too late for the Keans, only seeing them once before their departure; but they, appreciating Shakspeare thoroughly in every point, intend that we shall understand how sweet a sorrow is parting, and so, like Paul Julien, will give us another series of *farewell* entertainments prior to their leaving our shores forever.

My second visit to a theatre was to witness the grand spectacular representation of the *Siege of Troy*. I had anticipated a rare, classical treat; but, *ma chérie*, the expectation was nothing to the realization, for in one short hour I had a satiety of all classics, both ancient and modern. To attempt to criticise the performance would be simply ridiculous, after the many laudable and erudite critiques of the daily papers. Suffice it, then, to say that the feminine portion of the *dramatis personæ* were not exactly in *puris naturalibus*, but as near it as was warmly convenient. I noticed among the highly "appreciative" audience many of our first citizens and also a few of our last—one in particular, who, they tell me, is one of the largest stock-holders in the establishment. But that *peut-être* is like many other *on-dits*, entirely unreliable.

There was a delightful *soirée dansante* at the "Cosmopolitan," last evening. I was there, of course, but appeared particularly meek and lowly, surrounded as I was by the resplendent toilettes of the wives of our Washoe princes. If our new State, in its youth, sends forth such brilliant representatives, what may we not expect when it arrives at the years of discretion?

Before bidding you good-by, *ma petite*, I must assure you that I have attended faithfully to your commission regarding THE CALIFORNIAN: it will be forwarded regularly to your address. If any of our acquaintances in M— desire a similar favor, let me know, and I will attend to it immediately, as I quite like to meet the affable and gentlemanly proprietors. This of course is strictly *entre nous*. Do not permit any time to elapse before answering my letter. I do so long to hear from you.

Toule à vous,

BELLA DONNA.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, December 3d, 1864.

WE have had a few drops of rain during the week—a slight shower—which commenced on Wednesday of last week and has not quite ended yet. I hope that the people who for a year past have been clamoring for rains are satisfied now.

The Irish Giant is satisfied, if no one else is. He was drowned Tuesday morning in attempting to wade from a cheap restaurant on Montgomery street to the Bank Exchange. His boots are on exhibition at John Parrott's banking-house, where the Dwarf succeeded in getting them discounted after convincing the head of the establishment that they were not hams.

Had I not stirred out of the house during the week, I should still have known that water had at last come, by the milk at breakfast. Once more it has assumed that beautiful blue which I once thought it borrowed from the milkmaid's eyes, but which my riper experience leads me to believe is principally prompted by the pump.

The vision of my youth is dispelled; I know now what "milk made" means, for I've seen the proprietor of a ranch making it—chalk and water are the principal ingredients. It is well enough to introduce the milk-maid in *Bucolics*, but made milk would be a nearer approach to what we have at breakfast-tables.

The miners are glad of the rain, too, and are panning out nearly as richly and industriously as the milkmen.

It is unfair to say that any one of the Lincoln Electors is dissatisfied with the weather. It is true that they intend to go to Washington, but the rain will not at all interfere with the journey, as they purpose to go by water. I know one of the party who will go by water, sure—he always goes *by* it, but no one ever knew him to pass anything stronger.

Umbrellas have gone up. I bought a new one the first day of the rain and it went up the first night, while the owner was at late lunch. I haven't seen it since, and do not know that I would recognize it if I did. It was not in my possession long enough to enable me to give a description of it, but I'm ready to pay a reward of a dollar or two to any honest man who will leave a good silk umbrella at this office—whether it be mine or not.

If put upon the witness-stand and asked to swear a great oath, I could not conscientiously say that I like rain. I should not like to be dry if there was nothing to drink around, but I have constitutional objections to being very wet at any time. Had I been born a fish I should have been unhappy indeed; pitying mermaids would have beheld in me the most miserable monster that swam the deep.

Particularly I would have disliked to be a perch, for then birds might have been tempted to light on me. Perhaps you've noticed that a bird lighting on a fish bears no small analogy to a squatter settling on the Potrero—it doesn't hurt the bird at all, but the fish is suddenly taken out of market.

If I had to be a fish, and it were optional with me what fish to be, I think "I'd like to be an angel"—I mean, an Angel Fish. For in an article in last week's CALIFORNIAN from an English magazine, headed "Remarkable Cases of Obesity," I remember to have read that the Roman ladies were accustomed to apply the flesh of that fish to their bosoms, to prevent a too voluminous development. Decidedly I should prefer an outside place to an in, and that same Angel is the only fish I know of that manages to obtain one. On the whole, I don't know but what I'd be considerably happier as a fish than as a man. Wet feet wouldn't trouble me; and though my life might terminate in a sudden broil, I wouldn't be kept in hot water all the time. It would be pleasant to be a fish at Grass Valley, because it showers angle-worms there, and to fish those would be manna in a manner. Falling on ploughed ground up there, though, I should think those same worms would be apt to stick in the people's crops.

But I am warned to cut myself down to a column this week, on account of a space being wanted for some Bella Donna. Bella Donna and Nightshade in Botany are the same thing, and behold I am this night thrown into the shade and in a measure sent to Botany Bay—so like a queer fish I put a fin-is to this article and the seal of

INIGO.

(For the Californian.)

NORTHWARD.

FAR to the North, where giant pines are sifting
The feathery snow-flakes through their thread-like leaves,
Down a long lane, where heap on heap is drifting,
And snow-birds twitter wintery melodies;

In the old homestead sits my brown-eyed mother;
A merry little boy is in her lap,
Now trying, with kisses sweet, her breath to smother,
And now to tear the white strings from her cap;

Anon, to pull the needles from her stocking
As absently and thoughtfully she knits,
And darting now, with blue eye full of mocking,
To climb the chair where white-haired grandpa sits;

Putting his wee white fingers in the wrinkles,
Peering into the furrows curiously,
Trying to catch the funny, dancing twinkles
That bubble in the corner of his eye;

Examining the queer mouth, wide with laughing,
As an adventurer explores a chasm,
Wondering if the lost pearls were drowned in quaffing,
Or overturned by some internal spasm;

Wondering in many childish ways, and may be
Sage thoughts have entered in the little brain,
How the old man was once like him, a baby,
And being old, he grew a child again.

How once this sweet vale was an Indian valley,
Where painted warriors rode with savage grace;
And once this old dame was the winsome Sally,
With laughing eyes and cherry-blossom face.

And here he wooed and won the child-like maiden—
How strange it seems!—for three score years a wife,
Like a great flower, with wondrous incense laden,
Blessing the long, long summer of his life.

But now, as daintily upon life's ladder
The fearless baby-feet so gaily climb;
Their steps are slower, and their thoughts are sadder,
Under the shadows of the hill of Time.

They have seen sunny hours and wintry weather,
And old friends gathered to the earth's kind breast;
And still they linger on the way together,
Nearer, each day, to the Eternal Rest.

Their wise words on this rosy childhood dropping,
As on the May's delightful blossoming
Fall gentle snow-showers—for amoment stopping
The bright career of the ecstatic Spring.

And as the child bonds gladly to the Summer,
Dancing on roses, to joy's melody;
The angels wait, for a belated corner,
Ah! which of my beloved ones will it be?

EMILIE LAWSON.

A NEW VERSION OF THE "TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" PLAY.

IN a quiet street of the Marais—which is the Sleepy Hollow of Paris—lives a retired tradesman who has accumulated a respectable competency of fortune, say \$60,000, by selling sugar moulds. He had one child, a daughter, who had grown up to the eve of womanhood. On the same floor with him and his family lived a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, with dainty black moustaches and a pair of blue eyes, such as an artist would endow Innocence or hope withal. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors met every day on the staircase. By and by they bowed when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to conversation, this superinduced something else, which in turn brought to pass something else still, until the concatenation of circumstances ended in seeing the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-mould dealer. Their acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where chess and draughts and backgammon were played, especially as the young man (though passionately fond of all these innocent games) contrived never to win a cent, but left some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The heiress of the house, accustomed to see no other young man, soon became touched by her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless the subject had never been broached until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. As Frenchmen have no delicacy whatsoever, the family read these letters. You may judge the contents of them all by one of them:

"TOULON, June 18, 1864.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a petty romance, which I dare say boarding school girls would deem very touching—you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up \$200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir, with his aristocratic appearance and name, marry a Mlle. Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father, and he, as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.

"Your affectionate uncle, GEORGES DE R——."

The next morning the young fellow (his name was Ernest) returned apparently very uneasy. He said he had left some

letters behind him, he believed there, and inquired if they had seen them. The sugar-mould dealer confessed his indiscretion and bade Ernest break relations with them as it was evident from those letters that he could never marry Celeste. This summons seemed to throw the young man into deep despair. He replied: "Wait a little longer and I will endeavor to change my uncle's resolution, for I feel that if I do not I shall die." The sugar-mould dealer said: "I will wait," for the truth was he desired to marry his daughter to the young man who seemed to possess every quality that a reasonable father-in-law could ask for in a son. Several weeks passed away, when one morning Ernest ran joyously into his neighbor's drawing-room holding in his hand a letter post-marked Toulon, and from the uncle who came so near shipwrecking his happiness. The letter ran:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—As far as your marriage is concerned, do as you please. I only wished to test your affection and to be sure that your sentiments for Mlle. Celeste was no caprice but real love. Time has proved your affection to be sincere. Marry her. I do not know whether my gout will allow me to go up to Paris for your wedding; but at all events I shall engage one of my friends to give you everything necessary to enable you to marry yourself decently. If I am unable to go up to Paris to your wedding you must spend your honeymoon here. To see you happy will rejuvenate me."

This letter satisfied Celeste's father, and the wedding day was fixed. Ernest refused to have a marriage contract; he wanted everything he had to belong to his wife. Celeste's father-in-law went several times with Eugene to the notary who had the money sent up by the Toulon uncle, but he was discreet enough to remain at the door outside while his future son-in-law was transacting the business. At last all the papers required by the French law were received; the certificate of birth bore an honorable name. The banns were published at the Mayor's office and church and the wedding feast ordered. Everything was ready—but the uncle wrote that he had such a violent attack of the gout that it was utterly impossible for him to leave his chamber. It became necessary to dispense with the uncle's presence. Misfortune never comes alone! On the wedding day Ernest experienced additional ill luck; his two groomsmen and his tailor disappointed him; but the tailor was one of the great tailors of Paris, who are always overwhelmed with work, he of course could not be expected to be punctual; besides, have not all tailors a charter which enables them to accompany all of their promises with a mental reservation? At the last moment the clothes came; the absent groomsmen's places were taken by kinsmen of the bride. They went to the mayor's office and to the church: the civil and ecclesiastical "yes" were uttered by both parties: mayor and priest proclaimed them man and wife. Then the marriage feast was spread in a restaurant on the boulevard, which was followed by a ball. Although it was midnight when the bridal pair retired, the husband was such an active, industrious fellow that by six o'clock in the morning he was dressed and out attending to important business for his uncle. At nine o'clock the mantua-maker called to present her bill for the wedding clothes. Celeste's mother went to the drawer where she had laid the money for all the wedding expenses—not a cent could she find there. She asked her husband to go into the bridal chamber across the landing to get Ernest to lend her the money to avoid making the mantua-maker return. He found Ernest had gone out and poor Celeste over head and ears in bills sent in by the tradesmen from whom Ernest had bought the wedding presents, and among them was one bill of which she could make nothing: it was the bill of an old-clo' dealer for the "loan of a wedding suit." As Ernest could not be gone long, all inquiries were postponed for the present; but twelve o'clock came without bringing Ernest. One o'clock—no Ernest. Two o'clock—no Ernest. You may imagine how Celeste wept. Three o'clock—no Ernest; but it brought an old friend of the family who had just discovered—unfortunately twenty-seven hours too late—that Ernest was a ticket-of-leave man, who had been sent to the hulks for forgery and swindling; that he had that morning drawn all his wife's money and had taken the Havre steamship for New York! It was he who had robbed his father-in-law's house before the family were up. He carried off some \$25,000 or \$50,000 in gold with him. Suit has been brought by the family to annul the marriage, and in the course of the trial all the above facts came out in evidence. The uncle at Toulon was a ticket-of-leave man, who for \$1,000 had played a part in the comedy—"Spiridon," in the Boston Saturday Gazette.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE CALIFORNIAN.—Those wishing bound copies of the First Volume of THE CALIFORNIAN can procure them by leaving their orders at this office. The convenient form in which THE CALIFORNIAN is published, and the varied nature of its contents eminently fit it for preservation. In the current volume will be found the only English translation of *La Comtesse Diane*—the most brilliant of Mario Uehard's romances; also the story of *Annie and her Master*, one of the most charming and delicate stories ever published in any language; the romance of *Mary Stuart and Chastelar*—a thrilling reminiscence of Scotland's fair young Queen and her poet lover; and the *Notting Hill Mystery*, showing the unravelling of a terrible thread of crime strikingly analogous in all its salient details to the crime of La Pommerais, the French poisoner, whose late trial and execution are still fresh in the minds of all readers. This volume contains 432 pages. Subscribers for a bound copy can have their names handsomely lettered in gold upon the volume, and the book will be delivered at their residences on leaving their order and address.

HE LIKES A GLASS OF GOOD BEER.—Thackeray, being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied, "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!"

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

THE evening of the 15th February, 183—, was a gala night in Paris. *Don Giovanni* was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of *Don Giovanni*. Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The *offices* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleansists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February, to hear *Don Giovanni* and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock carriages were to be seen conveying their gayly-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs-Élysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, while in the centre of either glittered a spray of heart's-ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the DeV—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted upon giving them to her son for his bride, who therefore wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned toward it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats; at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense!" cried the bride; "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said: "Pardon, madame, but her Majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear that she has commissioned me to come and request you spare one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adele," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an affreux thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe.

and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morning proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3,000 francs to the person who should restore it. The Inspector promised to do all in his power toward the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued "engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons so exactly the same as madame's, that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other, that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The Inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V—.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learned the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly; "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, Madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Mme. de V—; "do you not think I would trust you, Monsieur Inspector, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The Inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the Inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the Inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does Monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons; it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood Madame la Baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspector," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake—that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The Baron and the Inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V—at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the Inspector having called one night at dusk, and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

The Inspector smiled incredulously as he said: "Does Madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid Madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The Inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baronne de V—'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

THE MANNERS of a gentleman are one thing and those of a dancing-master are another. We have a striking illustration of this in an anecdote which is published among other reminiscences of Lord Stair. Louis XIV., being told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe, replied that he would shortly put him to the test. Asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened he bade him pass and go in. Lord Stair bowed and obeyed. The King remarked, "The world is right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony." Now, according to the vulgar idea of "politeness," Lord Stair was wrong; he should have bowed and scraped, and said, "After you, Sir." To our thinking, this matter of manners, is strangely misunderstood at the present day. You will every day see people who are constantly prating of manners, saying and doing the rudest things with a coolness which very nearly approaches to unconsciousness, seeming to think that their whole duty is done if they bow and smile properly. True politeness consists in a regard for the feelings of others, and no one can claim to be a lady or gentleman who disregards this simple rule. The mechanical movements and studied politeness of a dancing-master may be acquired, but that gentleness of feeling which underlies true politeness is the gift of nature alone.

AN AWFUL OPERATION.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL CROP.

EVEN in these days of Sensation I was not prepared for the horrible tortures practised by—shall I say men? Yes, by men upon their fellow-men in the cause of civilization, in the obtrusive advancement of science, and under the pretence of conferring benefits—ineestimable benefits—on mankind. "Oh, Thingummy" (I forget the letter of the quotation, but the spirit is the point),

"What crimes do they not commit in thy name!"

Notes of admiration are wanting to me; all the available ones, of the only size really adapted to my meaning, are used on the largest Posters about Town. Those of a lesser note fail me. But I will multiply them—I will raise them to the nth!

Sir, I have undergone an Awful Operation!! I tremble while thinking of the past!!! Have I been racked? Worse than that!!! Drawn? Worse than that; aye, worse than if I had been caricatured by photography into the bargain. Quartered? Worse—a deal worse!!!! Tight boots? No. Thumbscrew? No! You will never guess. Oh, Mr. Punch, tell it not in Gath, if you ever go there, but I, your beautiful, your own, your own correspondent, have had my hair cut!!!! Cut by—I am not going to use strong language—but am going to say, cut by Machinery!!! Never, never, again, Mr. P., not even if my locks grow long, matted and ragged, as did those of Peter the Wild Boy, or Peter the Hermit, or some Peter or other. However, I'll no more be a repeater of this name, but come to the point at once. Point! that word recalls the scene from first to last. "Did I want the points"

—he, the hair-dresser, called them *pints*—"off? or would I 'ave a deal off?" I chose the latter. No sooner was I vested in a garment—something between a gentleman's summer dressing-gown and a lady's bathing-dress—of that grotesque pattern with which, of late, the pictures of a facetious singer styling himself "The Cure" have made us sufficiently acquainted—no sooner, I say, was I bound in this extraordinary wrapper—like a volume of *Strype*—and had taken my seat in front of a large looking-glass, than the operator began arranging certain apparatus that filled me with apprehension, and made my hair stand right up on end, all ready for cutting, like quills upon the fretful what-you-may-call-him. He first pulled ropes from the ceilings after the manner of one about to imitate M. Leotard on the *trapeze*. These ropes were fitted with a peculiar pair of scissors, made, as I take it, on the model of those used in the opening of a Pantomime, when his Majesty King Hungulin sends for the Court Barber to trim him; on which occasion the usual result is that the Court Barber is trimmed by his Gracious Majesty. I assure you that to have seen my hair-dresser's talented assistants dance into the room, footing it to some lively measure, with huge cans labelled "Hot Water," "Soap," "Bar's Grease," would not have been to me a matter for much surprise. However, they didn't. Such a proceeding would have savored of a joke; and this, my friend, was no joke, I do most solemnly declare! Two more ropes held a circular comb; a young man took his place behind my chair; then there were, to use another stage phrase, "wheels heard without," and, with a whirr-whirr-whirr, like the deafening sound in a small manufactory, or in the Polytechnic during the hours of exhibition, the ropes began to move rapidly up, up, up, down, down, backwards and forwards, and round and round, the scissors commenced snipping the air, and the comb, as it appeared to me, began circling round my head, like the fearful stuffed nondescript bird at Astley's, which is worked by a string over the prostrate body of the agonized dummy "Mazepa." Suddenly the young man controlled the gambols of these wild creatures, and disdained that, tearing through it like buffaloes through a prairie, and seizing upon my scalp with the ferocity of a Red Indian warrior.

"Here! Hi! Take 'em off!" I cried.

"You find 'em a little 'ard at first, sir?" inquired the young man blandly.

"Hard! I should rather say I——" whirr, whirr, whirr—off again. "Hold! Stop!"

The young man takes this opportunity to explain:

"You see, sir, our proprietor only patented 'em last week, and we ain't got quite the way of working 'em; it's a little awkward like at first."

Awkward! Ha! ha! Good, that. My hair was lying about the floor in little twisted knots: what remained on my head resembled—hang me, if I know *what* it resembled, except the tufts on Mr. Pecksniff's head, or the comic wigs in which the Brothers WEBB appeared as the Twin *Dromios*. And oh! my poor skin!

"Should he take hany more off?" inquired the young man—the *youngest* man, I subsequently found, who had not long been out of his apprenticeship.

"Trim it evenly," said I; "and, for Heaven's sake, in the old-fashioned way."

He smiled.

"I should prefer doin' of it in that way myself, sir," he whispered in my ear, "but Master says we must use this 'ere apparatus, so as in this slack time of year we may get our 'ands in for the Seasoning."

This comes of stopping in Town unfashionably! Oh, cursed fate, that didn't give me to the moor!

"There," said I, "just brush it smooth, and have done."

"'Ave it washed, sir? Gents mostly 'as it washed."

"Yes, by all means."

"I and will you 'ave some Medicated Balsamic Regenerator, or our Emollient Capellarian?"

"Some of the Capellarian," I answered, in the off-hand manner of one accustomed to the regular use of that expensive pomade.

It is always as well to give your hairdresser this idea, or, if you show the least indecision or ignorance on this subject,

he will be down upon you, all in the way of business, with tender inquiries as to whether "you wouldn't like a bottle of the Balsam?" or, more persuasively, as if it cost nothing, "Shall I horder you a pot of the Capellarian?" If you show any signs of weakness or wavering, he will put it in a more forcible manner—"You *should* 'ave a bottle of our Tittivator," or, decisively, "You'll take a bottle of The Regenerator, then, with you, sir, to-day," and this, mind you, settles the question. If you don't buy his master's wares, on which the young man doubtless gets a per-centage, and justly too, you cannot but feel that you have fallen in the opinion of the hair-dresser; not that this is of importance when you are once *out of his hands*, but while in the power of a man who holds the scissors over you, it is politic to make him think as much of you as possible. Boldly, therefore, profess a thorough knowledge of all the unguents in the shop. "The Medicated Balsam is your constant companion: without the Tittivator," say you, "no person's toilette-table can be complete. The Capellarian is the delight of your mornings—the Medicated Balsam the solace of your declining day."

Now for the wash. The ceiling opens above my head; a pipe appears; a brazen tube like the neck of a watering-pot pointing downwards, taking my hair for the flower-bed. I am about to ask "what this is," when—ssssh—squish—down it comes and I am deluged with the fragrant Capellarian. This is not so bad. Before I can recover my breath, whirr, whirr, whirr go the wheels again, and two fierce iron or brazen arms appear from somewhere, armed with the stiffest of rough towels. I try to avoid the blow from the one on my right, and am caught with wonderful precision on my left ear by the other. Both arms begin to pummel me; whirr, whirr, go the wheels; everything seems in motion, the looking-glass, I fancy, dances, the eries of other struggling victims rise from various corners of the room, the little comb laughed to see such sport, the brush runs away with the scissors, the young men execute a war-dance—whizz, whizz, whizz—I don't know whether I stand on my head or my heels, until I find myself in the front shop before the counter, paying money to a cheerful-looking lady in black.

Lovers of sensation should be made acquainted with this fact, viz., that, for all the above mentioned excitement, performed exactly as described, you are only charged One Shilling; ay—and, what is more, in that small sum is also included *Shaving by Machinery*, if you feel inclined to stop for it. I didn't; and, therefore, am still able to sign myself

PROFESSOR HAIREY.

—Punch.

TO CANVASSERS.

A NUMBER OF GOOD CANVASSERS can find instant and profitable employment by immediate application at this office. It is determined to make THE CALIFORNIAN a necessity in every family, and to competent and faithful canvassers the most liberal terms will be offered.

TRAVELLERS inform us that in Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In our country they are more frequently put together by the ears.

THE learned Professor Porson had a great horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

The Empire Company, on Ophir Hill, (says the Grass Valley Union) have struck their ledge at a depth of 500 feet, and taken out the first pay rock, which looks exceedingly rich.

A. T. Bartlett informs the La Porte Times that he has discovered a quicksilver mine in the mountains between that place and Cloverdale.

The Branch Mint, in this city, closes to-day, (Dec. 3d.) for the regular annual settlement of accounts.

FAITHFUL TO COPY.—Another eccentric creature died this week who may be instanced as an example of the stupidity attained by some clerks in the government offices. This man was eccentric from the absolutely unintelligent way he would copy anything regularly set before him. Reason seemed actually to have abdicated her throne in his mind. A memorable example of his dulness was often told on him. In 1842 an extensive conflagration spread ruin in the town where he was employed and it occurred just on the eve of the meeting of the General Council. There was such confusion and distress in the town that the Prefect determined to postpone the meeting of the General Council for a fortnight. He drew this rough draught of a notice to the members of the General Council: "Sir—The confusion and distress of—are so great I have thought proper to adjourn the meeting of the General Council until the 15th instant." As the poor creature who just died wrote a beautiful hand he was selected to copy this notice. Some wag knowing his stupidity took advantage of his momentary absence from his desk to substitute this rough draught: "Sir—The confusion and distress of—are so great in consequence of the recent conflagration I have thought proper to adjourn the eclipse of the sun until the 15th instant." He copied this note thirty-six times, placed it in a huge envelope and sealed it with the official seal. You may imagine the uglier.—*Paris Correspondence.*

REGISTER YOUR MONEY LETTERS.—By new regulations of the Post Office Department no record by post-bills is now required to be made by Postmasters, except of unpaid or registered letters; therefore there is no way of tracing missing ones in other cases as formerly. The fee for registry is twenty cents, for which a receipt is returned by the Postmaster to the sender from the party receiving the money.—*Sac. Union.*

WRECKS.

I WALKED one day alone upon the shore,
Watching the pale clouds in the sultry sky,
And out at sea the ships which drifted by,
Hearing, as in a dream, the waves' dull roar.

The slanting sun shone white along the sand,
Strewn with green sea-weed and with crimson shells
Out of the ocean's dim, mysterious cells,
Jewelling all the broad skirts of the land.

The salt sea-breeze blew inland toward the west;
The sea-gulls darted past me in their flight;
The blue waves flashed with phosphorescent light,
Heaving and swaying in their wild unrest.

Landward they rolled to smite the gray old rocks,
The bald old rocks, which stood with shoulders bare,
All scarred and seamed, under the sun's broad glare,
And feet immersed, waiting the wild waves' shocks.

Along the shore were skeletons of wrecks,
Fair ships that once had sailed the purple seas,
Laden with spices and with fragrant teas;
And smiling passengers had paced their decks.

I looked across the seething harbor bar,
And heard, in fancy, women weep and wail,
I saw sad faces that with fright were pale,
And straggling forms which clung to mast and spar.

"Alas!" I thought, "poor souls, with land so near,
After long days upon the pathless deep,
At last beneath the ocean waves to sleep,
Away from home and those whom they hold dear."

I walked the city's crowded streets once more,
And past me rolled the tide of human-kind,
And there I saw sad wrecks which called to mind
My lonely wanderings by the wild sea-shore.

How fair they seemed when sailing forth from land;
What precious freight in golden hopes they bore;
What fond eyes watched them from the fading shore;
The wind which filled their sails how soft and bland!

But soon the storm loomed black within the sky,
And mast and rudder, spar and shrouding sail
Were torn and shattered in the furious gale;
And thus upon Life's sea they pass us by!

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOUD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MASTER.

ENSIGN HARCOURT LOWTHER, of her Majesty's 51st Light Infantry, sat staring out into his garden at Port Arthur, watching a couple of convict gardeners—who were going about their work with a monotonous and exasperating deliberation of movement—and lamenting the evil fortune that had stationed him in his present quarters. He had a great many troubles, this elegant young ensign, who was for the time being destined to bloom unseen, and waste the graces that ought to have adorned Belgravia, upon the desert air of the Tasmanian peninsula. He had, as he himself elegantly expressed it, no end of troubles. First and foremost, his cigar would not draw; and as it was the last of a case of choice cabanas, the calamity was not a small one. Secondly, there had been a drought in fair Van Diemen's land for the last month or so. The verdure was growing brown and leathery; the feathery masses of the tall fern shrivelled at the edges like scorched paper; the stiff foliage of the cedars seemed to rattle as it shook in the dry, dust-laden wind, and the thermometer stood at a hundred and ten in the shade: true, it might drop forty degrees or so at any moment, with the uprising of a moist breeze from the sea, but, pending the arrival of that auspicious moment, Mr. Lowther was in a very bad temper. What had he done that he should be stationed in a convict settlement, with no chance of any gain or glory as compensation for his trials; with no one to speak to except a prosy old police magistrate or a puritanical chaplain; with nothing better to look at than the eternal blue of the ocean, or a whaling vessel anchored in the bay; with nothing to listen to except the clanking of hammers and banging of timber and jingling of iron in the busy dock-yard; with no better enjoyment to hope for than a couple of days' quail-shooting or kangaroo-hunting in the interior?

"If I'd been Desperate Bill the Burglar, or Slippery Stevie the Smasher, I couldn't be much worse off," he muttered, as he gave up the unmanageable cigar, and went across the room to a table, upon which there were some tobacco jars and meerschaum pipes. "Now then, Tredethlyn, are those boots ready?"

This question was addressed to an invisible some one, whose low whistling of a jovial Irish air was audible from the adjoining room.

"Yes, captain," answered a cheery voice—the whistler had broken off in the middle of the "wild sweet briary fence that around the flowers of Erin dwells"—"Yes, captain, quite ready."

"That's another aggravation," exclaimed Mr. Lowther, "the fellow will call me captain, as if it wasn't an underhand way of reminding me that for a poor devil like me there's no chance of promotion."

"But you see you *are* captain here, Mr. Lowther," said the whistler, emerging from the adjoining chamber with a pair of

newly blacked Wellingtons in his hand; "you're captain, major, colonel, general, and field-marshal, all in one, here, with seventy men under your control, and any amount of convicts to look after."

"If there's one thing in the world that's more execrating than another, it's that fellow's cheerfulness," cried Mr. Lowther. "I can fancy the feelings of an elegant young French marquis of the *vieille roche*, a scion of the Mortemars or Birons, buried alive in an underground cell in the Bastille, with a lively commiseration for his companion—a cheerful *bourgeois*, who pretended to make light of his situation, and eat his mouldy bread with a relish. Now then, Tredethlyn, where are the boot-hooks? That fellow always forgets something."

"That fellow," otherwise Francis Tredethlyn, was a tall, stalwart private soldier, of some seven-and-twenty years of age, who had been honored by an appointment to the post of valet and butler to Ensign Harcourt Lowther.

If the stalwart soldier had not been blest with one of those imperturbable Mark Tapley-like tempers, which resemble the patent elliptic springs of a crack coachbuilder's carriage, and can convey the traveller unjolted and uninjured over the roughest roads in the journey of life, he might have found his position as valet, *majordomo*, and occasional confidant to Harcourt Lowther, far from the pleasantest berth to be had in this great tempest-tossed vessel which we call the world. But Francis Tredethlyn's serenity of disposition was proof against the most wearisome burden a man is ever called upon to bear, the companionship of a discontented fellow-creature, and all the variable moods, from a feverish cynical kind of gaiety to a dreary and ill-tempered gravity, which were engendered out of that perpetual discontent.

But Frank Tredethlyn bore it all cheerfully; with a manly, open-hearted cheerfulness that had no taint of sycophancy. If the young ensign wanted to talk to him, well and good; he was ready and willing to talk about anything or everything; but he had his own sentiments upon most subjects, which sentiments were of a very fast color, and did not take any reflected hue from Mr. Lowther's aristocratic opinions.

It is not to be supposed that Francis Tredethlyn, private soldier and valet, had any claims to intellectual equality with his master. The private wrote a fair commercial hand, very bold, and big, and resolute-looking; could read aloud without stumbling ignominiously over the big words; could cast up accounts; and, looking back at the history of the universal past, saw glimmering faintly over a sea of darkness and oblivion such beacon lights as a Norman invasion; a solemn meeting on the flat turf of Runnymede; a Reformation, with a good deal of martyr-burning and head-chopping attendant thereupon; a fiery hook-nosed Dutch liberator, a Jacobite rebellion, and a Reform Bill. Beyond these limits the attainments of Mr. Tredethlyn did not extend; and the ensign, when grumbling at the general discomfort of his life, was apt to say that it was a hard thing to be flung for companionship on a fellow who was nothing but a boor and a clod.

Mr. Lowther treated his valet very much as a spoiled child treats her doll; sometimes it pleased him to be monotonously cordial and familiar with his attendant, while at another time he held Francis aloof by a haughty reserve of manner, beyond which barrier the other made no effort to penetrate.

"The fellow does possess that merit," Harcourt Lowther said sometimes, "he knows how to keep his place."

The fact of the matter is, that the valet was infinitely less dependent upon his master's companionship than his master upon him. There were a hundred ways in which Francis Tredethlyn could amuse himself; and there was not a clod in the sky, a wave of the sea, a leaf in the garden, out of which he could not take some scrap of pleasure, and which had not a deeper and truer meaning for him than for the idle young officer who lay yawning upon his narrow couch with his feet in the air, and with nothing better to do than to admire the cut of his boots, obtained on credit from a confiding West-end tradesman. Francis had that wide sympathy with his fellow-creatures which is a special attribute of some men, and he was on the friendliest possible terms with the two convicts, both of whom had achieved some renown as the most incorrigible and execrable specimens of the criminal class. Every dog in the little settlement fawned upon Frank Tredethlyn, and ran to rub his head against his knees, and slaver his hand with its flapping tongue. He had made a kennel for two or three of these canine acquaintances in a shady corner of the big garden, much to the disgust and annoyance of the ensign, who only cared for such dogs as are calculated to assist the sports of their lord and master. Stag-hounds and beagles, foxhounds and barriers, setters, pointers, and retrievers, clever ratting Scotch terriers, well-bred and savage bulls, even little short-eared toy terriers, or fawn-colored and black-muzzled pugs were all very well placed in the scheme of creation; but Mr. Lowther could find no explanation for the existence of those mongrel creatures who seem to have nothing to do in the world but to attach themselves with slavish devotion to some brutal master, or to lie in the most disreputable courts and alleys of a city in hot weather and catch flies.

But somehow or other Francis Tredethlyn seemed generally to do pretty much as he liked, in spite of military despotism and Mr. Harcourt Lowther. The dogs were unmolested in their shady corner; and the ensign was so good as to say that a little aviary of wicker-work and wire, which Tredethlyn constructed in his leisure hours and duly filled with tiny feathered inhabitants, that kept up a faint twittering in the sunshine, was an improvement to the cottage. Francis was very handy, and could do wonders with a hammer and a handful of tin tacks; and was, indeed, altogether a great acquisition to his master, as Mr. Corbett, the police magistrate, sometimes remarked to Harcourt Lowther.

"Yes," Harcourt answered, indifferently, "the fellow is a cut above most of his class. He is a Cornishman, it seems, and the son of a small farmer in that land of Tre, Pol, and Pen; and he tells me that he has an old miser uncle who is supposed to be preternaturally rich. Egad! I wish I had such an uncle! All my uncles are misers, for the matter of that; but then, unluckily, the poor devils are misers because they're preternaturally poor."

Mr. Lowther stood before the little looking-glass, in the sunny window, admiring himself, while Francis Tredethlyn helped him on with his coat. He was going to dine with Mr.

Corbett, the magistrate, and to spend the evening in the society of Miss Corbett, who had come out to the colony with the idea that general officers and wealthy judges would be waiting on the shore ready to conduct her straight from the place of debarkation to the hymeneal altar, and had been a little soured by the disenchantment which had too surely followed her arrival. She was a glistening damsel of thirty-five, very tall and square, and of a prevailing drab color, and she played tremendous variations of shrill Scottish melodies on a piano which had been warranted to preserve its purity of tone in any climate, but upon which the nearest thing to an harmonious octave was a wild stretch of thirteen notes. Mr. Lowther must have been very low in the world when he had nothing better to do than to sit by Miss Corbett's piano while she banged and rattled at the numerous disguises under which "Kinloch of Kinloch" appeared in a fantasia of twelve pages, now prancing jauntily in triplets, now rushing up and down the piano in chromatic scales, now scampering wildly in double arpeggios, now banging himself out of all knowledge in common chords, or wailing dismally in a hideous minor. Fate had done its worst for Ensign Lowther when he had no better amusement than to lounge by the side of that ill-used old instrument, staring reflectively at the thin places on the top of Miss Corbett's drab-colored head.

Harcourt Lowther stood before the glass admiring his handsome face, while his valet brushed the collar of his coat. Well, he had a right to admire himself! If Providence had treated him badly, capricious Mother Nature, who, like any other frivolous-minded parent, elects her prime favorites without rhyme or reason, had been very bountiful to him in the matter of an aquiline nose, a finely-modelled mouth and chin, and deep, womanish blue eyes, with a shimmer of gold on their lashes. No one could deny Mr. Lowther's claim to be considered a remarkably handsome man, an elegant young man, a very agreeable and accomplished gentleman: the world, of course, had nothing to do with that rougher edge of the ensign's character which he turned to his valet, Francis Tredethlyn, in his cottage at Port Arthur.

He went out, presently, swinging his thin cane, and whistling all the triplets and cadences of an elaborate *scena*; he was an amateur musician and an amateur artist, playing more or less upon two or three different instruments, and painting more or less in half a dozen different styles. He could ride across country to the astonishment of burly Leicestershire squires, who were inclined to think contemptuously of his small waist and pretty blue eyes, his amber-tinted, jockey-club-perfumed whiskers, trim tops and unstained "pink." He was a good shot, and long at Harrow had been renowned as a cricketer. He spoke three or four modern languages, and had that dim recollection of his classic studies which is sufficient for a man of the world who knows how to make much out of little. He was altogether a very accomplished gentleman; but with him intellectual pursuits were a means rather than an end, and he took very little pleasure in the society of books or bookmen. He wanted to be in the world, foremost in the perpetual strife, amid the crash of drums and trumpets, the roaring of cannon, and glitter of emblazoned standards, flaunting gallantly in the wind. He wanted to be one of the conquerors in the universal tournament, and to ride up to the Queen of Beauty flushed and triumphant after the strife, to be admired and caressed. This is why the inaction of his present existence was so utterly intolerable to him. He had a supreme belief in himself, and in the indisputable nature of his right to the best and brightest amongst earth's prizes. The time must be, indeed, out of joint in which there was nothing better for such as he than a dreary convict settlement in the Tasmanian peninsula.

Unluckily, the time was out of joint. Robert Lowther, of Lowther Hall, Hampshire, had given his younger son an aristocratic name and a gentlemanly education, and then, having nothing more to bestow upon him, had been forced to leave the lad to fish for himself in the troubled waters of life. Under these circumstances the young man had elected to become a barrister; but after a three years' course of reading, in which the cultivation of light literature and modern languages was diversified by a slight sprinkling of legal study, he had grown heartily sick of his comfortably furnished third floor in Hare Court, Temple, and had gladly accepted the price of a commission in one of her Majesty's light infantry regiments from an affectionate maiden aunt, believing that the regiment would be speedily under orders for India, where glory and loot no doubt awaited a dashing young soldier with a very high opinion of his own merits.

Unhappily for Mr. Lowther, the regiment did not go to India; but he and his captain, with a detachment of seventy rank and file, embarked at Deptford, on a misty morning in October, in charge of 450 convicts bound for Hobart-town. At the time of which I write the ensign had been nearly a twelvemonth in Van Diemen's Land, and before him lay the prospect of another dreary year which must elapse before there was much chance of his seeing a change of quarters. There are some people who take their troubles with a cheerful countenance, and make the best of a bad bargain; but Mr. Lowther was not one of them. He had begun to grumble before the convict ship left Deptford, and he had gone on complaining, with very little intermission, until to-day, and was likely so to continue until the end of the chapter. Napoleon at St. Helena could scarcely have felt his exile more keenly; nor could that fallen hero have more bitterly resented the injustice of his fate than Harcourt Osborne Lowther, who believed that there must be something radically wrong in a universe in which there was no provision of £40,000 or so a year for an elegant young man, with a perfect aquiline nose, a clear ringing touch upon the piano, a trumpet tone on the flute, a talent for taking pen-and-ink portraits that were equal to anything of Count D'Orsay's, and an irreproachable taste in waistcoats.

He went out now in very tolerable spirits, first, because he had worked himself into a good temper by grumbling to himself and Tredethlyn all day; secondly, because he was going to have a good dinner and some rare old tawny port, which was the boast of Mr. Corbett, the magistrate; and thirdly, because he was going to be admired—and in a Tasmanian settlement even the worship of a young lady with bony fingers and drab-colored eyes and hair is not altogether a despicable tribute.

"When I hear 'Kinloch of Kinloch' tortured out of all semblance of himself upon that wretched piano, I let myself go somehow or other," thought the ensign, "and I fancy myself standing behind Maude Hillary's Broadwood in the long drawing-room at Twickenham. Twickenham! Shall I ever see Twickenham again, and Maude Hillary, and the twinkling light upon the river, and the low branches of the chestnuts, the sedge banks, the lazy boats, the lights up at the 'Star and Garter' glimmering across the dusky valley? Shall I ever see that fair civilized land again, or shall I die in this condemned and accursed hole? die, forgotten and unlamented before I have made any mark in the world!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN.

WHILE Mr. Lowther went to eat his dinner with the hospitable magistrate, Francis Tredethlyn did his work briskly; folding his master's coats and waistcoats, brushing boots, clearing away little heaps of cigar ash, and picking up torn scraps of paper and open books cast recklessly upon the floor by a reader who was too badly disposed towards a world that had ill-treated him to find the opinions of any author entirely to his taste.

The soldier whistled that lively melody in praise of Erin's daughters all the time, and achieved his task with the rapid neatness of a male Cinderella specially endowed by some fairy godmother; and when Mr. Lowther's humble sitting-room and bedroom were restored to perfect order, his valet retired to his own little apartment, which was a shed-like chamber at the back of the cottage, and a kind of a compromise between a dressing-room and a wash-house. Here Mr. Tredethlyn made his toilet, which consisted of a rapid plunge of his head and throat into a tub of cold water, some brisk operations with a cake of yellow soap, accompanied by sputtering and whizzing noises of an alarming character, a little fierce rubbing down with a coarse towel, and the smart application of a stiff and implacable-looking hair-brush. When this was done Francis Tredethlyn put on his jacket, and went out into the garden to smoke his pipe and converse with the convicts.

Now that the gifts of nature had been enhanced by the adornments of art, the ensign's valet was by no means a bad-looking fellow. He was tall, broad-shouldered and muscular in build as a modern Hercules. His closely cut black hair revealed the outline of a well-shaped head well placed upon his shoulders. Under his dark, almost gipsy-brown skin, was a rich crimson glow, which deepened or faded under the influence of any powerful emotion. His nose was straight, but rather short, and of no particular type; but a sculptor would have told you there was a special beauty about the curve of his full open nostrils, and Honore de Balzac would have informed you that a man with that kind of nostril is generally good for something in this world. His forehead was low, stronger in the perceptive than in the reflective organs; his eyes were of a clear gray, darkened by the shadow of thick black lashes. He was a handsome soldier; he would have made a handsome gladiator in the old Roman days; a noble-looking brigand in the days when brigands were chivalrous; a dashing highwayman, in the age when Claude Duval rode gaily to his death on Tyburn tree; a glorious sporting farmer down in Leicestershire to-day; but no power upon this earth could have transformed him into an elegant West-end loungeur, an accomplished dawdler in fashionable drawing-rooms, or a "gentleman" in the modern acceptance of the word.

He went out into the garden now, to smoke his pipe of bird's-eye and talk to the convict gardeners, who brightened at his approach, and deliberately planted themselves in a convenient position upon their spades, in order to converse with him. I am sorry to say that he was as much at home in their society as if they had been the most estimable of mankind, and that he encouraged them to talk freely of their burglarious experiences in the old world. Was there not a smack of brigandage and adventure in those experiences, and even a dash of chivalry, according to the two men's own showing? for they told stories of encounters in which they shone out quite with heroic lustre from their rooted objection to cut an elderly lady's throat, and their gallant bearing towards a high-minded young damsel who had led them from room to room in her father's mansion, and had pointed with her own fair hands to the whereabouts of the family valuables. Francis Tredethlyn sat upon the trunk of a fallen acacia, watching the lazy clouds in the still evening sky, and smoking his pipe, long after the two convicts had struck work and retired to their own quarters. He sat smoking and musing; thinking, as I suppose a man so banished must think, of that other far-away world which he had left behind him, and which it seemed to him sometimes, in such still moments as these, that he should never see again.

"So far away, so very far away!" he mused. "I wonder how the little village street upon the hill is looking now? It's winter-time now there, or getting toward's winter-time, anyhow. I can fancy it of an evening, with the lights twinkling in the low shop-windows, the big castle gate frowning down upon the poor little street; the churchyard, where Susy and I have played, all dark and lonesome in the winter night; and Susy herself—pretty little dark-eyed Susy—sitting by the hearth in the big kitchen at Tredethlyn, stitch, stitch, stitch, while the old man nods and snores over his newspaper. Poor little Susy! is she fond of me, I wonder! and will she be pleased to marry me, if ever I am able to go back, and say, 'Susy, the best I could do, after running away and leaving, was to save up money and buy my discharge, so that I might come home again to claim the old promise—for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer? We couldn't well be poorer than we should be just at first; for, of course, the old chap would turn rusty, and cut Susy off with a shilling; but who cares for that?' thought Francis Tredethlyn, snapping his fingers in the independence of his spirit. "If Susy loves me, and I love Susy, and we're both young, and strong, and industrious, what's to prevent us getting on in the world without anybody's money to help us?"

The soldier smoked another pipe in a dreamy reverie, in which his thoughts still hovered about one familiar spot in his

native country—a long, low, stone-built farm-house, standing alone upon a broad plateau of bare moorland, very dreary of aspect in winter—a dismal, ghastly-looking homestead, in which the ornamental had been sacrificed for the useful—a gaunt, naked-looking dwelling-place, upon whose decoration or improvement a ten-pound note had not been expended within the memory of man—a house which had gone down through three generations of close-fisted, close-grained owners, and which had grown uglier and drearier under the rule of every generation.

This was the habitation which stood as clearly out against the vague background of Francis Tredethlyn's dreams as if it had been palpably present upon the rising ground on the other side of the bay. This was the house, and in the low narrow doorway, fronting the desolate expanse of stunted brown grass, the soldier saw the slender figure of a girl—a girl with dark, gentle eyes, and a Quaker-like dress of coarse brown stuff—a girl who stood with her hand shading her eyes, looking at the distant figure of an old man plodding homeward in the winter twilight. He had so often seen her thus that it was only natural the picture of her should present itself to his mind to-night as his thoughts wandered homeward. He was so far away from this girl and the familiar place in which he had so often walked by her side. He thought of her almost as the dead may think of the living—if they do think of us.

"Poor little Susy! I wonder if she loved me—whether she loves me still? I wasn't like some of your lovers—I wasn't one of your desperate fellows. I had no hot fits, or cold fits, or jealous fits, or such like, and there are some folks that might say I was never in love at all. But I was very fond of Susy—poor little tender-hearted Susy! I used to think of her, somehow, as if she had been my little sister. I think of her like that now."

CHAPTER III.

TIDINGS OF HOME.

It was late when Mr. Lowther came home from his friend the magistrate's. The faint flush that lighted up his face, and the unwonted lustre of his eyes, bore testimony to the merits of Mr. Corbett's tawny port. All Sandemann's choicest vintages would not have tempted Harcourt Lowther to sit listening to a prosy old magistrate's civil service experiences, in Europe; but on this side of the world a bottle of good wine and a tolerably civilized companion were not entirely to be despised. The ensign was in a very good temper when he came into the little parlor, where a swinging lamp burned brightly, and where a tobacco-jar, a meerschaum, a case bottle of Schiedam, a tumbler and a jug of water, were set upon the table ready for the master of the domain. Mr. Lowther was in excellent temper, and inclined to be especially civil to his valet.

"No Schiedam to-night, Tredethlyn," he said, throwing himself into the wicker easy chair, and stretching his feet upon a smaller chair that stood opposite to him: "I've had a little too much of that old fellow's port. Devilish good stuff it is, too, if it hadn't a tendency to spoil a man's complexion, and concentrate itself in his nose. I'll take a pipe, though. Just give me a light, will you, Tredethlyn?"

He sat in a lazy attitude, with his head thrown back against the rail of the chair, and daintily arranged the stray shreds of tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with the delicate tip of his little finger; while the private lighted a long strip of folded paper and handed it to his master.

"Oh, by-the-bye," muttered Mr. Lowther, speaking with his teeth shut upon the amber mouthpiece of his pipe, "I've got some news for you, Tredethlyn. Just put your hand in my coat pocket, and take out the paper you'll find there. Goodness knows what it means—a legacy of fifty pounds or so, I suppose. Anyhow, you're a lucky devil. I should be glad enough to get even such a windfall as that; but I never hear of anything to my advantage."

Francis Tredethlyn had taken the paper from his master's pocket by this time; it was an old copy of the *Times*, and he presented it to the ensign, but the other pushed it away impatiently.

"I don't want it," he said; "I think I read every line of it while old Corbett was snoring after dinner. Look at the third advertisement in the second column of the supplement."

The soldier did as he was directed, and read the advertisement aloud very slowly, and in a tone of unmitigated wonder.

"Francis Tredethlyn, nephew of the late Oliver Tredethlyn, of Tredethlyn Grange, near Landresdale, Cornwall. If the above-mentioned will apply to Messrs. Krusdale and Scardon, solicitors, 29 Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"The late Oliver Tredethlyn!" cried Francis, staring blankly at the paper; my uncle's dead then!"

"Was he alive when you left England?" asked the ensign.

"He was alive when I left Cornwall. Dead! my uncle Oliver!" the young man said, in a dreamy voice; "and I pictured him to-night in my fancy, plodding home from the outlying lands, as hale, and stern and sturdy as ever. Dead! and he may have been dead ever so long, for all this tells me," added Francis Tredethlyn, pointing to the advertisement.

"You were uncommonly fond of your uncle, I suppose, from the way you talk of him," Mr. Lowther remarked, carelessly. He was in a good humor to-night, and ready to talk about anything—inclined to take almost an interest in the affairs of another man, and that other man his valet!

"Fond of him!" exclaimed Francis Tredethlyn; "fond of my uncle Oliver! I don't think the creature ever lived that was fond of him, or whose love he'd have cared to have. He liked folks to obey him, and cut things as close as he wanted 'em cut, but beyond that he didn't care what they thought or what they did. I suppose he did love his daughter, though, after a fashion, but it was a very hard fashion. No, sir, I wasn't particularly fond of my uncle, Oliver Tredethlyn, but I'm struck all of a heap, by the news of his death coming upon me so sudden; and I'm thinking of the effect that it will have on my cousin Susy—she's all alone in the world, now—poor little Susy!"

The ensign looked up quickly. "Susy," he said, "who the deuce is your cousin Susy?"

"She's my uncle Oliver's only daughter, sir; his only child, too, for the matter of that. We were engaged to be married, sir, but things went wrong with me at home, and I ran away and enlisted."

"Ah! How long ago did all that happen?"

"Nearly five years, sir."

"And you've kept up some sort of a correspondence with your cousin since then, I suppose?"

"Not I, sir; her father wasn't the man to let her write a letter that would cost a lump of money for postage, or to write any letter to such a scamp as me, either; and poor Susy was too close watched and too obedient into the bargain, to write without his leave. I've written to her now and then, but I've had no news from home since the day I left it, except this that you've brought me to-night."

"And I suppose your uncle has left you a legacy?"

"I suppose so, sir; it isn't likely to be much, anyhow, for I never was any great favorite of his."

"You'd better write to these lawyers, though. There's a mail to-morrow; bring out your desk and write at once."

"Here, sir?"

"Yes, here."

Francis Tredethlyn hesitated for a moment, but seeing that his master was resolute, he brought a clumsy, old-fashioned mahogany desk from his chamber at the back of the cottage, and seated himself at a corner of the table with the desk before him. He had placed himself at a very respectful distance from Mr. Harcourt Lowther, but that gentleman, having finished his pipe, got up and began to walk slowly up and down the room, while his valet squared his elbows and began to write.

"Tell them that you are Francis Tredethlyn, nephew of Oliver Tredethlyn, and that you can bring forward plenty of witnesses to prove your identity, and so on, as soon as you can get back to England. I don't suppose they'll let you have your legacy till they see you. Ask them to tell you what the amount is, at any rate."

Mr. Lowther did not confine himself to giving his valet these hints upon the composition of his letter; he was good enough to stand behind the young man's chair, and look over his shoulder as he wrote; but as Francis Tredethlyn's penmanship was not of a very rapid order, the ensign's eyes soon wandered from the page, and straying to an open division of the desk, lighted on something that looked like a water-colored sketch, covered with silver paper.

"Why, you sly dog," he cried with a laugh, "you've got a woman's picture in your desk."

Francis Tredethlyn blushed and looked very sheepish as he took the little water-colored sketch out of its silver paper envelope and handed it submissively to his master.

"It's my cousin Susan's portrait, sir," he said; "it was taken by a travelling artist, who came down our way one summer. It isn't much of a likeness, but it pleases me to look at it sometimes, for I can fill up all that's wanting in the face out of my own mind, and see my cousin smiling at me, as if I was at home again."

Mr. Lowther stood behind his servant's chair looking at the portrait, while the soldier went on writing. It was a stiff, laborious little portrait of a girl with hazel brown eyes and smooth banded brown hair, and an innocent childish mouth, rosy and fresh and smiling as a summer's morning in the country. It was only the picture of a country girl, who seemed to have looked shyly at the artist as he painted her.

"So that's your cousin Susy," said Mr. Lowther, laying the picture down upon the table by Tredethlyn's elbow. "I shan't stop while you address your letter, and I don't want anything more, so you can go to bed at once if you like. Good night."

The ensign took a candle from a little side table as he spoke, lighted it at the lamp above Tredethlyn's head, and went out of the room. Francis finished his letter, and placed it on the mantelpiece, where some letters of his master's were lying ready for the next day's mail. He did not go to bed at once, though it was late, and he was free to do so, but sat for some time with his cousin Susan Tredethlyn's portrait in his hand, looking at the girlish face and thinking of the changes that had come to pass in his old home.

"The old chap was hard and stern with her, and her life was a dull one, poor little girl," thought the soldier; "and she'll have a fine fortune, I suppose, now he's gone; but somehow I don't like to think of her left lonely in the world; she's too young, and too pretty and too innocent for that. Innocent! why, bless her poor tender little heart, I don't think she knows there's such a wickedness upon this earth."

(To be continued.)

FAITHFUL TO COPY.—Another eccentric creature died this week who may be instanced as an example of the stupidity attained by some clerks in the government offices. This man was eccentric from the absolutely unintelligent way he would copy anything regularly set before him. Reason seemed actually to have abdicated her throne in his mind. A memorable example of his dulness was often told on him. In 1842 an extensive conflagration spread ruin in the town where he was employed and it occurred just on the eve of the meeting of the General Council. There was such confusion and distress in the town that the Prefect determined to postpone the meeting of the General Council for a fortnight. He drew this rough draught of a notice to the members of the General Council: "Sir—The confusion and distress of—are so great I have thought proper to adjourn the meeting of the General Council until the 15th instant." As the poor creature who just died wrote a beautiful hand he was selected to copy this notice. Some wag knowing his stupidity took advantage of his momentary absence from his desk to substitute this rough draught: "Sir—The confusion and distress of—are so great in consequence of the recent conflagration I have thought proper to adjourn the eclipse of the sun until the 15th instant." He copied this note thirty-six times, placed it in a huge envelope and sealed it with the official seal. You may imagine the laughter.—*Paris Correspondence.*

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* * Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

AGENTS FOR "THE CALIFORNIAN."

Messrs. WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, on Washington street, nearly opposite the Post-office, are Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, and the Pacific Coast.

"SENSATIONAL NOVELS."

THE "sensational novel" seems to have become as much a necessity of the age as rifled guns and breech-loading detonators. Inveigh against them as much as we will, they have entirely taken the places of the good, easy, steady-going novels which flourished in the same era in which smooth-bores, flint-locks, and muzzle-loaders found favor. Novel reading used to be very much like travelling by stage; once embarked, the reader was coached leisurely and smoothly along, only stopping occasionally to change horses at the end of a chapter, or to ascertain the distance to the end of the journey by reference to the pages of the book. There was order and system about the conveyance, and the feelings were never needlessly harrowed up or excited. The novel of to-day, on the other hand, is an express train, with a dozen connections on the road which have to be made at all risks, and we have the rattle and jar of the cars and the smoke and steam and thunder, as well as the abounding oily smell, of the engine. Vice was punished; virtue came inevitably by its own, and every one was happily married who deserved to be. Scott somewhat changed the order of things by the hurried action and dramatic intensity which he brought to his work, but even *Ivanhoe* must be rated slow if measured by the standard of the present day. Anna Radcliffe managed to galvanize our grandfathers, but neither *The Mysteries of Udolpho* nor *The Romance of the Forest* would much startle or surprise the readers of any one of Miss Braddon's novels. This tendency of the age to the sensational in literature has been very generally deplored, but it has been no less generally taken advantage of, and we find publishers and authors pulling together in the profitable duty of supplying the popular demand.

Of the "sensational novel," Miss Braddon and Mrs. Ellen Wood are the very high-priestesses. Wilkie Collins and Pierce Egan, notwithstanding their most earnest endeavors to attain to the distinction, have but barely succeeded in entering the purlieus of the temple, while these two ladies dwell under the very shadow of the altar. We do not know that the feminine mind more than the masculine is fitted by nature for the framing of impossible situations and the elaboration of cruel and inscrutable mysteries, but it cannot be denied that at the present moment the honors and odd trick in the game belong to the ladies. In *Lady Audley's Secret*, for instance, we have one of the most charmingly impossible plots and most deliciously involved stories that the human mind in its wildest moments could conceive. All the characters move about in the dark from beginning to end, knocking their heads against each other without any motive, and doing the wickedest and strangest and most incomprehensible things for the attainment of no apparent or adequate end. *Lady Audley's Secret* is Miss Braddon's book and *East Lynne* is Mrs. Ellen Wood's, but so much alike are they that a criticism of the one applies with equal force to the other—the principal characters go knocking their heads together in the dark and stumbling about generally, without seeming to have any definite intentions—honorable or otherwise—so far as regards either their neighbors or themselves, never, by any chance, doing what such characters would be apt to do in real life. Perhaps it is from this that the delightful mist and mysteries arise, for us none of the characters ever do what sensible people in similar situations would, it is of course impossible to tell how the story is to end, and the reader's ingenuity is constantly exercised from title-page to colophon. We are constantly startled by seeing somebody do what not one of us would ever dream of doing under similar circumstances.

The stage demands sensations, and we see Boucicault dramas and Braddon dramatizations supplanting Shakspeare and driving Sheridan and all of that school into retirement. Blue fire and mystery are demanded, and poetry and wit become only secondary needs, if needed at all. It is idle to expect that any individual will endeavor to correct the popular taste when it is so much easier to supply it. Yielding to the expressed wishes of scores of our subscribers, we commence with this number the publication of Miss Braddon's last novel, *ONLY A CLOUD*, simultaneously with its appearance in a leading London periodical. Like the majority of that lady's works, it

is sufficiently thrilling to admit of publication in a serial form, exciting the reader's interest so that it is carried over from one week's end to another, much as a buggy going down hill requires enough velocity at the bottom to propel it on its way up the next. Each week we shall furnish two pages of the story—the size of THE CALIFORNIAN enabling us to do this without encroaching at all upon other matters.

A WORD ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

TWO men have been convicted in the Police Court of stealing umbrellas and sentenced to the County Jail. To the Police Judge we say, "O righteous Judge, truly a Daniel come to judgment!" For it has been too long held that umbrellas are not property; we rejoice to learn that at last this dogma is exploded. It in no wise diminishes our gratification over this result to know that the offenders were Chinamen, for we feel confident that it was a blow at the crime which was designed and not a reproof to the nationality.

Why the theft of umbrellas has so long been tolerated we are unable to determine. To take the coat or the hat of another is considered a serious thing in the eye of the law, and even indiscretions with pocket handkerchiefs have involved surreptitious borrowers in serious trouble. How and why is the line of demarcation to be drawn? Shakspeare hints that "he who steals my purse takes trash"—and so he does if there chances to be nothing in it. But on the other hand, he who takes an umbrella in a rain storm takes that which not enriches him but leaves the owner wet indeed. Instances may occur where the crime amounts to murder. Suppose that a man takes cold by being obliged to walk home in a rain storm after having his umbrella purloined, and that that cold settles upon his lungs and he dies of consumption. Does any one imagine that in such case the umbrella taker is not responsible for that man's death? Certainly he is, and the Jury who would not pronounce him so and return against him a verdict of murder in the first degree should be sentenced themselves to sit that and all subsequent sessions through in a rain-storm.

Umbrella stealing, a sin all the world over, assumes the proportions of a double crime in this country where there is no let-up to the rains when they once set in. Elsewhere it is possible to remedy the loss: a little patience sees an end to the shower, and a chance of getting dry-shod to a store where umbrellas are sold, but here the case is different. Robbed of an umbrella, one is in somewhat the position that Noah would have occupied had he been deprived of his Ark at the commencement of that critical shower—the water rapidly rising and not time to build another. In this climate an umbrella is a luxury that has to be summered through—kept as skates are kept in rigorous northern climes. And to be deprived of an umbrella that has been carefully guarded all the summer through, just as the first rain sets in, by some losel probably whom a good washing would do no harm, is a vexation which passes the bounds of human patience and necessitates for its calm endurance the exercise of those heroic and angelic virtues which go to make up saints.

A special punishment should be provided for the Crime against Umbrellas. The convicted thief should not be incarcerated in a cell with other felons, for he might inoculate them with his vice, and it is an insurable one. He should be forbidden shelter from rain under penalty of having his ears cropped, and on his brow should be branded in legible and large letters: BEWARE OF THIS MAN; HE IS AN UMBRELLA SHARP!

THE *Morning Call* has inaugurated a new style of publishing divorces, and we now see "Births," "Marriages," "Divorees" and "Deaths" following each other in regular order. This is systematizing the thing. It is rather novel to think that divorcees are so plenty in our Courts as to nearly balance the births, marriages and deaths, making it necessary to classify them in the same order, but such seems to be the fact. Whether it be the fault of the climate or not we are unable to say, but somehow marriages in California do not seem to stick, and one is often reminded of Saxe's lines *apropos* of—

Till Death the union shall sever—
For Death is cheated sometimes by Divorce,
A fact which gives an equivocal force
To that beautiful phrase, "Forever."

Our French friends are very apt to get things mixed up when they attempt to grapple with the English language, and consequently their translations must be received with a deal of allowance—especially when they concern the current items of the day. One of the most amusing mistakes we remember to have noticed is found in *L'Union Franco-Americaine* of last week. That paper pluckily announces that "the journal which has attacked in its daily columns (we translate literally) Mr. George Coppin, our celebrated actor, only did so with the object of extorting money from him, but happily did not succeed. Mr. Coppin has replied, in which we blame him, (en cela ji le blame) because to reply to these ignoble people is to dirty oneself uselessly." It will be seen that *L'Union* has confused McCoppin the Supervisor with Coppin the comedian, strangely, construing a political raid by a morning paper upon the one into a professional attack upon the other.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

ON Monday evening, Miss Fanny Brown made her *début* before a Californian audience at Maguire's Opera House, as "Pocahontas," in Brongham's extravaganza of that name, and "Bob Nettles," in the afterpiece of *The Jubilee House*. The rain throughout the day flooded the streets, and the evening was by no means a pleasant one, but "first appearances" have a peculiar charm for our people, and an excellent house was out in spite of the unpropitious weather. We can scarcely chronicle a success for the lady, though we do not intend to stamp the *début* as a failure. It was simply a mistake. The lady is pretty and pleasing in person, easy and graceful in dress and demeanor, and as one of the company would have won upon the sympathies of the audience at once. But when a star is presented for consideration, people are very apt to be critical, and both telescope and microscope are brought into play. Miss Brown appeared as a candidate for stellar honors—honors which are never easy—and it was evident from the first that so far as being a star was concerned, the audience did not incline to see her in that light. It may be that of the abounding cold water that fell during the day and evening, a sprinkling had dampened their enthusiasm, or, what is likelier still, it may be that the lady had been injudiciously heralded. It is never well to lead people to expect too much; a violation of this common-sense rule is always followed by a penalty. When Artemus Ward—a really clever man and a genuine humorist—came to this coast, he had to struggle under the disadvantage of too much preliminary puffing; and Niagara Falls—will our friend the Showman pardon us for mentioning them in the same breath?—have disappointed thousands simply because expectation of their grandeur and sublimity had been too much nourished by injudicious admirers. But to take a fresher instance—the case of our *débutante*. Weeks before her actual appearance the walls were covered with placards and posters announcing the arrival of "THE QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG, THE SUCCESSOR TO MRS. JOHN WOOD." Now, "the Queen of Comedy and Song" in itself implies much, but of "the successor to Mrs. John Wood" a great deal would be demanded, as well. With the latter lady our public were familiar; and so great a favorite was she with theatre-goers that the simple mention of any other performer as her rival or successor would be certain to provoke comparison disadvantageous to the claims of the contestant for her place unless based upon great and actual merit. The injudiciousness of being thus heralded was evinced in Miss Brown's reception on Monday evening. To have appeared without a flourish of trumpets would have secured an immediate success as a pretty and accomplished little actress, a valuable addition to any stock company, but her being presented as a star went very far towards preventing the public from giving her that recognition which is legitimately her due. When we say that Mrs. Perry could have carried off the role of "Pocahontas" better than Miss Brown did, it will be seen how unwise was the institution in advance between the *débutante* and Mrs. John Wood, of a comparison which turned out altogether to the advantage of the latter. The rollicking humor and abandon of Mrs. Wood in the extravagant parts in which her principal successes have been won, find a much nearer representative in Mrs. Perry than in Miss Brown; and with this palpable fact before their eyes, any enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the audience towards the "Pocahontas" of the piece could not be expected. We fancy that Miss Brown doubted her own ability to fulfil the programme laid out for her in the disputation of the dramatic crown, for she seemed doubtful of the audience at first, and that constraint and reserve, which seems to be always her peculiarity of manner, became painfully evident, making the contrast between her own style, and that of the lady whose successor she assumed to be, greater than it would have been under wholly normal conditions.

As a general rule and the result of repeated experiments, it may be written down that no stock actor can successfully star in California. All the East seems to labor under a different impression; but the sooner that impression is corrected the better. A San Francisco audience is quite as critical as a New York one, and too familiar by far with excellent stock actors to be taken by storm by any one that branches off from a New York company. Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Judah—we have not space to enumerate all who deserve mention, but their names are fresh on our pen—are our own; all are excellent stock actresses, but we are unaware that any one of them has ever attempted to star even the adjacent town of Oakland, though a wider range might be essayed by them without presumption. We have no hesitation in saying that New York at the present time does not possess an actress who in her own peculiar line of characters can approach Mrs. Judah; but, for all that, we would not advise her to appear in the Metropolis of the Atlantic as the successor to Charlotte Cushman, and we imagine that it would be difficult for any injudicious friend to persuade her to make that attempt. Modesty has always its exceeding great reward. For our part, we are tired of the whole star system; we look upon all the meteoric phenomena in which managers indulge with great and growing suspicion, and we are prepared to joyfully welcome the day when there shall be neither a star nor a bad stock-actor in the land. We imagine that these two results will be reached simultaneously.

Pocahontas was excellently put upon the stage; and well played throughout, the members of the company rhetorically kicking up their heels in its broad fun and shaking the Shakspeare they had previously been laced up in, as supporters of the Keans, from their shoulders as though "the legitimate drama" were a burden—sometimes it is. *Pocahontas*, by the way, has been localized, and very happily, too, the Californian phrases and political allusions bringing down the house repeatedly. As "Bob Nettles" Miss Brown appeared to better advantage than in the preceding piece, and she decidedly improves upon acquaintance, the constraint of manner noticeable at first vanishing as she becomes familiarized with her audience, until we fancy that a few evenings more will see her thoroughly *en rapport* with them. She is certainly one of the prettiest women that has graced the stage for many a long day. As "Waddilove" in this same play Mrs. Perry furnished a capital piece of acting, offering, however, in her make up, a strong and strange contrast to the graceful outlines her figure presented when she played the Tartar Prince. Frank Mayo, who took the part of the old Frenchman, did so exceedingly well, and managed so completely to sink and forget Mayo in the character, that we do him but justice when we write him a hearty word of praise: and in this connection we cannot forbear expressing our surprise that the critic of one of the dailies censures his personation of the character, for to our thinking his "Monsieur Tourbillon" is fairly entitled to warm commendation. To say that Lulu Sweet looked as pretty as a pink both pieces through, is simply to give her credit for something which she cannot help. This afternoon and evening, and tomorrow evening, *Pocahontas* and *The day after the Wedding* will rule at the Opera House; on Monday evening the musical extravaganza of *The Invisible Prince*; or, *the Isle of Tranquil Delights* will be produced, Miss Brown as the Prince.

At the Metropolitan, *The Siege of Troy* occupied the stage until Thursday night, when it was withdrawn to make room for a dramatization of Pierce Egan's romance, *The Poor Girl*. We were not at all sorry to see *The Siege of Troy* raised, for while others found fault with it on the score of impropriety it only suggested itself to us as being dreadfully dull; we never quite understood before what a heavy weight *Troy-weight* is until the illustration at the Metropolitan. We had no idea previously that the gods and goddesses of the good old times were so fearfully slow; and our respect for Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Hector, Priam, and other eminent Greeks and Trojans, was considerably diminished by the revelation of their terrible addiction to spouting verse in season and out of season. The piece was put upon the stage with a care and scenic effect worthy of better material.

Those people, however, who went to the Metropolitan on Thursday evening, under the mistaken idea, (perhaps induced by the strictures of the daily press regarding the classic costumes of the gone goddesses and Greeks,) that *The Poor Girl* would be too poor to indulge in many clothes, were mistaken, for the clever and beautiful leading actress of that theatre has as many and as handsome clothes as any lady in the profession, if she chooses to wear them. In *The Poor Girl* she returned to that costume she is eminently calculated to adorn, and we hail the return with pleasure, for long clothes may decidedly be termed her strong suit. Of the play itself we can only say that it is impossible to dramatize a long novel, intricate in plot, so as to retain the interest and tell the story clearly. It has been tried very often, but only in *Aurora Floyd* was a partial success achieved. In any event it will be hard to make a public, the majority of whom are bachelors and marrying men, incline very seriously to a *Poor Girl* or see the romance of one—try them with a rich one, manager. This afternoon the Metropolitan will revive *The Siege of Troy* for the benefit of families. Milton's *Mask of Comus* is in rehearsal for speedy production.

The Eureka, despite the defection of a minstrel, flourishes finely—indeed we do not know but what the absence of the harpist is rather a matter of congratulation than otherwise. Backus continues his excellent impersonations (Kean himself taught him how to do Kean;) Birch is as pleasant in his bark as ever; Wambold doesn't go back at all on his Dutch, and still the dancers agitate their clogs. The farce of *The Wandering Minstrel* is being played—pity that the tragedy of one had not been put in rehearsal.

INCENDIARISM IN NEW YORK.—A telegram dated New York, November 26th, states that the St. Nicholas, St. James, LaFarge, Metropolitan, Astor, Lovejoy's and Belmont Hotels, were fired by incendiaries the night previous, but the damage done was trifling. In the hotels the bed clothes, and some trunks were found covered with phosphorous; matches were also scattered in the beds; the fires were set and the rooms locked. Perhaps they are fired by delinquent boarders as the easiest way of settling their bills. The Occidental, Lick and Russ had better be watchful unless times improve.

It is stated that Grass Valley was visited by a shower of angle-worms on Wednesday night of last week. We trust that they were right-angle worms. If that sort of thing goes on the people of the Valley will have to seek refuge or vernifuge, speedily.

LUCRETIA SMITH'S SOLDIER.

[NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR.—Mr. Editor: I am an ardent admirer of those nice, sickly war stories in *Harper's Weekly*, and for the last three months I have been at work upon one of that character, which I now forward to you for publication. It can be relied upon as true in every particular, inasmuch as the facts it contains were compiled from the official records in the War Department at Washington. The credit of this part of the labor is due to the Hon. T. G. Phelps, who has so long and ably represented this State in Congress. It is but just, also, that I should make honorable mention of the obliging publishing firms Roman & Co. and of Bancroft & Co., of this city, who loaned me *Jomini's Art of War*, the *Message of the President and Accompanying Documents*, and sundry maps and military works, so necessary for reference in building a novel like this. To the accommodating Directors of the Overland Telegraph Company I take pleasure in returning my thanks for tendering me the use of their wires at the customary rates. The inspiration which enabled me in this production to soar so happily into the realms of sentiment and soft emotion, was obtained from the excellent beer manufactured at the New York Brewery, in Sutter street, between Montgomery and Kearney. And finally, to all those kind friends who have, by good deeds or encouraging words, assisted me in my labors upon this story of "Lucretia Smith's Soldier," during the past three months, and whose names are too numerous for special mention, I take this method of tendering my sincerest gratitude.

M. T.]

CHAPTER I.

ON a balmy May morning in 1861, the little village of Bluemass, in Massachusetts, lay wrapped in the splendor of the newly-risen sun. Reginald de Whittaker, confidential and only clerk in the house of Bushrod & Ferguson, general dry goods and grocery dealers, and keepers of the Post-office, rose from his bunk under the counter and shook himself. After yawning and stretching comfortably, he sprinkled the floor and proceeded to sweep it. He had only half finished his task, however, when he sat down on a keg of nails and fell into a reverie. "This is my last day in this shanty," said he. "How it will surprise Lucretia when she hears I am going for a soldier! How proud she will be—the little darling!" He pictured himself in all manner of warlike situations; the hero of a thousand extraordinary adventures; the man of rising fame; the pet of Fortune at last; and beheld himself, finally, returning to his old home, a bronzed and scarred Brigadier-General, to cast his honors and his matured and perfect love at the feet of his Lucretia Borgia Smith.

At this point a thrill of joy and pride suffused his system—but he looked down and saw his broom, and blushed. He came toppling down from the clouds he had been soaring among, and was an obscure clerk again, on a salary of two dollars and a half a week.

CHAPTER II.

At 8 o'clock that evening, with a heart palpitating with the proud news he had brought for his beloved, Reginald sat in Mr. Smith's parlor awaiting Lucretia's appearance. The moment she entered he sprang to meet her, his lace lighted by the torch of love that was blazing in his head somewhere and shining through, and ejaculated "Mine own!" as he opened his arms to receive her.

"Sir!" said she, and drew herself up like an offended queen. Poor Reginald was stricken dumb with astonishment. This chilling demeanor, this angry rebuff where he had expected the old, tender welcome, banished the gladness from his heart as the cheerful brightness is swept from the landscape when a dark cloud drifts athwart the face of the sun. He stood bewildered a moment, with a sense of goodness on him like one who finds himself suddenly overboard upon a midnight sea and beholds the ship pass into shrouding gloom, while the dreadful conviction falls upon his soul that he has not been missed. He tried to speak, but his pallid lips refused their office. At last he murmured:

"O, Lucretia, what have I done—what is the matter—why this cruel coldness? Don't you love your Reginald any more?"

Her lips curled in bitter scorn, and she replied, in mocking tones:

"Don't I love my Reginald any more? No, I don't love my Reginald any more! Go back to your pitiful junk shop and grab your pitiful yard-stick, and stuff cotton in your ears so that you can't hear your country shout to you to fall in and shoulder arms! Go!" And then, unheeding the new light that flashed from his eyes, she fled from the room and slammed the door behind her.

Only a moment more! Only a single moment more, he thought, and he could have told her how he had already answered the summons and signed his name to the muster-roll, and all would have been well—his lost bride would have come back to his arms with words of praise and thanksgiving upon her lips. He made a step forward, once, to recall her, but he remembered that he was no longer an effeminate dry-goods student, and his warrior soul scorned to sue for quarter. He strode from the place with martial firmness, and never looked back on him.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Lucretia awoke the next morning, the faint music of a fife and the roll of a distant drum came floating upon the

soft spring breeze, and as she listened the sounds grew more subdued and finally passed out of hearing. She lay absorbed in thought for many minutes, and then she sighed and said, "Oh, if he were only with that band of fellows, how I could love him!"

In the course of the day a neighbor dropped in, and when the conversation turned upon the soldiers, the visitor said:

"Reginald de Whittaker looked rather down-hearted, and didn't shout when he marched along with the other boys this morning. I expect it's owing to you, Miss Loo, though when I met him coming here yesterday evening to tell you he'd enlisted, he thought you'd like it and be proud of—Mercy! what in the nation's the matter with the girl?"

Nothing, only a sudden misery had fallen like a blight upon her heart, and a deadly pallor telegraphed it to her countenance. She rose up without a word and walked with a firm step out of the room, but once within the sacred seclusion of her own chamber, her strong will gave way and she burst into a flood of passionate tears. Bitterly she upbraided herself for her foolish haste of the night before, and her harsh treatment of her lover at the very moment that he had come to anticipate the proudest wish of her heart, and to tell her that he had enrolled himself under the battle-flag and was going forth to fight as *her* soldier. Alas! other maidens would have soldiers in those glorious fields, and be entitled to the sweet pain of feeling a tender solicitude for them, but she would be unrepresented. No soldier in all the vast armies would breathe her name as he breasted the crimson tide of war! She wept again—or, rather, she went on weeping where she left off a moment before. In her bitterness of spirit, she almost cursed the precipitancy that had brought all this sorrow upon her young life. "Drat it!" The words were in her bosom, but she locked them there, and closed her lips against their utterance.

For weeks and weeks she nursed her grief in silence while the roses faded from her cheeks. And through it all she clung to the hope that some day the old love would bloom again in Reginald's heart, and he would write to her—but the long summer days dragged wearily along, and still no letter came. The newspapers teemed with stories of battle and carnage, and eagerly she read them, but always with the same result: the tears welled up and blurred the closing lines—the name she sought was looked for in vain, and the dull aching returned to her sinking heart. Letters to the other girls sometimes contained brief mention of him, and presented always the same picture of him—a morose, unsmiling, desperate man, always in the thickest of the fight, begrimed with powder, and moving calm and unscathed through tempests of shot and shell, as if he bore a charmed life.

But at last, in a long list of maimed and killed, poor Lucretia read these terrible words, and fell fainting to the floor: "R. D. Whittaker, private soldier, desperately wounded!"

CHAPTER IV.

ON a couch in one of the wards of a hospital at Washington lay a wounded soldier; his head was so profusely bandaged that his features were not visible, but there was no mistaking the happy face of the young girl who sat beside him—it was Lucretia Borgia Smith's. She had haunted him out several weeks before, and since that time she had patiently watched by him and nursed him, coming in the morning as soon as the surgeons had finished dressing his wounds, and never leaving him until relieved at nightfall. A ball had shattered his lower jaw, and he could not utter a syllable; through all her weary vigils, she had never once been blessed with a grateful word from his dear lips; yet she stood to her post bravely and without a murmur, feeling that when he did get well again she would hear that which would more than reward her for all her devotion.

At the hour we have chosen for the opening of this chapter, Lucretia was in a tumult of happy excitement, for the surgeon had told her that at last her Whittaker had recovered sufficiently to admit of the removal of the bandages from his head, and she was now waiting with feverish impatience for the doctor to come and disclose the loved features to her view. At last he came, and Lucretia, with beaming eyes and a fluttering heart, bent over the couch with anxious expectancy. One bandage was removed, then another, and another, and lo! the poor wounded face was revealed to the light of day.

"O my own dar—"

What have we here! What is the matter! Alas! it was the face of a stranger!

Poor Lucretia! With one hand covering her upturned eyes, she staggered back with a moan of anguish. Then a spasm of fury distorted her countenance as she brought her fist down with a crash that made the medicine bottles on the table dance again, and exclaimed:

"O confound my cats if I haven't gone and fooled away three mortal weeks here, snuffling and slobbering over the wrong soldier!"

It was a sad, sad truth. The wretched, but innocent and unwitting impostor was R. D., or Richard Dilworthy Whittaker, of Wisconsin, the soldier of dear little Eugenie Le Mulligan, of that State, and utterly unknown to our unhappy Lucretia B. Smith.

Such is life, and the tail of the serpent is over us all. Let us draw the curtain over this melancholy history—for melancholy it must still remain, during a season at least, for the real Reginald de Whittaker has not turned up yet.

MARK TWAIN

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

IN an old Dublin *University Magazine*, among other articles of interest we find a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person, after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin; it then proceeds to state, that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of King James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a peddler; how, while on the way, he had an interview with Gen. Sarsfield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before Capt. Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give one a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland:

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal; "unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here where you are."

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. "I think, my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?" "I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honorably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap, your worship." "Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. "I promise you, I think no good of you; throw back your hair, and let me see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir."

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred; he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper, "Hardress Fitzgerald?" "Yes," said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Capt. Oliver. I know you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you." "You are a desperate villain, sir," said Captain Oliver; "a rebel and a murderer. Holloa there, guard, seize him!" As the soldiers entered, I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, suddenly drew General Sarsfield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. "Secure the papers," said the captain, and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the butt of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but, at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber or rather cell in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit placed high in the wall admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortable than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavored to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbor. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the door of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening ere the moon arose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. "He shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog; shot to-night, and hung to-morrow; hung at the bridge-head; hung, until his bones drop asunder!"

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise, the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swoon-

ing. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts the wildest and the most hideous flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while all the time I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened, and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake, fellow?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself; get upon thy legs." His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son." There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key, "Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin; but if you go to any of your gammon, before two hours are passed you will have as many holes in your carcass as a target." "Name your conditions," said I; "and if they consist with honor, I will never balk at the offer."

"Here they are; you are to be shot to-night, by Capt. Oliver's orders; the earlines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Well, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Capt. Oliver rides this night to headquarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humor him a little, and when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan, surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man thus completely crippled and without a weapon." "I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier. "When you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case, walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride with Capt. Oliver; and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again and again, until he is finished—and I trust to your honor to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Capt. Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing him. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles!—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. "Now for the weapon," said I. "I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he, "but if well handled it will do as well as the best Toledo; it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall, and my hands together under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. "How's this?" said I, inwardly. "Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in the fulfilment of your prophecy." As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Capt. Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his ample military cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Capt. Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

"Hardress Fitzgerald," he began at length, "are you awake? Stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say."

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound. "Well," said I, "what would

you of me? Is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor. What do you want of me?"

"As to your punishment, sir," said he, "your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavored this day to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels."

"And if I do this I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?" Oliver bowed.

"Well, sir, before I make the desired communications, I have one question more to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power?" "In that case," replied he coolly, "in half an hour you shall be a corpse."

"Then, God have mercy on your soul," said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point unfortunately struck the cuirass, near the neck, and, glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if anything rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and discolored, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass which had so lately been a living and comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done; the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard-room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "How soon, captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner dispatched?" "In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice. The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated. "Is all right?" said he, eagerly. "Ay," said I; "which horse am I to mount?" He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "Who goes there?—stand and give the word!" Heeded of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on; so did also the soldier who accompanied me. The sentinel fired.

"Hurrah!" I shouted: "try it again, my boy," and away we went at a gallop, which bade fair to distance everything like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however; for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed, crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object and said to my comrade, "Lower your body; lie flat over the saddle; the fellow is going to fire." I had hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and my despatch. I rode on at a gallop. Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more I crossed Thomond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Capt. Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schuapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post,
Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the
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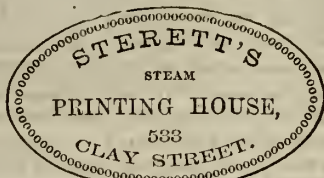
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—TO—
Red Bluff.ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER
5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation
CompanyWILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINT-
ING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
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SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health
and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE
value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening
the Gums and imparting a delicate fragrance to the
breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes
spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the
enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL LIKE WHITENESS.
Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a
highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the
further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy
action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the bright-
ness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by
confining their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlim-
ited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating
effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes
those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing
to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.
Sold by all Druggists, and by
H. P. WAKELEE,
Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush
and Montgomery streets. sc24

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316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the
travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of
the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated,
and put in complete order. New furniture has been added,
and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and
comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the
city.Being conducted on the European plan the
RAILROAD HOUSEaffords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or
expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular
a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much
lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found
elsewhere.The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers
to the house, free of charge.BURNER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths
connected with the House.
oc8-3m C. L. ROSS

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Billiard Table Manufactory.



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liard Tables, with the modern improvements, as well as
Billiard Trimmings, of every description, at the lowest
prices.

All goods warranted. oc3-1m

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Mont-
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CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with
large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION
OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the
Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting
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all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for
the Californian business man and tourist.The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any
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Proprietors
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Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the
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as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of
superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers
of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY
& VAN DUSEN, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the
Proprietors believe that they can sell their stockON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE
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ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the
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Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a
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usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the Uni-
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A. Kohler,

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SIXTY-SEVEN CASES

—OF THE—

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Of Bohemian Glasswares,

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DRESSING CASES,

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CHEVALIER'S
Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

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Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irrita-
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NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is en-
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mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful
Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have
gray Hair in your head.The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in
many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the
clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-
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CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

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Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by

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First Premium,

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FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,

Would advise our friends and patrons that we
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In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change
in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES
than were ever offered on this coast.N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety
extremely LOW PRICES.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624 CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17)

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE
LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.Ladies customers can have their measures forwarded and
their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the
most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. JY30-3m

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE news of the week, given to us with intermissions, leaves little room for doubt that Sherman is pushing vigorously for the Atlantic seaboard. Although nothing definite reaches us, we have rumors from various sources that Macon was invested. A later despatch, however, from the Richmond papers states that Milledgeville was occupied by our troops, and that Sherman, instead of attacking Macon, has passed by that place, and is pressing on his forces with great celerity towards the coast. "It is also rumored that a large fleet is in readiness to co-operate with Sherman, so soon as he reaches his destination. The heavy rains and floods on the James have retarded operations. We continue our telegraphic summary:

November 23.—A despatch from New York gives extracts from Richmond papers stating that Sherman was marching on Macon, and that his advance had reached the outskirts of that city. At Griffin he captured a portion of the Legislature, which was in session there. His army marches with the forces spread out, sweeping a wide space, devastating and ruining all farms. Macon is said to be garrisoned by the Georgia militia, composed mostly of old men and boys.

It is currently reported that Gen. Butler had blown the end out of the canal at Dutch Gap and let the water in.

Picket firing still continues at Petersburg.

November 25.—Another victory for Sheridan. Custar, Powell and Diven, commanding three divisions, made a reconnaissance; Devin marched up Luray valley, Custar and Powell up the Shenandoah, pressing the rebels. On the 22d, they encountered Early's main infantry division, 15,000 strong, and a division of cavalry, at Root Hill. A severe engagement ensued, lasting six hours, during which neither side appear to have gained much advantage. Having accomplished the object of the reconnaissance, the Union forces withdrew, with a loss of about 60 in killed, wounded and missing, without being followed by Early.

Col. Brooks, with 2,500 rebels, attacked Fayetteville, Ark., on the 28th October, and was repulsed with considerable loss. Hazen, with 6,000 of Price's retreating troops, bombarded the town on November 3d, for five hours. The enemy was held at bay till next morning, when Curtis and Blunt arrived, and the rebels skedaddled. On the authority of a missionary accompanying Price, that army lost 10,000 in killed, wounded and deserters, and the expedition was a most disastrous one. Sheridan reported marching on Lynchburg.

Vienna and Fairfax reported to be occupied by our troops. Beauregard issues a proclamation, dated Corinth, the 18th, advising the Georgians to lay waste everything around Sherman, in his front and near his flank, and promising to be with them soon.

On the authority of the *Augusta Sentinel*, the "Yankee" column had moved down the Georgia divide at Decatur, half going down the Covington road, and the other half the Rock-bridge road at Stone Mountain; all the unoccupied houses and two-thirds of the town were burned.

On the 24th, rebel deserters at City Point reported the occupation of Macon by Sherman. A private despatch from Macon to a Savannah paper, under date of November 21st, says: "The enemy (Federals) crossed the Ocmulgee in force yesterday, at Planter's Factory, 8 miles from Indian Springs. It is reported that they are 30,000 strong. This would seem to strengthen the belief that Augusta is their object. The Central Railroad was destroyed on the 20th, and the telegraph cut. Communication between Savannah and Macon is destroyed. The wires between Gordon and Milledgeville cut."

Hood's army, 300 strong, with ten pieces of artillery, was reported marching on Pulaski on Wednesday. He was supposed to be advancing with the intention of entering East Tennessee, and joining Breckinridge.

A sensation despatch to the *New York Herald* says that Sherman will meet at Augusta the Governors of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and will confer with them in relation to the terms on which these States can repudiate their several ordinances of secession and be once more members of the great family of States.

A Union expedition on the 18th, was attacked and defeated by a rebel force, in the La Fourche district, La.

Richmond papers of the 24th announce that Sherman has occupied Milledgeville. The same authority also asserts that Sherman has passed by Macon, and will move towards the Atlantic coast, without attacking the defenses of Augusta.

In a debate in the rebel House of Representatives, on the 19th, some facts were disclosed which showed a vigorous crusade against the reconstructionists, including Stephens, Boyce, Brown, Leach, Vance, Cobb and Foote, who are denounced as "needless agitators of dangerous questions." The rebel Congress is likened unto a house divided against itself, which cannot long stand against the tornadoes of excitement which Sherman is creating.

Dates from Bermuda of the 19th state that the rebel cruiser *Chickamauga* had completed her repairs and sailed on the 15th November.

November 28.—Deserters from the rebel army continue to increase, according to the *World's Army* of the Potomac correspondent, who corroborate the statements that the rebel army is demoralized.

Beauregard's army consists of 25,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry.

Richmond papers say that a fight occurred between a rebel force and Sherman's cavalry, in which the latter were repulsed.

The Governors of South Carolina and Georgia have issued proclamations calling out all the males of those States between the ages of 16 and 55.

The pirate *Florida* sunk (by accident) at Hampton Road in nine fathoms of water. She had been run into by an army steamer and badly damaged.

Gen. Thomas, it is reported, has retreated to Franklin, Tenn. Military authorities say that if the report is correct, Thomas is preparing to receive large reinforcements, now on the way to him, before giving battle to Hood.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN this paper went to press last week a violent gale was sweeping over the city and harbor, causing considerable damage to the shipping, unroofing houses, tearing away awnings, unhinging signs, destroying shade trees and shrubbery, and raising the mischief generally. From Friday midnight to Wednesday noon last, 6.86 inches of rain fell. Many of the cellars in the lower part of the city were flooded.

On Sunday afternoon a fatal accident happened on Howard street, nearly opposite the Methodist church. Car No. 6, of the Omnibus Railroad, was going eastward, when Richard H. King, a boy about 12 years of age, (son of Mr. Richard King, who resides on Hyde street, near Ellis,) ran suddenly across the street towards the church, holding his hat down over his eyes to shield them from the driving rain; striking heavily against the doubletree behind the horses, he fell on the track and was run over by both wheels on that side before the driver, Hannibal Manter, could stop the car, the track being slippery and the horses restive. The body of the unfortunate boy was almost severed at the waist, and he did not speak after the wheel struck him. His being blind in the left eye, may account for his not seeing the car at all, as it was on that side that he struck. Manter was taken to the station house on a charge of manslaughter, but the Coroner's jury exonerating him from all blame, he was soon after liberated.

Edward E. Powers, President of the Eureka Typographical Union, was taken sick with rheumatic fever, on the 24th November; little thought was entertained that the affair was serious, but on the afternoon of the 27th he sank rapidly, and died before 10 o'clock. Mr. Powers came to California in 1849, and was much respected by his associates in the craft. Capt. Hiram Fairchild, also a pioneer printer, who arrived here in 1849, from New Orleans, died last week, and was buried in the beautiful lot of the Typographical Union in Lone Mountain Cemetery. Capt. F. participated in the Texan Revolution, and subsequently commanded a company of cavalry in Bischoe's Battalion of Louisiana Dragoons, during the Mexican War.

The dead body of a man was found on Wednesday morning in the sand hills near the Cliff House. Deceased was last seen alive Tuesday afternoon; he then seemed to be laboring under *delirium tremens*, as he thought some one intended killing him; he also said he was a mason or plasterer, but did not give his name. The body is that of a man 5 feet 6 inches high, sandy hair and whiskers, aged about 30 years. It was dressed in black coat and pants, black satin vest with black silk stripes, checked overshirt, white wool undershirt, Congress boots, black necktie with red and white stripes, and black glazed cap. No marks of poison or evidences of violence were found, and no papers to indicate the name. The man probably died from exposure. [Since the foregoing was put in type, the body has been identified as that of Matthias O'Connell, from Troy, N. Y., a plasterer by trade. He was sick with chills and fever on Sunday last.]

On Thursday afternoon, a workman engaged in repairing the roof of the building adjoining *THE CALIFORNIAN* office, southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, fell from the top of the building a distance of 40 feet, breaking through the plank sidewalk, and landing in the cellar beneath. No bones were broken, and a few minutes after the man went his way, rejoicing at his miraculous escape from instant death.

On Wednesday evening, the Sons of Scotia celebrated the second anniversary of the organization of the St. Andrew's Society, with a grand festival at one of our principal hotels. Among the guests were Gen. McDowell, Hon. W. L. Booker, the British Consul, and other distinguished gentlemen.

An unknown man jumped off Meiggs' Wharf, Wednesday afternoon, with the evident intention of committing suicide. He floated some distance with the tide, and was then rescued by Sweeney & Baugh's marine reporters' boat, and taken to the hospital.

On Tuesday morning at about half-past ten o'clock, J. F. Curle entered the room of Charles Stevens, over Barrett & Sherwood's store, and for some trifling cause drew a pistol and fired four shots at him. They all took effect, but none of the wounds are serious. Curle was admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,500. Both Curle and Stevens are young men.

A clerk in the Medical Purveyor's Department, U. S. A., on this coast, named Frank Rivers, was arrested on Tuesday, on a charge of having forged two checks on the Assistant U. S. Treasurer.

John Gallagher shouted for Jeff Davis and was arrested therefor, and on Tuesday he was examined in the Police Court on the charge of "uttering treasonable language." He was held to answer before the County Court, in \$500 bail.

The annual Fair of the Sisters of Charity for the benefit of the orphans will open on this evening at Platt's Hall, and continue for one week. We hope the public at large will bear in mind the charitable intention of the Fair.

The *Morning Call* entered on its seventeenth volume last Thursday morning. The paper has proved a "decided success."

The Superintendent of the Mint gives notice that deposits of fine bars or bullion will be received for coinage after the closing for a settlement, till the tenth day of December, 1864.

The Citizen's Gas Company have received the material for their meter, and it is nearly ready to be placed.

A fire broke out in the upper story of the Mechanics' Exchange, a boarding-house, No. 25 Third street, about five o'clock yesterday morning, destroying the upper story and furniture, and causing the death of a lodger named Thomas Hayes, by suffocation. W. H. Brooks occupied a portion of the first story as a news depot. His loss was but slight.

The stranger found dead on Leidesdorff street on Wednesday, November 23d, was incorrectly reported by all the daily papers as a Mr. Nichols, from Barry county, Illinois. That gentleman naturally desires to have the error corrected.

The Pacific Christian Commission acknowledge the receipt of \$1,095 48 in gold, and \$49 in greenbacks, being the result of collections in the various churches on Thanksgiving Day.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Wells, Fargo & Co. shipped in one week, recently, nearly three and a half tons of ballion from Virginia, worth \$220,579.

Walter Burleigh, Republican, has been elected to Congress from Dakota Territory.

It is proposed to consolidate Virginia and Gold Hill under one city government.

The expenditures of the State for the last fiscal year were \$3,209 65 less than the receipts.

Ground was broken on the first section of the Napa Valley Railroad—between Napa and Suscol—Nov. 21st.

Lisle's Bridge on the American, near Sacramento, was carried away by the sudden rise of the river on the 27th ult.

Two houses belonging to Dr. Taylor, at Diamond Springs, were burned on the 23th ult.

An extensive gang of boy-thieves has been ferreted out at Portland, Oregon.

The residence of P. H. Russell and the store of H. Ross & Son, Sacramento, were entered and robbed on the 23d ult.

At La Porte, Cal., snow fell to the depth of three feet on the 26th inst.

The store of M. Rosenberg, McAdam's creek, was robbed of \$896, recently.

Schmidtschneider, one of the best musicians of the coast, and who prided himself on having the longest moustaches in the State, died in Nevada, Cal., recently.

At the Kootenai mines, flour sells at 36c.; bacon 75c.; tea, \$3; coffee, 75c.; beans, 50c.; whisky scarce at \$12 to \$15 per gallon.

A man named Williams had his left hand blown to pieces, near Portland, a few days since, by the accidental discharge of a gun.

The recent storms inflicted severe damage to houses, bridges and fences throughout the State—a trifling matter, however, compared with the benefits the rains have conferred.

The Sacramento *Bee* says the charge that soldiers at Camp Union had not sufficient rations has been examined into by a board of officers and pronounced entirely without foundation.

A little boy aged three years, son of Fred Frasier, of Petaluma, was burned to death, a few days since. He had been playing with matches, from which his clothes ignited.

A difficulty occurred between R. Neale and Richard Brew, in a saloon in Grass Valley, on the 27th ult., in which Brew was killed. Neale was lodged in the county jail.

The vote of the State of Nevada, (officially reported,) foots up: Lincoln, 9,826; McClellan, 6,594—Lincoln's majority, 3,232. Total vote of the new State, 16,420.

During the gale on the 26th ult., the roof of the Court House in Martinez, Contra Costa county, was blown off; damage, \$1,000. A large hay barn and several wind-mills in Benicia were blown down.

The County Hospital in Placerville was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. The *Nevs* says many of the inmates suffered from the cold and the torrents of rain which descended on them while being removed to places of shelter.

The Monitor *Gazette* (Alpine county, Cal.) reports the sale of two large mines in Mogul district and two in Monitor, for large sums, to New York capitalists; also that \$150,000 will soon be expended and an 80-stamp mill erected to develop the claims.

The Douglas City (Utah) *Vedette* says nearly as many people are leaving the Idaho mines as are going to them. Fortune seekers find the resources of the country not sufficient for the influx of population.

Shotwell, a resident of Monterey, was attacked by two Spaniards about noon, Nov. 23d, near San Juan, and robbed of \$45. Shotwell's arm was badly broken by blows from the robber's pistols. A posse of men are pursuing the robbers.

Samuel Dees ran his eight-mule team off the grade, between St. Louis and La Porte, on the night of the 23d ult., bruising himself, breaking his wagon to pieces, killing one mule and crippling others.

George H. Mixer, proprietor of the opposition stage from Sacramento to Marysville, lost two valuable horses, and had a narrow escape with his life, while crossing a slough near Knight's Landing, Nov. 27th. The other stages did not attempt the trip that day, the storm deterring them.

The State Treasurer has given notice that California bonds to the amount of \$548,000, with interest, will be purchased, under an Act for the relief of California volunteers; bids to be received up to 10 A. M., Dec. 30th.

The U. S. Land Office in Stockton has received an order withdrawing from sale township 7 north, range 6, 7 and 8 east; township 6 north, range 7 east; west half of township 7 north, range 9 east, and west half of township 6 north, range 8 east, Mount Diablo meridian.

SOMETHING INTERESTING.—The following list comprises the best articles of their kind in use :
Nelson's Extract of Roses and Rosemary ;
Lawrence & Co.'s Patent Improved Fish Gloves and Straps ;
The Oxford Washing Pad ;
Burdell's Oriental Tooth Wash ;
Chevalier's Life for the Hair ;
Quintessence of English Garden Lavender Flowers.
For particulars see advertising columns. These articles are prepared and sold by H. P. WAKELEE, Importer and Manufacturer, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, San Francisco.

STARTLED WITH A NEW DELIGHT.—The Ladies are enthusiastic in their praise of Phalon & Sons' Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS." Delicious, entrancing, thrilling, imperishable, stainless, indisputable—these are phrases that apply to the most perfect perfume humanly ever inhaled.
Manufactured by PHALON & SONS, New York, and sold by all Druggists.
* HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the concourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Cannache, for comfort, pleasure or health ; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.
N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.
STACY, Proprietor.

RUPTURE.—Radical cure of Rupture by the application of the celebrated Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing Pressure, from A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society. Treatment of the Deformities of the Body by the new orthopedical process used with great success in the Paris, London and New York hospitals, where M. A. Folleau, under the directions of the Surgeons, applied his apparatus during the last 15 years.

Speciality of Artificial Legs and Arms.
Office, 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Factory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. no19 3m

HAVE YOUR PIANOFORTES TUNED BY A COMPETENT Workman. Leave orders at
KOHLER'S Music Store.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Combs of every style ; Cravats of all kinds ; Jonvin's Gloves for Ladies and gentlemen ; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars ; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian necessities of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist coiffeurs will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the coiffure of ladies.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system* ; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs ; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure. For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!
The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required!
All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

GEORGE LEET Gold and Silver Mining Co. ;
ESSEX Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; NICOLAUS Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; BILLETT Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; SAMANTHA CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; METEOR Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; LEWIS CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; JOHN J. CRITTENDEN Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; SCOTTISH CHIEF Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; HYACK Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; MEMPHIS Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; GRAFTON Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; TEHAMA Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; PONTIAC Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; BUTLER Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; ENTERPRISE Gold and Silver Mining Co. ; CROWN POINT Tunnel and Mining Co. ; Reese River Mining District, Lander county, N. T.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be held at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.
The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.
T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL MC. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
D. B. FRANCIS.

oc29-3w
RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.
T. B. VALENTINE,
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

'y30-1m
PIANOFORTES TO RENT—NO CHARGE FOR KEEP-
ing them in tune. Leave orders at
A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
and 424 Sansome street.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

FOR

EVERYBODY!

KOHLER SELLING OUT!

THAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
FANCY GOODS!

Articles de Paris, TOYS, etc., selected by A. KOHLER, While in Europe, is now being unpacked, and is offered for sale
AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!
The most magnificent display of Fancy Goods ever seen in San Francisco.

Wholesale Store, No. 424 SANSOME STREET.
Retail, Nos. 620 and 622 WASHINGTON STREET. no26

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation ; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY
MEDICINE.

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

FOLSOM STREET PROPERTY FOR SALE!

COMPRISING TWO 50-VALE LOTS ON THE NORTH side of Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth, fronting also on Clementina street. Will be sold entire, or in subdivisions of 25 by 80 feet.

WM. LEFFINGWELL,
no5-1f 619 Montgomery street

SOUTH PARK INSTITUTE! FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PRINCIPAL, Prof. C. MIEL.
ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS, MME. MIEL and MISS FLORENCE JAMES.

This new French and English Educational Establishment WILL OPEN for Boarding and Day Pupils,
On MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1865.

Apply for prospectuses, admission, etc., at Prof. MIEL'S residence, No. 41 South Park. no26

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY, DECEMBER 12th!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

VIA NICARAGUA!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will dispatch the commodious and favorite steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, Commander,
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 12TH,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
no19 Up stairs, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
no28 F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearying experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S
Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance ; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-dressing yet offered to the public.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

IS WARRANTED!

to produce the results claimed for it, when used according to directions.

Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by

no8 H. P. WAKELEE.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

No. 112 and 114 Battery street,

ly2 SAN FRANCISCO.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trifuration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or floor gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the \$500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores ; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets
San Francisco. If no12

SHADOWS.

WHEN the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the caves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves,
Then I open the inner chamber
That was closed from the dust of day,
And gently undraw the curtain
Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber;
Cool shadows from lights now gone;
And the echo of voices sounding,
All sounding for me alone.
And, blending among the others,
One echo is softer yet;
One shadow is cooler, deeper;
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest,
Is the image that blessed my youth;
The angel that lit my journey
With her lamp of love and truth.
We travelled life's way together
A little while side by side;
And when I grew faint or weary,
That light was my strength and guide.

And dearer it grew—how dearer!
Till I watched it wane and fade;
And my angel said, as we parted,
Be patient, he not afraid.
And when I am sick and weary
With the heat and dust of the day,
How the sense of her words comes o'er me—
Her words ere she went away.

And I ask for a patient wisdom,
As I journey the way alone;
Till I tread on the golden threshold
Of the heaven where she is gone.
When the children are hushed in the nursery,
And the swallow sleeps in the caves,
And the night-wind is murmuring secrets
Apart to the listening leaves.

THE EXQUISITE AT COVER.

THE following *jeu d'esprit* we copy from an article which appeared in the New York *Mirror*, November 23, 1839, purporting to be extracted from a forthcoming work, called *Harkaway; or, Brushes of Flood and Field*. We do not know whether the work was ever issued, and therefore are unable to indicate either the author or publisher:

The impatient sportsmen, with palpitating hearts, surrounded the cover, holding tightened reins upon their ardent horses. All were watching for the glorious "break" with "Tally-ho!" ready to burst from every longing tongue. The horses, with pricked ears and glaring eye-balls, pawed the ground and champed their bits with anticipation of delight.

The personification of tailors', hatters', and perfumers' advertisements, Mr. Charles Olivier, seeing his friend Col. Scourfield within a few yards, cantered his graceful gallows towards him.

"Ah! my dear Colonel, how do you do?" inquired Mr. Olivier, checking his ambling nag. "I never saw this animal called a fox. By what means shall I be able to distinguish it?"

"By his brush," briefly responded the Colonel, with a smile.

"Brush! pray, what is a brush?"

"A tail, my dear fellow—a tail resembling your well-trimmed whiskers round a broom-handle."

"How very odd!"

"You cannot mistake him; but surely you have no intention of following the hunt in that gear?" said the Colonel, laughing.

"Gracious! No. The truth is, I was obliged to say last night that I had never seen a thing of the kind. It appeared Goth-like, and so I determined to venture this morning, and examine what is called, I believe, the *throw off*—but I've no intention of being thrown off. Dear me! No. I abominate danger in all shapes," replied Mr. Olivier, elegantly kissing his white glove to his friend, and cantering away. He had proceeded but a few yards, when he returned and said: "If I should see the animal, what shall I say, Colonel?"

"Not a word, if in cover."

"And if the creature comes out?"

"Hallo 'Tally-ho!' as loud as you can," replied the Colonel, turning his horse's head away from Mr. Olivier, leaving him alone to ponder upon his instructed duties.

The dress of Mr. Olivier had anything but the appearance of a fox-hunter's; a superfluous black coat and prunella pumps not being generally donned for the casualties of the dashing chase. His steed was slight-limbed, showy and high-spirited, but suited only to carry a lady—or Mr. Charles Olivier, who was unaccustomed to flying gates, or scrambles through prickly hedges.

The hounds continued to drive the fox from one corner of the cover to the other, without effecting the desired *exit*. Reynard had no inclination to quit his quarters, although his enemies were in such unenviable proximity. Every now and then he would come to the verge of the wood and take a survey; but, disliking the appearance of the surrounding pink coats, in he popped again, much to the annoyance of many who flattered themselves that now "break" he must, and the view-halloo ready to escape died into a grumble of suppressed disappointment.

Every hound now pressed close to the fox, and it was certain that out he must come or submit to the degrading fate of being "chopped"—killed upon his own hearth, without a meritorious struggle for life.

"Tilly-hoo-oo-oo, Tilly-hoo-oo-oo-oo!" to the astonishment of all, came evidently for a broad "Tallyho!" from some novice with the view halloo.

"For'ard, for'ard, for'ard!" shouted the huntsman, galloping towards the spot, with a few of the hounds, from whence the sound came.

"Come away, come away!" bawled the whipper-in, cracking

his whip for the remainder to leave the cover and join the huntsman.

The horn winded a cheering "Hark-forward!"—horses reared and danced with delight. "Hold hard," everybody said: "let them get at it."

"Now for luck, and no checks," said one.

"He'll go for Sydenham earths," said another.

"Not he. The wind's wrong," suggested a third.

"A cool hundred that he makes for Ealing," a fourth offered to bet.

The huntsman arrived at the place where "tilly-hoo-oo" proceeded from, and there sat Mr. Charles Olivier, perseveringly chanting "tilly-hoo." An observation about "a post sometimes points out the road," undoubtedly came from the lips of the old huntsman as he saw the source from whence it came. Rising in his stirrups, he took off his cap and cheered the hounds to pick up the scent.

Wagging their tails, they snuffed the earth with distended nostrils, but no response was given; they ran to and fro, each endeavoring to "snatch the track, and lead the willing pack," but all to no purpose.

"Where did he break, sir?" inquired the huntsman, puzzled by the hounds being at fault.

"Gracious me! Close where you stand, the animal jumped out," replied Mr. Charles Olivier, with a confidential air.

Again the hounds were tried, but in vain. No scent could be found.

"Point out the exact spot, Olivier," said Colonel Scourfield.

"Gracious me! Why, there the creature is *now*!"

"Where—where—where?" was shouted in every direction.

Mr. Charles Olivier placed his glass quietly to his right eye, and, pointing to the topmost branch of a lofty elm, said:

"There it is—I knew him by his tail."

Who shall describe the horror, the astonishment and disgust of all, upon obeying the direction of a pointed finger, at seeing a squirrel, with his bushy tail curled over his head, peeping at the scene below with indubitable pleasure "at being above all danger."

Laughs, groans and hisses proceeded from every quarter. Mr. Charles Olivier began to suspect that he had committed some mistake; but, conceiving it politic to appear cool and collected under any accidents or awkwardness, he, with admirable *sang froid*, continued to look at the "animal," and occasionally observe that he recognized him by his tail.

"Flog him off!" "Duck him in a horse-pond!" "Go home!" "Get your nurse to come with you next time!" Such were the various little pleasant suggestions from the enraged sportsmen, at being subjected to the grievous disappointment occasioned by Mr. Charles Olivier's ignorance of natural history.

With fears, which were very excusable under the circumstances, the mistaken innocent felt that he was one too many. If in carving a goose the ill-shaped bird had glided into the lap of the fairest creature in the world, Mr. Charles Olivier could have imitated that refined personage who said, upon an occasion of the kind, "Madam, I'll trouble you for that goose." He could even have added, "Pray, don't apologize; such trifles will occur." However collected he would have been under such a trying ordeal, Mr. Olivier could not appear so comfortable under the present. "Flogging" and "horse-ponding" and "horse-pond" possessed so much of the nerve-agitating system, that, with chattering teeth, he looked beseechingly, and requested "to be heard."

"Hear him, hear him!" cried the majority, laughing.

"No, no! Duck him—duck him!" shouted others, among whom the huntsman's voice was the loudest.

As the reporters say, after a noisy squabble in the house, "order was restored," and Mr. Olivier thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, I certainly have mistaken an animal which I learn to be a squirrel for a fox. I asked my friend, Colonel Scourfield, how I should know the fox—that is, by what feature—and he said—"

"What did I say?" sharply interrupted his friend, disliking the appeal.

"By his tail, my dear Colonel, you certainly said," replied Mr. Olivier, with praiseworthy decision.

Bursts of laughter.

"As if a fox had a tail," said the old huntsman.

"I presume, by that observation, that the animal is without a tail. That is no fault of mine. I was informed by the Colonel that the creature had a brush. The Colonel also stated that I could not but know the animal, although I had no idea of the creature's form; for his brush or tail, which appear to be synonymous, bore a strong resemblance to one's whiskers round a broom-handle."

Rears of continued laughter.

"Now, gentlemen, you must admit a strong resemblance exists between that little creature's bushy tail, and my whiskers; both in shape and color," said Mr. Charles Olivier with a triumphant smile, pointing to the exalted squirrel.

After loud mirth for some minutes, it was unanimously decided that the speaker had satisfactorily justified himself. The sportsmen good-humoredly shook Mr. Olivier by the hand, rather too roughly, perhaps, for his delicate fingers, and some said with courtesy that they'd "back him against the parson for an argument."

"Try-back, try-back," hallooed the huntsman, and away the hounds went to pick up the lost scent. "Hark back, Musical—hark back, I tell ye!"—off galloped the old favorite leader to obey the mandate. In a few moments "tally-ho" rang from a corner of the cover, from which burst a splendid fox, closely followed by the crying Musical.

"For'ard, hark for'ard—hark to Musical!" shouted the huntsman; the horn was blown; the whipper-in hurried on with the tail hounds, and in an instant on rushed the pursuing and pursued—the many for sport, the one for life.

"Gracious me! Be quiet," said Mr. Charles Olivier to his courier, as the animal caught some of the enthusiasm of the sport. "I certainly—shall—not be able to hold him." Our hero was correct in this opinion; for his horse pulled upon his hands, unused to exertion, so violently that, after a few useless struggles, he followed his own inclination by galloping after the others, to the great discomfiture of his rider.

"What shall I do? what shall I do? He surely will not attempt to leap that wall!" exclaimed Charles Olivier, as they neared one of tolerable altitude. Still the resolute horse

approached it with a determined manner. "I certainly shall be off!" said the rider, eliding to the pommel of the saddle with pertinacity. "I certainly shall." They were within a few strides of the wall, when the horse's ideas corresponded with his master's, that he should not attempt it; throwing himself suddenly upon his haunches, the careful animal succeeded in preventing any accident to himself by stopping on the right side of the barrier. This quick decision, however, did not hinder Mr. Charles Olivier from enjoying a leap; the impetus had the effect of sending him in a straight line over the horse's ears—clean over the wall, like the stick of a rocket, head-foremost into a duck-pond on the opposite side.

Crash, splash, went the luckless horseman—quack, quack, quack, screamed the ducks. "Gracious me!" bubbled from the lips of Mr. Charles Olivier, as he crawled from the water and the mire; "I—I—I never will see another fox-hunt as long as I breathe."

REGISTER YOUR MONEY LETTERS.—By new regulations of the Post Office Department no record by post-bills is now required to be made by Postmasters, except of unpaid or registered letters; therefore there is no way of tracing missing ones in other cases as formerly. The fee for registry is twenty cents, for which a receipt is returned by the Postmaster to the sender from the party receiving the money.—*Sac. Union*.

Not a bad story is going the rounds of Paris. A small German baron had occasion, as it seems, to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfurt. The great financier was writing away for very life when Baron X. was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said, "Take a chair, sir." The Baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said, "Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a baron also—the Baron X." "Ah, a thousand pardons!" said the banker, still writing; "you are a baron—take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind, and wait till I have finished this letter."

A BEWILDERED CLOD-POLE.—A short time since, we heard of a poor laborer in the Fens in Lincolnshire, whose brains were rather of the agricultural order, thickened still more, poor fellow! by the effects of his last illness, but to whom a zealous young clergyman most vigorously expounded his peculiar views on the subject of Justification and the absolute necessity there was for adopting them forthwith. The poor man, who had been hearing from other visitors of more secular but not less surprising things, at last looked his pastor in the face with lack-lustre eyes, and delivered himself of these words: "What with justification and what with railroads, it's all a buzzin' and a fuzzin', and I know nothing about it." This said, he fell back and died.

SOLD HIS COUNTRY FOR A WOMAN.—The Memphis *Argus* relates that there is now on trial at Morgantia, La., by court-martial, a young officer, attached as Adjutant to a New York regiment, charged with attempting to betray his men into ambuscade. It seems that the unfortunate man became enamored of a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter residing not far from the coast, and that, desiring to make her his wife, he proposed, and was accepted on condition that he would betray his command to a Confederate force to be conveniently ambushed. He accepted the proposition, and had got his men *en route* for the place of betrayal, when his design was discovered and he was placed under arrest.

A VIENNA ROMANCE.—It is going the rounds in the following dress: Love is a very uncertain thing, and it is not safe to be too certain of the symptoms until they are unmistakable. The following will explain our meaning, Vienna was stirred up lately by the comical result of a strange love story. It seems that in the house of one Herr Kuhne, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant, a young lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady being unmarried, evinced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She made love to him, in fact, very strongly and persuaded him to visit her at her house. But alas! he loved another lady. One evening, while conversing with the doctor she said: "With your favorable idea of matrimony, may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?" Dr. Kant sighed, and his eye resting on the ground, hesitatingly muttered in reply: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But!" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued; "the lady is rich—very rich—and I am poor. I am afraid I could hardly aspire to her hand, and rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passion in my breast and leave it unavowed forever." At an early hour of the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and in legal form declared her wish to present and hand over as his sole property the sum of 150,000 guilders (£15,000) to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and enclosing it in an elegant envelope, added a note to the following effect:

"DEAR SIR—I have much pleasure in enclosing a paper, which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, etc., ALICE MARTINI."

Dr. Kant, for he and no other was the addressed, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fischel, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had been flattered by his delicate though unavowed attentions. His reply to Alice Martini, beside conveying his sincerest thanks, contained two *cartes de visite*, linked together by the significant rose-colored ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution, but as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.

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Lady Adelia	Mrs. Hamilton
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WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

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A DAY IN COURT.

[SCENE—Court-room. Great number of lawyers inside the bar, and spectators outside.]

ENTER JUDGE.

Judge—Mr. Sheriff, open Court.

Sheriff—Heary-ery-Disrig-Court-Judish'l-Disrig-snow-open, pursuant to adjournment!

Mr. Laven^s—Hem! If your honor please, I have a motion for a new trial not on the calendar, and I—

Judge—Sit down, sir! the Court has not dressed its hair.

Mr. Dwindle—If the Court please, in the interregnum between the hour of adjournment yesterday and the opening of Court this morning, I have examined assiduously the numerous authorities cited by your Honor yesterday, and have ascertained that the Supreme Court has overruled them all in the case of Trashbottom vs. Swinkle. I trust your Honor will reconsider—

Judge—Mr. Dwindle, when you address the Court you must employ more becoming language. The Court will not be told that it does not know the law. There is a certain propriety of language to be used by attorneys towards the judiciary that must never be departed from, and if it is the Court will—

Sheriff—Silence in Court!

Mr. Dwindle—I beg your Honor's pardon, but I thought your Honor might have overlooked the decision.

Judge—The Court never overlooks anything. We have an humble intellect, not gifted, perhaps, with the astuteness of some other gentlemen's, but in our humble way we endeavor to and generally succeed in ascertaining the true condition of the law on any controversy brought before our tribunal; and, as I said before, the Court will not be told that it does not understand the law.

Mr. Dwindle—But, your Honor—

Judge—Mr. Sheriff, commit Mr. Dwindle to the county jail for one week.

Mr. Dwindle—Your Honor is rather—

Judge—Mr. Dwindle will be fined five hundred dollars. Mr. Clerk, hand up the motion-calendar. [Clerk hands the calendar to the Judge.] The first case on the calendar is Bosh vs. Woodcalder. Demurrer to plaintiff's complaint. Parker for plaintiff. Defendant in person.

Mr. Woodcalder—Ready for defendant. If the Court please, yer Honor is convairant with the controversy in this action. The same issuo has been prasinted to yer Honor sixteen times, and yer Honor has decided it against the defendant every time. But I think I kin convince yer Honor that ye have been wrong.

Judge—Mr. Sheriff, arrest Mr. Woodcalder and commit him to solitary confinement until he makes an apology to the Court. We would here have the gentlemen of the bar understand distinctly that we are not to be trifled with. We have devoted

a large portion of our life to the examination of law as a science, and feel tolerably convinced that we have mastered its intricacies and distinctions so fully as never to commit an error. It is in the highest degree improper and unbecoming for members of the bar to question our decision or to intimate that, after having arrived at a conclusion upon a legal proposition, we can or will alter our opinions. The Bar must be in entire subjection to the Bench. . . . Having disposed of Bosh vs. Woodcalder, the next case on the calendar is Dew vs. Swiggle. Bay for plaintiff. River for defendant. Motion for a new trial.

Mr. Bay—This case, your Honor, was tried at the last term, and the plaintiff was nonsuited. Our principal ground of motion is an abuse of discretion in the Court by—

Judge—Mr. Bay, we have stated to the bar once that the phrase "abuse of discretion" must never be applied to any of our rulings. It exceeds the legitimate bounds of the attorney's sphere to characterize any of our opinions as an abuse of discretion. It must not be repeated, sir, and if—

Mr. Bay—But, your Honor, that expression has—

Judge—The Court is speaking, now, sir; it must not be interrupted. I say that although the phrase "abuse of discretion" has been employed for several centuries as expressive of the too extensive exercise of the judgment of the Court in matters of doubt, it is a barbarous relic of a barbarous age, and one unsuited to the enlightened discrimination which now adorns the bench of this Court. The expression must not be repeated. We take occasion to repeat it to the bar. Go on, sir!

Mr. Bay—Well, if your Honor please, with the profoundest deference to the enlightened discrimination which now adorns the bench of this Court, I propose to point to your Honor the particular topic upon which, it seems to me, the Court exercised a too extensive judgment in a matter of doubt.

Judge—It will not be necessary, Mr. Bay, to make an argument upon the question—the Court is perfectly familiar with the matter, and no additional light can be thrown upon it.

Mr. Bay—But your—

Judge—Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the Court.

Sheriff—Hery-ery! the Dist-Court nowstans-adjourned till morromorn'g at ten-o'clock.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, December 10, 1864.

THE Metropolitan Theatre reminds me of a musket, one of the old-fashioned flint-lock affairs, which you may new-stock and burnish up as often as you like, and load with the best of powder, only to obtain the same miserable flash-in-the-pan, or else a blundering explosion and a kick and recoil, never by any chance making a hit, but inevitably flooring the man who holds the gun.

Why this should be I cannot determine, for it is a large and excellently-arranged house, the ventilation is good, the location is convenient, and there is no reason, apparently, why it should not draw as well as any place of amusement in town. But it does not. If opened one week by some confident manager, it is fair to bet that it will be closed the next. My own private belief is that some rival manager has set the story afloat that the auditorium is haunted, this being the reason why people so persistently refuse to go there.

When *The Siege of Troy* was brought out I thought the house had got down to its last legs. But I was not prepared for so speedy and complete a collapse as has taken place. After the actors had compromised their health and their reputations in that piece, they certainly had a right to expect that salaries would be paid them, if nothing more—but no; they tell me that the manager, Hoffman, is an Off man, and that he has gone no man knoweth whither, owing much and paying nothing. So that for the piece announced as being in rehearsal, *Paradise Lost*, we have the sudden substitution, so far as the actors are concerned, of *Salaries Lost*. Who will undertake the Metropolitan next?

They have been doing it Brown at Maguire's Opera House during the week, *The Invisible Prince* having taken the place of *Pocahontas*. This latter piece had an excellent run, rather a singular fact to me when I remember how signally real Indians, (the Winnemucca troupe,) failed in their attempt to captivate the public a few days before. I'm afraid that poor Winnemucca went home to his sage-brush with the impression that scalping paid much better than keeping a show, and that travellers overland from this city may be made to regret that they had not patronized his entertainment.

Why the piece now on the Opera House stage is called *The Invisible Prince* I do not understand, for certainly more of the Prince is visible than is generally seen on the stage. To have called it "The Invisible Pants" would have better expressed the idea which the costume conveys. When the Prince came tripping on, the other evening, with "Here friends, I make my bow," I certainly expected to hear some reprobate in the pit remark that it was certainly a bough without a single leaf; but nothing was said, and the play went on. Miss Brown is becoming quite a favorite; the more that people see of her the more they seem to like her, and, adopting this fact as a basis to start upon, there is no telling how great a favorite she may not become if she perseveres in showing her good points.

The theatrical event of the week was the *début* of Miss Louise Deaderick at Maguire's, on Monday evening. It was the first appearance of the lady "upon any stage"—if we perhaps except those four-horse affairs which carry people from one place to another—and it was the most, if not the only, successful *début* I have witnessed during my residence in California—a blissful period, dating back nearly two years. In the first place, the *débutante* had youth and good looks in her favor—two chances to which it is generally safe for a lady to trust for success in anything, even without talent to back them. In this case, however, the lady displayed a rare talent, an uncommon talent, though known to the multitude as "common sense." The piece was *The Little Treasure*, Miss Deaderick, of course, taking the part of "Gertrude." With a judgment rarely seen in beginners, and quite as seldom exhibited, I am sorry to say, by *habitués* of the stage, she contented herself with *being* the character instead of endeavoring to *act* it, illustrating a favorite idea of mine in that respect. Can any one tell me why actors are not always content with being natural, with looking and doing on the stage somewhat as they would in private life? It is positively refreshing to occasionally see a person before the footlights with whom one can sympathize, and in whom we can recognize a man or woman instead of that stilted, impossible animal commonly called actor. *Apropos* of this idea, and in connection with this *début*, the *Atta* had a criticism so nearly interpreting my views that were there space I would reproduce it here, inasmuch as I have not time to write so fully upon this subject myself as I would wish to.

Miss Deaderick was "Gertrude" all the piece through; she looked as pretty as a pink, or as two pinks, in fact, and had the sympathy of the audience with her from the first. This sympathy manifested itself in a perfect shower of bouquets, in two calls before the curtain, and in an excellent house on the second evening of her appearance, notwithstanding a pouring rain. Miss Deaderick made her *début* as the "Little Treasure"; if she be faithful to herself and the vocation she has chosen, she will soon become known to the stage as a "Great Treasure"—a treasure which no one will be eager to see laid up in heaven. On Monday evening next she appears as "Annie," in *The Toddlekin*.

I would much like to pay to the excellent acting of Mrs. Saunders and Mr. Mayo, in *The Little Treasure*, that tribute of praise which they deserve, but space fails me. Mrs. Saunders I consider one of the best and most versatile actresses on the stage.

At the Eureka Mr. P. B. Isaacs, for many years connected with Wood's and Bryants' Minstrels, and author of several popular songs, makes his appearance on Monday evening. For knowledge of what else is going on in the only places of amusement in town worth patronizing, turn to the advertising columns and spare the trouble of recapitulation to

INIGO.

THE FALCON.

IN doors on a summer-day like this,
I pine with a fancied wrong;
But out in the sunshine, out in the wind
My soul is a falcon strong.

The brave, bright sun so merry and old,
He lends his strength to my wings,
And I soar till I see the golden gate
Where the lark at morning sings.

But let my lady summon me back,
I come as a falcon should,
Out of the sunshine, out of the wind,
And yield my eyes to the hood.—[Stoddard.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

TREDETHLYN'S LUCK.

FRANCIS-TREDETHLYN had to wait a very long time before there could be any possibility of a letter from the Gray's Inn solicitors, but he endured the delay with perfect tranquillity of mind, and if either of the two men seemed anxious for the arrival of the letter, that man was Harcourt Lowther, and not Francis Tredethlyn. The ensign had a trick of alluding to his servant's good fortune whenever things went especially ill with himself.

"Here am I without a friend in the world to lend me a five-pound note," he would remark, impatiently, "and there are you with the chance of a nice little legacy from that old uncle of yours. I shouldn't wonder if you stand in for four or five hundred at the least."

"I don't think it, sir," the valet always answered, coolly. "I've heard our neighbors say, that what with farming, what with mining, and dabbling a good bit with funds and railway shares, and such like, my uncle must be as rich as a Jew; but for all that, I don't look to be much better off for anything that he'll have left me. I suppose he's left everything to my cousin Susan, seeing that he had neither kith nor kin except her and me. But somehow or other I can't imagine his parting with his money to any one, even after his death. I almost fancy that he'd rather have tied it up, if he could, so that the interest upon it would go on accumulating for ever and ever, thinking, as he might, perhaps, being old and eccentric, that he'd have a kind of satisfaction, even in his grave, from knowing that the money was going on getting more and more, instead of being spent or squandered."

Francis Tredethlyn did not make this remark in any spirit of ill-nature; he spoke like a man who states a plain fact.

"I dare say he was a regular old curmudgeon," Mr. Lowther answered, "but he must leave his money to some one, and the fact of these lawyers advertising for you is ample proof that he must have left some of it to you."

Such a conversation as this occurred pretty frequently during the long interval in which Francis Tredethlyn waited for the answer to his letter. Sometimes, when Harcourt Lowther was in a very bad temper, he would accuse his attendant of having grown proud, and insolent, and lazy, since the advent of that *Times* newspaper, which the ensign had borrowed from Mr. Corbett; but every one of the accusations was as groundless as many other of the officer's complaints against people and things in general. There was no change in Francis Tredethlyn: he did his work cheerfully and well, obeyed orders in a frank, manly spirit, and behaved himself altogether in a most exemplary manner.

The time when a letter from England might be expected came round at last; but Francis Tredethlyn evinced no anxiety for the arrival of the solicitors' epistle. A long season of drought had given way before a sudden downfall of rain, and Harcourt Lowther, who had planned a couple of days' kangaroo hunting, and had made all necessary arrangements for the performance of his duties by a good-natured and efficient color-sergeant, found himself a prisoner in his cottage at Port Arthur, with nothing to do but wait for a change in the weather.

It was very tiresome. The accomplished, light-hearted Harcourt Lowther, who could take life so pleasantly in the drawing-rooms of Tyburnia or Belgravia, to whom a summer afternoon amongst a group of fashionable gossips in the smoking-room of his favorite club was only too short, found this terrible Tasmanian day intolerably long. He had tried every available way of getting rid of his time. He had sketched a little, and read a little, and played the flute a little, and smoked a great deal, and had relieved the oppression of his spirits by an incalculable number of yawns, and a little occasional bad language. And now, having exhausted all these resources, he stood with his head leaning listlessly against the roughly finished sash of the window, watching the convict laborers at

work under the heavy rain. He derived some faint ray of comfort from the sight of these two men. At any rate, there were some people in the world worse off than himself—unlucky wretches who were obliged to work in wet weather, and wear a hideous dress, and eat coarse, unpalatable food, or food that appeared abominably coarse and unpalatable in the eyes of Mr. Harcourt Lowther, who had been known, upon occasions, to turn up his nose at the culinary masterpieces of Soyer and Francatelli.

"Why don't they kill themselves?" muttered the ensign; "they could drive rusty nails into their veins, and make an end of themselves somehow. There are plenty of poisonous things in my garden that they might eat, and make a finish of their lives that way; but they don't. They go on day after day, drudging and toiling, and enduring their lives somehow or other. I suppose they hope to get away some day. How ever should I bear my life if I didn't hope to get away—if I didn't hope it would come to an end pretty soon?"

Mr. Lowther, having exhausted the pleasure to be derived from a contemplation of the convicts, took to pacing up and down the two rooms; in the inner of which Francis Tredethlyn was busy cleaning his master's guns.

Walking backwards and forwards, and backwards and forwards, and passing the valet every time, Harcourt Lowther was fain to talk to him; rather for the pleasure and relief of hearing his own voice, than from any desire to be friendly towards his vassal.

"No letter yet, Tredethlyn?" he said.

"No, sir; but it may come any day."

"And you wait for it as quietly as if a legacy, more or less, was nothing to you. I suppose if they send you a remittance you'll be wanting to buy your discharge, and leave this place, and I shall have to get another servant—some awkward, ignorant boor, perhaps?"

"I don't know that, sir. There's plenty as good as me, I dare say, among our fellows. Other folks may have been brought up respectably, and taken to soldiering, like me. And as for buying my discharge, I don't say but I should be glad to do that, if those lawyer people gave me the chance. I should be glad to get back to England and see my little cousin Susy. I always call her little Susy, because I can't help thinking of her as she was when I remember her first, when she and I were boy and girl sweethearts together. I have thought of her a deal since I got the news of her father's death, and I feel anxious about her, somehow or other, when I fancy her left alone among strangers."

Harcourt Lowther, always walking backwards and forwards between the two rooms, was in the sitting-room when his servant said this. He stopped to look out of the window again, and there seemed to be a kind of dismal fascination for him in the convicts, towards whom his eyes wandered in a moody, absent-minded stare.

"And where do you expect to find her—your cousin, I mean—when you do go back to England?" he asked, presently.

"At the old farm, sir, to be sure. Where should I find her but there? Poor little soul! she's never known any other home but that, and isn't likely to leave it in a hurry, of her own free will."

"Humph!" muttered the officer, "there's no calculating upon the changes that take place in this world. I never expect to find anything as I left it when I return to a place or people that I've been absent from for any length of time. I expect to find plenty of changes when I get back to the civilized world again. Do you suppose the people *there* can afford to waste their time thinking of wretched exiles *here*? Life with them is utterly different from what it is with us. When I left England I was engaged to a beautiful girl with fifty thousand pounds or so for her fortune—a girl who would have married me, and given me a grand start in life, if it hadn't been for her father; but do you think I expect to find her in the same mind when I go back? Do you think two years' absence won't act as a spouse, and wipe my image out of her thoughts? What has a beautiful, frivolous creature like that to do with constancy? Every man who looks at her falls over head and ears in love with her. She is fed upon flattery and adulation. Is it probable, or natural, or even even possible that she will remember *me*?"

It was not likely that Mr. Lowther would ask this question of his valet. He asked it of himself, rather, in a peevish and complaining spirit, and seemed to find a dismal comfort in harping on his wrongs and miseries.

"I was a fool to think that Maude Hillary could be constant to me," he muttered, angrily. In his anger against a world that had treated him so badly, he was angry with himself for having been so much a fool as to expect better treatment. He walked to a little looking-glass hanging over the mantel-piece, and looked at his handsome face. Was it the face of a man who was to have no place in the world? Were his many graces of person, his charm of manner, his versatility of mind, to serve for nothing, after all?

"When I think of the fellows who get on in the world, I feel inclined to make an end of all this by cutting my throat," he said, as he frowned at the image in the glass.

He felt the region of the jugular vein softly with the ends of his fingers as he spoke, and wondered whether death by the severance of that important artery was a very painful finish for a man to make. He thought of how he might look if Francis Tredethlyn, finding him late to rise one morning, broke into his room and saw him lying in the sunny little chamber, deluged with blood, and stone dead. He had been very religiously brought up, amongst gentle, true-hearted women; but there was no more pious compunction in his mind, as he thought of suicide, than there might have been in the mind of an aboriginal inhabitant of the Solomon Islands. He had a mother at home—a mother who believed in him, and idolized him, to the disparagement of all other creatures; but no image of her grief and despair arose between him and the scheme of a desperate death. His thoughts travelled in a narrow circle, of which self was the unchanging centre.

"I have heard of men making away with themselves on the very eve of some event which would have made a complete change in their fortunes," he thought, presently. "I never read the story of a suicide that did not seem more or less the story of a fool. No, my death shall never make a paragraph for a newspaper. I must be very hard pushed when I come to that. This place gives me the blue devils, and everything looks black to me out here. I wish Abel Jansz Tasman and Captain Cook had perished before ever they sighted this dismal land. I wish all the lot of petty Dutch traders and navigators had come to an untimely end before ever they discovered any one of these miserable islands, which have been a paradise for convicts and scoundrels, and a hell for gentlemen during the last half-century. How was I to know, when I bought a commission in her Majesty's service, that the first stage on the road to martial glory was to be the post of head-jailor at a settlement in the antipodes? The papers talk of a change in the transportation system—a change that will rid Van Diemen's Land of its present delightful inhabitants; but no change is likely to come about in any time. I shall have to drag my chain out to the last link, I dare say. It's better to be born lucky than rich, says the proverb; but how about the poor devils who are neither rich nor lucky?"

A rap on the little door that opened out of the sitting-room on to a patch of garden which lay between the house and the high road, startled Mr. Lowther out of his long reverie.

"It's the fellow with the letters," he cried; and before Francis Tredethlyn could emerge from the inner room, his master had opened the door, and had taken a little packet of letters, newspapers and magazines from the man who brought them. "One from my mother; one from—yes—from Maude, at last: the *Times*, *Punch*, *Blackwood*, *United Service*, and the lawyer's letter!—Francis Tredethlyn, Esq.! eh? The legacy must be something more than five hundred, my man, or they'd hardly dub you Esquire."

He tossed the letter over to his servant as he spoke, and looked at the Cornishman furtively, with something like envy expressed in his look. Francis Tredethlyn received the lawyer's epistle very coolly, and retired into the adjoining room to read it, while his master sat at the table in the parlor, tearing off the flimsy envelope of a letter with a hasty nervous hand.

"From Maude!" he muttered. "At last, my lady; at last, at last!"

The letter was a very long one, written in a clear and bold, yet sufficiently feminine hand, on slippery pink paper, scented with a perfume that had survived an Australian voyage. The contents of the letter must have been tolerably pleasing to Harcourt Lowther, for he smiled as he read, and seemed to forget all about Francis Tredethlyn's legacy.

"I miss you very much, though papa surrounds us with gaiety—indeed, I think we have been gayer than ever lately, and he never seems so happy as when our dear old lawn is crowded by visitors. But I miss you, Harcourt, in spite of all the cruel insinuations in your last letter. The summer evenings seem long and dreary when I think of you, so far away, so unhappy, as your letters tell me you are, Harcourt, though you are too unselfish to admit the truth in plain words. I scarcely open the piano once in a month now that I have no one to play concertante duets. I scarcely care for a new opera, for the men who come into our box bore me to death with their rapid talk, and I know that not one of them understands what he talks about. I am not happy, Harcourt, though you taunt me with my wealth, and my position, and the difference between our lives. I am not happy, for our future seems to grow darker and darker every day. I have mentioned to my father several times, and every time he seems more angry than the last; so now I feel that your name is tacitly tabooed, and any chance allusion to you from the lips of strangers makes me tremble and turn cold. I have tried in vain to comprehend the reason of my father's aversion to any thought of a marriage between you and me. I have been so much a spoiled child, that to be thwarted or opposed on any subject seems strange to me, most of all when that subject is so near my heart. I can scarcely think that my dear father would allow any consideration of fortune to stand in the way of my

happiness, and yet that is the only consideration that can influence him, for I know that he always liked and admired you. You must awhile be patient: what I can do I will. And you must trust me, dear Harcourt, and not pain me again as you have pained me by those unkind doubts of my constancy. You know that money has never been any consideration with me; and you ought to know that I would willingly lose every penny of my fortune rather than sacrifice my promise to you."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well!" muttered Mr. Lowther, peevishly, after having read this part of Miss Hillary's epistle twice over; but Lionel Hillary's daughter with fifty thousand pounds or so, and without a penny, are two very different people. Not but what she's always a beautiful girl, and a charming girl; but a man can have his pick of charming and beautiful girls, if *that's* all he wants to set him up in life. I love her, Heaven knows; and the sight of her writing sends a thrill through my veins like the touch of her hand, or the fluttering of her breath upon my cheek. But poverty makes a man practical, and I think I never read a letter that had less of the practical in it than this letter. It's a woman's epistle all over. We must be patient, and wait till we're worn out by waiting, and the engagement between us becomes a chain that binds us both from better things, and the sound of each other's name becomes a nuisance to us from its associations of trouble and responsibility. That's what a long engagement generally comes to. If I'd distinguished myself in India, led a desperate charge against orders, or taken the gate of an Afghan fortress, or done something reckless and mad-headed and lucky, and could have gone back with a captaincy, and a dash of newspaper celebrity about my name, I might have hoped that old Hillary, in a moment of maudlin after-dinner generosity, would have given his consent to my marriage with Maude; but how am I to present myself at Twickenham, and say, 'I have been taking care of convicts for the last two years, not particularly well, for more convicts have escaped into the bush in my time than in any other man's time, according to the reports; and I have come back to England with the same rank that I had when I left, and with less money than I took away with me?' Can I go to Lionel Hillary and say that? Is that the sort of argument which will induce a man to give me his daughter and her fortune?"

He went back to Miss Hillary's letter. It was only a frivolous letter, after all; and it contained more intelligence about a morning concert in Hanover Square, a regatta at Ryde, and a preternaturally sagacious Skye terrier, than was likely to be gratifying to a discontented exile at Port Arthur. But Mr. Lowther was fain to content himself as he might with the pretty girlish gossip. It was something, after all his grumbling, to receive the assurance that he was not entirely forgotten by the only daughter and sole heiress of one of the richest merchants in the city of London.

He looked up presently from his letter, to see Francis Tredethlyn standing in the doorway between the two rooms, pale to the lips, and clutching at his throat as if he had some difficulty in breathing.

"What's the matter, man?" asked the ensign; hasn't the old chap left you any money, after all?"

"It isn't that, sir," gasped the soldier; "there's money enough, and to spare. It's my cousin Susy, that poor little innocent creature, that was as pure as the apple blossoms on the guarded old trees in the orchard when I left home. She's done something, sir, something that turned her father against her. She's gone away, sir, and no one knows where she's gone, or what's come of her, whether she's dead or alive. And her father disinherited her, poor lost lamb; and—and that'll tell you all about the fortune, sir, if you want to know about it." Francis Tredethlyn threw the lawyer's letter upon the table before his master, and walked away to the window, at which the ensign had stood looking out at the convicts half an hour before.

Harcourt Lowther read the lawyer's letter, at first with a listless, indifferent air, and then as eagerly as if he had been reading his own death-warrant. It was a long letter, worded in a very formal manner, but it set forth the fact that the fortune left by Oliver Tredethlyn to his nephew Francis amounted to something over thirty thousand a year.

For some minutes after this fact had been made clear to him Harcourt Lowther sat with the open letter before him, staring at the lines. Then suddenly the blank stupor upon his face gave way to a look of despair. The ensign flung his head and arms upon the table, and burst into tears.

"I have been eating my own heart in this place for nearly two years," he sobbed, "and not one ray of light—no, by the heaven above me! not one—has dawned upon my life; and a valet, a private soldier, the fellow who scours my rooms and blacks my boots has thirty thousand a year left him."

There was something so terrible in this hysterical outburst of rage and envy, something so utterly piteous in this unmanly revolt against another man's good fortune, that Francis Tredethlyn forgot his own trouble before the aspect of his master's degradation!

"Don't, sir," he cried, "for God's sake, don't do that. All the riches in the world wouldn't pay a man for taking on like

that. If you want money, you're welcome to borrow some of mine as soon as ever I get the power to lend it. There's more than I care to have, or could ever spend. You'll be welcome to what you want, Mr. Lowther. I don't set much account upon money, and I don't think I ever shall; and the thoughts of this fortune don't give me half the pleasure I've felt in the gift of a crown piece long ago, when I was a little lad. I suppose it was because I thought then there was nothing in all the world that five shillings wouldn't buy, and because I'm wiser now, and know there are some things a million of money can't purchase. The news of this money has brought the thoughts of my father and mother back to me, Mr. Lowther. I'd give every sixpence of it if it could bring back the past, and pay out the bailiff's man that was sitting by our kitchen fire at home when my mother lay ill up-stairs. But it can't do that. My father and mother both died poor, and all this money can't buy back one of the sorrowful days they spent in the old farm, when things went from bad to worse, and debt and ruin came down upon us. I don't seem to care for the money, Mr. Lowther; I am dazed and bewildered, somehow, by the greatness of the sum, but I don't seem to care."

The ensign had calmed himself by this time. He got up and brushed the tears from his eyes—real tears of rage, envy, mortification, and despair. There was a faint blush upon his face, the one evidence of his shame which he could not suppress in a moment, but all other evidences of feeling had passed away.

"You're a good fellow; as simple-hearted as a baby—for who but a baby ever talked as you talk about this money?—and I congratulate you upon your good luck. I see these lawyer fellows send you a bill for a couple of hundred; that'll buy you off here pleasantly, and get you back to England. My advice to you is to get back as fast as ever you can, and enter into the possession of your property. It seems a complicated kind of estate from what I can make out—mining property, and agricultural property, and shares in half the speculations of modern times—but it's a great estate, and that's all you want to know. Go back, and as soon as ever I can get away from this accursed hole I'll look you up in London; and I—I will borrow a little of that money you generously offer, and I'll turn bear leader, and show you what life is in the upper circle, to which thirty thousand a year is the universal 'open sesame.'"

The ensign slapped his hand upon his servant's shoulder with a jovial air, and spoke almost as gaily as if Oliver Tredethlyn's fortune was to be in some way or other a stroke of good luck for himself.

"Thank you, sir," Francis answered, thoughtfully, "you're very good; but I don't care to force myself in among grand folks because I'm rich enough to do as they do. I've got a task before me, and it may be a long one."

"A task?"

"Yes; I've got to look for my cousin."

"Your cousin, Susan Tredethlyn?—the girl whose portrait you showed me?"

"Yes, sir. All this money would have been hers, most likely, if she hadn't done something to turn my uncle against her. I can't forget that, you see, sir, and the first use I make of the money will be to spend some of it in looking after her."

"Susan Tredethlyn," muttered Harcourt Lowther, "Susan Tredethlyn. That portrait you showed me was a very bad one, for I haven't the least notion of what your cousin is like."

CHAPTER V.

COMING HOME.

WHEN the jaded horses of the "Electric" coach from Falmouth stopped before the "Crown Inn," at Landresdale, in the county of Cornwall, on the 13th of July, 1852, the landlord of the little hostelry was somewhat startled by an event which was of very rare occurrence in those parts. A passenger alighted from the back of the coach, and demanded his portmanteau from the guard—a passenger who, carrying this portmanteau as easily as if it had been a parcel of flimsy milliner's ware, walked straight to the little private parlor opposite the bar, and ensconced himself therein.

"I shall want my dinner and a bed," Joseph Penruffin, he said to the proprietor of the "Crown." "You'd better see the coach off, and then you can come and talk to me."

Mr. Penruffin retired, aghast and staring.

"I don't know who he is, Sarah," he remarked to a comely-looking woman, who was sitting amongst a noble array of shelves and bottles in a shady little bar that seemed a good deal too small for such a portly presence. "His name's as clean gone out of my mind as if I'd never set eyes upon him; but I know him, and he knows me, Sarah, for he called me by my name as glib as you please, and his face—Lord bless us and save us!—his face is familiar to me as yourn."

The passenger who had surprised the "Crown Inn" from its lazy tranquillity stood at the little window, looking out at the coach. The passenger was Francis Tredethlyn, lately a foot soldier in her Majesty's service, now a gentleman of landed estate and funded property; but very little changed by the

change in his fortune. As he had been independent and fearless in the days when he ruled his life by the orders of other men, so was he simple and unpretending now in the hour of his sudden prosperity. What he had said to his master in the cottage at Port Arthur in the first flush of his new fortunes appeared to be equally true of him now. He did not seem to care about his wealth. He was in no way elated by a change of fortune which would have sent some men into a madhouse.

"It seems to me, somehow, as if there was a kind of balance kept up in this world between good and evil, like the debtor and creditor sides of a ledger. I put down my uncle Oliver's fortune on one side, and it looks as if I was the luckiest fellow in Christendom. But there's the loss of poor little Susy must go down on the other side, and then the book looks altogether different. The loss of her—yes, the loss—that's the word! If the earth had opened and swallowed her up, she couldn't seem more lost to me than she is."

The passengers of the "Electric" had refreshed themselves by this time, and a fresh pair of horses had replaced the tired animals who now stood steaming in the great stable yard. The coach rolled slowly off along a road that lay straight before the windows of the "Crown," a road that crept under the steep slope of a thickly-wooded hill, defended by an old crumbling wall, which, even in its decay, was grander and stronger than any modern wall that ever girdled a modern gentleman's estate. The dark red brick wall, and all the sombre woods above it, belonged to the Marquis of Landresdale, upon whose mansion and estate the little town or village of Landresdale was a kind of dependent, the inhabitants being almost all of them supported indirectly or directly by the patronage of the great man and his household. By these simple people the Cornish nobleman was spoken of with awe and reverence as the "Marquis;" and that the world held any other creature with a claim to that title was a fact utterly ignored—it may be, even discredited—by the ratepayers of Landresdale. Under the shadow of Landresdale House they were born and lived; and in a church which was only a kind of mausoleum for the departed nobles and dames of the house of Landresdale they worshipped every sabbath day, until, in the minds of some hero-worshippers, the figure of the Marquis grew into a giant shape that blotted out all the world beyond Landresdale.

"How familiar the old place seems to me, and yet how strange!" thought Francis Tredethlyn, as he stood at the window. "There's Jim Teascott, the cobbler over the way, sitting in the very same attitude he was in when I stopped at the corner below to take my last look at Landresdale. But the street seems as if it had dwindled and shrunk away into half the size it used to be; and I feel as strange—as strange as if I'd been dead and buried, and had come to life again after folks had forgotten all about me: even the very seasons are all wrong, somehow, to my mind, as they might seem to a man that had been lying dead ever so long."

Francis Tredethlyn rubbed his broad palm across his forehead, as if to clear some kind of cloud away from his intellect. It was scarcely strange that he should be confused and mystified by the seasons. He had left autumnal clouds and winds in the antipodes, and after a hundred days or so at sea, he found a blazing July sky above his native land, and he felt as if he had, somehow or other, been cheated out of a winter. He looked at a little pocket-book, in which he had written some names and addresses, and other memoranda, and in which the initials "S. T." occurred very often. Those initials meant Susan Tredethlyn, and the memoranda in the pocket-book chiefly related to inquiries which Francis had made about his lost cousin.

Those inquiries had resulted in very little information. The lawyers had only been able to tell Francis the bare facts relating to his uncle's death; how one day, when they least expected to see the old man, he had suddenly presented himself at their offices, very pale, very feeble, and with an awful something, which even they recognized as the sign-manual of the King of Terrors himself, imprinted on his haggard features; how he had seated himself quietly in his accustomed place, and had dictated to them, deliberately and unflinchingly, the terms of a will, by which he bequeathed every shilling he possessed to his nephew, Francis Tredethlyn; how, when they, as in duty bound, remonstrated with him about the injustice that such a will would inflict upon his only daughter, a hideous frown had distorted his face, and he had struck his clenched fist upon the office table, crying, with the most horrible imprecation ever uttered in that place, that no penny to his getting should ever go to save his daughter from rotting in a workhouse or starving to death on the king's highway; he had said this, and in such a manner as to most effectually put an end to all remonstrance on the part of his solicitors. This was all that the lawyers could tell Francis Tredethlyn about his cousin Susan; but they had gone on to tell him how his uncle had insisted on leaving the office alone, and on foot; how he had walked the best part of the way from Gray's Inn to an old-fashioned commercial inn in the Borough, and how he had broken down at last, only a hundred yards from his destination, and had fainted away on the threshold of a chemist's shop, whence he had been carried to his death-bed.

This had happened on the 20th of June in the preceding year; and this was all the lawyers had to tell Francis Tredethlyn, over and above such intelligence as related only to the extent and nature of the property bequeathed to him by his late uncle.

But in Landresdale the name of Oliver Tredethlyn was almost as well known as that of the Marquis himself; and in Landresdale Francis hoped to learn the true story of his cousin's fate. He stood now looking out of the window into the rustic highway, as quiet in the summer evening calm as if it had been a street in one of the buried cities of Italy, as peaceful in its drowsy aspect as if no palpitating human heart had ever carried its daily burden of care and sorrow along the narrow footways, beneath the shadow of the peaked roofs and quaint abutting upper stories. He stood looking out, and remembering himself a boy in that old hillside street; he stood there now, wondering alike at the past and the present, which by contrast seemed both equally strange and unnatural; he stood there in all the flush and vigor of his youth, a tall, broad-shouldered, simple-hearted soldier, with a fortune far exceeding the narrow limits of his arithmetical powers, as ignorant of all the real world that lay before him as a little country lad who rides to town upon the top of a load of hay expects to find the streets paved with gold, and the Queen dressed in her crown and robes, and sitting on her throne with the boll and sceptre in her hands for ever and ever.

The landlord of the Crown came bustling in presently with a wooden tray of knives and forks and glasses and crusts that would have amply served for a dinner party of half a dozen. He laid the cloth with great ceremony, although with a certain air of briskness inseparable from inn-keeping, even in the laziest and dullest village in all England; and he kept a furtive watch upon his guest throughout all his operations, from the preparatory polishing down of the mahogany table to the final flourish with which he removed a very large cover from a very small rumpsteak.

"I think I ought to know you, sir," he said courteously, as Francis Tredethlyn seated himself at the table.

"I think you ought, Joseph Penruffin; I think you ought to remember Francis Tredethlyn, son of your old friend John Tredethlyn, of Pen Gorbald, who was a little bit too friendly in this house, perhaps, for his own prosperity."

"Francis Tredethlyn!" cried the landlord, clapping his hand upon his knee: "Francis Tredethlyn! To be sure it is! To think that I should forget a face that was once as familiar to me as my own sons'! Francis Tredethlyn! Why, I remember you a lad playing cricket on the green yonder with my own boys. And you've come into a very fine fortune, sir, I understand; and I hope you will excuse the liberty, if I make so bold as to wish you every happiness with it, Francis Tredethlyn. Lord bless us and save us! why, I can remember you a little bit of a toddling child coming into Landresdale church with your mother on a summer Sunday morning, as if it was yesterday! I ask pardon for being so bold and free-like, but the sight of your face takes me back to old times, and I'm apt to forget myself."

Mr. Penruffin's mind was curiously divided between the memories of the past and his desire to be duly reverential to Francis Tredethlyn's new fortunes. The young man smiled as he recognized the influence of his newly-acquired wealth: at war with the associations of his boyhood. He had seen pretty much the same thing in the office of Messrs. Krusdale & Scardon. He was beginning already to perceive that an income of thirty thousand a year made a kind of barrier between himself and poorer men, and that they regarded him with the same feeling of mingled reverence and familiarity with which they would have looked at a very ordinary statue seen across a wonderful screen of virgin gold.

"And the sight of your face takes me back to old times, Mr. Penruffin," he said, with rather a mournful accent, "and I'd freely give half this great fortune of mine if I could bring back one of those summer Sunday mornings in the old church and see myself a little fellow again, trudging by my mother's side, with a green-baize bag of prayer-books on my arm. I'd give five thousand pounds for a silk dress I saw in a Plymouth draper's fifteen years ago, when I was too poor to do anything but wish for it, if my mother were alive to wear it. I used to think, when I was a lad, of what I'd buy for my mother out of the first five-pound note I ever earned, and now I've got thirty thousand a year, and there's nothing upon all this earth that I can buy for her except a gravestone to mark the spot where she lies."

"Thirty thousand a year!" muttered the landlord in an undertone, which had just a tinge of disappointment in it. The Landresdale people had given their imaginations free play since the death of Oliver Tredethlyn, and the old man's fortune had swelled into almost fabulous proportions with the lapse of time; so thirty thousand didn't seem so very much, after all. There had been an idea in Landresdale that Francis Tredethlyn would most likely buy up the Marquis's estate off-hand, and if practicable, make a handsome offer for the purchase of the title.

"I am sure, your feelings do you credit," said Mr. Penruffin, after that brief sense of disappointment; "I may say very

great credit," he added, with emphasis—as if any display of feeling from the possessor of thirty thousand a year were specially meritorious. "I suppose you have come down this way to survey your property, sir, to look about you a little, eh?" inquired the landlord of the "Crown," when Francis had finished his frugal dinner.

"Not I," the young man answered; "I scarcely know what my property is yet, though the lawyers told me a long riddle about it. No, I've come on a very different errand," he added, gravely. "You remember my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn, I daresay? I have come to look for her."

Joseph Penruffin shook his head solemnly, and breathed a long sigh that was almost a groan.

"If that's your errand here, sir, I'm afraid it isn't likely to be a very fortunate one. Folks in Landresdale never expect to see Susan Tredethlyn again; she went away from the farm four years ago; no one knows exactly where she went; no one knows why she went. There's your uncle's old servants, Mr. Tredethlyn, of course they might have said something, if they'd liked to it. But you may as well go and question the tombstones in Landresdale Churchyard as question them. All I know, or all anybody knows in this place is, that your cousin Susan went away and never came back again; and it stands to reason that she must have done something very bad indeed, and made her father very desperate against her, before the old man would have gone and left all his money away from her—meaning no disrespect to you, sir, but only looking at it in the light of human nature in general," added the landlord, apologetically.

"I'll never believe that Susan Tredethlyn did anything wicked or unwomanly till her own lips tell me so," cried Francis, bringing his hand heavily down on the table. "She may have made my uncle desperate against her, that's likely enough, for he was always hard with her; and when I think of his having hoarded all this money, and remember the life my Susan used to lead, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that she was his own flesh and blood. I'll never believe that she did anything wrong. I'll never believe that she could grow to be anything different from what she was when I left home—an innocent, modest little creature, who was almost frightened of own pretty looks when she caught sight of herself in a glass. But I'm going up to the old house, and if Martha Dryscoll or her husband know anything of my lost cousin, I'll get the knowledge from them though I have to wring it out of their wizened old throats."

The young man rose as he said this, and took his hat and stick from a chair near the window. Joseph Penruffin watched him with something like alarm upon his countenance.

"You'll sleep here to-night, sir?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm going straight up to the Grange, and I don't know how long I may be gone; but I'll come back here to sleep. I should scarcely fancy lying down in one of those dreary old rooms; I should expect to see the wandering spirit of my lost cousin come and look in at me from the darkness outside my window. No; however late I may be, I'll come back here to sleep."

"And perhaps you'd like some little trifle for supper, sir, having made such an uncommon poor dinner," suggested the landlord—"a chicken and a little bit of grass, or a tender young duck and a dish of peas?"

But Francis Tredethlyn was walking up the little village street out of earshot of these savory suggestions before the landlord had finished his sentence.

"I don't call that manners," muttered Mr. Penruffin; "but I shall cook the chicken for ten o'clock, and chance it; he can afford to pay for it, whether he eats it or not. And I think, taking into consideration old acquaintance and thirty thousand a year, it would only have been friendly in Francis Tredethlyn if he'd ordered a bottle of wine with his dinner."

(To be continued.)

SOME years ago there was a bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses. Some appreciative member proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and, amidst much jocularly, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain, and to this day all jackasses, lawyers, and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

THE Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to call upon an artist on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy. "Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the grateful artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

A company has been incorporated to work mines of petroleum and petroleum oil, situated near Monte Diablo.

AGENTS FOR "THE CALIFORNIAN."

MESSRS. WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, on Washington street, nearly opposite the Post-office, are Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories, and the Pacific Coast.

CHARLES WOLFE—AUTHOR OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

[THE following account of a visit to the grave of the author of the ode on the burial of Sir John Moore, is written by C. B. Gibson, in one of the English magazines. It is a sad commentary on the reward genius generally has from the world which applauds it, to learn that the author of an ode which Byron characterized as "the most perfect in the language," sleeps in a grave almost nameless, and overgrown with nettles.]

BY the southern wall, and beneath a southwestern segment of the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, stands a mural monument in white marble. It is "To the Memory of Sir John Moore," who fell at Corunna. There is at the head a winged woman, lowering the body of this brave soldier into the mausoleum, by means of a garland or rope of flowers. At the foot kneels a nude, or almost nude, man, engaged in the same operation, by the aid of a strap. On a block of white marble above stands a nude boy, trying to balance a long pole with a heavy standard. Beneath the figures are these lines:

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

The Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, from which these lines are taken, has done more to immortalise this gallant general than a thousand marble monuments. At an after-dinner conversation between Lord Byron and Shelley, recorded by Capt. Medwin, the question arose as to which was the most perfect ode of the day. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland, commencing "Ye clouds." Moore's melodies were quoted; and some one mentioned Campbell's Hohenlieden; when Lord Byron started up, and said—"I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." He left the table and returned with a magazine, from which he read the well-known lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," commencing:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

"The feeling," says Medwin, "with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to the end he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines,

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

It is not pleasant to reflect that the man who has cast such a halo of poetic glory around the far-off grave of a British soldier, should be sleeping at home in an unknown grave; that we should know so little of the young clergyman whose genius was as bright as his life was simple and his piety sincere.

About a mile from Cove, near Queenstown, on the Great Island, at the other side of the hill, and within the four walls of the old unroofed church of Clonmel—not the town of Clonmel, in the county Tipperary, but the parish of Clonmel, in the county Cork—repose the ashes of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of this ode, and of many other pieces of great excellence.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall state, in their work on Ireland, that they visited the churchyard of Clonmel, and could not discover the poet's grave. As the writer of this paper was residing, at no distant period, in the neighborhood of Queenstown, he resolved to make it out, if marked by any sort of stone, for neither the gravedigger, the clerk, clergyman, nor "the oldest inhabitant," knew anything about it.

I went to Clonmel, accompanied by one of my daughters whose eyes are sharper than mine. We first took the circuit of this little cemetery, which is really a beautiful spot, and then the by-paths, and then across the graves, hither and thither, without finding it, when we entered the old unroofed church, and there, in a damp corner, overgrown with nettles, my daughter discovered the stone, with the poet's name inscribed, but sadly in need of the friendly chisel of some "Old" or new "Mortality."

I may here state that, within a few hundred yards of his grave, I found a thin slab of white marble, bearing the name of Thomas Tobin, author of the *Honey-Moon*, the *Faro Table*, *Undertaker*, and the *School for Authors*. The thin monumental slab, which had fallen from the wall, was left on the ground, to be trodden under the foot of men, or any animal that might wander that way. I thought the old ruined church, with its neglected and forgotten tenants and tombstone, a very excellent "School for Authors." This clever dramatist was born in Salisbury, in 1770, and died in 1804, in his thirty-fourth year, within sight of land, when on his way to the West Indies for the benefit of his health. His remains were brought to Cove, now Queenstown, and interred within the four walls of the old ruined church at Clonmel.

But to return to Charles Wolfe. I visited his grave a second time, accompanied by a literary friend, who told me the following interesting anecdote of his elegy on the burial of Sir John Moore. "Charles Wolfe," said he, "showed me the lines in manuscript, with the beauty of which I was so much impressed that I requested a copy for insertion in a periodical

with which I had some connection. Wolfe first refused, but in the end complied. I laid the ode before two or three of the literary savants who were in the habit of deciding what should or should not appear in their periodical. The lines were read, condemned and ridiculed; and I was laughed at for imagining 'such stuff' worthy of publication. I felt myself in a very awkward position, but I got cleverly out of it. I wrote to Charles Wolfe, returning him his manuscript, saying, that on more mature consideration, I did not deem the periodical I had named worthy of its insertion."

The literary friend who told me this anecdote, and whose name without his permission I should not like to mention, furnished the poet, Thomas Moore, with some of the "stuff," or Irish music, to which he set some of his most beautiful melodies. I see by an old letter of Charles Wolfe, in the Royal Irish Academy, that he sent a copy of these lines to his friend "John Taylor, at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's, Clonoulty, Cashel," on the 16th of September, 1816. "My dear John: I have completed the Burial of Sir John Moore, and will here inflict them on you. You have no one but yourself to blame—for praising the two stanzas—that I have told you so much."

We discover from the date of this letter to the Rev. John Taylor, (September, 1816,) that the ode was not finished till nearly eight years after the death of Sir John Moore, who fell in January, 1809.

War and warlike heroes seemed to be favorite themes with Charles Wolfe, who was descended of a family that produced the illustrious hero, General Wolfe, who fell before Quebec. *Arma virumque cano* seems to have been the poet's motto. When about eighteen years of age he wrote "*Jugurtha incarcerated vitam ingemit relictam*," a poem which possesses a great deal of dramatic power. It represents the Numidian Lion Jugurtha as caught and caged in the city of Rome, after having graced the procession of the victorious General Marius.

Charles Wolfe wrote a Spanish song commencing, "The chains of Spain are breaking, let Gaul despair and fly," and a noble piece on patriotism; but he has also composed lines of a more tender and pathetic nature. His most touching and beautiful is the elegy adapted to the Irish air of "Gramachree:"

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must smile in vain.
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

I understand he was asked by a friend if "Mary" ever existed, and that he replied in the negative, saying he had hummed or sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of salt tears, in which mood he composed the words. There is a tradition that Venus arose out of the sea, but we do not believe a word of it; and what is more, we are credibly informed that Charles Wolfe was in love with the beautiful Mary Grierson of Dublin, whose death he so eloquently laments.

Archdeacon Stuart, from whom I received this information concerning the poet, has furnished me with a sketch of his personal appearance, which may interest the reader:

"The name of Charles Wolfe is connected with the earliest recollections of my youth. In stature he was rather above the ordinary height, and his person was somewhat slight. His complexion was fair, approaching to redness. His hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets, covered a high, but not very expansive forehead. His eye was not large, but a little prominent; the color blue, intermixed with a dark shade, which gave it the impress of intellect and intelligence."

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, December 14th, 1791. He was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, of the county Kildare, a family of some distinction. General Wolfe, who was killed at the siege of Quebec—as we have already stated—and the Irish judge, Lord Kilwarden, who was murdered by the followers of Emmett, as he drove, with his daughter, through Thomas Street, Dublin, were of the same family. The poet lost his father at an early age, and was sent to school at Bath, in 1801. From Bath he went to Salisbury, and from that to Winchester. In 1809 he entered the University of Dublin, where he gained a scholarship. In 1817 he was ordained to the curacy of Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh.

His habits and manner of life, as a clergyman, were exceedingly simple and primitive. He scarcely ever thought of providing a regular meal. His small cottage contained a few rush-bottomed chairs, a rickety table, and two trunks: one

for his papers and the other for his linen. The trunks also did service by covering the broken parts of the floor. The damp paper hung in loose folds from the mouldy walls of the closet where he slept. A dangerous place for a man of a consumptive habit. Between the parlor and the closet was the kitchen, the warmest and most comfortable apartment of the three. This was occupied by a disbanded soldier, his wife, and a numerous band of children, who kept house for the minister, whom they entertained as a lodger, taking possession of the "bit of potato garden" (which went with the cottage) as lords of the soil.

The Archdeacon informed me that Charles Wolfe purchased a large store of shoes of all sizes, which he gave out on Saturday for the use of those who complained they could not go to church for want of shoes. The rule was to bring back the shoes on the Monday, but we suspect this was not always done, especially when a fair was approaching.

Charles Wolfe was at one time so abstracted—absorbed we have no doubt in the subject of his discourse—that he tied on his bands so as to cause them to fall down behind, instead of before, which "had a ludicrous effect."

We should scarcely expect to find the very highest specimens of pulpit eloquence addressed to a poor rural, and comparatively ignorant people; but it is from the fragments of this young man's sermons that Dr. Whately, the late Archbishop of Dublin, has selected specimens of the highest order of pulpit oratory, with which to illustrate and adorn his learned and elaborate treatise on elocution. We shall give but one example, which lack of space compels us to curtail. It occurs in the conclusion of a discourse on the words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"Such is our yoke and burden. Let him who thinks it too hard and too heavy, be prepared to state it boldly when he shall appear side by side with the poor mistaken Indian, before the throne of God at the day of judgment. The poor heathen may come forward with his wounded limbs and weltering body, saying, 'I thought thee an austere master, delighting in the miseries of thy creatures, and I have brought thee the torn remnants of a body which I have tortured in thy service.' And the Christian will come forward and say, 'I knew that thou didst save me from such sufferings and torments, and that thou only commandedst me to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; but I thought this too hard for me.' What will be the answer of the Judge to the poor heathen, none can presume to say. That he was sadly mistaken in the means of salvation is beyond a doubt; but the Judge may say 'Come to me, thou heavy laden, and I will give thee rest which thou couldst not purchase for thyself.' But to the Christian—'Thou who hadst my easy yoke and light burden; thou for whom all was already purchased, thank God it is not yet pronounced! Begone and fly for thy life!'"

The Rev. Charles Wolfe died of consumption in the Cove of Cork. Writing to a friend under date of May 28th, 1821, he says, "At length the die is cast; the doctor has stripped me of my gown"—prohibited his preaching. Just before his death he began to pray for his friends, but his voice failing, he exclaimed, "God bless them all!" He then whispered to his sister—"Close this eye: the other is closed already; and now farewell."

I have said he was a student of Dublin College. Close beside his grave nestles another of the Alumni of the same Alma Mater. I think the name is Charles Connor, who died young. The two lie side by side covered with foliage, like the babes of the wood; but the foliage consists of rank nettles.

(For the Californian.)

THE FALL OF A REPUBLIC.

MEN of that great Republic, whose light is over the round world now, too bright for the clouds of discord, treachery and war to dim, learn by the stories of the lesser lights which have shone before you, why they waxed and waned and were extinguished; so learn, that your own Republic may grow in brightness till the stars of history shall pale before its perfect day, and the whole race, taught by you, shall be ready to join the angels' song, "Peace on earth! Good will to all men!"

Before the eye of Columbus had seen, even in dreams, our distant land, then sleeping amid the oceans, the little City of Venice was a republic which gave law to empires, and made peace and war, fearlessly, with the greatest on the earth. Her soldiers were the most daring, her sailors the hardiest, her heroes the most famous the world contained; all men feared her. But, alas! her fall had to come. For her sons forgot the noble discontent of their fathers, which rested not in aught they had attained so long as better lay beyond; but they ate and drank and were satisfied. And it was thus she fell: From the time of her greatness years passed away in feasting and pleasure and celebrations. For were her people not rich and powerful and proud? And was not every day of the year the anniversary of some great victory of bygone times? The French Revolution struggled and stormed beyond the Alps, but what cared they? They laughed, and feasted ever—and boasted that they were free. Only one man arose among them, the Conde Pesaro, who besought and prayed

them, as for his own life, that they would be free indeed; would be what they had been once—living, acting men. But no! they were rich, they were safe, they were gay; and Pesaro spoke in vain. Then came a half-starved, ragged host across the Alps, headed by a young adventurer without friends; but with tireless energy that host of restless men swept from battle-field to battle-field, and from victory to victory, knocked at the door of emperors, not taking No! for an answer, and swooped down on the thing misnamed the Venetian Republic, bidding it give up even its name as a nation. Then the wisest crowded round their last patriot to ask if this was the thing he had dreaded for them, and what they should do to be saved. But Pesaro knew that it was not to the French army, nor to the genius of Napoleon, that his people must fall, but to the lust of life, and the lust of riches, that had been eating their hearts away so long; and that nothing that could be done would avail to save them. The city that once was strong and proud as we are to-day was sold for a handful of gold; and there was not wanting in Venice a crowd, called rich and great and noble, to shout a welcome to its conqueror.

The patriot went forth into exile, alone, a man bereft of hope. No wife comforted his great sorrow, no child grew up to inherit from him the shame of the race he belonged to; he sold his rich estates and palaces, that his name might be forgotten where had been his home, and, dying, prayed that no nation might ever again be cursed, as his had been, with prosperity that brought it nothing better than gold, and with peace that made it endure shame, shrinking from the struggle that would have swept that shame away.

FLORENCE JAMES.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S DEATH.—The death of the Duke of Newcastle adds another to the long list of eminent statesmen who have been recently cut off in the prime of their lives, and the maturity of their powers. His grace did not, indeed, possess the distinguished abilities of many of his contemporaries and political associates whose loss we deplore. He was not a Dalhousie, a Herbert, a Lewis, or a Canning. But his talents were of no mean order; his judgment was sound, and in devotion to the public service he was surpassed by none. Entering life a Tory of the strictest sect, he became a Liberal in the best and truest sense of that word. Nor will any one venture to insinuate that this change in his views was due to anything but sincere conviction. For the Duke was a man both of rare conscientiousness and thorough independence of thought; and to a sense that this was the case he owed much of the influence which he possessed either in Parliament or in the country. He was not an administrator of the first class, but he did well whatever could be effected by patient labor, by sound common sense, and by the exercise of a thoroughly unbiased and impartial judgment. As a Colonial minister he was eminently successful in conciliating the attachment of our distant dependencies; and if he failed as a war minister it is now admitted on all hands that his failure involved no personal disgrace. It is, indeed, highly improbable that in the then state of our military organization any one could have done much better than he did; and it is certain that no one could have sustained with more dignity the storm of obloquy to which he was exposed. He bore his undeserved disgrace with the simple unaffected manliness which indeed so strikingly characterized him. The temporary shade cast upon his reputation soon passed away; and long before he resigned for the last time the seals of the Colonial Office he had come to be generally regarded as one of the most useful and valuable of our public servants. Although his career has terminated prematurely, he did not live in vain; for he afforded a bright example, not only to his own order, but to all those below him, by his earnest, unselfish, and zealous discharge of public duties, always of a most laborious, and frequently of a very thankless character.—*London Review*.

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San José occupies the position of the third city in the State. It polled 1,229 votes at the last election. Marysville comes fourth in order.

A LEGEND OF KNOCKMARY.

The following paper, by William Carleton, author of the *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, gives a good idea of the strange hues which the national humor and fancy have thrown over most of the early popular legends of Ireland. Fin or Fion M'Coul is the same half-mythic being who figures as Fingal in Macpherson's *Ossian's Poems*. He was probably a distinguished warrior in some early stage of the history of Ireland; different authorities place him in the fifth and the ninth centuries. Whatever his real age, and whatever his real qualities, he was afterwards looked back to as a giant of immense size and strength, and became the subject of numerous wild and warlike legends both in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland.]

WHAT Irish man, woman, or child, has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul? Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And by the way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his gigantic relatives were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge, or what was still better, a good stout pad-road, across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. To be sure, Fin was a true Irishman, and so the sorrow thing in life brought him back, only to see that he was snug and comfortable, and, above all things, that she got her rest well at night; for he knew that the poor woman, when he was with her, used to be subject to nightly qualms and configurations, that kept him very anxious, decent man, striving to keep her up to the good spirits and health that she had when they were first married. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir-tree, and, after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking-stick of it, and set out on his way too Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tip-top of Knockmary Hill, which faces a cousin of its own, called Cullamore, that rises up, half-hill, half-mountain, on the opposite side—east-east by south, as the sailors say, when they wish to puzzle a landsman.

Now, the truth is, for it must come out, that honest Fin's affection for his wife, though cordial enough in itself, was by no manner or means the real cause of his journey home. There was at that time another giant, named Cucullin—some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch—but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a *targer*. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength, that, when well vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near; and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. Whether the story is true or not, I cannot say, but the report went that, by one blow of his fist, he flattened a thunderbolt and kept it in his pocket, in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies when they were about to fight him. Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore, by the solemn contents of Moll Kelly's Primer, that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sance, if he could catch him. Fin, however, who no doubt was the cock of the walk on his own dunghill, had a strong disinclination to meet a giant who could make a young earthquake, or flatten a thunderbolt when he was angry; so he accordingly kept dodging about from place to place, not much to his credit as a Trojan, to be sure, whenever he happened to get the hard word that Cucullin was on the scent of him. This, then, was the marrow of the whole movement, although he put it on his anxiety to see Oonagh; and I am not saying but there was some truth in that too. However, the short and the long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that he heard Cucullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was naturally enough seized, in consequence, with a very warm and sudden fit of affection for his wife, poor woman, who was delicate in her health, and leading, besides, a very lonely uncomfortable life of it (he assured them), in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir-tree, as I said before, and having *snedded* it into a walking-stick, set out on his affectionate travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmary, by the way.

In truth, to state the suspicions of the country at the time, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling-house, and they even went so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr. McCoul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmary, where you never are without a breeze, day or night, winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap* without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbors, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmary? As for water, I am sinking a pump, and, please goodness, as soon as the Causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

* A common name for the cloud or rack that hangs, as a forerunner of wet weather, about the peak of a mountain.

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was that he pitched upon the top of Knockmary in order that he might be able to see Cucullin coming towards the house, and, of course, that he himself might go to look after his distant transactions in other parts of the country, rather than—but no matter—we do not wish to be too hard on Fin. All we have to say is that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp look-out—and, between ourselves, he did want it grievously—barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donan, or its own cousin, Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good-humoredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, yon darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

"Faith," said Fin, "beautiful; an' how are you, Oonagh—and how did you sport your figure during my absence, my bilberry?"

"Never a merrier—as bouncing a grass widow as ever there was in sweet 'Tyronne among the bushes.'"

Fin gave a short, good-humored cough, and laughed most heartily, to show her how much he was delighted that she made herself happy in his absence.

"An' what brought you home so soon, Fin?" said she.

"Why, avonrneen," said Fin, putting in his answer in the proper way, "never the thing but the purest of love and affection for yourself. Sure you know that's truth, auyhow, Oonagh."

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cucullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive that something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the meantime, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her good-man when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cucullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunderbolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to any one that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy or to know anything that happened in his absence; and the wife, who knew not what he did it for, said, very sweetly:

"Fin, darling, I hope you don't bite your thumb at me, dear?"

"No," said Fin; "but I bite my thumb, acushla," said he.

"Yes, jewel! but take care and don't draw blood," said she.

"Ah, Fin, don't, my bully—don't."

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick! Glory be to God!"

"That baste Cucullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself by your rule o' thumb."

This quieted Fin's heart very much, for he knew that Oonagh was hand and glove with the fairies; and, indeed, to tell the truth, she was supposed to be a fairy herself. If she was, however, she must have been a kind-hearted one; for, by all accounts, she never did anything but good in the neighborhood.

Now, it so happened that Oonagh had a sister named Granua living opposite them, on the very top of Cullamore, which I have mentioned already, and this Granua was quite as powerful as herself. The beautiful valley that lies between them is not more than about five miles broad, so that of a summer's evening Granua and Oonagh were able to hold many an agreeable conversation across it, from the one hill-top to the other. Upon this occasion, Oonagh resolved to consult her sister as to what was best to be done in the difficulty that surrounded them.

"Granua," said she, "are you at home?"

"No," said the other, "I'm picking bilberries in Althadawan," (*Anglicé*, the Devil's Glen.)

"Well," said Oonagh, "get up to the top of Cullamore, look about you, and then tell us what you see."

"Very well," replied Granua, after a few minutes, "I am there now."

"What do you see?" asked the other.

"Goodness be about us!" exclaimed Granua, "I see the biggest giant that ever was known, coming up from Dungannon."

"Ay," said Oonagh, "there's our difficulty. That giant is the great Cucullin; and he's now comin' up to lather Fin. What's to be done?"

"I'll call to him," she replied, "to come up to Cullamore and refresh himself, and may be that will give you and Fin time to think of some plan to get yourselves out of the scrape. But," she proceeded, "I'm short of butter, having in the house only half a dozen firkins, and I'd feel thankful, Oonagh, if you'd throw me up the largest miscann you have got; for, to tell you the truth, that same Cucullin is easier kept a week than a fortnight."

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," replied Oonagh; "and, indeed, Granua, I feel myself under great obligations to you for your kindness in keeping him off of us till we see what can be done; for what would become of us at all if anything happened Fin, poor man?"

She accordingly got the largest miscann of butter she had—which might be about the weight of a couple dozen millstones, so that you may easily judge of its size—and calling up to her sister, "Granua," said she, "are you ready? I'm going to throw you up a miscann, so be prepared to catch it."

"I will," said the other; "a good throw now, and take care it does not fall short."

Oonagh threw it; but in consequence of her anxiety about Fin and Cucullin, she forgot to say the charm that was to send it up, so that, instead of reaching Cullamore, as she expected, it fell about half-way between the two hills at the edge of the broad bog near Augher.

"My curse upon you!" she exclaimed; "you've disgraced me. I now change you into a grey stone. Lie there as a testimony of what has happened: and may evil betide the first living man that will ever attempt to remove or injure you!"

And, sure enough, there it lies to this day, with the mark of the four fingers and thumb imprinted in it, exactly as it came out of her hand.

"Never mind," said Granua; "I must only do the best I can with Cucullin. If all fail, I'll give him a cast of heather broth to keep the wind out of his stomach, or a panada of oak-bark to draw it in a bit; but, above all things, think of some plan to get Fin out of the scrape he's in, otherwise he's a lost man. You know you used to be sharp and ready-witted; and my own opinion, Oonagh, is that it will go hard with you, or you'll outdo Cucullin yet."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill, after which she put her finger in her mouth, and gave three whistles, and by that Cucullin knew that he was invited to Cullamore—for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travellers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the meantime Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do, or how to act at all. Cucullin was an ugly customer, no doubt, to meet with; and, moreover, the idea of the confounded "cake" aforesaid, flattened the very heart within him. What chances could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put in a passion, wake the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? The thing was impossible; and Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right or left—backward or forward—where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced forever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man-mountain—this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt?—with a pancake in his pocket that was once!"

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe we'll give him as good as any he brings with him—thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do you just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. The present, however, was the greatest of all; but still he began to get courage, and was able to eat his victuals as usual. Oonagh then drew the nine woollen threads of different colors, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in anything of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colors in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having everything now prepared, she sent round to the neighbors and borrowed one-and-twenty iron griddles, which she took and put into one-and-twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey, and gave Fin due instructions how to use the curds when Cucullin should come. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected—for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now, this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had; but, not-

withstanding all the wisdom and logic he used to suck out of it, it could never have stood to him here were it not for the wit of his wife. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe Cucullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that, if he happened by any mischance, to lose it, he was no more, notwithstanding his bulk than a common man.

At length, the next day, he was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately made the cradle, and desired Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for your own child," said she; "so just lie there snug and say nothing, but be guided by me." This, to be sure, was wormwood to Fin—I mean going into the cradle in such a cowardly manner—but he knew Oonagh well; and finding that he had nothing else for it, with a very rueful face he gathered himself into it, and lay snug as she had desired him.

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cucullin came in. "God save all here!" said he; "is this where the great Fin McCool lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh; "God save you kindly—won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says he sitting down; "you're Mrs. McCool, I suppose?"

"I am," said she; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other; "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland; but for all that, there's a man not far from you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury, he did. It appears that some one told him of a big bosthoon of a giant called Cucullin being down at the Causeway to look for him; and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cucullin, and I have been seeking him these twelvemonths, but he always kept clear of me; and I'll never rest night or day till I lay hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh, of great contempt, by the way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I?" said he; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied; "I judged as much; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the mean time, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cucullin; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, completely turned it as she had wished. When Fin saw this, he felt a certain description of moisture, which shall be nameless, oozing out through every pore of his skin; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cucullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about two hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen. This feat nearly threw Oonagh herself off her guard; but what won't a woman's sagacity and presence of mind accomplish?

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half a dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stalk of cabbage, she desired him to help himself—for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cucullin, who, by the way, was a glutton as well as a hero, put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when both Fin and Oonagh were stunned with a noise that resembled something

between a growl and a yell. "Fury!" he shouted; "how is this? Here are two of my teeth out! What kind of bread is this you gave me?"

"What's the matter?" said Oonagh coolly.

"Matter?" shouted the other again; "why, here are the two best teeth in my head gone!"

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread, the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that, as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake, maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cucullin at the moment was not only hungry but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and gibles!" he roared, "take your bread out of this, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There, now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was represented to be. "Mother, I'm hungry," said he; "get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake that had no griddle in it, Fin, whose appetite in the meantime was sharpened by what he saw going forward, soon made it disappear. Cucullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting with Fin, for, as he said to himself, I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes."

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed, of a scarce summer."

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh. "Get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin McCool."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cucullin out—"Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder an' ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked, putting one into Cucullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but to no purpose: he might pull the rocks of Lumford's Glen asunder, and flatten a thunderbolt, but to squeeze water out of a white stone was beyond his strength. Fin eyed him with great contempt, as he kept straining and squeezing, and squeezing and straining, till he got black in the face with the efforts.

"Ah, you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I show what Fin's little son can do, you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and slyly exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oozed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he, "to my cradle; for I'd scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before my daddy comes back; for if he catches you, it's in paste he'd have you in two minutes."

Cucullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened in to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the mean time, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cucullin was about to take his departure without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat or flummery he'd make of you."

"I know that," says Cucullin; "not a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth that can eat griddle bread like that"—and he pointed to it as he spoke.

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only, as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cucullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was com-

pletely at his mercy. He instantly started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cucullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy stratagem, which he never could have done by force; and thus also is it proved that the women, if they bring us into many an unpleasant scrape, can sometimes succeed in getting us out of others that are quite as bad.

ANECDOTE FROM THE "CAUSES CELEBRES."—In the reign of Don Pedro, the justice-lover, King of Portugal, (says the compiler of the *Causes Celebres*,) a prelate of high rank and standing in the kingdom chanced to take offence at some expression used towards him by a shoemaker, and caused the poor man to be assassinated. The punishment, so grievously disproportioned to the offence, was formally complained of in the ecclesiastical courts by the son of the victim; but, as might have been expected, the judges favored their wealthy and powerful brother, and bestowed on him no heavier penalty than that of interdicting him from saying mass for the space of a year. The son, feeling even more aggrieved by this sentence, went to the foot of the throne, and there laid his complaint before Don Pedro. The king was touched by compassion, and expressed that sentiment, as well as his sense of the injustice of the decision alluded to, in a way so peculiar, that the young man was encouraged to act in a most remarkable manner in consequence. On an early day afterwards, the prelate took part in a public procession. He was clad in his full pontifical robes, and little dreamed of the fate which awaited him. The son of the murdered shoemaker had taken up his station at a point which was overlooked by the king, who, with all his court, viewed the procession from the palace windows. When the prelate reached the proper spot the young man darted forward, and, with two blows of a poignard well applied, slew the priest ere any man could interpose to stop the action. Such violence, committed on an ecclesiastic of high station, caused an extraordinary sensation. The assassin was at once seized and carried before Don Pedro, by orders of the monarch himself. As soon as the young man appeared the king demanded how he dared to commit such a deed? "How dared that unworthy prelate to murder my father?" was the reply. "I sought justice, and it was refused to me. I believed then that it was my duty to take vengeance into my own hands." The friends of the prelate replied, that the youth had received justice, and that the prelate had been condemned to cease performance of the mass for a whole year. The king listened in silence, and then turned to the young man. "What is thy trade?" "A shoemaker," was the reply. "I then interdict thee from making shoes for a year, and in the interval thou shalt receive fit maintenance from the prelate's funds. This is my decree."

ANECDOTE OF MALIBRAN.—One evening she felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice, expressed by the company then present, against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favor of foreign music; some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was originally and entirely of English extraction. Malibran in vain endeavored to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies, peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers, Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, etc., declaring her belief that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the works of a Signor Vescovo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising or Espagnolising their names, they would *faire fureur*. In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarria. She commenced—the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began:

Maria trayga un caldero
De aqua, Llama levanto
Maria pon tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro te.

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument, if the same air sung adagio should be found equally beautiful when played presto. The parties were agreed; when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody, which she had so divinely sung, was, on being played quick, instantly recognized as a popular English nursery song, by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

Maria trayga un caldero,

means literally, "Molly, put the kettle on!"—*Memoirs of Malibran*.

THE most honorable solicitor—A true lover.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message has been laid before Congress and the telegraph yesterday morning laid it before California. Necessarily its reproduction in our columns is forbidden by its length, and a brief synopsis of its contents could not prove very satisfactory to the reader. It would be unfair to criticize the rhetoric of a document after its subjection to telegraphic catachresis by transmission across a continent, and even at its worst feature the present Message is better in composition than the one which accompanied Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, offering a marked improvement in grammar. It is clear and concise as the nature and extent of the ground thought necessary to go over would admit, and its principal features are an avoidance of suggestions and a close confinement to figures and facts, the whole document only exhibiting one rhetorical flight. It is not to be expected that in a land where everything about the machinery of Government is open to the daily comment and inspection of the people and the press, the President can reveal anything in an Annual Message with which the country is not already tolerably familiar; hence we find nothing very new or startling in the document before us. It will strike the reader as somewhat strange that in treating of our foreign relations the Executive should omit all mention of the footing upon which we stand with England and France, while our relations with Mexico, the South American States and Liberia are amplified upon at length. From the fact that no understanding between these two principal powers and our own is spoken of, we surely are not to conclude that no understanding exists. For an explanation of all apparent omissions and inconsistencies, however, we are content to wait until the faithful mail brings us the message as it fell from the President's pen, for the telegraph is a poor interpreter. Under any circumstances it is reasonable to conclude that our shrewd Executive, surrounded by the wisest statesmen of the nation, has too clear an idea of what he is about to be betrayed into a fatal blunder in any relations, either domestic or foreign.

THE POISONING MANIA.

THE Borgian era seems to have been revived. Although the secret of the *Aqua Tofana* slumbers in the grave of the beautiful but pitiless Lucrezia, ratsbane, strychnine and hellebore may be readily obtained at the druggist's. And if a man be wearied of his mistress or his mother, if a son wish by hastening his progenitor from the world to quicken his succession to property, or if a woman desire to exchange the shackled condition of wifedom for the unfettered liberty of widowhood, they have but to step round the corner to the convenient apothecary. Poisons are sold as unrestrictedly as provisions; and if the mania for their use continue unabated, it is highly probable that ere another decade Toxicology will be taught as a necessary branch of education in our common schools.

In this new method of launching death we have an innovation—perhaps we should say improvement—on the one which prevailed in the earlier settlement of the country. Then it was a blow with a pickaxe or a half-dozen holes drilled through the victim by one of those contrivances that have made the name of Colt famous the world over. Aesthetics were not much attended to in that early day, but a riper civilization brings its morals and amenities in murder. Hence the late preference for poison, and not without reason, for of all the many methods by which an individual may rid himself of inconvenient and impertinent relatives, or of disagreeable friends, it bears the palm, and for many reasons. In the first place, it seems to promise a comparative immunity from detection. Blundering physicians lay the sudden death occasioned at the door of some disease with an outlandish name, the morbid feeling of friends interferes in many instances to prevent an autopsy, and the body of the victim, in nine cases out of ten, is bundled into the earth and buried with the crime. Again, there are many delicate souls that would shrink from the actual shedding of blood, perhaps faint at its sight, that can yet insinuate the poisonous sublimate into a pudding or a pie without doing much violence to their refined sensibilities. And while it requires a strong hand to drive home the knife, or a cool hand to manipulate the trigger of a pistol, death, with the poison, may be launched by the weakest woman or the veriest coward.

The result of these fatal facilities—facilities of which murderers all the world over seem very suddenly to have become

conscious—is found in every newspaper which we open. Here a wife has been poisoned, there a husband; now it is a single individual and anon intelligence of the poisoning of a whole family or a company of soldiers comes to swell the horrid catalogue.

The rapid increase of this most dangerous and detestable of crimes demands that some means be adopted to check its further growth and spread. In the first place, let us suggest that the facility with which poisons are at present obtained should be materially lessened. Let it be made penal for a druggist to sell poison under any circumstances to a stranger, or even to a townsman, without some guarantee as to the intentions, and in no case let it be sold without the name of the buyer being registered, and also the date of the sale. At present, druggists are so accommodating that they would deal out a pound of prussic acid or a few ounces of strychnine at the request of a child or the demand of a lunatic, pocket the money therefor, and "ask no questions." Indeed, so ready are they to swell the mortuary list, that they sometimes give out a deadly drug when an innocuous medicine is asked for.

ABOUT EDITING.

A GREAT mistake exists in supposing that in the conduct of a paper the editor consults his own taste alone. Unfortunately, he is not at liberty to do this. It is to the public that his paper looks for support, and it is the popular taste that he must consult if he would have his paper live. A notable instance of this was given in the Vigilance Committee times: two papers that came out and spoke the honest sentiments of their editors found a death from which there was no resurrection; the journals which felt the popular pulse and guided their conduct accordingly live to this day, sources of wealth to their proprietor and monuments to their sagacity in that particular, at least.

That the editor is not at liberty to consult his own taste alone is especially true in the matter of selections. The paper must be so diversified in its contents as to meet the tastes of all, or its circulation will necessarily be limited to a few. One man wants "solid reading," heavy articles after the pattern which the English reviews furnish; another likes sporting items, while yet another would like news and startling disclosures to the exclusion of everything else. Scientific persons and those of a theological turn of mind, think that more space should be given to articles calculated to fit their peculiar temperaments, utterly refusing to accept serials as serious things. The blue-eyed girl who has lately returned from boarding-school throws down the paper with contempt unless it contain a nice love story or two, or some impassioned sonnet to Mary or the Moon; while the matron, on the other hand, thinks that nothing is so good for steady family reading as recipes for pickling peanuts or cheap remedies for the croup in children. One individual insists on being tickled into laughter, while another, of a solemn frame of mind takes it as an insult if a paragraph is even pointed towards his ribs.

The fact of the matter is, that in conducting a newspaper the editor must consult the taste of all classes of readers, only permitting his own to cast the decisive vote when a question arises as to what that taste may be. The old simile of Scylla and Charybdis utterly fails to illustrate the difficulty of his position; it is amongst an archipelago of inclinations and ten thousand whirlpools of temper that he is expected to steer, without impinging upon the ones or drawing too near to the edges of the others. Very possibly if the editor of a paper were at liberty to consult his own inclinations alone, the *Sorrows of a Sausage-Maker* in prose, or the *Aspirations of a Bellows-Mender* in verse, would never see the light of day in his columns. But there are five hundred of his subscribers who would feel personally defrauded were they not permitted to sob with the sausage-maker or blow with the bellows-mender, so in compliment to these five hundred subscribers the scissors are brought into play and these articles are transferred from *The Ladies Nambly Pambly* to a copy book in the composition room—a book where he would gladly see the authors hanging instead of the articles. In selections for THE CALIFORNIAN we have endeavored as far as possible to be guided by the better taste of the community; if ever it become necessary for the success of the journal to cater to any other, it will be done under protest, and the Editor's name will be withdrawn from conspicuous notice.

THE "Campanalogians"—anglice for Swiss Bell-Ringers—are performing at the Academy of Music. The entertainment is an excellent one, the sight of the picturesquely-dressed and nimble-fingered troupe chiming music out from scores of different toned bells offering a curious study. The singing of Miss Kempton and Mr. Hayward in itself offers an attraction worth double the small price of admission charged. During the coming week the performance will be confined to Tuesday Thursday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

The telegraph informs us that the Governor of Georgia has pardoned all the convicts out from the Penitentiary and sent them to the front as soldiers. It has been remarked that the Confederate authorities, to swell the ranks of their armies, have robbed the cradle and the grave. Do they now propose to rob the gallows, as well?

NEW BOOKS.

KNOWING in their kind hearts that we have little space this week, owing to the pressure of long stories and advertisements—principally the latter—upon our columns, Roman & Co. refrain from loading our table with books this time, sending, with admirable judgment, only a few, and confining the selection to ones that may be noticed in a paragraph.

In *The Hawaiian Islands*, the Rev. Rufus Anderson treats at some length of that kingdom, with whose shores we maintain a somewhat eccentric intercourse by the aid of brigs, barks, and schooners. Commencing with the discovery of those islands, when the free and festive Kanaka fed upon the fruit of the cocoa-nut, occasionally varying that vegetable diet with a cutlet or chop from an enemy slain or captured in battle, we are carried in regular gradation through the subsequent period when he acquired a vitiated taste for missionary steaks, until the story finds him in the present period of his ripe refinement, familiar with shirt-collars, small-pox, and the other blessings of civilization. The frontispiece of the book furnishes us with a portrait of his Majesty, Kamehameha III., rather a good-looking gentleman, though slightly off-color, wearing a star which gives him somewhat the rakish air of one of our policemen. Thanking Mr. Anderson for his clemency in not ringing in a conundrum upon us of: Why are these islands so called? telling us in answer that it is on account of the sand which is there, we hand the book over to the poetess Clare, and the poet Stoddard, who have lately returned from a several years' sojourn at the court of Kani, for a more extended notice—by extended we do not mean a notice which shall "lay it out."

From Dan to Beersheba is the title of a book by the Rev. J. P. Newman. This is not, as our friends on Montgomery street might at first blush suppose, an attempt on the part of some broker named Dan to bear Sheba, neither is it the report or any fraction of the report which Professor Silliman recently made of that excellent but extremely uncertain mine, on the strength of which a number of enterprising speculators of all sexes bought in, and got in, just in time to be saddled with the assessment which the Directors levied immediately on reading the Professor's report. On the contrary, this is an expansion of a series of letters published by the author in the *Methodist*, during a journey to and through the Holy Land; the book narrates what the author saw and felt during his travels, and is illustrated by plates.

It is only necessary to become a successful General or a probable President to have one's life written—think of that, boys—and in *The Hero Boy* the Rev. P. C. Headley gives us the life of Gen. Grant, adapted to the youthful mind, and calculated to move both boys and girls with military enthusiasm. One anecdote in the book we have never seen before, and it strikes us as being so funny that next week will see it in print, unless another crowd comes on these columns.

We have Bayard Taylor's *Poems*, in blue and gold. Mr. Taylor is a successful author and a smooth writer of verse. His verse does not often stir the blood like strong wine, as that of some other bards does, but it is pleasant and the sentiment is always pure. "The Poet's Journal," one of his later works, and the leader in the present volume, never won upon us to any great degree; aside from a not very modest self-assertion in the title, the whole thing seems an apology for getting married again. It were well enough whispered to the wife, but the necessity for sharing the confidence with the world at large is scarcely apparent.

The privations and sufferings of United States officers and soldiers while prisoners of war in rebel hands, are told in a pamphlet which we receive from Roman. It is the report in full of a Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Sanitary Commission; and a more sickening detail of cruelty and wrong we venture to say, has never before been published. One wonders how such inhumanities can be perpetrated, and for the sake of our common country and the relations which we once bore with the rebels now in arms, would willingly disbelieve the damning testimony, were it possible. But unfortunately every detail is too well authenticated. A circulation of this pamphlet in the army will have a deal to do with making our men fight to the last, for after its perusal death commends itself as a blessed alternative to the tender mercies of the rebel authorities.

INCENDIARISM IN NEW YORK.—A telegram dated New York, November 26th, states that the St. Nicholas, St. James, Lafayette, Metropolitan, Astor, Lovejoy's and Belmont Hotels, were fired by incendiaries the night previous, but the damage done was trifling. In the hotels the bed clothes, and some trunks were found covered with phosphorous; matches were also scattered in the beds; the fires were set and the rooms locked. Perhaps they are fired by delinquent boarders as the easiest way of settling their bills. The Occidental, Lick and Russ had better be watchful unless times improve.

THE poem called "The Love Knot," by Norah Perry, to be found in another column, must not be confounded with the "Love Not" of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. The difference between the two poems is notable.

OUR ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF "THE CALIFORNIAN."]

["Go from home to hear news"—else have it brought to you from a distance. It will perhaps surprise Mr. Raymond to learn that he is "brother-in-law to the Harper boys," but the information certainly will not surprise him any more than it did us. Other passages in the following letter may surprise the parties whose names are mentioned, but the items come to us from New York, and we return them to New York to be passed upon. It is not for us to gainsay the word of a correspondent who dates from that city:]

NEW YORK, December 2, 1864.

THE country, like a great lubberly patient, will have got over its political fever by another week, and have only its old military rash to attend to. Words and bets run high at present; much oil is shed upon the altar of the Constitution nightly, and the usual ample measure of threats, bribes, oaths and nicknames, is rather increased than diminished. Half the energy developed upon both sides might have finished up the war long ago; but, between you and me, there are plenty of folk in both the Democratic ranks who would be seriously incommenced if the Rebellion should cease. It is not a question of policy or sentiment, but of spoils, to such. The rancor of these night owls is so repulsive to me that, leaving the Presidential election out of the question, I shall proceed to "buzz" of lighter and less controverted matters.

We have had but three or four nights of opera, none of them sensational. The ladies miss Brignoli, who has gone, like a truant seraph, leaving a wreck of broken hearts and moistened handkerchiefs behind him, and the opera buildings are tenanted at present by all sorts of peripatetics, who fret and fume for their brief hour, and then are heard no more.

John Owens is the popular dramatic man just now, though Artemus Ward, having opened a permanent hall on Broadway, near Grace Church, is much quoted and crowded upon. A. Ward is a singular character, one of the shrewdest men I ever knew, but a great wine-bibber, and many of his best things are picked up in places of imbibition where cheap wits congregate. He is not capable of any prolonged humorous effort. A weekly paper in this town offered him fifty dollars a-piece for a series of short articles, but he wrote one, and pegged out immediately. His present entertainment is backed up by a panorama, with which he means to travel East and West.

Edwin Forrest has finished at Niblo's and pushed into New England. Say what we will of his marked individuality, he is our representative tragedian, and when he passes away we shall have no one to wear his sandals. Forrest's engagements terminate only by his own whim. He could play old characters all the year round, and fill the colosseum. Personally he is a hard hater, but, if one do not cross him, a very interesting and original companion. I have twice or thrice had the pleasure of meeting him in his own residence at Philadelphia, where he is a good host, and has plenty to show of the rare in art and literature. Few men in America have such good libraries, and read so much of them: few have as tasteful pictures and enjoy them so truly. I do not think his judgment equal to his talent; and have never known a public man so temperate in his acts and so intemperate in his opinions.

The artists are as busy as artists ever are, in a society whose æsthetic cultivation might, to say the least, be improved. F. B. Carpenter has painted old Abe and cabinet meditating the Emancipation proclamation—a series of portraits, simply, and of a sort with the huge deformities in the Capitol rotunda at Washington, where Turnbull's "great ship-piece," as Randolph named his "Signing of the Declaration," still retains its superiority. It would surprise you to find how few men do the designing for a great mart like this. When you pass Darley, Hoppin, White and McLellan, you have few more than passable designers. The four I have mentioned are run down with orders; the rest do very little. I have heard that the *Illustrated London News* is to be reproduced in this city, which already reprints *Blackwood* and the four British *Reviews*, and will in a week or two issue *All the Year Round*, as well. We cannot compete with such clever publications; for the fact is that we have not in America any serial edited upon methodical or philosophical principles. The *Atlantic Monthly* is essentially a clique publication, without an editor. Lowell used to take care of it, but since his transfer to the *North American Review*, James T. Fields has managed it after a fashion. The *Atlantic* has printed nothing noticeable since the issue of Gilmore's "Visit to Richmond" in company with Col. Jacques. That was, in general estimation, a disgraceful paper—a revelation of confidential conversation, and worthy only of a paltry penny-a-liner. Miss Prescott's stories in the *Atlantic* have not the spirit of the "Amber Gods," her best composition. Mere beauty of style will tire us, after a time, and beyond this, the lady in question has little merit. She can paint a goose's leather till it rivals tropical foliage; but she has luck with her writings; the women like them; and she recently sold to the *New York Weekly Mercury* four stories for five hundred dollars.

Harpers' Magazine is better edited than the *Atlantic*, but half its articles are English reprints or compilations of books.

Dr. Guernsey controls it. He was originally a printer's devil in the establishment of the Harpers; but as the firm at that time was issuing many technical and classical works, they were sadly in want of a proof-reader, so young Guernsey was sent to college by them and thoroughly educated. The Harpers made a mistake in supposing that one so learned would be content with a proof-reader's post; he was now promoted to the editorship of the magazine—which, by the way, had been originally projected by Henry J. Raymond, now editor of the *Times*, and brother-in-law of the Harper boys—and there Dr. Guernsey has been ever since. He is a careful, plodding, impartial man, and, at present, edits the weekly newspaper of the same concern. No articles are written to order for the Harpers; nor have they standing engagements with any writers, but buy article by article as they are handed in by Bohemians and others. Five dollars a page is paid in the *Magazine* for contributions, and five dollars a column in the *Weekly*. The only contributor who could sell anything that he penned to Harper, was the wild, gifted, unfortunate Fitz James O'Brien. His story of the "Diamond Lens" was some time ago denounced by an envious rival as a plagiarism from Edgar A. Poe, but the public properly treated the story as a *canard* of the purest water.

The *Leader* of this city, has been so well thought of, that a Sunday journal of the same name has been started in Boston. It is a wonder to me that Chicago has not some such literary organ; for at present the Northwest is entirely destitute of either a review or a story and sketch paper. In Portland, Maine, a new magazine has been issued, called the *Northern Monthly*, but it cannot afford to buy good papers—no more than the *Continental* or the *Knickerbocker*, (now the *American Magazine*.) John Bonifer, who formerly edited *Harpers' Weekly* and wrote the *Herald's* money article, has grown rich by stock speculations and retired, like his predecessor on the *Herald*, Edward Hudson, brother of Frederick Hudson, managing editor. Edward made a nice thing from the *non-descript* "Potosi Silver Mines."

The publishers are doing nothing on their own account; all the new books you see are either reprints, or are published at the expense of their authors. Carleton engrosses the mass of these safe speculations. He is now getting out a book of poems for Robert H. Newell, ("Orpheus C. Kerr,") called *The Palace Beautiful*, and will soon start a magazine to be called *The Heart of the Monthlies*. Why didn't he denominate it the "Pink of the Posies?" Among the most persistent of small authors is Henry G. Morford, editor of a small weekly here. Morford gets \$15 a week for editing this concern, and having a large family, lays about him very creditably, to make more money. He published some years ago a book called *Rhymes of Twenty Years*, so unmitigatedly bad that nobody in the country could notice it well, except old Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, to whom Morford dedicated a novel. However, Morford took to prose fiction, for which, although a bustling, clever fellow, he had no capacities, and has produced two or three strange volumes, called, respectively, *The Days of Shoddy*, *Shoulder Straps*, and *The Coward*. All of these were put forth by Peterson of Philadelphia; the first of these was simply a series of advertisements, rented out at a hundred dollars a page. I admire Morford's business energy, but must assure him that he is a decidedly bad literary man. Do you know anybody who has read his book? If so, present said patron with a copy of *Webster* at my expense, and I dare say he will find the dictionary very sprightly.

The only other author who publishes to advantage for himself is Bayard Taylor. Since the failure of the Putnams, Bayard has gone into the trade for himself, and, having live Quaker wit, makes it pay. He has the use of Ticknor & Fields' name for his poems. A new firm here—Hurd & Houghton—is doing a good thing. Their latest book, which lies upon my table wet from the press, (*Idyls of the Battle*), is the best collection of war poems we have had. Its authoress is Miss Laura C. Redden, ("Howard Glyndon,") of Washington city; in issuing the book she received material assistance from President Lincoln, General Grant and other great guns. This lady's poems are the softest and most pathetic of the crisis, as far above the vapors of George H. Boker as one of Tennyson's idyls surpasses one of Augustine Duganne's spluttering songs. I do not wish to give high praise without fair evidence, and, if you will let me, propose to quote some stanzas from this volume. Excepting the abrupt ending of the fourth line, this is a good beginning:

"Oh! my darling, my darling, never to feel
Your hand going over my hair—
Never to lie in your arms again,
Never to know where you are."

How sinewy is the subjoined stanza:

"Show them how a brief defeat
Hath its uses, pure and sweet—
How it fires the brain, the soul, with newer heat!
Failure's lowest depths we sound,
Then, with terrible rebound,
Up the heights of triumph go our conquering feet."

Is not the following complete poem worthy a great name:

O wistful eyes! that will not cease
From gazing, sadly after one

Who went out in the dark alone,
Although ye say he is at peace.
O hearts! that will not turn away,
But, questioning, stand without the door;
He passeth through it nevermore,
For he hath reached the perfect day.

Even when we thought him most our own
His crown was nearest to his brow,
And he redeemed his early vow,
And passed with all his armor on.

His guin exceedeth all our loss,
We linger on these barren sands,
He is a dweller in the lands
Bequeathed the Soldiers of the Cross!

Miss Redden's poem of the "Latest War News" is probably the finest short piece written during the struggle. When George Alfred Townsend was writing for the London serials last year, he quoted this poem in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and it became so popular with John Bull that it travelled through his entire periodical press.

Let me tell you a sly secret. You have heard of the *Tribune's* lyric:

"Tear down the flaunting lie?"

Well, that was written by Charles G. Halpin, better known as "Corporal Miles O'Reilly," the author of *Tropical Poems*, of many of the best things in *Harper's Weekly*, and now of the Democratic campaign songs in the *World* newspaper. Halpin is the best and most unscrupulous young poet in the East. He has written a volume of splendid things on both sides, and will give you a song for Lincoln quite as vigorous as one for McClellan. He stauds highly as a current metrical political writer, but beneath the veriest ballad-monger in point of principle. He could be, at the same time, poet-laureate to Jeff. Davis and the champion lyricist of the Union. Halpin has been nominated for a small political office in this city by the Wood (separation) Democracy.

Halpin and Miss Redden, to my mind, take precedence of all other balladists of the war. But of the war I shall speak again, when the next mail from this side of the continent turns up in San Francisco. Artemus Ward says that the distance between Pacific and Atlantic civilization is two thousand miles, and that, to break the monotony of the journey, the great Pacific railway has been finished over twelve miles of the route.

Yours truly,

DESULTORY.

A DAUGHTER OF G. P. R. JAMES.—It may not be generally known that Miss Florence James, daughter of the late eminent novelist, G. P. R. James, has been for some months a resident of this city and a contributor to *THE CALIFORNIAN*. The signature will be recognized in "The Fall of a Republic," an original paper which appears in this number. Miss James is at present an assistant in the "Kindergarten" school of Prof. Miel.

A CHANGE has occurred in the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Capt. Eldridge, who arrived in the *Golden City*, taking the place formerly occupied at this port by A. B. Forbes as agent. Capt. Eldridge has been in the Government employ during much of the war, and has rendered faithful and efficient service, winning encomiums alike from the Admirals and Generals with whom his duties brought him in contact. The only drawback to the pleasure with which Capt. Eldridge will be received in his new office, is the regret which will be felt by the public in parting with Mr. Forbes, a gentleman who, in the administration of his office as well as in his private-citizen life, has won himself many and warm friends.

THE steamer *Golden City*, on Wednesday, brought back Mr. William R. Garrison to these shores. Mr. Garrison's many friends—and they are only bounded by the list of his acquaintances—will hail his return with pleasure. It was probably owing to Mr. Garrison's absence that the Club House at San Mateo was burned down, and that things about town have gone wrong generally. That all will be set to rights now may be accepted as a foregone conclusion.

THE public will be glad to learn that Mrs. Sophie Edwin returns to the stage on Monday evening in *Little Barefoot*. Mrs. Edwin is a disciple of the legitimate drama, and in her hands we have no apprehension that the piece will be turned from a *Little Barefoot* into a *Big Bareleg*. On the same evening Harry Courtaine reappears at the Opera House.

THE Philadelphia *Press* denies to the late Capt. Speke the merit of having discovered the source of the Nile. It says: "He ascertained that the Nile flowed out of a lake, but the principal affluent feeding that lake is to be accepted as the Nile's real source, and is yet to be discovered."

ONE C. P. Bodfish, of Boise City, has been appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue for Idaho Territory. He will be fortunate indeed if half the business letters received by him are not addressed by an inadvertant transposition to B. P. Codfish.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

["NORAH PERRY," author of this breezy little poem, which first appeared in the *New York Home Journal* some years ago, is now a resident of this city. Norah seems to have forsaken the pen for the pencil, being engaged in painting miniatures:]

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in,
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry und chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a rumping curl,
Or in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still.
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid—
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O Western Wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
When he as gladly folded her in
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

O Ellery Vane! you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perils danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

MANUFACTURED PICTURES.

MR. WINSTANLEY, of Liverpool, in the course of a lecture on portrait painting, delivered by him at the Royal Institution of that town, some years ago, related an anecdote which may enlighten as well as interest the patrons of old pictures. The high character of Mr. Winstanley secures him from the suspicion that he has at all exaggerated the statement; but we believe there are many persons who could relate stories equally striking and equally true. It is notorious that in England there are hundreds of Titians, Vandykes and Raphaels, the canvas for which was manufactured in the nineteenth century; the imposition practised upon English buyers on the continent are so notorious as to have become proverbial; and of the eight thousand works by foreign masters annually imported into this country, perhaps it would not be too much to say, ninety-nine out of every hundred are forgeries. Yet noblemen and gentlemen will be cheated with their eyes open, and very frequently crowd their rooms with base imitations, when, for half the sum they might have procured good and true works by accomplished artists, and at the same time have had the proud and happy knowledge that they had contributed to advance the glory of their country, and the interest of its men of genius. We quote the anecdote related by Mr. Winstanley, as one of the most circumstantial and best authenticated that has ever been recorded: He exhibited to the audience a small picture, which from the peculiar costume, the cut of the beard, and the expanse of forehead, looked like a portrait of Shakspeare. It was also finished in a style, and had an appearance of age and mellowness, that would incline almost any person to believe it a genuine picture. Some years ago, a friend in London wrote to him giving information that he had picked up from some noteless vender of heterogeneous articles, a portrait of Shakspeare, an undoubted original. Mr. Winstanley saw the picture, approved of it, and became its proprietor. It was the identical picture which was then before the audience. He showed it to several persons of eminent taste, who all pronounced it an original picture, and set upon it a high value, though they attributed it to different masters. He was offered very large sums of money for it, which, however, he refused, on the very proper principle, that if it were an original portrait of Shakspeare, such a rarity was inestimable, and if it were not, he had no right to take any such amount for it as was tendered. To set the matter at rest, he took the picture to London, where he called upon an individual whom he found repairing a portrait of Nell Gwynne. This person informed him, in his peculiar way, that he had made many portraits of Shakspeare, and he had no doubt he could tell him something respecting the one in question. The moment the picture was placed before him, he said, "Oh, that is my old friend!" On being pressed for an explanation, he said that it had been made by a pupil of his—a person whom he had taught to man-

ufacture portraits of Shakspeare. It was one of a pair of old pictures of an ancient gentleman and lady of the Elizabethan age. From the costume and features they thought it might be made to look like Shakspeare. Accordingly, under his direction his pupil heightened the forehead, altered the hair and beard, and put in a few touches, which made the old man into a Shakspeare. This sort of deception Mr. Winstanley assured the assembly had not been uncommon; and thus a picture for which he might have had five hundred guineas turned out to be worthless.—*Art Union*.

CONSCIENCE.—Locke has demonstrated that we have neither innate ideas nor innate principles, and he was obliged to demonstrate it too much at length, because at the time the contrary was universally believed. From hence it evidently follows that we have the utmost possible necessity that good principles should be lodged in our heads, when we come to use the faculty of understanding. Locke cites the example of savages who kill and eat their neighbors without the slightest remorse of conscience, and of well-educated Christian soldiers, who, in a town taken by assault, pillage, slay, and ravish, not only without remorse, but with the utmost pleasure, with honor and glory, with the applause of all their comrades. It results from all this, that we have no other conscience than that with which we are inspired by time, by example, by our temperament, and by our reflections. Man is not born with any principle, but with the faculty of receiving all. His temperament will render him inclined to cruelty or to kindness; his understanding will, in time, enable him to comprehend that the square of twelve is one hundred and forty-four, that he ought not to do to others that which he does not wish to be done to himself; but he will not of himself comprehend these truths in his infancy—he will not understand the first, and he will not feel the second.

A young savage who is hungry, and to whom his father shall give a slice of another savage to eat, will require the same the next day, without imagining that he ought not to treat his neighbor otherwise than he would wish to be treated himself. He does mechanically, invincibly, exactly, the reverse of what this eternal truth teaches. Nature has provided for this horror. She has given to man the disposition to pity, and the ability to comprehend the truth. These two gifts of God are the foundations of civilized society. They have caused that there should be so few anthropophagi, they have rendered life somewhat tolerable in civilized countries. Fathers and mothers give their children an education which soon renders them sociable, and that education gives them conscience.

Pure religion and pure morality imparted at an early age, so form human nature, that from about seven years of age till sixteen or seventeen, no bad action is committed without the reproof of conscience. Then succeed the violent passions which combat the conscience, and sometimes extinguish it. During this conflict, the persons tormented by the storm consult on some occasions with other men, as in their sickness they consult those who appear to be in health. It is this which produces casuists—that is, persons who decide cases of conscience. One of the wisest of casuists is Cicero. In his book *Officiis*—that is, on the Duties of Man—he examines the most delicate points, but long before him Zoroaster had appeared to regulate the conscience by the best of precepts—"Being in doubt whether an action be good or bad, abstain from it."

TROPICAL DELIGHTS.—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The heta rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes, get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old, British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.—*Sydney Smith*.

A HABIT IN THE ENGLISH MIND.—There is a decided tendency in the English mind to ask what may be the consequences of a proposition, before inquiring into its validity; as if it were possible, by a bare act of human volition, to make that which is, a nonentity—or that which is not, a reality. In the instance of geology, the habit (for it is but a habit) has been productive of the most mischievous results, and has covered some very worthy and respectable writers with a ridicule, which has reflected on the national character in the eyes of scientific Europe.

EPIGRAMIANA.

The following lines were written on seeing a farrago of rhymes that had been scribbled with a diamond on the window of an inn:

"Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
And to such arrant nonsense sign your names,
The diamond quit—with me the pencil take,
So shall your shame but short duration make;
For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
With red right hand, and with a discolored wet,
Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
Who 'twas that wrote so ill, and lov'd so well!"

The following verses were written on a window in the highlands of Scotland:

Scotland! thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife;
So tergitant awhile her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold, she cries.

On a stone thrown at a very great man, but which missed him:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone!

On the column to the Duke of York's memory:

In former times the illustrious dead were burned,
Their hearts preserved in sepulchre inurned;
This column, then, commemorates the part
Which custom makes us single out—the heart;
You ask: "How by a column this is done?"
I answer: "'Tis a hollow thing of stone."

ROGERS, when a certain M. P., in a review of his poems, said "he wrote very well for a banker," wrote, in return, the following:

"They say he has no heart, but I deny it,
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it!"

You say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cured me of a dangerous ill;
I say he never did prescribe for me,
The proof is plain—I'm living still!

THE speeches made by P—are sound,
It cannot be denied;
Granted; and then it will be found,
They're little else beside.

CITY LOVE.

In making love let poor men sigh,
But love that's ready-made is better
For men of business—so I,
If madam will be cruel, let her.
But should she wish that I should wait
And miss the 'Change—oh no, I thank her,
I court by deed, or after date,
Through my solicitor or banker.

ON A NEW DUKE.

Ask you why gold and velvet bind
The temples of that eringing thief?
Is it so strange a thing to find
A toad beneath a strawberry leaf?

A GOOD WORD FOR MINISTERS.

THE Whigs 'tis said have often broke
Their promises which end in smoke;
Thus their defence I build:
Granted in office they have slept,
Yet sure those promises are kept
Which never are fulfilled.

SAYS his landlord to Thomas: "Your rent I must raise,

I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf"
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; "your honor's main good;
For I never can raise it myself."

A CERTAIN bishop having lost his portmanteau, the circumstance gave rise to the following:

"I have lost my portmanteau"—
"I pity your grief,"
"It contained all my sermons"—
"I pity the thief."

THE house of Mr. Dundas, late President of the Court of Session in Scotland, having after his death been converted into a blacksmith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following impromptu:

"The house a lawyer once enjoy'd,
Now to a smith doth pass;
How naturally the iron age
Succeeds the age of brass!"

A QUERY ANSWERED.

"WHY, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester to their courts admit?"
"They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.
But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their faces,
Yet all mankind, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jesters' places."

RUPTURE.



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THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It restores GRAY HAIR to its
ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appear-
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Hair, promotes a LUXURANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!
Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irrita-
tion from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is en-
tirely different from any other preparation, and composed
mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful
Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have
gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in
many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the
clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME
render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-
dressing yet offered to the public.

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every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the
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For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their
reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of
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GATIVE by all who have used them.

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in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a Gen-
eral Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections,
Fever and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration,
so common in this climate, they have not their equals
among all the Medicines of the Day.

As a PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,
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Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

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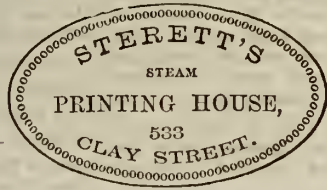
HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINT-
ING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
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BURDELL'S

Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health
and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE
value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strength-
ening the Gums, and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the
breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes
spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the
enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a
highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the
further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy
action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the bright-
ness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by
confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlim-
ited enjoyment: and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating
effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes
those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing
to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by
H. P. WAKELEE,
Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush
and Montgomery streets. se24

B. P. MOORE & CO.,



FURNITURE.

WAREHOUSES: SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SANSOME
oc15-3m and PINE STREETS.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Mont-
gomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST
CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with
large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION
OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the
Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting
with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—
all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for
the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
Proprietors

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation,
the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day,
week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,



Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the
most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such
as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of
superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers
of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY
& VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of
SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,
ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the
Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE
OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

oc15 316 California street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEADE & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
Fine Clothing
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS.
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

QUINTESSENCE OF

ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the
purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a
perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities
usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the Uni-
ted States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is
the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This
preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden
Lavender Flowers. se24

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

A. Kohler,

424 Sansome street, and 622 Washington street,

HAS JUST UNPACKED

SIXTY-SEVEN CASES

—OF THE—

RICHEST KIND

Of Bohemian Glasswares,

Which he will sell at auction prices. no12-1f

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY,
for the Hair. se24

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF
elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-
past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.;
also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to
suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-1f

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE
LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—

First Premium,

—ON—

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,



Would advise our friends and patrons that we
have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,

DINING ROOM AND

OFFICE FURNITURE,

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change
in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES
than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety
extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,

no12 No. 528 Washington street.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post,
Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the
Masonic Hall. oc29 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624 CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and
examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE
LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and
their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the
most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30 3

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER
5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation
Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner
Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San
Francisco. y2

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

OWING to the vague nature of our telegrams, this week's summary is little more than a concentration of indefiniteness. Sherman still continues to excite consternation among the Confederates, who, in spite of all their whistling, can scarcely keep their courage up sufficiently to inspire in them a faint hope of their ability to prevent his safely reaching the Atlantic seaboard. Indeed, a late despatch states that news received from Southern sources leaves no room to doubt that he has already reached that goal. Granting this, and the closing month of the year seems destined to be fraught with historic material. It can scarcely fail to witness some startling result—perhaps the fall of Richmond. The event of this week has been the battle of Franklin, Tenn., a bloody episode in the history of the war but a glorious victory for the Union arms. Hood's army met a portion of Thomas's forces, and victory perched upon the eagles of the latter. Hood, however, is gathering his strength and closing around Nashville. But we are assured that Thomas is safe and prepared for the encounter. Other news of interest will be found condensed in the following "record":

November 28.—Hood assaults the works at Columbia, south of Duck river, and is repulsed.

A despatch from Western Virginia states that the rebels under Gen. Payne captured and burned New Creek, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A force of 300 was sent to Piedmont, but they were met by a company of the 6th West Virginia Regiment, and repulsed.

November 29.—Sherman's movements still a mystery to the Southern Confederacy. The Richmond *Despatch* of the 23th, says it was pretty well ascertained that the left wing of Sherman's army, when it reached Madison, numbered sixteen thousand. They burned the town when they left. The Augusta papers say great excitement prevailed in that city a week ago. In consequence of the very great and urgent need for troops, it was proposed to impress the negroes. One paper of that place was fearful of treachery on the part of citizens on Sherman's arrival.

November 30.—The rebels attempt to destroy the position of Grant's line on the James by damming the stream, but the waters were thrown back through a bend on a portion of the rebel line, and threatened serious damage.

Lee building a railroad for the accommodation of cavalry.

Richmond papers speak nervously of Grant's movements, and predict another advance upon the rebel capital. The *Despatch* favors the appointment of Gen. Lee as Military Adviser to Congress.

A fight occurred on the Oconee River, near Milledgeville, between the rebels and a portion of Sherman's forces; the attack was intended to prevent the advance crossing the river, but failed.

The Columbia *Guardian* says: "There are 4,000 deserters from the rebel army in South Carolina." It is reported that a wide-spread conspiracy exists in the South to overthrow the Richmond dynasty. Considerable consternation was created by important arrests made in North Carolina, Upper South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia.

The Richmond *Enquirer* gives an account of a serious attempt by the Federal prisoners confined at Salisbury, N. C., to make their escape. A plot, it seems, was formed among the prisoners, numbering some 12,000, to overpower the guards and, after securing arms for themselves, to march into Tennessee through West North Carolina, and thus effect their freedom. By the precautions of the rebel guards the prisoners were overpowered, and the attempt was foiled. About forty are stated to have been killed and several wounded.

Gen. A. L. Lee, commanding the Union forces at Baton Rouge, La., had engagements with the enemy at Liberty and Brookville on the 22d, in which he was entirely successful. He captured three pieces of cannon, about 800 mules and horses, and 200 prisoners, besides destroying an immense amount of army stores on the railroad. The staff of Gen. Hodge, including Lieut. Davis, (a nephew of Jeff.) are among the prisoners. Hodge himself escaped capture by jumping from a back window.

December 1.—The battle of Franklin, (Tenn.) one of the most brilliant of the war, was fought on the 30th November. Skirmishing had been kept up for three days during the retirement of the Federal army from Duck river to Franklin. The rebels, under the command of Hood, greatly outnumbered the Union forces. Parties who witnessed the battle describe the attack of the rebels as desperate in the extreme. Some assert that eleven charges were made on the Federal masked batteries, in a body four lines deep, while a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* states that seventeen distinct assaults were made, each of which was repulsed. The same correspondent, writing from the scene of the conflict, gives the following account of the affair: "The original plan was to withdraw the force of Schofield until meeting our reinforcements, and give battle in the vicinity of Nashville; but the over-sanguine rebels pressed us too hard, and when Schofield perceived that he could not avoid the contest he drew up his little army in line of battle, with his front towards Franklin. At half-past 3 o'clock the rebel assault commenced. Cheatham's corps was on the right; Stewart's on the left; S. D. Lee's corps was in reserve on the centre. Cheatham threw his whole corps on Wagner's Division with great impetuosity, and after half an hour's desperate fighting, pushed Wagner back on the second line, where they became mixed with Rogers's men, on our left

centre. The rebels, encouraged by the success of driving Wagner back, advanced with loud cheers on our strong line. Cox's and Wagner's men were broken but a moment before they rallied and attacked the enemy on the flank, while Opdike charged them in front. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, with bayonets and butt-ends of muskets. Some of the rebels were captured here, and the line restored. For two hours and a half the battle raged all along the lines. The assaulting columns were six regiments deep. Capt. Lyman, commanding the artillery brigade of the Fourth Corps, had placed his batteries in a favorable position, and from these storms of shot and shell were hurled into the charging ranks. With the most reckless bravery the rebels rushed on. Riley's brigade of the Twenty-third Corps covered the ground in front of it with rebel dead. Seventeen distinct attacks of the foe were repulsed. At dusk the rebels were repulsed at all points, but the firing did not stop until 9 o'clock. At least 6,000 rebels were killed, wounded and captured. Our loss will reach 1,500. We have taken from the enemy 30 flags." The night after the battle, Gen. Thomas retired from Franklin, taking a position and formed a line of battle about three miles south of Nashville. 107 rebel officers, including a Brigadier-General and several Colonels, with 1,000 prisoners, arrived at Nashville, December 1st.

Gen. Meade telegraphs to Grant that Gen. Gregg, who was sent on a reconnaissance to discover if the enemy were removing troops south, had taken Stony Creek Station. He captured two pieces of artillery, but had no means of bringing them off, so he spiked them and destroyed the carriages. He took 190 prisoners, 8 wagons and 30 mules. He also destroyed the railroad bridge, about 150 feet long, 5,000 sacks of grain, 500 bales of hay, a quantity of corn and oats, 500 barrels coal oil, a quantity of bacon, the camp and garrison equipage, besides 1,200 Enfield rifles and a large quantity of ammunition.

December 3.—Official information received that Sherman captured Millen, on the Georgia Central Railroad, on the 29th ult. His army was concentrated and expected to move at once upon Savannah.

A movement of an unknown character took place at Butler's headquarters, according to the *World's* army correspondent. The regular troops there had been ordered away on an expedition and sailed for Port Royal.

Gov. Vance, in his message to the North Carolina Legislature, states that the laws cannot be enforced in the interior of that State, owing to the existence of a band of desperadoes, consisting of rebel deserters. He recommends the outlawing and driving them from the State.

Gen. Merritt, with a force of cavalry, completely routed the guerrillas from Loudon county, Va., destroying everything that could be of service to them.

December 4.—Savannah and other Georgia papers make various statements regarding Sherman's movements. They all unite in the assertion that he is "marching on."

Gov. Brown was in Macon: he removed all valuables from Milledgeville. The rebel cavalry burned barns, corn cribs, and everything that could be of use to Sherman.

A despatch of the 24th states that the Union troops fought unsuccessfully for the possession of Oconee Bridge. Another says that the Federals flanked Gen. Wayne on the Central Railroad, compelling him to retire; they also crossed the river at Ball's Ferry, 4 miles below the bridge. Still another asserts that our troops were driven across the Oconee. The main body of Sherman's army was 13 miles west of Sandersville, going towards Savannah, and spreading devastation everywhere.

Gen. Foster proceeds up the Broad river, landing five miles below the Pocotaligo bridge. He captures the bridge and destroys a large amount of stores found in the vicinity.

Admiral Dahlgren and Gen. Foster are in communication with Sherman, who is supposed to be marching on Savannah.

The Richmond *Despatch* of the 2d instant says: "A cavalry fight, in which we were victorious, took place in East Georgia, on Tuesday. The Yankee cavalry, under Kilpatrick, were attempting to cross the Savannah river, when they were attacked by Wheeler, and, after an obstinate fight, driven back in the direction of Millen, losing very heavily. Sherman's main army is moving toward the coast. A battle is expected."

And the Richmond *Whig* gives this information: "An official despatch was received last night that our forces routed the Yankees at Grahamville, South Carolina, driving them five miles. The Yankees left their dead on the field. Grahamville is on the road from Savannah to Charleston, about thirty miles northeast from Savannah. The party were evidently the troops sent up from Port Royal."

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, pardons all the convicts in the Penitentiary and sends them to the front to fight, except those put in for life, whom he could not reprieve according to law.

Price is reported by a Richmond paper to be within striking distance of Little Rock, Ark.

December 5.—Hood's line of battle is within two miles of Nashville, Murfreesboro, Bridgeport and Chattanooga are deemed safe. Commodore Fitch is at Nashville with a fleet of gunboats to co-operate with the Federal forces.

A Government steamer arrived at Fortress Monroe, and brought advices from Sherman to the 2d. Sherman's cavalry advance was within six miles of Savannah. Sherman occupied Millen, and his cavalry was scouting several miles out from the town. Most extraordinary efforts were being made for the defense of Savannah.

In the county of Marin, within a circuit of about four miles, upwards of 200 cows perished in the late storm. They were so weak from lack of sufficient food that they succumbed to the chilling blasts.

The miners at Howland Flat, Cal., have been on a "strike" in consequence of a reduction of wages from \$3 50 to \$3 a day.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Savage, Chollar and Hale & Norcross mines have suspended operations for the present. The two former have their ore-houses full; the latter stops work on account of the accumulation of snow on the premises.

At Iowa Flat, Cal., a few days since, Joseph Potect struck Jacob Lout with the edge of a shovel, cutting a deep gash in his forehead. A dispute relative to a mining claim led to the encounter. Lout's recovery is doubtful. Potect was arrested.

Two men named John McMahon and Frank Jefferson were killed, and another named Colby badly bruised, by a caving in of dirt in the American claim at Chile Gulch, Cal., Dec. 1st.

A little daughter of S. M. Hitchcock who resides near Santa Rosa, (says the *Sonoma Democrat*), while playing with a quill-whistle, got it into her windpipe. Surgeons are unable to remove the quill, and the child's condition is precarious.

Judge De la Guerra, says the *Wilmington Star*, has decided that greenbacks are a legal tender in payment of debts contracted before Congress passed the Act authorizing their issuance. Judge McKune, of the Fourth District Court, has rendered a similar decision.

The Senator brought from San Pedro to this city, during the past month, 7,500 sacks of corn. Pretty good export for a "starved-out" locality.

Recently the cabin of O. A. Beeler, near West Point, was robbed of flour, clothing, etc., valued at about \$100.

A huge California lion paid a visit, lately, to James Danly, of Warm Springs, Nevada. Danly immediately took a position on the roof of his domicile, and the uninvited guest reared himself on a quarter of beef which hung against the wall.

The body of a man named Smith was found recently, near Angels, Cal., under circumstances which left no doubt that he had been murdered.

Capt. J. E. Carnes, while out rabbit-shooting, near Silver City, fell into a shaft which the snow had concealed, and was killed. Carnes was a pioneer, and in both California and Nevada was highly respected.

The house of a man named Garity, at Iowa Hill, was entered, recently, and robbed of coin and jewelry. Two colored men have been arrested, and a portion of the stolen property found in possession of one of them.

A workman named Weeks, at Goss & Lambard's foundry, Sacramento, was caught in the machinery and severely injured about the head.

A piece of petrified honey-comb has been found sixteen feet below the surface in a mining claim on Greenhorn creek, Cal.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

Supervisor McCoppin last week tendered his resignation to the Board in consequence of their action in the matter of the Pacific Railroad bonds. A number of the heaviest tax-payers in his district signed a card requesting him to remain in the Board to guard their interests, and subsequently the Board unanimously passed a resolution requesting him to withdraw his resignation. So Mr. McCoppin still continues at his post.

The first number of the *California Youth's Companion* made its appearance last Saturday. It is a non-sectarian family journal, devoted to the advancement of the youth of our city, and is to be published weekly, by Messrs. Smith & Edgar. This number contains a handsome engraving of the new Grammar School on Bush street. The proprietors deserve success.

The body of Edward McCall, a native of Canada, was found hanging from a tree near the Six-mile House, on Saturday last. It was probably a case of suicide.

The annual election for Third Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department, took place last Monday, and resulted in favor of Thomas Finnerty, of Washington House No. 1.

A new steamship to be called *Del Norte*, is being built at Hunter's Point by Capt. Owens. It is intended to run her between San Francisco and Humboldt. She will be launched on the 13th inst.

Frederick D. Kohler, a pioneer San Franciscan, and at one time Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, died in this city last Tuesday. His remains were followed to the grave by the Pioneer Association and a large delegation of the Fire Department.

Judge Sheppard sentenced a Chinaman to pay \$100 or go to the County Jail for forty days, for borrowing an umbrella without the consent of its owner.

Frank Rivers, the forger of Paymasters' checks, whose financial operations we recorded last week, has been held for trial before the County Court on two charges, his bail being fixed at \$2,000 in each case.

The valuation of church property in this city is estimated to be as follows: Protestant, \$327,320; Catholic, including colleges, \$592,075.

The fall of rain this season, up to Friday morning, amounts to about eight inches.

The Monitor *Camanche* is nearly ready for action.

The Grand Ball of the Fire Department, which was advertised to take place on the 8th, has been postponed to Thursday evening, 29th inst., in consequence of the death of ex-Chief Engineer Kohler.

DR. LIBBEY, a gentleman of many years practice in the Dental profession, a capable and proficient Dentist, has recently opened a fine suite of rooms directly opposite the main entrance of the Russ House, on Montgomery street. We direct public attention to his card, elsewhere.

J. R. MEAD & Co's.—Received ex steamer *Constitution* a large invoice of clothing, consisting of new style cape overcoats, cashmere and dress vests, Beaver suits, Business suits, Robe de chambrés, etc. J. R. M. & Co. pride themselves on the make and finish of their imported clothing, and can dress a gentleman *a la mode* in the most unexceptionable manner.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charrière of Paris, Surgical Mechanist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

THE COURT CIRCLE IN PARIS HAS RECOGNIZED the superiority of Phalon & Sons' Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CERUEUS" over all the perfumes manufactured in that capital of Fashion's Empire, and by the next steamer a number of cases will be forwarded for the use of the Empress and the Prince Imperial.

Manufactured by PHALON & SON, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

* HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Everybody is going to buy HOLIDAY PRESENTS, at extremely low prices, at FELDBUSH & CO's, because they have the largest assortment and most magnificent display of FANCY GOODS AND TOYS ever seen in any part of the world, which are now being unpacked and offered for sale at wholesale, at No. 531 Washington street, and retail at No. 207 Montgomery street, in Russ House Block, San Francisco.

KOHLER'S GREAT SALE OF RICH HOLIDAY GOODS.—Platt's Hall is to be transformed into a Bazaar on Wednesday and Thursday next, for the exhibition and sale of Kohler's immense stock of recently imported fine French and European fancy articles, which have arrived too late for the whole sale demand. The display of rich and elegant Fancy articles, Bohemian Ware, Vases, Flacons, Liqueur and Toilet sets, Statuary, Paintings, Toilet and Lace Boxes, Plated-ware, Ornaments, etc., will excel any similar exhibit ever offered to the San Francisco public. Messrs. Cobb & Sinton will act as Auctioneers. The sale is announced in our advertising columns.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—Six pounds White Granulated Sugar, \$1; nine pounds Cooking Sugar, \$1; seven pounds Cooking Raisins, \$1; six-pound boxes Raisins, \$1; six pounds Currants, \$1; eight pounds new Dried Apples, \$1; seven pounds Prunes, \$1; seven pounds California Dried Peaches, \$1; four pounds Green Coffee, \$1; nine pounds Rice, \$1. Teas—Oolong, 75 cents per pound; Family Mixture, 75 cents; Mandarin Oolong, \$1; strong and fine-flavored Breakfast Tea, \$1; new crop Japan Tea, 90 cents; very choice Green Teas, \$1. Fresh Ground Coffee, for family use, 35 cents; Bahbitt's pure Cream Tartar, 60 cents; Saleratus, 12 cents; Preston & Merrill's Yeast Powder, 25 cents per box; McMurray's Oysters, 40 cents; and numerous other articles cheap for cash, at HASKELL'S NEW MAMMOTH TEA STORE, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market. Open every evening till further notice.

SOMETHING INTERESTING.—The following list comprises the best articles of their kind in use:

Nelson's Extract of Roses and Rosemary;
Lawrence & Co's Patent Improved Flesh Gloves and Straps;
The Oxford Washing Pad;
Burdett's Oriental Tooth Wash;
Chevalier's Life for the Hair;
Quintessence of English Garden Lavender Flowers.

For particulars see advertising columns. These articles are prepared and sold by H. P. WAKELEE, Importer and Manufacturer, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, San Francisco.

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the discourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-plas, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc16-1f

STACY, Proprietor.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every namable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

A. Kohler,

424 Sansome street, and 622 Washington street,

HAS JUST UNPACKED

SIXTY-SEVEN CASES

—OF THE—

RICHEST KIND

Of Bohemian Glasswares,

Which he will sell at auction prices. no12-1f

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—

First Premium,

—ON—

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,



Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,

DINING ROOM AND

OFFICE FURNITURE,

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 523 Washington street.

no12

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FOR

EVERYBODY!

KOHLER SELLING OUT!

THAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
FANCY GOODS!

Articles de Paris, TOYS, etc., selected by A. KOHLER, While in Europe, is now being unpacked, and is offered for sale

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

The most magnificent display of Fancy Goods ever seen in San Francisco.

Wholesale Store, No. 424 SANSOME STREET.

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Insurance Company,

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE

BY FIRE,

On Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$750,000

ALL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

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J. HUNT, President.

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oc8

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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street, Between Montgomery and Kearny. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. dc3

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THE FASHION

LIVERY STABLES OF PORTER & COVEY, the Pioneer Proprietors in California, have removed their old Stand on Kearny street to No. 16 SUTTER STREET, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

The finest teams can be obtained at this establishment at all hours of the day and night. dc3-1m

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

au27-1f

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FOR SALE!

COMPRISING TWO 50-VARA LOTS ON THE NORTH side of Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth, fronting also on Clementina street. Will be sold entire, or in subdivisions of 25 by 80 feet.

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619 Montgomery street

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\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the laaveator,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

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\$300!



\$300!

NEW SEVEN-OCTAVE PIANOS,

OF THE BEST AMERICAN MAKERS,

For Three Hundred Dollars and upwards, at WALTER S. PIERCE & Co's Pianoforte Warerooms, No. 26 Montgomery street, Opposite the Lick House. oc8

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after NOVEMBER 8th, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 2:30 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,

no12

General Superintendent

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of DECEMBER, 1864:

DECEMBER 13th, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,

oc29

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

DECEMBER 12th!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

VIA NICARAGUA!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamer

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander, FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, - - - - - DECEMBER 12th,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 Tons, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

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Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper of a superior quality and weight is being made

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL on the Continent.

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BUY THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let every lover of choice literature throughout the States and Territories of the Pacific coast

READ THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let no family be without this paper, which, as an Eastern cotemporary remarks, is creditable to the people who sustain it. Therefore,

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial Street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the \$500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets
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Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever.

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY AND CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE OF PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFUL, weekly.

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ALL FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

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DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

sc10-11

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

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Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, \$1. Sold by all Druggists.

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATIONFOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING

AND

DRESSING

THE

Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different, from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

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NELSON'S EXTRACT OF Roses and Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryonic state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. sc24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S

PATENT IMPROVED

Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR

Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by

H. P. WAKELEE,

sc24

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THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing Stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing. Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by

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Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

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Cash Capital and Surplus \$750,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH.

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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Regular Sale Days - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

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San Francisco, October 120, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, Auctioneer. ju11-3m

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IMPORTERS OF

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THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, December 17, 1864.

RAIN has been so abundant during the past week, and Chinese umbrellas have come into such universal use, that Montgomery street has presented the appearance of an animated meadow, alive with peripatetic mushrooms.

The simile is an excellent one, because mushrooms always spring up after a shower, and it is well known that rain makes "mush" of the streets and room for the street cleaners to do their kindly offices.

There be people who regret the continuance of the rain, which has already lasted nearly forty days and forty nights, apprehensive of another deluge. Let it come. The world has not been well washed since the flood, and its Augean corners stand sadly in need of cleaning.

An ingenious Frenchman once assigned as a reason for not drinking water, that ever since the deluge it had a sad flavor of sinners. What a taste, then, would be lent to lakes and rivers by a submersion of the present population! I can mention six, who, soaked in the sea, would make it saltier than it now is by considerable.

Beyond the rain I have little to chronicle, if we except McCoppin's resignation and its subsequent withdrawal.

Why my friend resigned is a puzzle to me. I have seen him several times at the Board, when circumstances made it necessary for me to wait upon that body in an official capacity, and he always looked resigned enough then, without any further procedure. Besides, he had served a long time at the Board—though I believe he never was a time-server—and after having stood the Supervisors for five years I should have thought he might stand them for ten.

It cannot be denied that the Board of Supervisors is not a very cheerful place to spend all one's Monday evenings in, but there's nothing like getting used to a thing.

My own impression is, that he got mad and resigned because Stanford would not acknowledge the Market-street Railroad as a branch of the Pacific Railroad.

It was absurd to expect such a thing of Stanford, because we all know it is not his Mission.

The rains have done a good service for those who are accustomed to holiday-gifts, for had they not come, stockings might as well have been hung up on clothes lines as in chimney corners. Better, perhaps, for then they would have been out of the reach of the maliciously inclined.

I have some "feet" that I'd like to put in somebody else's stockings this year.

But the rains have filled purses as well as pans, and the holiday trade this year promises to be brisk.

HOLIDAY THINGS.

Yesterday I ventured to beard the Captain in his den and visited Tucker's old stand. A wagon-load of plate standing before the door convinced me that there is indeed a "vain for the silver"—as THE CALIFORNIAN's motto has it. Ten clerks were busy in packing up jewelry to go to the interior—to be

worn on the exterior, however—and ten porters were running around with parcels for city delivery.

My purchases were light, owing to the fact that no one connected with the establishment was willing to take Wide West at its par value. But I looked at everything in the store and determined what I would have bought had my credit been good, so that perplexity was off my mind.

A large music box attracted my attention. Next to having a wife who plays the piano I fancy it would be a good thing to have that music-box in the house. In fact, I don't know but that this box is better, for it obviates the necessity of having a young music-master around. It never turns on music unless you set it a-going, and if you wish to stop it suddenly you can do so by throwing a boot at it—which you couldn't do to your wife.

So instead of a musical wife I think I'll get a music-box—the chances being less of getting into a bad-box than in the other event. "Playing" may be an accomplishment in a woman, but for steady house-keeping one that can work is better.

Roman has an assortment of books for the holidays to which I would call the public attention if he did not advertise them in another column—in the light of that fact people might think me partial.

But I cannot avoid remarking that he has got one of the best ordered and best fitted stores that I have ever seen in any city. Peculiarly adapted for holiday presents are some fine editions of English standard works, bound in half-calf, antique—a decided improvement, by the way, on the whole-ealf modern of late authors.

On gift-books, gorgeous as their binding and oriental as their style is, I don't go much generally, but among his stock I notice *The Dusseldorf Gallery* and Dore's *Don Quixote*. These works offer the ambitious young man of rich but respectable parents an opportunity for investment, so far as his Dulcinea is concerned, which like the pills and plasters of latter-day notoriety "cannot fail to produce the desired effect."

Of Children's books Roman's stock is large and varied, of picture books, especially; these are printed on cloth and cannot be well torn or destroyed unless previously chewed or soaked in the water-pitcher—a slow process which the infantile mind is too impatient to take. In addition to the books proper there are what may be denominated as book-toys, block-maps and such things, one in particular called *The Magic Wheel*. By this ingenious little contrivance and the aid of a mirror the child has dancing jacks and waltzing pelicans and skipping girls in infinite variety, the wonder of it being that they seem to be standing still one way and going the other when the converse of that proposition is the fact.

Dry goods men are not having a very lively time this year, a truth which is strikingly illustrated by the many announcements of "selling off."

The uncertainty of San Francisco trade is also shown by a fact which was demonstrated to me yesterday. Last year at this time there was not an evening dress to be had in town; the Russian Ball drained the last one and left a demand then. This year they can scarcely be given away, and the same with other costly and rare articles of the feminine wardrobe.

By the kindness of my friend Austin I was shown through the store of that firm of which Schmitt is the partner. I went through all its lanes and byeways, "up and down stairs" and everywhere but "in the lady's chamber," and discovered for the first time in my life that the establishment is a wholesale as well as a retail one, and that Schmitt is a man and not a myth, living among bales and cords of goods in the upper stories.

Had I been a woman I should have left the store distracted or never have left it at all. Such robes! There was one in particular, a cherry color with a trimming of what seemed point-lace around it, but which in reality was an imitation of lace in uncut velvet, woven into the silk.

I can imagine myself a woman, and in that dress, and a young man making propositions to support me, while I pointed to the robe which enveloped me, asking him if he could keep

that gait going, and shaking its heavy folds and him if he replied in the negative. The house, on account of the large stock on hand, is selling out at cost, and if I remember rightly the cost of the robe in question was \$250! A law ought to be lobbied through the Legislature by the Husband Protecting Union to suppress the exhibition of such things.

I also saw poplins—an excellent thing to be backed by when one "pops"—Irish poplins, so heavy that porters are required to carry the train; fur capes that reach the figure of \$1,000; cashmere shawls, which require mere cash of the same amount to buy them; point lace sets of a point which I couldn't see were I a "provider," unless I owned a quartz-mill, besides other laces of which I shall not speak, my knowledge of the article going only to shoe-laces and stopping first short of stay-laces.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

Monday evening witnessed the re-appearance of Mrs. Edwin upon the stage of the Opera House and the commencement of an engagement by Mr. Courtaine, the piece of the occasion being *Little Barefoot*, succeeded by *The Toddlekin*.

Both Mrs. Edwin and Mr. Courtaine met with a warm reception at the hands of their many friends and admirers.

Little Barefoot is a companion-piece to *Fanchon*, and was written for Maggie Mitchell, I think; anyway, it is one of her famous characters. It is a quiet domestic little piece: a little barefoot girl who has a half-idiot for a brother, having been educated by her father in virtue's ways and especially in the art of blowing out a candle, secures a good-looking and rich young husband, much to the discomfort of a dashing companion who flouts her—quite in the Cinderella way. A very inartistic turn is given to the play, however, when the Barefoot goes to win the old farmer over to consent to his son's marriage. The farmer meets her in the lane, and finding that her errand is to ask a favor of him, endeavors to pass himself off for some one else, abusing the farmer roundly as a crabbed old miser. But Barefoot knows him, and artfully turns his flank by taking up for the farmer strongly. This is scarcely in accordance with the frankness and simplicity which is held up in the beginning as Barefoot's strongest suit.

Mr. Mayo played the idiot of the piece very well, Mrs. Edwin was up to her usual standard, and Mr. Courtaine won the plaudits at the close which his "double" shared in the first scene. Mrs. Perry did the flirt as well as though she had rehearsed the character in private life quite frequently.

In *The Toddlekins* the principal characters were taken by Mrs. Saunders and Mr. Courtaine, and were very well rendered. The Toddlekin, a charming little girl of forty-eight years, with a red nose, who skips about the room like a lame lamb and lisp and calls her step-father papa, created a deal of amusement.

At the Opera House, preparations are going on for the production next week of *The Magnolia*, a Tale of the Bayou. This is a piece very much of *The Octoroon* order; slaves are in it and bloodhounds, and everything is expected to be very thrilling. It will be put upon the stage with great scenic effect and all the accessories which the manager is so competent to summon and control. This afternoon and evening they play *The Idiot of the Mountain*—the old story of some man who went up to Washoe and invested, I suppose—with the afterpiece of *An Alarming Sacrifice*.

On Monday evening next the Academy will be opened by a joint-stock company, who have obtained a lease of the building—the Bell-ringers vacating it, and the forthcoming Opera being transferred to Platt's Hall. The company is identical with the old one of the Metropolitan Theatre, with the exception of Mrs. Jordan, who does not appear—a fact that the public will regret. Miss Fanny Brown is to be the leading lady.

Charles Wheatleigh has returned to town after the completion of a successful engagement at Victoria, and is soon to commence an engagement at the Opera House. He comes home loaded down with "British gold." I congratulate the lovers of good acting on his return, the more especially that he has a pocket full of new plays, which will prove a delightful change in the dramatic dictionary.

INIGO.

MIDSUMMER-DAY SCENE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat long ago in that place!
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog slumbered on the floor,
Where the sun, after noon, would steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the head so fair
Of his dear grandchild was pressed.
His frosty locks mid her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer-day!

—[C. G. Eastman.]

BEN'S BEAR.

THIRTY years ago, my father, a half-pay captain, emigrated to Lower Canada. He bought a farm in the vicinity of Staustead, where he settled with a family of three boys and as many girls. There were too many of us for his means in England, where boys often cost more than they are worth—and possibly this is sometimes true of girls. Brother Ben was nineteen when we went into the bush: a brave boy, and a good leader for his younger brothers, and a good protector for his sisters, who were younger still.

We had a log-house as most settlers had then, to begin with. It was quite an aristocratic edifice for that region, having three large rooms, while most log-houses had but two rooms, and many but one. It was ceiled with hemlock bark, smooth side towards the rooms, for we were to spend one winter in it. We moved to our "opening" the first of May, and had the summer before us. We were full of spirit and hope. A new country and a new life, with all before you to conquer, and the consciousness of strength to make the conquest, is a constant inspiration.

Ben's bear was his first winning in the game which he had set himself to play with the wild nature of the woods. I was then ten years old, and that bear is the one thing that stands out most clearly in the dim distance of thirty years ago. Ben had shot the mother bear, and the same ball that killed her, killed one of the cubs; the other he brought home in his bosom. "Poor little fellow," he said, "he is too young to mourn for his mother, and I intend to be a mother to him." And he kept his word.

The small beast slept with Ben, always laying his nose over Ben's shoulder. He grew apace; I used to think we could see him grow. He was very fond of milk and butter, and he ate bread and milk, and mush and milk, with avidity. During the first winter, his was a numbed sort of half life. In the early spring he was a happy bear, going everywhere with his master, and only miserable if he lost sight of him. He was entirely obedient to my brother, and always woke him in the morning. As my father was about to build a frame-house, he sent Ben to buy material of a man who had a saw-mill in the next town. This was Bruin's first affliction, for he could not accompany his master. Ben stole away from him, and when the bear knew that he was gone, he began to search for him. He went to my brother's bed, and, beginning at the head, inserted his nose under the sheets and blankets, and came out at the foot; then he turned and reversed the process. This strange search he would keep up by the hour, if he were not shut out of the room. He took possession of his master's clothes and other belongings, and used them so roughly, still seeking for their owner—inserting himself into legs of trousers and sleeves of coats—that my mother locked everything in a wardrobe. Nothing of Ben's was left out, except a large folio Bible, which rested on the top of the wardrobe, six or seven feet from the floor. Up this, the bear contrived to climb, and taking the Bible in tender embrace, he curled himself up, and dropped to the floor with it. My mother attempted to take it from him, but for the first time he showed fight. Many blows from the broomstick were administered, but the bear held fast to the book, and my mother came off second best in the contest. This was fatal to her authority, as we discovered afterwards.

When Ben came back, the bear's joy knew no bounds. He lost his love for the sacred volume, and had no care what became of it. He showed his disrespect for my mother by taking the butter from the tea-table and eating it before her eyes. Ben gave him a drubbing for the robbery, and he submitted to Ben's authority, but butter and honey, and sweets of all kinds, were appropriated, if Ben were not at hand to enforce good behavior. My mother was very unhappy, between her love for Ben, and her fear of Bruin. She grew

miserably afraid of the bear, and, what was worse, the bear knew it. She complained to Ben; but he only said, "Mother, you have only to be resolute with him. Ellen can drive him away from the table, because she is not afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him," said my mother, "and I think he will do me harm yet."

"Give him a taste of a hot poker, mother, and I'll answer for him afterwards."

"I would not try it for the world," said my mother.

The bear had his own way very completely, till a circumstance occurred which resulted more favorably for the peace of the family than my mother's mild remonstrances. We had a neighbor, a Mr. Bennett, who had a very lovely daughter of seventeen. Ben fell in love with her, as in duty bound, she being the prettiest girl in the New World. He had been unable to get any clue to her sentiments towards him. She had spent a considerable portion of the past year with a married sister, in Stanstead, and Ben and the brother-in-law being friends, it was there my brother had seen her. Her coolness towards him was a great torment to an impulsive lover. I believe Ben would have served seven years merely to know how she regarded him. At last he lapsed into a state so unhappy and anxious that even his bear could not comfort him. About this time Alice Bennett came home to remain, and in neighborly kindness, she, and a young sister, came to visit us. She had never seen Ben's bear, and did not even know of its existence. Ben shut Bruin into his bedroom in compliment to our guests, and the afternoon passed pleasantly to all but the prisoner. When the time came for Alice and her sister to go home, my brother and I prepared to bear them company through the woods to their opening. Ben incautiously opened his bedroom for his hat, never thinking of Bruin, and came running to catch us. The liberated bear ran after his master, and jumped for joy upon him, hugging him after the manner of bears. Alice turned and saw Ben in the (to her) terrible embrace. She shrieked as a girl with a good voice only can shriek, but instead of running away, she rushed up to my brother, and tried to help him like a brave girl, crying, "Dear, dear Ben, you will be killed."

My brother threw off the beast, and caught the fainting Alice to his glad heart, saying, "Dear Alice, he is a tame bear, do not be afraid."

The poor girl looked like a broken white lily, she was so frightened at herself and the bear. She could hardly realize that the bear was harmless, and she was ashamed of having been betrayed into such an avowal of a tenderness for Ben. When she recovered her wits, she said, "O, I'll never come here again."

"Indeed you will," said Ben. "I'll banish Bruin, or imprison him, or do anything you wish."

It was surprising how clear-sighted Ben became regarding faults on the bear's part that he had hitherto made light of. My mother had no need to complain of stolen butter, or a highway robbery of honey on its way from the pantry to the tea-table. Ben suddenly discovered that his pet was a nuisance. "I don't see how you have borne with him so long, mother," he said, in the most considerate manner, when he had taken a plum-pudding from a plate in my mother's hands, and made his way to the woods with it.

"I am glad you saw him take it," said my mother.

"He must have a prison," said Ben.

And so it came to pass that the poor bear was chained, in the centre of the space that had been cleared and levelled for our new house, with the light surveyor's chain used to measure land. The bear immediately described a circle, limited by the length of his chain, which he walked over, turning a somersault always at one point, and only stopping to eat, or pay attention to Ben, if he came in his vicinity. Why he inaugurated this particular and peculiar exercise I am unable to say, but I have often noticed a tame bear keep up the circle and the somersault hour after hour, and day after day. He did not tug at his chain, nor quarrel with it, as we poor mortals do with chains, but apparently accepted it as a provision of Ben's superior wisdom. This view of the case, if he took it, was sure to be abandoned at bedtime, when he would inevitably break his chain, to get into his master's bedroom. His indomitable desire to lie on the foot of Ben's bed or to hug an old vest under it, was sure to make him break away from any breakable restraint. Therefore a prison was made for him. It was made of small logs, "cobbled up;" that is, the ends notched with an axe, and the end of a log fitted into each notch. The roof was of boards destined for the new house, held in place by heavy stones. The first night the poor beast occupied his new den, he raised the boards in his struggle to get out, impelled by the desire to seek his master. He got his head out, and then hung by his neck, and so was choked to death. I shed some tears for him, and my mother rejoiced. I think Ben was not very sorry. Under other circumstances he would have mourned for the loss of his sublimely ugly pet; but he had a new and life long pet in prospect—perhaps many other pets after that—and he has had no need of, and no place for, a bear.

To most men experience is like the sternlights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

DEATH OF JASMIN, THE BARBER POET.

THE following sketch of the author of *Las Papillotos*, we take from the London *Ecaminer* of October 14th:

Jacques Jasmin, the famous Gascon poet, died last week at Agen, his native town, aged sixty-six. His grandfather was a beggar, his father a hump-backed tailor—in his own words: *D'un pere bossu, d'une mere boiteuse naquit un enfant—et cet enfant etait—Moi.* A priest educated him, but destiny made him a barber; and on a bright blue flag, bordered with gold, in crossing the street near the entrance of the Promenade du Gravier, at Agen, might, till a few days back, be read the words, "Jasmin, coiffeur." This hair-dresser, whose poetical recitations were worth all the talk of the whole of his fraternity, who never refused to perform the usual duties of his trade, and never denied his humble origin, received, in his time, a laurel crown of gold from St. Clemeuce Isaure, Toulouse; a golden cup from Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals from Louis Philippe; an emerald ring, once worn by the King's lamented heir, the Duke of Orleans; and personal compliments from high and low. Jasmin began his poetical career (1825) by a poem called *Mi cal mouari*, (I must die,) which proved him to be an easy and lively versifier. In 1835 appeared *Las Papillotos*, (The Curl Papers,) and in 1836 the famous *L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé*, (The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé,) the history of a girl abandoned by her lover on her being struck blind—highly eulogised by the French publicist, M. de Saint Beuve. In 1840, Jasmin went to Paris to recite his poems, and he obtained—it is understood through the late Duchess of Orleans—a pension of a thousand francs from M. de Salvandy, then Minister of the Interior. He also received shortly afterwards the Cross of the Legion of Honor, but declined to accept any employment which would take him away from his "Sweet South," and his hairdressing business. He travelled from town to town of the south reciting his poetry like an ancient troubadour. "I am indeed a troubadour," he once said in the innocence of his heart, "but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Franconeto*." This poem was produced in 1840; *Martha la Folle*, in 1844; *Les Deux Frères Jumeaux*, in 1845; *La Semaine d'un Fils*, in 1849. This latter was a remarkable poem. Then we have *Ma Vigne* (My Vine,) a letter to Madame Louis Veill at Paris, in which the poet charmingly describes his birds, his flowers, his fruit, etc., and in the most naïve manner confesses that, whereas in his youth he had stolen much fruit, he, by way of repentance, now allowed himself to be robbed. Jasmin was a great reciter—an improvisatore of passionate gestures and extraordinary play of feature—and evidence of his talents in this respect is afforded in a very interesting account which was given of an interview with him in the *Bearn and the Pyrenees* of Miss Costello, who in that work, gave English versions of several of his poems. "I am accused of vanity," he exclaimed on the occasion of this interview, "but I am a child of nature and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation of success, which I let everybody see." Jasmin was, in short, extremely vain, full of southern passionateness of a somewhat childish character; but he was a kind-hearted, worthy man, who never disclaimed his origin, but whose pride it was to have been able to support his parents; who was never above "frizzling hair," as was said of him, though he wore the Legion of Honor; and who was always kindly and charitable to those whom he never refused to own as his brethren—the poorest of the poor. Jasmin, it must be added, had received—besides several medals from academies, etc.—the Spanish Order of Isabella the Catholic, and the Order of Gregory the Great from Pope Pius IX., for the poet's devotion to religion. His last work was another volume of *Papillotos*, published last year.

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DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

'Eye Salve!'

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, \$1. Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

(For the Californian.)

LITTLE NELLY.

O BONNIE, winsome Nell,
With footsteps like the fawn,
We love thy bright face well
As skylarks love the dawn;
What prophet e'er unveil
Thy hidden destiny?
Who guide thy fluttering sail
O'er Time's unresting sea?

Painted like primrose-tips
Is thy young glowing cheek,
And on thy rose-leaf lips
A bee might honey seek;
The violet's leafy lid
Hath not so soft a hue,
As when thine eyes—half-hid—
Peep their dark fringes through!

Never did sunset-cloud
So bright a ray unfold,
Never had silk-worm's shroud
So fine a web of gold,
Never did tassel shine
Or silken tangle curl,
Fair as thy ringlets twine,
My darling little girl!

Never should jewels hide
Thy water-lily brow,
Nor glittering gems should wind
Thy tiny neck of snow;
But leaves from the green pines
That grow upon the hills,
Sweet flowers and mossy vines
That twine about the rills;
Snow-drops and berries red,
Things wild and pure and free,
Shells that the blue tides spread,
Seem all more meet for thee.

Oh, for an angel's hand,
To hold thine hour-glass,
While slow, love's precious sand
Through long bright years may pass;
An angel hand to bless
To guard thee day and night
And from this wilderness,
Go with thee in thy flight!

EMILIE LAWSON.

WITTY JUDGMENTS OF THE DUKE OF OSSUNNA.

THE Duke of Ossunna, viceroy at Naples for the king of Spain, to whom the Neapolitan territory was then subject, acquired great celebrity for the tact and wisdom of the judgments he delivered. This nobleman, on visiting the galleys one festival day for the purpose of liberating a captive, according to use and wont, found all the prisoners loud in asserting their innocence. One declared that his condemnation was the work of enemies; another asserted that he had been informally and unjustly convicted; a third declared that he had been mistaken for another person; and so on. All declared themselves guiltless as cradled babes. At last the duke came to one man who took a very different tone. "I do not believe, my noble lord," said he, "that there is a greater rascal in all Naples than myself. They were too lenient with me to send me to the galleys." The duke, hearing these words, turned immediately round to the keeper of the galleys, and exclaimed, "Loose this scoundrel's chain, and turn him immediately about his business. If he is allowed to stay, he will certainly corrupt these honest, innocent men here. Take him away." While his orders were being obeyed, he wheeled round to the other captives, and said to them, with the most civil air imaginable, "Gentlemen, I have no doubt you will thank me for ridding you of this pestilent fellow. He might have undermined your innocence."

The Duke of Ossunna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotical even in his good doings. Ferromelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse, and brought it to the owner. Ferromelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles, had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Ossunna. The duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferromelle, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles? No, no. The truth is, the purse cannot be yours. Your purse had fifty pis-

toles, and this had but twenty. This purse cannot be yours." The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring!"—"Nonsense!" exclaimed the duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring, like yours? Here, good woman," continued he, addressing the old woman, "take you the purse, and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he said his had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but, as has been said, this was a very Haroun-Alraschid-like kind of a decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sols, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a camelopard's. While thus marching, a porter, carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware! which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of fagots, and one of them fell off in the concussion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the viceroy. The duke knew that porters usually cry "Beware," and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the word, though de Sols avouched the contrary. The duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the duke immediately said to de Sols, "what can I do to this poor fellow! You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why then, did you not beware?" replied the duke, and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses, and a fine to the poor.

THE "EMERALDS" OF HISTORY.

"Of all green things, which bounteous earth supplies,
Nothing in greenness with the emerald vies."
—Marbodius, A.D. 1081.

THE great beauty of the Emerald has always attracted admiration. Among gems it takes rank after the diamond and the Oriental ruby, and it is nearly as hard as the topaz. It is almost exclusively indebted for its value to its charming color, which is, in general, well characterized by that pure and velvety hue, which has hence received the name of *emerald green*. It, however, varies somewhat, inclining, at times, to verdigris or grass green, and frequently becoming rather pale. This fine color is occasioned by the presence of about one per cent. of the oxide of chrome, to which, indeed, may be attributed the principal distinction between it and the beryl. Fine specimens are so rare, and in such demand, that a particular suit has been known to have passed into the possession of a series of purchasers, and to have made the tour of Europe, in the course of half a century.

The opinion has prevailed among writers on gems that the true emerald was unknown in Europe prior to the conquests of Mexico and Peru—in the first third of the sixteenth century—the contrary, however, is the fact; for, as we shall presently see, the ancients were abundantly supplied, not merely with it, but, also, with the *green ruby*—a much harder, and a much rarer stone.

Although some doubt exists as to the correctness of the translation, we find the emerald (*Nophech*, in Hebrew) mentioned several times in the Bible. It was the first stone in the second row of the breast-plate of the High Priest; it was used as a signet or seal; and as an ornament of clothing and bedding. It is frequently spoken of in the "Book of Revelations" as one of the foundations of Jerusalem, and it is compared to the rainbow round the Throne.

A large uncut emerald adorns the Iron Crown of Lombardy, made at the end of the sixth century, and which has never been altered since that period; an emerald, also, appears in the Cross of Lotharius, a work of the ninth century; and in the Crown of Hungary, of the tenth. History describes one in the tiara of the Sovereign Pontiff—when in Paris, in 1804—consisting of a cylinder, about two inches in length, by two and a quarter broad, which is believed to have been brought from Africa, as it bears the name of Julius the Second, who died twenty-nine years before the conquest of Peru, and eighteen years before that of Mexico.

The Romans derived their principal supply from the Zebrah mines, in the vicinity of Coptos, Egypt—extensive traces of these workings are described by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, by whom several specimens were deposited in the British Museum. Inferior emeralds were also obtained from the Isle of Cyprus. Pliny states that when Lucullus landed at Alexandria, Ptolemy presented him with a large emerald having his portrait engraved on it. The Emperor Nero, who labored under myopia, was accustomed to view the combats of the gladiators through an emerald hollowed out at the back, thus acting as a concave lens, to assist his sight in watching the distant scene, below his seat, in the amphitheatre. As an illustration of the high esteem in which emeralds were held, as well as of the profusion of jewelry worn by Roman ladies in the first century, we are told by a cotemporary historian that: "Lollia

Panlina, once the wife of the Emperor Caligula, shone in altars of emeralds and pearls over all her head, her ears, her neck; necklace, and fingers;" the value of all of which amounted in our money to upwards of two millions of dollars!—"which she was ready to attest, by the production of the vouchers for the prices paid!"

Mexico has produced crystals of rare beauty, which were no less appreciated by the rulers of the Aztecs than were those of Peru by its Incas. Among the royal fifth of the spoils of Mexico, which Cortez sent to the Emperor Charles the Fifth (May 15th, 1522) was an emerald cut in pyramidal form, as broad as the palm of the hand; but, alas! the ship, containing the treasure was captured by a French privateer, and the rich spoils of the Aztecs went into the coffers of his most Christian Majesty Francis the First, who gazed, with pardonable envy, on the wealth which his imperial rival drew from his colonial domains, and intimated his discontent (says Preston) by peevishly expressing a desire "to see the clause in Adam's will which entitled his brothers of Castile and Portugal to divide the New World between them." On his return to Spain, Cortez sought a second wife, and paid his addresses to Doña Juana de Zuniga, niece of the Duke de Bejar. One of his presents to his youthful bride excited the admiration and the envy of the fairer part of the court; this was five emeralds of wonderful size and brilliancy—one of these gems was as valuable as Solylock's Turquoise; for it some Genoese merchants (we are told by Gomara) offered Cortez forty thousand ducats. The same author gives a more particular account of these jewels, which may interest our readers, indicating, at the same time, the exquisite ingenuity of the natives, who, without steel, could cut so hard a material, and thereby enhance their original value. One emerald was in the form of a rose; the second in that of a horn; the third like a fish, with eyes of gold; the fourth was a little bell, with a fine pearl for the tongue, (and on the rim was this inscription, in Spanish: "Blessed is he who created thee;") and the fifth, which was the most valuable, was a small cup, with a foot of gold, and four little chains of the same metal attached to a large pearl as a button, the edge of the cup was of gold, on which was a Latin inscription. These emeralds were part of the treasure of the ill-fated Montezuma, and, being very portable, easily escaped the general wreck of the *noche triste*, or melancholy night that the Spaniards abandoned the capital. The wife of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, it is said—it may be but idle gossip of the court—intimated a desire to possess some of these baubles, and the preference which Cortez gave to his fair bride caused some feeling of estrangement in the royal bosom, which had an unfavorable influence on the future fortunes of the Marquess.

One of the largest emeralds that has been mentioned is said to have been possessed by the inhabitants of the Valley of Manta, in Peru—at the time of the Spanish conquest. It was the size of an ostrich's egg, and was worshipped by the natives as the "Goddess or Mother of Emeralds." Smaller ones were brought as offerings to it, which the priests distinguished by the appellation of "daughters." It fell into the hands of Pizarro, whose rude followers did not know the value of those picked up by them, as they broke many in pieces with hammers. They were led to this extraordinary proceeding by one of the Dominican missionaries, who assured them that it could not be broken; however, it was observed that the crafty Father did not subject his own collection to this experiment, and, as the stones consequently fell in value, he carried back a number of them to Panama. In the mine of Muso, in Tunca Valley, near Santa Fe de Bogota, (now a portion of the Republic of New Granada,) have been found some of the most magnificent specimens known to exist. A hexagonal prism, from that locality, upwards of three inches in length, and about two in diameter, has been for years an heirloom in the family of the Duke of Devonshire; it weighs nine ounces; and, although imperfect for the lapidary's purposes, it is admittedly the first crystallized emerald in Great Britain. In the same matchless collection there is a superb cameo emerald of extraordinary magnitude, cut into a full-faced Medusa's head, in very high relief. Prescott, also, alludes to the fair river of emeralds, in Ecuador, so called from the quarries of the beautiful gem on its borders, from which the Indian monarchs formerly enriched their treasures. Stevenson, who visited this part of the coast early in the present century, is profuse in his description of its untold wealth. In the district of Atacames this inflexible material seems to have been as ductile in the hands of the Peruvian artists as it was with the Aztecs.

Benvenuto Cellini, speaking of the antique gems he was in the habit of buying from the country people during his residence at home, tells us that he there obtained an emerald engraved with a horse's head, which he subsequently sold for "many hundred crowns." An exquisitely-cut stone is in the Hope Collection, in London, weighing six ounces, and perfect both in color and transparency; it is believed to be from Coimbatore, in the Presidency of Madras. In Queen Victoria's "Crown of State," there is an emerald seven inches round, which is of great value; and in the "Imperial Crown," constructed for her coronation, in addition to eleven huge emer-

alds, there are five rubies, seventeen sapphires, two hundred and seventy-seven pearls, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, set in gold and silver. Its gross weight (including a crimson velvet cap, and a white silk lining with ermine border) being thirty-nine and a quarter ounces. A fine specimen was presented by one of the Kings of Spain to the Church of Loretto, consisting of a mass of white quartz thickly implanted with emeralds. The Hindoos of the present day are very fond of the emerald, especially when found in pear-shape, and worn as an ear-drop. They also wear it in bracelets, and many a glorious gem of this species have they remorselessly ruined, by drilling a hole through it, for the purpose of stringing it as a bead; one of the finest known was thus to be seen martyred on the arm of Runjeet Singh. The fan presented by the Princess of Wales on her marriage, by that great Eastern, Dhuleep Singh, was laden with emeralds.

Hardly any other gem is so liable to defects, even the smallest Peruvian emerald, when cut, will show one or more flaws on its surface; indeed, the absence of any is, of itself, sufficient to excite the suspicion that it is merely an imitation, for no other precious stone can be so exactly counterfeited by a paste, and, in consequence of this great liability to defects, no gem varies so much in value. It becomes electric by being rubbed, and, when heated in the fire, it changes its color to a deep blue, but recovers its green when cold. They are considered to appear to the greatest advantage when table cut, and set in brilliants, the lustre of which forms an agreeable contrast to the quiet hue of the emerald. A favorite mode of setting, among the opulent inhabitants of Peru, is to make them up into clusters of artificial flowers, on gold stems. It is worthy of mention that the gem engravers of old were accustomed to refresh their wearied eyes by gazing, for some minutes upon an emerald kept by them for that purpose.

Pliny's description of an emerald (written in the first century) will form a suitable conclusion to this long article: "It emulates, if it does not surpass, the beauty of spring, and the eye, satiated by the dazzling glare of the more brilliant gems, is refreshed and strengthened by the quiet enlivening green of the emerald. No other color is so pleasing to the sight, for grass and green foliage we view with pleasure, but emeralds with so much the greater delight, as nothing whatever compared with them equals them in the intensity of its green." After reading this just panegyric, can any one doubt that Pliny was acquainted with the true emerald?—*Home Journal.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the American public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost Marshal's office in Barbadoes, and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story itself as a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of executions carried out upon the evidence of circumstances alone, and of exhibiting some of the strong as well as the weak points which characterize this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in molding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and the story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1824, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing master, was brought up before the local June Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing masters and mistresses; there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I cannot say. The unhappy man of whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. After a somewhat long residence in the island, he married a lady whose family name was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. The Frenchman was not a man of good character; he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill-use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill-feeling towards her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill-usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any scene of violence or recrimination between the parties; and while the dissolute

husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way, as was supposed. It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill-feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville. On the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her deprived partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as, for instance, fruit, soup, rare fish, etc. D'Egville recognized these attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the fluctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the instrument by which he was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of £500 old Barbadoes currency, i. e., about £330 sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said, "Yes; and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones!" Observe, that to be in possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats and wood-ants; indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisoning of wood-ants which infested one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been prosperous with the Frenchman of late; for he purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions: "Tell her to eat it herself, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn." This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning; Miss Llewellyn was dead also, and two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June Sessions in 1824. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General Beckles and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthurst (acting attorney-general) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defense on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of "Guilty;" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next session. Meantime, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions arrived (December, 1824,) Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formerly defended the prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empaneled, the evidences and all other proceedings carried on from the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

The common precaution of inquiry into the conduct and motives of the person through whose hands the poisoned cheese had last passed was cast aside, and this being not received, the poor dancing-master returned to prison without a hope. His death warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterward, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy and had put in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed,) namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. All this he confessed upon his deathbed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the system of refusing any evidence, though from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

OH, GRIEF! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions! And true it is, thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds. Thou shakest us with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost. Thou sickenest the heart, but thou also healest its infirmities.—*De Quincey.*

THE man who lives for himself alone, lives for a mean fellow.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

ON Monday afternoon last, a man named James Fitzmorris entered the apartment occupied by A. J. Haight, jeweller and gold pen manufacturer, in the building No. 434 California street, and representing himself as a Government detective in the employment of Provost-Marshal General Mason, whose headquarters are in the same building, entered into conversation with Mr. Haight, who was at the time engaged at work. On a table near him lay a number of gold watches and pens. Dropping something on the floor, Mr. Haight stooped to pick it up, and while in that position Fitzmorris struck him a blow on the temple with a heavy iron wrench, following it up with two others in rapid succession, but which fell on the back of his head near the neck, the last being partially warded off by his hand, though the weight of the blow broke his little finger. Haight alarmed the occupants of the adjoining rooms with the cry of "murder!" They, on reaching the door, discovered Haight covered with blood, and Fitzmorris in the act of leaving the premises. A Mr. Webster ordered him to stop until the matter was explained, and a soldier of the Provost-Guard assisted him in turning the man over to the Police. The wounds of Mr. Haight are severe, though not considered dangerous. There seems to have been a deliberate design on the part of Fitzmorris to murder Haight and plunder his establishment. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Haight's head was under the table when the blows were struck prevented the consummation of the assassin's intention. The examination of the case has been continued by the Police Judge until to-day.

A MEETING of citizens was held on the 12th inst. at the Unitarian Church to devise measures for ascertaining the truth of reports current that the Indians of this State were in a state of great destitution for food and clothing. A committee of correspondence were selected to ascertain the facts of the case, and if necessary call a mass meeting of citizens to raise the necessary relief. Hon. Nathaniel Gray, Dr. Gibbons, Rev. Mr. Simonds, William Shew and John Beeson comprise the committee.

A RIOT occurred on Sunday last opposite the Pavilion, in which some dozen or more rowdies participated. Paving stones, and iron bolts as war clubs, were freely used, and some of the parties were severely wounded. Officer Miles, in attempting to quell the disturbance, was roughly handled. It was a disgraceful affair, and we regret to say that the men engaged in it were members of our Fire Department.

A PLEASANT wedding party came off at the Cosmopolitan Hotel one evening last week. The bridegroom was James C. Mayer, son of I. C. Mayer, the Montgomery street fur merchant, and the bride, Miss S. Addie Wood, who arrived from the East by the *Golden City*. She is the daughter of Hon. A. Wood, of Chittenango, N. Y.

ON Sunday evening a party of Chinamen entered the house of one of their countrymen in Washington Alley and entertained each other with a grand bowie knife and slung-shot fandango, in which three or four of the participants received terrible injuries. Four of the ringleaders were arrested on charges of assault to commit murder.

A FIRE broke out on Tuesday night in the basement of the store, No. 425 Front street. The engines were promptly on the ground and prevented a serious conflagration, as the building was filled with paints, oils, camphene, and other inflammable materials.

THE jewelry store of C. Truelson, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine, was entered on Tuesday morning, about half-past seven o'clock, and robbed of a thousand dollars worth of valuables, while the owner was gone to breakfast.

MR. T. H. HITTLE's *Digest of the California Statutes* is completed, and arrangements are being made to have it printed. The work embraces not only a digest of the laws in force, but is a complete history of the legislation of the State from the meeting of the first Legislature to the close of the last.

A FIRE broke out on Sunday last, in the old building near the corner of Washington and Davis streets. The adjoining buildings were more or less damaged, and about 80 tons of hay were destroyed.

WILLIAM BROWN, a member of Engine No. 14, fell from a third-story window in the rear of the engine house, a distance of thirty-seven feet, last Saturday night. He is recovering from the injuries sustained, which were slight.

THE Association of Fishermen invite the Managers of the Orphan Asylums to send to their market every Monday or Tuesday morning and get a supply of fresh fish for their institutions, gratis.

THE Mechanics' Institute have petitioned the Board of Supervisors for permission to retain Union Square until the 30th of September, 1865, to enable them to hold another Industrial Fair.

A SLIGHT earthquake shock was experienced in this city on Sunday night last, at 10 minutes to 9 o'clock, and again on Monday at 10 minutes past 3 P. M.

SEVERAL hundred citizens have protested against permitting slaughter houses on Brannan street after the 18th of this month.

THE public schools closed for their annual holiday vacation yesterday.

A PRIZE-FIGHT is advertised to come off next Thursday, in defiance of the law in such cases made and provided.

THE *Golden City*, on Tuesday, carried away \$1,022,188,10 in treasure.

THE steamship *America* arrived on Wednesday, bringing her passengers through from New York in 24 days.

THE PAST.

WHY wilt thou ever thus before me stand,
Thou ghostly Past?
Always between me and the happy land
Thy shade is cast!

Thou makest all things heavy with regret;
"Too late!" "Too soon!"
My mind is like a sun that ever sets,
And knows no noon.

For every motion that has crossed my brain
Leaves such a trace,
That every instant it may rise again
And claim its place.

Faces or fancies I have craved or cherished
Throng round my head;
In vain I call on thee to leave the perished
And hide the dead.

Save (when the future wins my yearning gaze)
That shore where still
Imagination resolutely stays
The tide of ill.—[R. Moncton Milnes.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE sun was low when Francis Tredethlyn left the Crown Inn, and walked slowly up the village street. The sun was low, and already a crimson glory flickered here and there upon the quaint old casements. The young man walked slowly about him with a half doubtful, half bewildered gaze, like a man who sees his native village in a dream. And indeed no village in the vision of a sleeper could be more tranquil in its rustic repose than this Cornish street, steep and stony, mounting to the summit of a hill, upon whose top the great gates of Landresdale loomed grim and stately, like the entrance to an ogre's castle in fairy-land. You climbed the steep little street, and you came to the big gates of Landresdale; and that was all. The village ended here, and there was nothing for you to do but to go back again. It was like coming to the end of the world, and finding a great Elizabethan door of ponderous oak and iron barred against any chaotic realm that might lie beyond our every-day earth. There may have been occasions—indeed, the inhabitants of Landresdale would have testified to many such—on which those ponderous doors swung open on their mighty hinges; but the ignorant traveller, looking at them shut, found it difficult to realize the possibility of their ever being opened. They looked like the doors of a mausoleum, which may open once in half a century to admit the coffined dead, but can never be unclosed for any meaner purpose. Grim towers flanked the stony arch on either side, and two old rusty cannon displayed their iron noses within the shadow of the towers, ready to fire a volley down the hilly street whenever the simple folks of Landresdale should evince any revolutionary tendencies.

To the right of the great gates there was a handsome wing of solid masonry, whose Tudor windows opened on a square courtyard, where there were more cannon, and upon a prim, old-fashioned garden, shut in by a high wall, and only visible to the wanderer through the iron rails and arabesques of a lofty gate, amidst whose scroll-work the arms of the Landresdales and Treverbys, the Courtenays and Polwhelses, were interlaced and entangled.

The garden wall bounded the estate of Rashleigh Vyvyan Trevannence, Marquis of Landresdale, and beneath the shelter of that old, ivy-covered, red brick wall, lay the churchyard, quiet and shadowy, dark with the dense foliage of great yew trees, thick with long tangled grass that grew high amongst the slanting headstones. Francis Tredethlyn stopped by the low wooden gate, and leaning against the moss-grown pillar that supported it, looked up at the square towers which seemed like stony sentinels for ever keeping guard over the entrance to Landresdale. The light was red upon the corner window that faced the western sky, but all the other casements stared blankly and darkly out upon the graves in the churchyard, and the empty village street, in which one woman, toiling slowly upwards with a pitcher of water that slopped and trickled at intervals upon the pavement, was the only living presence.

"The great gates look just the same as they used to look," thought Francis Tredethlyn. "When I was a boy, and read fairy tales, I always fancied that the enchanted castle the wandering prince came to in the middle of a wood, or on the summit of a great mountain, was like Landresdale, a castle standing all alone in the middle of the way, with no road to right nor the left, so that the prince must go in and ask shel-

ter, though he knew that harm would come of it, or else go back and lose all the trouble of his journey. How I used to long to pull that bell when I was a lad!" thought Francis, looking at the iron ring which swung from a massive chain on one side of the archway.

"But I've no need to dawdle here," he thought, as he pushed the gate open and went into the churchyard. "It seems as if the nearer I get to the place where I am certain to hear the truth about Susan, the more I dread hearing it."

The ignorant traveller who might turn away from the great gates of Landresdale to descend the hill under the impression that the county of Cornwall came to an abrupt termination upon the threshold of the Marquis' domain, would have been mistaken. There were other and higher lands, broad stretches of hill and moorland, lying beyond the churchyard, to the right of the quaint old garden and the Gothic towers and casements; and it was thitherward that Francis Tredethlyn directed his steps. He crossed the churchyard, only pausing briefly before one tombstone, upon which the names of Sarah and Jonathan Tredethlyn were cut, low down on the stone, at the bottom of a long list of Tredethlyns, who lay buried in that churchyard. The young man let himself out of the solemn precinct by a little rusty iron gate that opened on a broad expanse of common land sloping upward towards the western sky, and only broken here and there by a quarry or a patch of water.

"It looks bleak and barren enough," thought Francis, with a shudder; "but it's hereabouts that my uncle Oliver picked up a good bit of his money; the tin mines he out yonder; and the stone quarry in the hollow there brought him in plenty, if folks tell the truth."

Francis Tredethlyn might have echoed the boast of Helen Macgregor had he chosen, and with stronger justification than that lady, for the earth upon which he trod was not only his native land, but his own peculiar property, by virtue of certain yellow-looking parchments under the sign-manual of an Earl and Baron of Landresdale who flourished in the reign of James I., and by payment of an eccentric annual tribute in the shape of a young doe and a hundredweight of virgin tin. It was all his own, this bleak waste land which Francis Tredethlyn, late private soldier in her Majesty's service, late valet to a capricious master, now trod under his feet. Nor was it the less to be considered for its barrenness of aspect, for rich metals lay deep below the heathery surface, in mines that were amongst the oldest and most valuable in Cornwall.

But Francis was in no wise elated or disturbed by the importance of his possession. He had never felt any ardent desire for wealth, and as yet he had not begun to realize its manifold advantages. He saw the effect of his fortune upon other men, and smiled at their weakness; but what had been true of him in the first hour of his altered position was true of him now—he had no power either to realize or rejoice in the extent of his riches.

He walked slowly across the barren moorland, always upward, always mounting towards a long ridge of western hill, behind which two streaks of yellow light stretched low against the darkening sky—a bleak, bare-looking hill, that seemed the very end of the world. It was upon this hillside that Tredethlyn Grange had been built four centuries ago, in the days when men built their houses with a view to endurance; and it stood there still, a long gray tenement of moss-grown stone, with narrow casement windows, looking darkly out upon the twilight moor; the larger portion of the old house had been uninhabited during the tenantry of the Tredethlyns, who, in a spirit of economy, had located themselves in the inferior rooms of the rambling mansion. It was in one of these rooms that a light now twinkled faintly, and it was towards this end of the house that Francis directed his steps. There had been a moat once on two sides of the house, but cabbages now grew upon the sloping earth; there had been a garden once before the Grange, and an old stone sun-dial still marked the spot; but of all the trim flower-beds and angular paths there remained no vestige now. A field of trefoil, bounded by a low stone wall, lay beyond two broken pillars that had once supported a pair of handsome gates, and the sheep browsed close beneath the dim latticed windows.

"It seems like the end of the world to me to-night," thought Mr. Tredethlyn; "and yet once it was comfortable and homelike enough, when I sat with Susy of a night by the fire in the kitchen, while she darned the old man's gray worsted stockings. And to think that he had such oceans of money all that time, and yet seemed almost to grudge his only child every gown she wore and every bit of bread she put into her mouth." He was close to the familiar threshold by this time. He knocked at a low, narrow door in the neighborhood of the one dimly lighted window, and then drew back a few paces, looking up at the old-fashioned casements.

"There is the window of Susy's room," he thought. How black and dark it looks to-night! I remember coming up here the night before I ran away to Falmouth to enlist. I remember standing by the low wall yonder, in the cold autumnal night, looking up at that very window; there was a light burning there, and I thought of how I should see it burning just the same when I came back, and how I'd throw a handful of earth up at the old window, and Susy would look

out, startled and wondering, to find her faithful sweetheart come back to her from the end of the world. And now it's this place that seems like the end of the world, somehow, and I'm every bit as far from Susy now as ever I was out yonder."

The door was opened only a very little way, and a woman's face, so hard and angular that it seemed almost to cut into the dusky atmosphere, peered out at the traveller.

"What do you please to want, sir?" she asked, suspiciously. "I want to ask you a few questions, Martha Dryscoll. I've come from the antipodes to ask them."

"Mr. Tredethlyn!" cried the woman, opening the door to its widest extent; "Mr. Francis Tredethlyn come home to his own like a ghost in the night! I make so bold as to bid you welcome, sir. Your uncle's empty chair stands ready for you. The house seems strange and lonesome without him."

It was not everybody who would have ascribed to Mr. Oliver Tredethlyn the power to enliven any house with the smallest ray of cheerfulness, or brighten any fireside with so much as the faintest glimmer of light. But Martha Dryscoll spoke in all good faith. She had believed in her master, and had worked for him, and pinched for him, and half starved herself and other people for his sake, throughout five-and-thirty years of the dreariest and hardest life that woman ever endured. He had picked her up, starved and almost dying, upon a high road near one of his outlying farms, and had taken her from field labor and all its attendant pains to be his housekeeper and—slave; and she had repaid this favor a thousandfold by a devotion that knew no weariness, and a rigid economy that extended itself to the saving of a grain of salt in the old spindleg-legged leaden salt-cellars.

Oliver Tredethlyn had not been actuated by any Quixotic motive in this eccentric choice of a servant. He took his housekeeper from the wayside because he saw in her a stuff he had vainly sought in the pampered menials who had hitherto presented themselves to his notice. He had been attracted to Martha in the first instance by her gaunt face and gaunter figure, which would have been sufficiently alarming in one of King Frederick William's chosen grenadiers. He had been attracted still more by her curt answers to his curt questions, in which she told him that she had walked thirty miles that day before lying down, as she believed, to die; that she had walked twenty miles the day before, and five-and-twenty the day before that; that she had not tasted food for the last eight-and-forty hours; and that she had worked in the fields and lived upon an average of twopence a day ever since she could remember.

It was upon this that a bargain was struck between Oliver Tredethlyn, of Tredethlyn Grange, of the one part, and Martha Auybody, of the other part, for the poor creature had no knowledge of any special surname to which she might lay claim. She had been called Carrot Jane in one place, because her hair was red and her name was not Jane. She had been called Gawky Bet, and Lanky Poll at other places, on account of her abnormal height; but the name she had received in the Union where her earlier years had been passed was Martha, and it was this name which she herself recognized as her legitimate appellation. She went home with Oliver Tredethlyn in one of his empty wagons, and ate her first spare meal in the Grange kitchen before nightfall: and from that hour until the old man's death she served him well and faithfully. She lived with him all the days of his bachelorhood, and resignedly united herself to his bailiff when he commanded her so to do. This faithful creature welcomed Mr. Tredethlyn's wife when he took it into his head to bring home a small tenant farmer's pretty daughter, who had been forced into a marriage with a man whom she detested; and, faithful and untiring to the last, this rough-handed brawny-armed servant watched by the young wife's sick-bed during those dull years in which she slowly withered, and faded, from a fresh, blooming girl into a prematurely old woman, and so sank by lingering stages into an early grave, leaving behind her one only child, whose infancy and girlhood were brightened by no softer light than such as might be shed from the grim, grenadier-like affection of Martha Dryscoll.

Jonathan Dryscoll, the farm bailiff whom Oliver Tredethlyn had desired his housekeeper to marry, was ten years younger than his wife, and was so poor and weak a creature morally and physically in her hands, that he seemed at least half a century her junior. If she told him to do anything, he did it. If she told him to think anything, he thought it: or would have done so, if the mental exercise had not been generally beyond the scope of his faculties. He was as honest and faithful as Martha herself: but if Martha had told him to go and fire all the ricks on Oliver Tredethlyn's property, he would have done it with the blind trustfulness of a princess in a child's story book, who obeys the eccentric behests of a fairy godmother. That Martha Dryscoll could do anything wrong or think anything wrong was an hypothesis which Jonathan her husband had never contemplated. Perhaps the pleasantest thing about this couple was that there was no disagreeable evidence of Martha's authority. Indeed, that worthy woman was most punctilious in respect to her liege lord and husband, whom she always spoke of as "the master." Jonathan obeyed and trembled, but the sceptre which his wife wielded was an invisible one, and the chains that bound her slave were as impalpable

ble as if they had been fashioned of cobwebs.

Martha Dryscoll was not renowned for her capacity of expressing any species of emotion; but some faint ray of pleasure kindled in her grim face as she conducted Francis Tredethlyn through the kitchen to an apartment that had served as a kind of state chamber for three generations of his race. She set the candle on the polished mahogany table, and, folding her arms, contemplated the new master of the Grange at her leisure. In that dim light, in her quaint, scanty dress, with a brown background of oaken wainscot behind her, she looked like a homely figure in one of Jan Steen's pictures, a hard-faced, angular housewife, honest, laborious, and economical, with her ear perpetually open to the leaking of beer-barrels, or the boiling over of soup-kettles, her eye ever on the alert to perceive waste or destruction.

"I wish you welcome, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said; and then, with something like sadness in her tone, "If the money was to go away from her, better that it should go to you than to strangers. I don't think you'd turn your back upon her, if she was to need your help; would you now, Mr. Francis?"

"Turn my back upon her?" cried the young man—"turn my back upon my cousin Sasy! Do you think I want the money that ought to have been hers. With God's blessing, I will go to the end of the world to find my poor little girl. But tell me—tell me all about it, Martha. I know you are a good creature. I know you were fond of Susan, though you seemed hard and stern, like the old man. Tell me all you know about my lost cousin, and don't fear but I'll make good use of my knowledge."

"It isn't much I have to tell, sir," answered the housekeeper, very gravely. "You remember old Mr. Restwick of Pen Gorbald. Folks say that he's almost as rich as our master was. However it is, he and master was always fast friends, and when Mrs. Restwick had been dead a little over a twelvemonth, he and master seemed to get friendlier than ever, and was always laying their heads together about something, old Restwick hanging about this place, and sitting in our kitchen, and in this very room—for master made quite a fuss with the old man, and would sit in the parlor on his account—all the summer time. Miss Susan usen't to like the old man, but she daredn't say as much, seeing as he was her father's friend. Heaven as looks down upon me knows, Mr. Francis, that the real reason of old Restwick pottering about our place night after night never came into my head, no more than if it had been so much Greek or Latin. But one night—one quiet summer evening, after such a day as to-day—the truth came out all at once; and it came upon Susan Tredethlyn as it came upon me—like a thunderbolt. Can you guess what it was, Mr. Francis?"

"No!" exclaimed the young man, staring at Martha Dryscoll with a bewildered expression on his face.

"Nor any one else, Mr. Francis, that wasn't so wrapped up in the love of his money that the very heart inside of him had turned to stuff as hard as his golden guineas, or harder; for there's some kind of furnace as will melt them—isn't there, Mr. Francis? On the night I am telling you of, my master told Susan the meaning of old Restwick's visits. She was to marry him—poor, pretty young thing. He'd promise to make such and such—settlements—I think master called 'em, and she'd be mistress of Pen Gorbald farm, and one of the richest women in this part of the country. The poor dear only gave one shriek, Mr. Francis, and fell down upon the floor at her father's feet as white and as quiet as a corpse."

"The hard-hearted villain!" cried Francis, pacing up and down the room. "The infernal villain!"

"She didn't lie there long; she wasn't let to do that. Mr. Tredethlyn lifted her up by the arm, and set her on her feet, fierce and savage-like; and when she opened her eyes and looked about her, all stupefied and bewildered, he began to talk to her. It was cruel talk to hear from a father to his child; it was a cruel sight to see her trembling and shivering, and only held from falling by his hard hand clenched upon her arm. I tried to interfere between them, Mr. Francis, but my master let his daughter drop into a chair, and pushed me out of the room. Me and Jonathan was sleeping in the room over the stables then, and Mr. Tredethlyn took me by the shoulders, and put me out of the door that opens from the kitchen into the stone yard at back. I heard the door bolted against me, and I knew I could be no help or comfort to that poor child all night. The door's thick, but I could just hear Susan Tredethlyn's sobs now and then, like as if they'd been blown towards me on the winds, and her father's voice speaking loud and stern; I listened till all seemed quiet, and I was in hopes his heart was softened towards her. But when I got up at four o'clock next morning—for it was harvest time and we were very busy—Susan Tredethlyn's room was empty, and the front door was unlocked and unbolted. She'd run away, Mr. Francis; she'd let herself out some time in the night, and run away. There was a little scrap of a shawl she used to wear hanging to the latch of the door. That was bad news for me to tell my master, Mr. Francis, but I had to tell it. He turned white, and glared at me for a minute just like a wild beast, and there was a choking, gurgling kind of noise in his throat. But he was as quiet after that one minute as if he had been made of iron. 'So much the better, Mrs. Dryscoll,'

he said; 'an undutiful daughter isn't worth the meat she eats.'"

"But he went after her," said Francis; "surely he made some attempt to bring her back? He didn't let a poor ignorant girl go out into the world without a friend—without a sixpence?"

"She had a little money, Mr. Francis. Her father had given her a sovereign on her birthday every year for the last ten years, making her promise, to save the money. She had saved the money, for she had no chance to spend it, poor child; and she took that money with her, for when I looked about her room, I missed the little box she used to keep it in. As to me, Mr. Francis, I'm but a poor ignorant country woman, that never learned to read and write till I was getting on for thirty; but I got my husband to go to Falmouth with an advertisement for the county paper, saying as 'S. T.' was to remember she had a true friend in M. D., and was to be sure and write to her whenever she wanted help.' I daredn't say more, sir, and I think when master saw that advertisement he knew what it meant, for he glared at me across the paper, just as he glared at me when I told him his daughter was gone."

"And he never relented—he never softened towards that poor unhappy girl?"

"For three years, sir, he never mentioned her name. Night after night he'd sit and write, and make out his accounts, and sum up his receipts, and calculate his profits, and such like, and he'd talk to me fast enough about the business of the farm; but he never spoke his daughter's name. One day he got a letter, directed in her hand. I took it from the postman at Landresdale myself, one afternoon when I was down there marketing, and I wrote down the postmark that was on it, but that was all I ever knew of the letter. When my master saw the hand, he came over all of a tremble like, and there was something awful in the sight of that stern old man trembling and shivering like as if he'd been stricken by the palsy; but he got over it in a minute, and read the letter, me watching him all the time. If his face had been stone it couldn't have told less. He crumpled up the letter and put it in his pocket, and for three months he never spoke of that, nor of his daughter. Yet I knew somehow that he thought of her; for a kind of change came over him, and he seemed always brooding, brooding, brooding; and he'd start up all of a sudden when we was all sitting of a night quiet in this kitchen—he'd start up as if he was going right away, and then leave a long sigh and sit down again. But he never said anything about what was in his thoughts, till one morning he came to me, and said very quietly, 'Pack me some clothes in a carpet-bag, Mrs. Dryscoll. I'm going to London to look for my daughter.' My husband and him went on foot down to Landresdale to catch the Falmouth coach; but our master never came back. The next news as we heard of him, Mr. Francis, came to us a month after he'd left. It was a letter from the lawyers to say as Mr. Oliver Tredethlyn was dead."

"And is that all?"

"Yes, Mr. Francis; I can tell you no more. My master was a good master to me, and I served him faithfully, and worked hard to save his money. But things have all seemed to come before me in a new light since that night when I saw Susan Tredethlyn fall white and cold at her father's feet, and him without pity for her. It seems as if I'd been stone blind up to that time, Mr. Francis; and my eyes was opened all of a sudden; and I saw that we'd been all wicked heathens, making an idol out of money that had never brought happiness or comfort to any living creature; least of all to ourselves. I saw it all at once that night, Mr. Francis, and I knew that our lives had been wrong somehow."

Martha Dryscoll spoke very earnestly. She was a good woman, after her own manner; eager to do her duty to her uttermost, grateful for small favors, faithful and affectionate. A noble heart beat in that grenadier-like form, a gentle spirit looked out of those hard, gray eyes. She told the story of her young mistress's flight with a sorrowful solemnity, undisturbed by tears. Perhaps her hard childhood, her bitter youth, her joyless middle life had dried up the source of that tender womanly emotion; for Martha Dryscoll had never been seen by living witness to shed a tear. She unlocked a grum-looking work-box, and took from it a little pocket-book, out of which she tore a leaf.

"That's the name that was on the post-mark, Mr. Francis," she said, handing the paper to Mr. Tredethlyn.

The young man read the word Coltonsloough.

"Coltonsloough," he repeated, "I never heard of a place of that name. But I'll find it if it's the most obscure spot upon the earth. God bless you, Martha Dryscoll, for I believe you are a good woman."

He held out his hand, and grasped the housekeeper's bony fingers as he spoke.

"We've been awaiting—me and the master—for orders from you as to what he was to do, sir. We're ready to serve you faithful, if you want our service; but we're ready to leave the old place, if we're any burden upon you. You'll be coming to settle here, maybe."

"No," answered Tredethlyn, with something of a shudder.

"If I'd found Susan here, as I once thought to find her, I should have been glad enough to settle somewhere in these parts. As it is, there's something in the place that gives the heartache, and I doubt if I shall ever come near it again. Whatever wages you and your husband had in my uncle's time shall be doubled from to-night, Mrs. Dryscoll; and if my cousin Susan is still alive, and should ever find her way back to this place, I should like her to see a light burning in the old window, and to find a faithful friend ready to bid her welcome home."

Francis Tredethlyn did not linger very long in the house where a great part of his boyhood had been spent. Martha's husband came in presently, smelling very strongly of cow-house and stable, and the two would fain have given Mr. Tredethlyn a detailed account of their stewardship; but the young man had no heart to listen to them. What did it matter to him that he was the poorer by the death of an Alderney cow on the pasture farm down in the valley, or the richer by a great sheep-shearing season on the hill. He came home to find no creature of his kith or kin. He stood as much alone in the world as Adam before Eve was created to bear him company; and he felt very lonely and desolate in spite of his thirty thousand a year.

He walked back to Landresdale across the bleak moorland under the summer night. Away in the distance he saw the dark expanse of purple ocean melting imperceptibly into purple sky; and vague and dim as that shadowy distance seemed the unknown future that lay before him. He slept at the "Crown," and left Landresdale early the next morning by the Falmouth coach, journeying Londonward; but he had by no means abandoned his search for Susan Tredethlyn.

(To be continued.)

The death-watch (*Anobium stratum*) is a very common inmate of houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. The noise, however, is caused by a small beetle which, during its boring operation, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this, to some persons, terrible omen, is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the lava state these insects do a great injury to furniture and the woodworks of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured, this beetle feigns death with the strangest pertinacity, preferring, it is said, to suffer under a slow fire rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The death-watch, on account of its retired habits, minute size and dark color, is very seldom seen; and as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious error wherewith by some persons it is regarded. The greatest evil, however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations in the woodwork of houses. It is not larger than a good sized flea.

COL. CAMPBELL, in his *Indian Journal*, tells a story of an old woman named Kate Carmichael, who made her living by distilling "the water of life," and looked upon George III., who then ruled the land, much in the same light as a modern Pole looks upon the Emperor of Russia—as a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow honest people to manufacture their own grain after own fashion—and devoutly prayed for his death accordingly. At last the news of the old King's demise reached the Highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, immediately set her still to work, in her own house, and in broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the exciseman, who claimed the still as a lawful prize.

Kate did not see this; so, seizing a pitchfork which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner, and kept him at bay, while she shouted to her neighbors for assistance, exclaiming: "Kill his brains; stick the rascal. There's nae law noo; the King's deed!"

Her idea was that, the moment the King died, all law, as far as Highlanders were concerned, ceased; and her neighbors being pretty much of the same mind, the exciseman was thrashed within an inch of his life, and the still rescued.

"AXE GRINDING" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something very pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, sirrah, this instant?" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when anybody flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

ON the principle that "bad news is better than no news," and that even the worst certainty is preferable to suspense, we imagine that no one will seriously dispute the assertion that "a pleasant state of things" is rapidly coming to obtain in this city. Indeed, we are not sure that the period is not already reached. Formerly, when a man sat down to count his money or tie his shoes, it was somewhat problematical whether he would be knocked in the head or not—now the odds are in favor of such a consummation occurring. Formerly when a housewife put away her silver spoons, or a goldsmith locked his shop and stepped out to lunch, there was some uncertainty about the one finding her silver in its place when her next tea party was given, or the other finding his goods on his shelves when he returned from his half-hour's absence. That day, however, has gone by. It is now understood that eternal vigilance is the price of life and property, and that a forfeit is sure to be paid if that vigilance be for one moment relaxed.

Store-keepers now view their customers with a certain air of suspicion, and adopt precautions if an unfamiliar face appears. Traders in jewelry and fine gold no longer lock their places of business and go out when they want lunch, but carry their lunches with them to their stores, in tin-pails, and when noontime comes spread them on their counters, keeping careful eyes on their shelves and show-cases the while they eat. True, the merchant has not yet adopted the practice of covering a stranger with a pistol the moment one enters the store, and showing him the goods with one hand while maintaining an attitude of armed neutrality with the other, but that such a practice will soon prevail is highly probable. For self-preservation is one of nature's first laws, and no one can dispute that some such custom is necessary under the era of violence which seems to have been inaugurated.

There is a certain romance about the boldness of our criminals which invests them with an interest scarcely second to that which hovers around the memoirs and memories of those great lights of Newgate who head the Calendar and figure so conspicuously in yellow-covered literature and sensational plays. The purloining of a handkerchief or the taking of money surreptitiously from a till have no flavor of the heroic and move only contempt, but the way that these latter-day villainies are done wins for the action a certain admiration. The murder of the woman Freschi in Waverly Place was boldly, thoroughly, and artistically done. The neighborhood was a frequented one, the police had it under careful surveillance, and people passed and repassed through the streets at all hours. Under all these discouraging circumstances, however, the murder was perpetrated so successfully as to make it remarkable in the annals of crime. Not a thing did the murderer leave behind him to give a clue to his identity or his whereabouts; no breath of life did he leave in his victim's body that she might murmur his name or description in the ears of justice. Not content with beating in her head he made assurance doubly sure and took a bond of fate by cutting her throat with a chisel. Apparently there was no hurry about the proceeding, evidently the thing was as coolly as it was thoroughly done. And so of the almost parallel murder in Stout's Alley, where a woman of the same class was killed in a similar way, with the exception in the latter instance of the throat being cut with a case-knife instead of a chisel. The result was the same, however, and the murderer has reaped the reward of his dexterity in the immunity which has so far accompanied the crime.

The affair of the pawnbroker's boy on Commercial street revealed a degree of boldness which would do credit to the leader of a forlorn hope in a desperate cause. While the three balls over the door were swinging and glittering in the broad light of noonday, the operator entered the shop, felled the attendant to the floor with a nervous and well directed blow, left the shop with his booty, and to the time of the present writing has not been heard from. In the manner and time of its perpetration this affair was somewhat analogous to the Malden murder, being unlike it only in the weapon used and the fact that the robber escaped detection. It is really much to be regretted that our criminals have adopted this system of "no cards," for unless they learn their names and addresses it seems next to impossible for our policemen to find them.

In the last case of an assault with a view to murder and robbery, particulars of which will be found among the local events of the week, the operator did not fare so well as did the ones in the previous instances. Failing to make a sure thing of it with the first blow, his victim gave the alarm and citizens secured Mr. Fitzmorris before his aspirations were completed. To the end of his life Mr. Fitzmorris will probably regret that he did not strike a little more vigorously, since it is plain that had the pen-maker been stunned or killed by the first blow he would have succeeded in making his escape and might perhaps have been enabled to set up in the gold-pen business in the very vicinity of the City Hall. If Mr. Fitzmorris ever have another chance to operate—and it is probable that the clemency of the courts or the lenity of the executor will furnish him one—we venture to say that he will do his work too completely to even be caught by citizens, let alone the chance of being detected and captured by a policeman.

We do not wish to be captious, but really we cannot avoid remarking that this state of things, pleasant as it is, has gone on long enough. If asked to suggest a remedy we hardly know what plan would flow from our pen. In some countries when a crime is committed and the criminal is not detected, on the principle that something ought to be done, they guillotine a gendarme or bow-string a janizary. But aside from the fact that we had rather see policemen promenading the streets than dangling by their necks in the Plaza, we have another reason for protesting against the adoption of any such summary though impartial code, for our policemen are not much encouraged in the pursuit of criminals, the law generally managing to let them slip in some way through its easy fingers, even after its ministers have caught them. Very many murders have been committed in this city and county during the past two years, but we have yet to chronicle the first execution. Some one remarks that hanging a man is the poorest use to which you can put him, but it yet remains to be demonstrated to us that the murderer can be put to any better. Experience has proven that the surest way of preventing crime is to make its punishment swift and certain. Very few men would commit murder if certain that their lives would pay the penalty; but when in addition to the uncertainty of being caught they have the chance of escape from the spoken penalty of the law even if they are, the temptation in some minds to gratify revenge or cupidity becomes too strong to be resisted. In all the cases that have come before the court lately, even where foul and deliberate murder was proven, the punishment of the criminals was commuted. How would it do to somewhat balance the account in the present instance by hanging Mr. Fitzmorris? If we do not hang the assassin when he kills his victim, would it not be somewhat in accordance with the fitness of things to hang him when he does not?

LADIES' DRESS.

ONLY a few out of the great number of ladies one chances to see in the street, seem to dress with any regard to a correct standard of taste. First, as to the colors of their attire, they appear to have no idea of a harmony or agreeable assemblage of tints. You will observe a lady, for example, dressed in a blue silk bonnet garnished with a red flower, a scarlet shawl daubed with green spots, and gown of some neutral tint, but marked strongly with pink and purple streaks. The object in dressing in this guise, would seem to be the bringing together as many staring colors as possible—a bit of blue, red, green, yellow, pink, orange, or anything else which will make a dash and look pretty. Pretty is the only standard; a pretty bonnet, a pretty shawl, a pretty gown, etc.; let it be only pretty, and that is quite enough. Thus, when things are bought separately, although each may look tolerably well by itself, the whole will probably make up a most fantastic assemblage of colors, and really render the wearer ridiculous. If we should be permitted to offer an advice upon the very delicate matter of lady's dress, we should, by all means, recommend the adoption of simple, not flashy, colors. A high-toned color is always dangerous; it may be quite at variance with the complexion, and at least cannot easily be suited to other parts of the attire. Ladies of a swarthy complexion should on no account attempt blues, lavenders, or any other violent colors; the most suitable or becoming for them are whites, or any of the broken light tints. Sky-blue and pea-green are the most trying colors which can be worn. We have been told by manufacturers that they prepare dresses of certain colors for certain towns. In one town there is a demand for high-colored goods, and in another these goods could scarcely find a purchaser, but the demand would be nearly all for neutral tints; in other words, the ladies in one exercise a coarse indiscriminate taste, and in the other, they are more refined in judgment.

The next point worth hinting at, though, after all, it is not of the least use, is the very small degree of taste exercised in making the dress suitable to the figure. The standard followed in this department is mere fashion. It is quite amusing to see how this ideal standard of perfection is worshipped, and how it drags poor worshippers after it. Be a lady tall or short, lean or dumpy, she must dress herself exactly like her neighbors, no matter what be their stature or figure. A

short woman, of course, should dress in such a manner as would seemingly add to her height, and not wear flounces, which only help to make her look more short. But if it be fashionable to surround the gown with flounces, then flounces the poor little dumpy woman must of course put on in all their plenitude. If, on the other hand, the lady be somewhat too tall, and would wish to shorten her appearance, she finds her case equally irremediable, in consequence of a peculiarity in the fashion for the time being. The lady who is already too broad across the shoulders, must make herself still more broad, by means of a pair of huge sleeves, which project like a pair of bellows. But if the fashion suddenly change, and a narrow-shouldered lady wish to keep up the reign of broad sleeves, she is compelled to retrench their exuberance, and submit to the new order of things. One lady in some part of the world—the Empress of the French perhaps—has reasons for concealing the outline of her figure, and hoops come into fashion all the world over. The fat lady is obliged to don them and in consequence the graceful incumbrance of the elephant; anon the fashion changes, and then the thin lady has to stand before scoffers like a lath. One lady has pretty feet and loops up her dress whenever she happens in the street, whether the pavement and crossings be muddy or not. Again, a leader of fashion, with the view of covering a pair of bad ankles, sets the fashion of long gowns trailing in the mud, and all ladies at once lengthen their skirts, and trail their gowns in the mud also. No matter how absurd is the taste set by this ideal being, the leader of fashion, it is sure to be followed with all convenient speed. One or two cunning milliners, in connection with a lady of ton—generally a young lady of some consequence just come out—have it in their power, by a magic whisk of their needle, to set any fashion they please. To the command of these nameless and mercenary female traders, the lady population of the whole city yield a ready and expensive obedience. Whether the order be to lengthen or shorten, to widen or narrow, the attire, it is punctually obeyed. A few may grumble at the change, but the change is made. Oh, ladies, ladies, how much your fate is to be commiserated!

THE NEW DIRECTORY.—We are indebted to H. C. Langley for a copy of the new "San Francisco Directory," bearing on its back the figures 1864-65. A due regard for truth will not allow us to say that it is the most entertaining book that has been laid on our table during the present season, but we are constrained to say that it is the most useful one. It is desirable to know where one's debtors live in order to be able to find them; it is convenient to know for a certainty where creditors have their habitation, so that one can escape them. In this Directory of Mr. Langley's we have not only this desirable information, but a great deal other as well. It has been made a sort of handbook of the city, furnishing a guide and map by which a stranger could not possibly get lost—even with the aid of a policeman—and telling the rates of fare that hackmen are entitled to charge, the whereabouts of engine-houses, hotels and other places of popular resort, what the municipal ordinances are, and much else that is useful and entertaining. As a compiler of Directories we think that Mr. Langley is the peer of any in the Union, for certainly his work is excelled by none while it furnishes a pattern to many. He commenced the enterprise and continued it when his labors met with no remuneration at all; we are glad to learn that his work now yields him that financial reward which he so richly merits.

THE RAINS have been general and abundant throughout the State; our exchanges all attest the visitation: Several localities were in imminent danger, for a few days, of a repetition of the scenes of deluge and desolation of 1861-'2. Of course most anxiety was felt and most inquiry directed as to "the situation" at Sacramento, Stockton and other places heretofore flooded. It is gratifying to know that their levees proved sufficient for their protection. In fact, while our interior contemporaries admit a somewhat unusual dampness, they charge most of the "danger" to the account of an undue inclination on the part of reporters for the San Francisco press to write a general obituary for everything and everybody outside this metropolis. The promise of a coming season of prosperity to miners and agriculturists, however, should—now that the skies are bright and the fears of a general overflow are banished—remove local jealousies and fill us all with confidence and hope.

CORRECTION.—In a paragraph last week referring to Miss Florence James, a slight mistake was made in stating that she was an assistant in the "Kindergarten" school of Prof. Miel. A department for young ladies is connected with the Professor's establishment, and of this Miss James has charge, numbering in her class, we believe, ladies who have reached the extreme verge of years to which the adjective prefix can properly be made to apply. The "Kindergarten" department is the children's, and over this the Professor presides, assisted in its conduct by his wife. We make this correction the more explicit as it is not generally known that Prof. Miel's school has a department for young ladies.

NEW BOOKS.

THE house of Roman sends us the following late works: *Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Scott*; *Familiar Letters from Europe*, by Prof. Felton; *Love and Duty*, by Mrs. Hubbard; *Melbourne House*, by the author of *The Wide World* and *The Nasby Papers*.

The *Autobiography of Gen. Scott* will find thousands of readers, for there will be a very natural curiosity on all sides to see how the hero of an hundred battles will demean himself in print. We apprehend that the veteran in this experiment in literature was moved not so much by an ambition of seeing himself in print as by a desire to set his record right before the country whose flag he so victoriously carried. For it was the author's misfortune to become somewhat connected with political life, and necessarily he suffered the usual consequences—calumny and vexation. The story of his life is told in the first person, changing occasionally to the third when the modesty of the narrator makes it necessary. Commencing with his boyhood, the narrative carries us through all the shifting scenes of the old hero's eventful life. The account of the Mexican campaign is particularly interesting, as the version of one who moved and breathed in the smoke of its battles, as well as directed them; but of the present war little is said beyond mention of the suggestions which the author offered when the clouds first began gathering above the horizon—suggestions for the garrisoning of the Southern ports, full of practical wisdom, which should have been adopted. It is a little curious that General Scott should have voluntarily placed himself in that position which Job wished that his enemy should occupy; and that one who has so often reviewed armies should now come to be reviewed in turn by every subaltern in literature.

Melbourne House is one of those quiet domestic tales by which the authoresses of *Queechy* and *The Wide World* have attained their popularity. It is Edgeworthy, without having much edge to it, coaching us along through two volumes in an easy and leisurely way. Its chief merit is the moral sentiment and home tastes which it inculcates and encourages; its chief drawback is the length to which the lesson is spun out. We know not why it is that most authors and all authoresses think that they are making a match against time and space, and that all that is required of them is to come within the bounds of both—certain it is that they never annihilate either. If going to Calistoga or to Napa to spend a month, a man could afford to take *Melbourne House* along, and ladies who have little to do will find the two volumes pleasant companions enough in the city.

And what has been said of *Melbourne House* will apply very well to *Love and Duty*, with the exception that Mrs. Hubbard's work is in one volume instead of two. The publishers would like the notice to say more, and accordingly furnish a printed slip which accompanies the book. This it is:

We cannot praise too highly the power and truthfulness with which the characters of this story are represented, it is one of the class of novels to which the reader turns with delight after reading some of the trash that is put forth from the press. It abounds in soul-elevating thoughts, and no person can read it without being made wiser and better thereby. It is full of simple and naive wisdom, shrewd delineation of character in great variety, and it has a piquancy that rivets the attention even amidst simple incidents. The characters are drawn by a hand which can realize fictitious characters with minute intensity, and the novel stands out much in the same way as "Jane Eyre" did. Price \$1.50 in paper, or \$2.00 in cloth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Penn. It is an excellent production, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

They say they would "be much pleased and esteem it a great favor" if we "would notice this novel as its merits deserve, or copy the above notice." We have complied with the latter request, and have endeavored to do the other thing as well. But we protest against being made responsible for the assertion that the work cannot be too highly praised, and as to "some of the trash that is put forth from the press," this book seems a very fair specimen of what publishers find it to their interest to print. Neither can we conscientiously say that *Love and Duty* "stands out much in the same way that *Jane Eyre* did," for we do not know how that lady stood out, though it is presumable that if she wore hoops she stood out pretty well; that *Love and Duty* ought to stand forth always we are ready enough to admit.

Of Professor Felton's *Familiar Letters from Europe*, our lady correspondent writing from New York speaks in a manner which fairly illustrates the old adage that "Familiarity breeds contempt." A glance over the pages of the book leads us to set it down as a chatty lot of letters, scarcely marked by the close observation and keen analysis of men and manners which one would expect at the pen of a "Harvard Don."

The Nasby Papers is a collection of newspaper contributions that would be humorous were it not for the distorted orthography which is made their prominent feature. Tricks with syntax and spelling is simply making faces in print, and we should as soon think of styling the man who grins through a hoop a "humorist" as the one who thus grins through the broken bars of grammar. All the fun of the thing has long since been exhausted, and we are heartily sick of it, not to say disgusted.

We are indebted to Mr. Flood for Volume I. of *The Works of Archbishop Hughes*, comprising his sermons, letters, lec-

tures, speeches, etc. The compilation is by Lawrence Kehoe. The life of an erudite scholar, an accomplished orator and a distinguished leader of the Catholic masses in this country, cannot fail to be interesting, while his letters and speeches are well worthy of study. Archbishop Hughes has never been greatly identified with politics, but since the breaking out of the present war his efforts, both in this country and in Europe, (whither he went at the instigation of Government,) have been given to the Union cause. His services in quelling the New York riots of last year will long be gratefully remembered.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, November 3d, 1864.

THE new edition in blue and gold of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, is the first coinage since his death of that immortality which stamps him as one of the Elect. What fame is to Milton in Paradise, to Shakspeare with the "Mighty Mother," and to other men of genius obscure, unsung, unappreciated in their mortal lives, that will it now be to Hawthorne, the finest, clearest, most subtle author America has given birth to. The preface to these volumes is a profound and touching history of the first part of his literary life. For ten or twelve years, the years of his young manhood, not the slightest impression was made on the public by these stories. "Throughout the time specified," he says, "he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition, an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which in the long run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart or numbness out of his fingers." Upon me, this preface has the effect, which his own criticism of the tales denies to his readers, "that the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed tears at his deepest pathos." I feel keenly the sharp, delicate sarcasm, which compels a silent laugh, and I am touched to tears at the manly, unaffected, plain narrative of his obscurity. He really describes himself, when he says that he came to be regarded as a "mild, sly, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive and not very forcible man;" but he does not say that his shyness and reserve were the bane of his existence. He believed that the curse came upon him because of the solitude and isolation of his early life. But a man's habits cannot belie his temperament, unless he is under physical restraint, and Hawthorne's idiosyncrasy was all his own, much as he disliked it. At his funeral in Concord, some of his fellow-townsmen were present who had never seen him alive, and who went with the object of seeing him dead. His walks were never in their familiar ways, but were confined to his own premises and a lane which was near his house. Edward Dicey, in a long article in one of the English magazines, has best described Hawthorne's mental idiosyncrasies. He saw the two sides and opposites of conflicting circumstances and opinions so clearly that he suffered a continual vacillation of will. His insight made him intellectually irresolute as Hamlet was. This trait is not evident as vacillation, in his writings, but it pervaded his life, preventing him from being a man of action. He had a horror of radicalism, and it was his fortune to be connected with two well-known radicals by marriage—one of them the wife of a well-known school reformer and a partner in his moral enterprises, and the other a strong-minded lady, immensely "sound," the getter up of the Kindergarten system, a writer in big magazines, good and useful generally, but theoretically unpleasant to Hawthorne. The character of the minister in "The Scarlet Letter," apparently elaborated in moral sympathy against the social crime committed by him, shows the revolt of Hawthorne's soul against the suppression of the natural. It is the best plea against moral coercion, still on the rampage in New England, ever written. It is pleasant to be able to give personal testimony to the truly genial taste and friendliness which he showed to authors younger and more obscure than himself. One of my best possessions is a letter which I received from him at a time when sympathy and recognition were desirable. I had launched a cock-boat upon the stream of literature, and it was in danger of being run down by vessels of heavy tonnage, the bulwarks of our intellectual brine; for in their estimation, or rather the estimation of some rear-admiral, it lacked the ballast used by them—the ballast called morals. It tottled on the tide before them in an audacious dance—not quite up to Holbein's "Dance of Death"—and Hawthorne from his argosy flung out a signal which displayed, with the kindest phrases, this: "Your morals may be safely left to take care of themselves."

When the poem of *The King's Bell* was published, he wrote the author, commenting on the story, which was taken in part from Doran's *Monarchs Retired from Business*, and which relates that a young king on the day he ascended the throne ordered a bell to be hung in his palace, which he should ring whenever he was happy. It is needless to say

that the bell was never rung. The king came the nearest to a peal from it the day he died; with his last breath he stretched forth his hand towards the cord, but it left him before he could touch it, and the bell was silent forever. Hawthorne, the saddest writer, wrote: "I wish the idea had not been quite so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his life-time, and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy, conspiring circumstances, that I could have rung a joy-bell over it." Later than this, he wrote a letter of commendation to Bayard Taylor when he published his first novel, and I have no doubt there are other young writers who possess like treasures of his pen. He admired Miss Prescott, and I believe told her so.

Mrs. Hawthorne is already engaged on a work of love and duty—the life and letters of her husband—which, of course, will be brought out by Ticknor & Fields.

Ticknor & Fields have also published the late Professor Felton's *Familiar Letters from Europe*, began in 1853. As they are familiar letters, perhaps they do not come within the province of the critic. As the work of a Harvard Don, it may be said that they do not rise above the commonplace. Here is a specimen of his style: "At Geneva we had several thunder-storms. I wish you would turn to *Childe Harold* and read his description of Lake Lemán in a calm and in a storm. We saw both to perfection." Professor Felton met Talfourd, Rogers and Humboldt, who have since joined that "innumerable caravan" whither the Professor has gone also.

Apocryphos of this, one of the last European mails brings the tidings of the death of the French hair-dresser poet, Jasmin, at the age of 66. Felton made his acquaintance in Paris, at the time he was there making acknowledgments for the prize he had received from the French Academy of 5,000 francs for his last volume of *Las Papillotes*. Jasmin wrote in the Gascon dialect, which is, in fact, (says Felton,) representative of the language of the Troubadours. In the intervals of hair-dressing, he wrote and recited his pieces to his countrymen, who were roused to enthusiasm by this poetical rendering of their daily life, and his fame spread. Felton found him a lion everywhere in Paris, and describes him as a child of nature, full of fire, with flashing eyes and varying voice. He recited his pieces in the theatres of Southern France, and filled them where even Rachel could not. But his exhibitions were all for charitable purposes, and the cities of the south vied with each other in bestowing honors on their poetical benefactor. Longfellow has translated one of his poems, "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille," and I have read an article upon him in *Chambers's Miscellany*—and this is all I have ever heard about Jasmin.

Another book in Ticknor's last batch is *The Gipsies of the Danes' Dike*, by G. S. Philipps, ("January Scarle.") It is a surprisingly capital story, and professes to be a literal reflex of wayside life in England, with fictitious characters, incidents and actions. It is so clever that I am sorry to say the author is an Englishman; but then if he had not been that, the book would not have been good, for the English are under the Star of Empire as far as the writing of fiction goes. I do not think that we can hold a kerosene lamp in comparison; even the meteoric bigamist, Miss Braddon, surpasses all the flash and fancy school in America. Speaking of kerosene reminds me of our modern order—the Petroleum Aristocracy. Shoddy aristocracy is ancient, consisting of the old-established families, whose habits have a venerable halo, which places them on a level with the more ancient and fishlike order of the Codfish Aristocracy which now can boast of a "dead grandfather." The campaign in the oil fields of Pennsylvania is quite as eventful as the martial or the election campaign, and the petroleum prospectuses in the newspapers quite as reliable, exciting and seductive, as the military and political prospectuses with which we are at present crammed.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the condition, I can hardly believe that this letter does not somewhere contain an ingenious *Fraud*. The arch-enemy has conquered us, if the rebels have not, and hangs out his banners on our inward and outward walls. Our women wear masses of false hair, twisted, braided and curled into stupendous edifices of wonderful gracelessness. We do not shed any more natural tears. I almost believe, there is alum, lime, cream of tartar and other deleterious substances mixed with the limpid fluid. When I walk in Broadway I am continually confounding the women who pass for real, with the wire figures draped with dry goods, that are placed at shop entrances and inside. The true form of men is entirely concealed by immensely wide trowsers. We cannot exclaim with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is a man!" He is so hidden, we know nothing about his likeness to a god. After the election, however, we may forsake our bogus ways and return to nature's paths; when the Sanitary Commission will not be accused of spending its gains to obtain "healthy" votes, when officers of every grade furloughed home to stump for President will go back to fight, when the inmates of hospitals having deposited their votes in weak spots will return to their wards—then, I repeat, we may once more become a virtuous community.

E. D. B. S.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

FANCY DRESSES.—At the last of the brilliant private Carnival balls, the most striking of the dresses worn by the ladies was that of the Duchess de Morny, as an English lady of the last century. Princess Anna Murat, as a *peacock*, her train being of white tulle covered with "peacock's eyes," her petticoat of yellow satin, peacock's feathers in her breast and in the hair. Her ornaments were a band of magnificent emeralds and diamonds, worn from one shoulder to the waist, as Queen Victoria wears her royal ribbon—a necklace of the same and the aigrettes of peacock's plumes in her head confined by an immense brooch. It is said that the princess is frequently bedecked with the Empress' jewels; she is the only lady of the court on terms of absolute intimacy with her Majesty, whom she always addresses as "my aunt." Princess Tivabeskoï was dressed as a *cat*—cat's heads upon her bosom and sleeves, and in her hair; another lady as an aviary, with a lace dress covered with birds in real feathers—her head-dress consisting of a bird cage nearly six inches square in gilded wicker—a bird inside, with another perched upon her head. The bosom of her dress was covered with red berries; birds nestled upon her shoulders, and another wicker cage hung from her side, in which were several canaries. One lady represented photography—small photographic cards forming the trimming of her bertha; larger-sized ones formed the basque, still larger the trimming of the skirt, which was of white satin. The necklace was composed of very small pictures set in gold, and the ear-rings of likenesses of her hostess, the Duchess de Morny, also set in gold. The head-dress completed the eccentricity of this costume. It consisted of a camera, the front of which was a mirror instead of the ordinary glass. One of the most elegant dresses was worn by a very beautiful English woman, very tall and well-formed. She called herself *Roma*; her dress was of black velvet; upon the train was embroidered the wolf with Romulus and Remus; her hair fell in waves to her waist, and upon her head she wore a turret-like diadem of gold. A belt was embroidered—in gold—with the name she had chosen. Another extremely pretty costume was that worn by Madame de Girardin as *Snow*. The dress was formed of tulle covered with swan's down in flakes; a mantle, close round her throat, trimmed in the same way, fell to her feet.

ROUGE ET NOIR—**ROUGE GAGNE.**—At what period in the world's history did a lady, whose hair was naturally brown or black, deliberately go to the hair *artiste* and request that *coiffeur* to turn it into a light red? That is what some ladies of Paris are now doing. It is the fashion. Yet more wonderful things still are done to make the ladies more beautiful. Masses of hair, ever augmenting in size, are stuck on where nature's handiwork ends. These bosses commenced with us modestly enough; they are now about the circumference of a soup plate. As much as one hundred francs is paid for one of these hairy deceptions, which are generally imprisoned in network, occasionally studded with diamonds, and often half-circled with a broad golden comb. Do you think invention ends here? Not a bit of it.

The front hair is a curious nest of floral and other conceits, reminding us of an old poet's lines:

Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet,
Upon whose arches twenty cupids lay.

And then the little bats with more curious feathery conceits. As a Frenchman said the other day; *Trop de cheveux et pas assez de chapeau*. What an elaborate get-up appears to be now necessary to invite the more delicate affections of the heart! And how odd this *coiffure* will look when a quarter of a century has passed away! Do we not now wonder how our fathers fell desperately in love with ladies who dressed in the fashion of the first empire, with waists under their arms, and such a comic head-dress? We almost marvel they married such queer figures, and that we were consequently brought into this wicked world. Go and see the pale ginger-bread wig with long plaits descending to the feet of Madame Carvalho, as "Marguerite" in *Faust* (when playing at the Lyrique.) Go and see how the doctor passionately runs about the garden after that romantic *coiffure*. Let us humbly treat all fashions with sublime respect. Not one is superior to their influence. There will always be at least one tyrant in the world so long as fashion exists. All youthful male Paris now falls down and worships red hair.—*Paris Letter*.

RE-ENACTING OF THE OLD DRAMA—**POETRY, POVERTY AND DEATH.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Journal* tells the following sad story. It does not detract from its interest that similar ones have so often been told before: We have lost a young poet, under sad circumstances. He was just five-and-twenty. He was the author of a life of Mme. de Lamartine, and a life of Hégésippe Moreau (whose fate was so like his own); he wrote some novels and a volume of poems which sold. But being without any capital (that fulcrum without which the best lever is worthless), he was obliged to transmute ink and paper into gold before he could obtain his daily bread. The consequence was, he fasted more than his constitution could bear. Privations of all sorts superinduced consumption, and for some years past he dragged himself from one hospital to another, and was often refused even this poor

shelter. He would have died at home in a quiet little Norman village, had not M. Legouvé (the author of *Medea*, etc.) who knew his poverty and his desperate health, wrote him that the French Academy had granted a prize to his volume of poetry, *Les Chants du Capitole*, and he (M. Legouvé) begged him to accept the value of the prize in advance. It was a delicate way of relieving distress. The poor fellow was faltering forth his soul when the letter reached him. Dying as he was, he rose, quitted his family, and came to Paris to hear his name and work applauded. When he discovered the truth he sank lower than ever. One evening, after he had spent all day trying to get admission to a hospital, he sank exhausted at the door of his publisher, M. Bachelin Defforenne, who at once obtained a bed for him at Necker Hospital, where he died. Six men and one woman accompanied his remains from the hospital to the graveyard, where they were placed in the Potter's Field. I never hear of one of these premature deaths, brought on by want, without thinking of poor Rachel, who, when panting for breath, and without appetite, at a table laden with every delicacy which could challenge sickness's whims, said, with a melancholy smile: "Had some good soul advanced me a few hundred chickens and a few hundred loaves of bread, I should not be the invalid I am."

An extraordinary affair lately occurred in the town of Orel, in Russia. A great local landowner had a large sum (43,000 silver rubles) to receive through the police office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with 5,000 silver rubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the evening of the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant on opening the door was instantly pinioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The landowner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over his 43,000 rubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong box, opened it, seized a revolver, which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He sent for assistance, the police, etc., and on the crape being removed from the faces of the dead men they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary.

A NEW DODGE OF EATING-HOUSES.—The restaurants in Paris, particularly those which the working classes frequent, are making a great stir. Lately, one just opened in the Faubourg Montmartre, promised a dinner of two courses and a dessert to whoever wrote, in a legible hand, the answer to a rebus offered every morning for solution by the *dame de comptoir*. Another, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, hit on a still more strange expedient: he chose for his ensign a gigantic golden sausage, which he swung enticingly over the door of his restaurant, the words "*A la saucisse d'or*," in huge gold letters, blazing beneath. His *salon* was large, its white walls decorated by festoons of the tempting edible so highly appreciated on the other side of the Rhine, and in every 50th sausage was a five franc piece in gold. His principle was that, as his customers called for sausages, they should be cut off in regular rotation from the string so artistically arranged round the dining-hall. The result may be better imagined than described. The eager anxiety depicted on the countenance of every *ouvrier*, as he nervously examined and finally ate his sausage, would have supplied a phrenologist with many good subjects for study. The expedient proved most remunerative to the proprietor, but the quarrels that ensued were of so serious a nature that the police have interfered, and the master has received orders either to shut up his shop or to proceed on a less exciting system.

NAPOLEON III. AS AUTHOR.—The long expected *Life of Cesar*, by Napoleon III., will in part appear between the 1st and 15th of December, maybe on the anniversary of the Dix-Unit Brumaire and *coup d'état*—the second day of this month. If M. Guizot or M. Thiers has any share of Job's feeling when he cried, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" they may whet Jeffrey's or Voltaire's scalpel, for I believe all commentators are agreed that all Job wanted was a chance to "cut up" his enemy in the buff-and-blue published in the land of Uz. Napoleon III. was anxious to postpone the publication until both volumes were ready. But M. Plon, the printer and publisher, suggested that it would be best to issue each volume separately, and convinced the author. It has not yet been decided whether the price shall be six or eight francs.—*Paris Letter*.

At the Petersburg Fair, England, was offered for public exhibition a being in human shape, of stature tall and stont, wearing only the semi-savage garb around his middle, and encircled by a leather belt, styled an American Indian and "vermin killer." A sort of box was then brought forward (loket) containing live rats, upon which the cannibal-like countenance of the "vermin-killer" brightened up with excited delight, and upon the lid being raised, he seized the rat in his hand, and placing its head between his teeth, with a sickening crash of the skull, instantly killed it, and devoured the whole in little over a minute. The same scene was repeated throughout till the whole dozen was stowed away in the capacious stomach of the brute, leaving only three or four tails from the lot, thereby putting into the shade the exploits of the dog *Billy*, and eclipsing the wide-spread fame of the Kilkenny cats.

AND STILL ANOTHER VERSION OF "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN."—We recently published a story wherein a ticket-of-leave man figured after a fashion not calculated to excite the popular sympathy in behalf of that style of martyrs. But the story of "Bob Briery" in the play of *The Ticket-of-Leave man* finds a curious illustration and supporter from real life in the following police report which appeared in a late English paper:

"At the Warwickshire sessions, on the 19th of October, George Haynes, twenty-five, was charged with having, at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 12th of August last, stolen two pounds weight of beef. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and asked to make a statement. The chairman having remarked that he had been previously sentenced to penal servitude at Gloucester assizes for housebreaking, the prisoner said that was really true. He committed the offence when he was only thirteen years of age, and was sent to Gibraltar, to the penal settlement there. After having been imprisoned for three years and a half, his conduct had been so satisfactory that he had been released upon a ticket-of-leave. He forthwith returned to England, and did all he could to obtain an honest livelihood. After working for four years in Warwick, during a part of that time he had attended regularly at All Saints Church, Emscote, and assisted in the choir, he went to reside at Stratford, got work, and attended the parish church at Charlcote, singing in the choir. All things went on well with him and with his family for a long time. One day, one of the Stratford police, named Weston, called upon him, and asked if he had ever been transported. He declined at first to answer the question; but ultimately admitted that such was the case. From that time his prospects were blighted. He was dismissed from the choir at Charlcote Church, and lost his place. In every way he was being hunted down and oppressed. At the time he took the meat, his wife and children were in a starving condition, and he took the meat for them.

"Rev. T. B. Dickens, of Emscote, sent a letter, testifying to the prisoner's character as being honest, sober, and in every way respectable. Mr. Kynnersley expressed his deep regret at the statement which the prisoner had made. If it was true, and upon the face of the facts it seemed probable, the policeman had exceeded his duty, for he ought not to have interfered with him at all. The prisoner seemed to have conducted himself creditably, and the former offence might have been considered buried in oblivion. Both he and his brother magistrates considered that the prisoner had been hardly dealt with, and, under the circumstances, he would only be sentenced to fourteen days' hard labor."

ABSINTHE IN FRANCE.—There is a crusade going on in France against the use of absinthe, not unlike to that which has so long been carried on in America against the use of all kinds of ardent spirits. "The pale green demon," as absinthe is called, is charged with being as destructive an agent as ever was old King Alcohol. It is said to act with much more rapidity than brandy. Then it is terribly adulterated, in order that it may be sold cheap, and placed within the reach of the lowest purse; and so the demon calls to his aid a host of spirits who are even worse than himself. The use of this tippie—which is a very pleasant and seductive tippie—is so common, that it may almost be pronounced universal. About eleven o'clock (the old "bitters" hour of our anti-temperance times) almost every Frenchman who can afford the sin, proceed, *faire son absinthe*—which done, he feels better for the times preparatory to feeling much worse for a longer time. The reformers are calling for what would here be called Maine-law legislation. They would have government prohibit its use altogether, which would be to substitute one kind of worm-wood for another. But Napoleon will be slow to listen to this demand, as absinthe is very popular in the army, the men stationed in Algeria being in an especial sense partial to it, and consuming an immense quantity. The army is the Emperor's chief support, and the African army is the most trustworthy of all the military. He'll hardly listen to a request to comply with which would cause his very throne to reel. The soldiers must be permitted to drink, in order that their master may be able to sleep in peace; and it would not answer to have one law for the military and another for the *pékings*, as the soldiers call civilians. There is not much liberty in France, but equality is there dominant.

The rope-trick of the Davenport Brothers is an old thing, according to the King of Oude, who says that in India it used to be performed in this fashion: The performer was tied neck and feet and put into a sack, the mouth of which was carefully secured; he was then thrown into deep water, from which he emerged swimming, free from both ropes and sack. A London paper urges subjecting the Davenport Brothers to this test.

A LONDON paper, facetiously announcing certain forthcoming books, which exist only in fancy, mentions, among others, "A highly interesting collection of letters by the Foreign Secretary, entitled *Letters I had Better Not have Written*. It is supposed," adds the journalist, "that the collection will contain most of the official despatches sent off by Earl Russell since the commencement of his holding office, and, of course, all his epistles bearing on the Danish question."

A PETITION to the French Senate for the abolition of capital punishment has received eighty thousand signatures.

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Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

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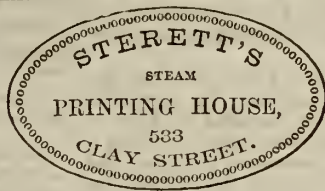
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I think you remember that some months ago, I was courting a handsome young girl; Since then I went traveling up country, you know, And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet, Of course she must know very well; Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps— Been searching at every hotel; I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street, To search for another young girl; And every fine lady I chance for to meet, I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery, To look for my sweet little Belle; And who in the name you think I should see? A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last; Are you lying, or here in disguise?" And what do you think, my friends, it was? A picture of her in life size.

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WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

STORMS over the mountains have prevented the electric current from performing its allotted duty, and we have been without despatches for the greater part of the week. What we receive is mainly delayed material which accumulated on the operator's file while the wires were not working. Sherman's march through Georgia still seems to be problematical, and will probably remain so until communication is opened to the coast, that being the only possible way of getting correct information. A Richmond despatch, dated the 12th, says that "Sherman is near Savannah, probably not 5 miles distant." Skirmishing seems to have been kept up along his line of march from Millen, with but little benefit to the opposing forces. While writing there is news *via* Richmond to the effect that Sherman met the rebels under Smith, Hardee and Cobb some 12 miles from Savannah and defeated them. Foster is in communication with Sherman! With our readers we are hopeful of what another week may bring forth. Grant is on the move. The Richmond oracles are again proclaiming; this time they utter an alarm. As most all news from Grant's front must now be contraband we hear little from that quarter; but we glean from the papers of the Confederacy sufficient to convince us that "Grant is moving," and they are afraid of him. There is nothing from Nashville of much moment. Matters, up to the latest dates, are about as our last "record" left them:

December 6.—There is nothing definite from Nashville further than in the report at last dates of less cannonading than usual. Rebel batteries are established on the bluff, fourteen miles down the river. Several gunboats went down and engaged the batteries without dislodging them from their position. A reconnaissance was made by the Union forces, between Lebanon and the Nashville turnpike. After proceeding a short distance the enemy were discovered in considerable force. Our troops charged upon them and drove them off. Two or three men were killed and a number wounded.

December 7.—Richmond papers of the 7th state that, "Sherman's campaign is drawing to a close. He is approaching the coast, by way of Darien and Savannah, but we have a formidable force between him and that point, which he will have to meet. He will have to concentrate his forces before he reaches either point."

Three deserters from Savannah arrived at Fort Pulaski on the 30th. They report that Sherman is advancing on Savannah in three columns—one by the way of Millen, one by the way of the Oconee and Ocmulgee rivers, and the other across the Savannah river, at Sisters' Ferry, seventy miles above. He flanked Macon, but did not stop to occupy it; he had whipped Wayne's and Cobb's militia at Oconee Bridge, driving them in every direction.

The Augusta Chronicle says that Wheeler was fighting the Federals on Wednesday. It states that Wheeler captured 2,000 prisoners. The Constitutionalist, however, says that the "Yankee cavalry" with whom Wheeler fought numbered only 150! But later particulars from the Richmond papers make it appear that Wheeler had to fall back, owing to Kilpatrick's superior numbers! When the history of this war is written, there will be some curious balancing of accounts.

The Richmond Whig says that the rebels at Griswoldville captured the breastworks from the Yankees. The Macon Telegraph says that they charged through an open field within fifty yards of the works, and then withdrew. Another account says that the rebel General Anderson was wounded, and is censured for rashly urging his men against the breastworks.

Hardee, under date of Grahamsville, the 2d, claims that he has repulsed Foster on the railroad at that point, as also a force of marines, under Admiral Dahlgren, at Cooswatchie.

The Richmond Whig says the Yankees appropriated over 2,000 horses and mules in Glascock and Warren counties.

The Charleston Mercury learns that Foster has fortified the position which he took up after the battle on Honey Hill, where, it is supposed, he will remain until Sherman reaches within striking distance of the coast. It states that Foster has been for some days and nights sending up balloons and sky rockets, supposed to be signals to Sherman's approaching hosts.

The Richmond papers say that Gen. Grant is pressing on the right of the Army of the James, and an attack by him there and by the left of the Army of the Potomac is expected.

The Richmond papers print a Fredericksburg letter of the 5th, which says it is reported that six thousand troops had just passed down the Potomac to reinforce Grant; 4,000 of these from Sheridan, and 2,000 new recruits.

A despatch from headquarters of the Army of the Potomac of the 7th reports rather a calm day along the lines at Petersburg. A little picket firing had been indulged in on our right line. The artillery on both sides was very quiet. Considerable activity prevailed along the lines north of the James river. Firing had been kept up on the Dutch Gap Canal all along as usual, but not with such persistency as on the previous day.

A reconnoitering party from the left to-day struck the rebel pickets on the Vaughn road, driving them to Hatcher's Run, (over two miles,) where they had breastworks erected.

Gen. Stevens, cannonading Harper's Ferry, sent out a scouting party in the direction of Waterford to watch Mosby, when they encountered the head of Mosby's force. A skirmish ensued which is reported to be against the Union forces, the rebels outnumbering them three to one. Mountjoy, one Mosby's ablest officers, is reported killed.

When Gov. Brown left Milledgeville, he carried away all his private property, but forgot that belonging to the State. A quantity of powder, and 3,000 stand of arms, according to the Savannah Republican, fell into the hands of "the enemy."

December 9.—The Press has a special despatch from City Point, stating that the Second and Fifth Corps recrossed the James river on the afternoon and night of the 7th, near the Jerusalem plank road, and on the morning of the 8th they marched towards the Stony Creek station.

December 10.—Three regiments of colored infantry, a section of Morton's, with the Fifth Regular Artillery, under Gen. Ludlow, cross to the north side of the James, drive back the rebels, and effecting a lodgment at the upper terminus of the canal, they are enabled to protect the laborers at Dutch Gap.

At daylight the Fifth Corps and the Third Division of the Second Corps, with two brigades of Gregg's cavalry, started south, crossing the Nottaway river without much opposition.

A special despatch to the Louisville Journal of the 9th says that skirmishing is going on near Nashville. The enemy has been driven back to his old line, and but few casualties have resulted. Prisoners report that Cheatham's cavalry holds the rebel right, Lee the centre and Stewart the left. They say that Lee has four batteries of four guns each in position. A rebel brigade has gone in the direction of Murfreesboro.

Burbridge's command was at Bean's Station on the 6th. His forces were well organized and supplied. The movement of Burbridge on Breckinridge's flank compelled the latter to withdraw his entire forces beyond Bull's Gap, excepting a small cavalry detachment. The excitement in town had nearly subsided, and no apprehensions for the safety of the city were felt. The gunboats went down the river to a point where the rebel batteries were located, and engaged them. They drove the rebels back from the river, silenced their guns, and returned to the city.

From Vicksburg, dates to the 4th give Gen. Dana a victory. He destroyed thirty miles of the Mississippi Central Railroad above the Big Black Crossing, including the long bridge at that place; 2,500 bales of cotton, valued at \$300,000, and other public property, were destroyed.

The Richmond Despatch of the 10th says the news from Georgia was exciting. "The enemy who had been marching down Ogeechee river with three corps, one on the north and two on the south side, were endeavoring to unite their forces, and met with considerable resistance from the Confederates. At last accounts they had not effected their object, which was also prevented in part by the unfavorableness of the river approaches. On the 7th, a demonstration of the Federals on the ferries on the Savannah river became more determined; they managed to get some of their infantry across the flats in sight of the river. It was reported that the enemy had effected a landing on Cooswatchie river, below Pocotaligo, but had not been able to reach the railroad."

The Augusta Constitutionalist of the 6th says: "On Monday last a fight took place at Walker's Bridge, on Brier Creek, twenty-two miles from Augusta, in which the Federals were worsted. One hundred and twenty-two Yankee prisoners had arrived at Augusta."

December 12.—A Richmond despatch says that Sherman is near Savannah, probably 5 miles distant. Gen. Grant states that a telegram from below Charleston intimates that Sherman was in line of battle, but doesn't say where, confronted by a strong Confederate force.

The following items are furnished by the Richmond Enquirer:

Dutch Gap Canal, they say, can be made ready for use in a few hours. They have a report that a force of our troops effected a lodgment between the two important points, Fort Darling and Howlett's House. It is claimed that one of our gunboats was sunk on Monday by an iron bolt from one of Howlett's House guns.

Resolutions had been introduced in the North Carolina Legislature in favor of sending commissioners to Washington to negotiate peace.

In the rebel Senate on the 3d, Orr introduced a resolution denouncing the capture of the Florida in Bahia Bay.

December 14.—The N. Y. World publishes an account of a battle in front of Savannah, on the 10th purporting to come direct from a loyal resident of Richmond. The rebels under Hardee, Smith and Cobb, are reported to have met Sherman 12 miles from Savannah, on the Ogeechee River, and in an engagement were defeated. Communication had been effected with Foster. The loss on both sides was very severe—2,500 Union, and between 3,000 and 4,000 rebels. Amongst the latter were 1,200 prisoners, including many officers of rank. Several colors, cannons, small arms, wagons and caissons were captured from the rebels. When the last word left, Sherman was close to the coast, and either able to form a junction with Foster and the fleet, or to attack Savannah, with prospects of success.

Official reports from Gen. Rousseau, at Murfreesboro, give a victory to the Union forces under his command. Forrest's demonstrations were all successfully repulsed.

From Grant, the various reconnoissances have been successful. Skirmishing was continued along their route, and the enemy was repulsed in every attack. The corps that crossed the Nottaway reached the Meheria river and destroyed the rebel railroad communication with Weldon, burning the bridges across the Nottaway, and destroying everything. After accomplishing this, the troops returned safely to the lines before Petersburg.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Sacramento Union is indebted to Dr. Logan for the information that "the amount of rain which fell on the 11th was 0.276 of an inch; on the 12th, 1.700 inches; on the 13th, 3.240 inches. Total for three days, 5.216 inches. Total, present season, 12.839 inches, or about one-third the amount which fell during 1861-'62." The Union of the 14th, (with a levee-ty of expression quite pardonable,) says: "If the rivers rise five or six feet higher than they have been the present season, we can then, by watching the levees and currents, form an intelligent opinion as to whether there is or not danger to be apprehended."

The Butte Record says: The bridge across Rock creek was swept away. Many of the miners, at the commencement of the rain, rigged up their hydraulic hose and commenced piping. Soon they were compelled to seek shelter, when the reservoir filled and broke, banks caved in, and sluice boxes were washed off and destroyed. Our miner friends say that though a rough winter is visiting them, they don't ask for an "armistice."

From Oroville we learn that the creeks and sloughs in that vicinity were overflowed. The bridge over Dry creek was carried away. About fifty feet of embankment of the California Northern Railroad was washed out.

The Solano Herald says: From all quarters we hear of a great loss of stock occasioned by heavy rains. Seven hundred sheep belonging to W. S. Wells have been drowned in the tule land between Cache creek and Steamboat slough.

James Myers, a Prussian, aged thirty-four years, was drowned, recently, in a slough at Charley's ranch, Butte county. His body was recovered.

A man named Edward Woodington was drowned in Dry creek, while attempting to ford it near the Cottage Hill House.

An old gentleman named Matthews was recently seized by two highwaymen, near Virginia, Nevada, and robbed of a valuable watch.

The Supreme Court of California adjourned, Dec. 8th, to meet on the first Monday in January.

F. W. Fairbanks claims to have discovered a process by which the gum extracted from a species of fir tree which abounds in Butte county, Cal., can be made to furnish an excellent quality of resin—a discovery which promises immense benefits to the State.

The indebtedness of Nevada is \$358,000. The Enterprise estimates the taxable property at \$80,000,000, which will yield a revenue of \$240,000.

Fair by stage from Virginia to Sacramento has been raised to \$28 from \$15.

On the 11th inst., Bill Carder was shot dead by Moses Brockman, in Aurora, as a sequel to a previous difficulty. Brockman is in custody.

The Blue Ledge Mining Company, near Smartsville, Yuba county, has cleaned up \$72,660, being the fifth exhibit of their flumes since March last.

Morg. Miller, formerly of Sacramento, has been appointed Deputy State Controller of Nevada.

An express has been established, connecting Prescott, the Capital of Arizona, with the post and express lines of California. Mining on the Colorado is in a highly prosperous condition.

It is estimated that one hundred miles of the Pacific Railroad west from Omaha, Nebraska, will be completed and in running order one year hence.

The flags of the several engine houses in Virginia, Nevada, were displayed at half-mast on the 10th inst., in honor of the memory of F. W. Kohler, of the San Francisco Fire Department.

All the outstanding warrants on the General Fund can be paid on presentation, and leave a balance on hand of \$60,000. Quite an improvement in the financial condition of California.

Henry Bart and an old man named Morris were severely injured by the premature explosion of a blast in the Knickerbocker mining claim at San Juan, recently.

A young man by the name of B. F. Johnson was killed near Michigan Bar, California, lately, while cleaning up his sluices, by the caving of an adjoining bank.

Alex. Gillus encountered a robber near Austin, Nevada, both being mounted. The robber politely offered Gillus a drink from a bottle, and when the latter was drinking he found himself covered by a revolver. Gillus put spurs to his horse, and is still one drink ahead of the highwayman.

The Sacramento Bee, of the 14th, says: "Thus far, to-day, the Sacramento river has fallen over six inches; the American river is also giving up the contest with the levees, for at Rabel's Tannery the water has fallen, since yesterday, over three feet, and the City of the Plains reposes in calm and dignified security within her intrenchments, which are calculated for the exigency of at least any ordinary flood."

Judge North, of Nevada, has commenced suit against W. M. Stewart and the proprietors of the Territorial Enterprise, claiming \$100,000 damages in each suit, for libel or slander against him in his official capacity as Judge of the late Territorial District Court.

The citizens of Los Angeles are moving to construct a railroad to connect their town with Wilmington, (about twenty miles distant,) the principal seaport of the lower country.

Jeremiah O'Brien, aged about fifty years, while working his claim near Horsetown, Shasta county, received such injuries by the caving of a bank, recently, that he died in a few hours.

HOLIDAY GOODS, AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

Fancy Articles, Toys, etc.

A. Kohler, 424 Sansome street and 622 Washington street.
Robert Mayer's Bazaar, 224 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street under the Russ House.

Gift Books and Annuals.

A. Roman & Co., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street.
Tyler Brothers, No. 632 Washington street.
M. Flood, No. 428 Kearny street.

Ladies' Fur Capes, Buggy Robes, etc.

L. C. Mayer & Sons, No. 5 Montgomery street.
Ladies' Cloaks, Lace Goods and Fancy Articles.
Roseblatt's Palace of Fashion, No. 125 Montgomery street.

Photographic Views, Spectacles, Cutlery, etc.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery street, between Pine and California.

Groceries, etc.

Bowen Brother, southeast corner of Montgomery and California street.
Haskell & Co.'s Tea Store, Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market.
P. J. White & Co., 419 and 421 Clay street, below Sansome.

Bottled Wines, Punches, etc.

Squarza's, No. 44 Leidesdorff street.

Furniture.

Goodwin & Co., 528 Washington street, below Montgomery.
B. P. Moore & Co., southeast corner of Sansome and Pine streets.

Clothing.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., boys and gents' clothing, etc., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., clothing and furnishing goods, No. 202 Montgomery street, corner of Bush.

Gentlemen's Toilet Articles.

Chretien Pfister, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House.

Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle.

R. Liddle & Co., No. 418 Washington street.
Wilson & Evans, No. 513 Clay street.

Carpets, etc.

Kennedy & Bell, southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets.

Confectionery.

Canty & Wagner, (successors to J. Regau,) No. 113 Montgomery street.

Photographs, etc.

H. Bash's Gallery, junction of Post, Market and Montgomery streets.

Boots and Shoes.

H. Lucke, importer of French boots and shoes, No. 645 Washington street.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Everybody is going to buy HOLIDAY PRESENTS, at extremely low prices, at FELD BUSH & CO.'s, because they have the largest assortment and most magnificent display of FANCY GOODS AND TOYS ever seen in any part of the world, which are now being unpacked and offered for sale at wholesale, at No. 531 Washington street, and retail at No. 207 Montgomery street, in Russ House Block, San Francisco.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

SOMETHING INTERESTING.—The following list

comprises the best articles of their kind in use:
Nelson's Extract of Roses and Rosemary;
Lawrence & Co.'s Patent Improved Flesh Gloves and Straps;
The Oxford Washing Pad;
Burdell's Oriental Tooth Wash;
Chevalier's Life for the Hair;
Quintessence of English Garden Lavender Flowers.
For particulars see advertising columns. These articles are prepared and sold by H. P. WAKELEE, Importer and Manufacturer, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, San Francisco.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the discourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—Six pounds White Granulated Sugar, \$1; nine pounds Cooking Sugar, \$1; seven pounds Cooking Raisins, \$1; six-pound boxes Raisins, \$1; six pounds Currants, \$1; eight pounds new Dried Apples, \$1; seven pounds Prunes, \$1; seven pounds California Dried Peaches, \$1; four pounds Green Coffee, \$1; nine pounds Rice, \$1. Teas—Oolong, 75 cents per pound; Family Mixture, 75 cents; Mandarin Oolong, \$1; strong and fine-flavored Breakfast Tea, \$1; new crop Japan Tea, 90 cents; very choice Green Teas, \$1. Fresh Ground Coffee, for family use, 35 cents; Babbitt's pure Cream Tartar, 60 cents; Saleratus, 12½ cents; Preston & Merrill's Yeast Powder, 25 cents per box; McMurray's Oysters, 40 cents; and numerous other articles cheap for cash, at HASKELL'S NEW MAMMOTH TEA STORE, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market. Open every evening till further notice.

CHOICE BOOKS,

—FOR—

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

A. Roman & Co.,

HAVE just received a large and well-selected stock of BOOKS, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS' PRESENTS, to which they invite the attention of the public.

FINE ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery. Folio antique, mor.
Lights and Shadows of New York Picture Galleries.
Don Quixote, splendidly illustrated by Gustave Dore. 2 vols.
Audubon's Birds of America. Folio, colored plates—a fine copy.
Hall's British Ballads.
Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second.
Cox's Christian Ballads.
Artist's Edition of the Sketch Book.
Byron and Waverley Galleries.
Folk Songs. Queen of England.
Dresden and Berlin Galleries.
World-noted Women. Loves of the Poets, etc.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN FINE BINDINGS.

Irryng, Cooper, Prescott, Bulwer, Carlyle, Macanlay, Emerson, Goldsmith, Bancroft, Motley, Dickens, Addison and others.

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NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.
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ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. 22 vols.
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BIBLES AND PRAYERBOOKS,
In every variety of size and binding.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
an elegant assortment in Velvet and Morocco Bindings.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
the largest assortment in the city.

TOYS, GAMES, DISSECTED MAPS, ETC., ETC.

All of which we offer at the lowest prices.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Chabriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

FOR

EVERYBODY!

KOHLER SELLING OUT!

THAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

FANCY GOODS!

Articles de Paris, TOYS, etc., selected by A. KOHLER, While in Europe, is now being unpacked, and is offered for sale

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

The most magnificent display of Fancy Goods ever seen in San Francisco.

Wholesale Store, No. 424 SANSOME STREET.

Retail, Nos. 620 and 622 WASHINGTON STREET. no26

PACIFIC

Insurance Company,

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE

BY FIRE,

On Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$750,000

ALL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary.

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after NOVEMBER 8th, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)
Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 2:30 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,

General Superintendent

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:
Between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of DECEMBER, 1864:

DECEMBER 23 - - - - - GOLDEN AGE.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, surgical or Mechanical—inured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

LADIES' FUR CAPES!

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

L. C. MAYER & SONS,
No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

BUGGY ROBES, ETC., IN GREAT VARIETY.

In consequence of an additional member entering our firm in January next, we are obliged, by partnership agreement, to dispose of the whole of our elegant assortment of LADIES' FURS, which we have determined to accomplish by selling at prices to suit purchasers.

NO FICTION IN THIS NOTICE. de10

PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAU.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS,

113 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter, - - - San Francisco.

N. B.—All CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. dc3-3m

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, SPICES,
WINES, etc., at Wholesale and Retail, very cheap,

—AT—

HASKELL'S MAMMOTH TEA-STORE,

Fronting on Market and Sutter streets,

de3tf Three doors below the Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

LEAVES FROM "PODGERS" JOURNAL.

THE climate of Texas, though mild and salubrious, is at times, during the prevalence of a "Norther," especially, such as to cause a gentleman in scanty wardrobe, and a very moist one at that, to feel very uncomfortable. My shirt was minus sleeves, and hung about me in ribbons; the pants were decidedly unrepresentable—at least I was, until I could get into a better pair; and unfortunately there was no chance of replenishing my wardrobe, except by getting inside a full suit of "soger clothes," which I was very glad to do, and for once to wear Uncle Sam's livery, which, however unbecoming and badly fitting, was far superior to the fractional suit I had landed in. The pants were a world too wide and a "feet" too long; the overcoat covered me *all* up; the collar reposed on the back of my head, and the tail dragged on the ground, *à la* Shanghai—and my general appearance was that of the "Artful Dodger;" but my greatest misery was that dreadful invention known as a "military stock"—it is made of leather about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and as unyielding and uncompromising as a Democratic candidate for a place in the Custom House. Its object and intention is to compel the soldier to hold his head up; and, faith! perfect success has crowned the invention, for no man with one around his neck could make an attempt to view his own toes without cutting his own throat or throttling himself. Now, the good Samaritan, who had loaned me the clothes, was a good natured old Sergeant that I had loaned many a "quarter" to, in times past; but old Mac was a thorough soldier, who went in strong for discipline, and would be horrified at the idea of omitting any article deemed by "Regulations" a part and portion of a soldier's wardrobe; and consequently, when I objected to the stock he stood aghast; all argument was unavailing, and I soon found that if I expected to borrow anything to redeem myself from a near approach to a state of *puris naturalibus*, I had better submit, and so I soon found myself in profound contemplation of the heavens. Any one, to see me, would presume I was immensely fond of the study of astronomy, for the stock threw my chin so high in the air nothing within the space of a half mile came within range of my vision; I came very near not seeing earth at all, and any pleasure I may have derived from the enchantment distance is supposed to lend, was more than made up for by the series of accidents that constantly befel me. I stumbled over barrels of pork, teat poles and tent cords, and except for the elevation at which I carried it should have broken my nose a dozen times a day. I generally closed the performance by walking into a ditch or bog hole, and doing serious damage to the Sergeant's clothes; but a still greater annoyance was that of being taken for a recruit just joined, and the result was, a constant string of interrogations from some hundred or two soldiers, who always deem a recruit a fair object of ridicule and the butt of the camp. The inquiries as to whether my anxious mamma was aware of my locality, whether I was expecting a letter from the clouds, what my views were on annexation, and whether I had not enlisted for the war of 1812, etc., were numerous; they could not exactly understand, either, why I should be allowed to associate and take my bean soup with the officers.

In consequence of having been thoroughly soaked all night a rain storm that had blown down all the tents, and left us to finish out the night in mud and water just even with our noses as we lay, I concluded to "turn out" a little earlier than usual; in fact, I was generally an early riser, and the arguments that morning in favor of it were very urgent; and as the storm had finished its "blow out," and the morning was fair, I concluded to sally out for a day's shooting, there being any number of deer a mile or two up the island. The first question was, where should I get a suitable gun. I was rather shy of a musket, having had a little experience in that way a day or two before. A flock of ducks a mile in extent had decoyed me into an expedition in a miserable old canoe; I borrowed a soldier's musket, and thinking I would bring down a dozen or two, put in a pretty respectable charge, paddled out within a dozen yards of the ducks, stood up in the boat, took deliberate aim at a bunch of "mallards" and "let drive;" the result was very interesting to science and the lookers-on, for the appearance presented was that of a cylinder loaded in the centre and shooting from both ends, the charge at one end emitted in the form of smoke and a blue cloud of soger clothes at the other. I had not much time to come to any definite idea on the extraordinary effects produced by my shot, before the scene of my operations was changed, and I found myself on the bottom, head downwards and my nose in rather uncomfortable proximity to a bed of oyster shells—I came to the surface, then went down again after the musket, and then I secured my game, eight mallards and a canvas-back, (fact!) and paddled ashore, regretting that I had not reversed the musket and shot the ducks with the other end of it—if I had I should have slaughtered about a cord of them. I mention this little circumstance, *en passant*, to explain my antipathy to Uncle Sam's old-fashioned flint-lock muskets, which are more dangerous to the shooter than the shoot-ee, and if shot butt-end foremost would knock down a whole regiment at a clip.

The old propeller *Augusta*, then in Government service,

(where she made a mint of money,) was lying at Aransas, and hearing that the Engineer owned a rifle, I went on board and borrowed it, all loaded and primed as it was. It was one of the regular old-fashioned Western weapons, a "rum 'un to look at," but undoubtedly "a good 'un to go." Mounting a horse, I rode up the island a couple of miles, and seeing a drove of deer feeding in the tall grass, I dismounted, picketed my horse and for two hours tried my best to get a shot. I crawled on my hands and knees for half a mile, but just before getting within range they would prick up their ears, and fly away.

I had been told that the only way to hunt deer in open ground was to hide and wait patiently until they fed up to within shot. I was tired of chasing them, and, ascending a mound, dug a hole in the sand, got into, covering myself with the long grass; the deer were a mile off and showed no disposition to come within the range of my old iron tube. Feeling drowsy and fatigued I dropped off into a nap. I must have slept two hours or more, and during that time, had dreamed of shooting more deer than a horse could draw down hill, when I was awakened by the snoring of some animal and footsteps approaching. I lay on my face, and raising my head a few inches, peeped out of the grass, and creation! how I felt when I saw a whole drove of deer within twenty yards of me, apparently unconscious of their proximity to the old rifle. The next thing to do was to bring the old gun to bear upon them; it was lying by my side, and inch by inch I drew it along until I got it where I could handle it; the deer were so close to me that the least sound or motion visible would scatter them out of shot instantaneously. I raised my rifle so gradually that the effort, as I lay, made my arms ache dreadfully. It was infernally heavy; I never knew a gun so heavy. At last, when my arms were just ready to drop off, I got it high enough to bear upon a rousing big buck, who was nearest. He stood facing me, and, I think, saw the muzzle of the gun poking out from the grass, and from the manner in which he was eyeing it I should judge he was trying to look down the barrel; thinks I, old fellow, your curiosity will soon be gratified, for I am going to lodge the contents exactly in your forehead, just between your eyes. I had good aim, and pressed my finger on the trigger, gently at first, but harder and harder. "Click!" went the lock—a flash, a "che-bang!" and—that's about all I remember. I have an indistinct recollection of a vision floating before my eyes, and a conglomeration of objects, the most prominent of which were stars, deer and rifles, in all conceivable and possible positions and shapes. Deer with heads down and tails up, going through the air, together with rifles reversed and revolving on their own axis, all lit up by the most brilliant scintillations, only equalled when in our schoolboy days we came down "ker-whack" on the ice. Anyhow, I saw more stars than Herschell ever dreamed of. I don't know how long I lay in a state of nothingness, but when I collected my scattered senses it was night—the stars were twinkling, (not the ones I saw before,) and the chirruping of the crickets and distant murmurings of the surf on the beach, was all the sound that disturbed the silence around me. I roused myself from my stupor, and for a few moments held an interesting conversation with myself. My inquiries as to *who* I was, *where* I was, and *what* I was doing there, were unsatisfactorily answered; for I didn't know myself from the hole in the ground I had just crept out of. Happening to put my hand to my head, I found it bloody, and further investigation proved that I had been "it on the 'ead by summat," as the Cockney remarked, and finally I remembered I had come out for a day's shooting, which had lasted all night. I scratched around for the old gun; the stock was split, and for a foot it was torn open—the ragged edges of the barrel looking like the teeth of a handsaw. The old thing had "bust." I didn't find any deer lying 'round loose, "nary one." Where that bullet went to I didn't know; I was inclined to think it went towards the end of the barrel, but, finding it such a journey, had concluded to return and take a short cut for it.

I picked up myself and the pieces, and started for the camp, where my horse had long preceded me. I arrived just at daylight, and very quietly crept into my tent and "laid low." On subsequent investigation, I found that a little yellow uiger, belonging to the Engineer, had been amusing himself all the day before in pouring in powder and ramming down bullets into that old rifle, until it must have been very nearly full. No wonder it "bust"—so much to do, on short notice and limited space, couldn't be done in a proper manner; consequently the old thing had to follow the example of the musket, and shoot from both ends.

THE *Nain Jaune*, says a Paris letter, publishes this evening with the date of to-morrow, (October 22,) a white sheet of paper, which I venture to say will annoy the Government more than anything that it could possibly have written. At the top of the front page there is this heading, *Recapitulation Politique—Où allons nous?* [Political summary—what next?] And then follows a blank, which is continued overleaf.

THE men whom men respect, the women whom women approve, are the men and women who bless their species.

LADIES IN BARRACKS.—The promising young lady, newly fangled in her matrimonial reign, and by the royal duties thereto appending (the moon being over), is delighted to get into military quarters. I have seen one of these young things almost leaping out of her skin with joy upon her first *entrée*. This agreeable state of matters was, however, of short duration; she soon regretted her lately forsaken and peaceful haunts; when, instead of either leaping or dancing for joy, she tamed down into a very languishing, slipshod housewife. She was married to a jolly ensign, of whom, poor fellow, it might literally have been said that he was "twice caught." Light marching order was not the order of his day; he travelled with a most respectable train of baggage. A pianoforte was on the list; for which his only room not being sufficiently capacious, the quartermaster's store received it, where the rats and mice played their duets and overtures upon it. Chests and trunks abundantly came in, so that the poor disciple, and the partner of his cares, were stowed away among the lumber, very much after the manner in which the steerage passengers are ensconced on board a packet just ready to sail for Van Diemen's Land. They had some pretty little birds in brass wire cages, and a green parrot to keep them from being alone. By and bye, the scene was changed, and other little birds were heard to sing; the piceannies began to show themselves, and were introduced into this sinful world much more rapidly than the finances of their parents justified; "the love they were so rich in" would by no means "make a fire in their kitchen;" for kitchen they had not, nor would the little god turn their spit. Fertile in expedients, the sex are never at a nonplus; handboxes and parasols made way for canisters and rocking-chairs; bird-cages were dismissed for cradles; the washing-tub took precedence of the guitar; and as for the feathered songsters, they were all consigned to other lodgings; their places in the orchestra being occupied by a band of innocent squalidus. Barrack ladies are, for the most part, very clever, good hands at a dish of scandal now and then, as well as getting up a dish of mutton-chops. They, moreover, cultivate the gossiping propensities, for which there could not be a more eligible nursery. They are for ever sifting and prying into one another's business; and politics run so high at times that the interference of their lords and masters is resorted to in order to check the progress of a civil war. Woe betide the unlucky, though quiet youth, who may chance to be within the range of one of our musical amateurs; who produces a sensation as if she was hammering on his nerves, instead of on the keys of her piano: it is one tormenting strum, strum, strum, at the "Downfall of Paris," and "Fly not yet," when you would fly with eagles' wings to the antipodes. I was at one time *vis-à-vis* to such another lovely cantatrice, who harped alternately on "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "From night till morn I take my glass;" her face, meanwhile, resembling the full moon in a gale, and bearing the roseate hue of wine, was a faithful illustration of her song.—*Camp and Quarters.*

POLYGLOT BORER.—When Lord Ward replied to Prince Schwartzberg's flippant remark on the bad French of English diplomats by the apology, "that we had not enjoyed the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of our neighbors," he uttered not merely a smart epigram but a great philosophical truth. It was not alone that we had not possessed the opportunity to pick up an accent, but that we had not subordinated our minds and habits to French modes and ways of thought, and that the tone and temper of the French people had not been beaten into us by the roll of a French drum. One may buy an accomplishment too dearly. It is possible to pay too much even for a Parisian pronunciation! Not only have I never found a linguist a man of eminence, but I have never seen a linguist who talked well. Fluent they are, of course. Like the Steek-nadel gun of the Prussians, they can fire without cessation, but, like the same weapon, they are comparatively aimless. It is a *feu roulant*, with plenty of noise and some smoke, but very "few casualties" announce the success. The greatest linguist of modern Europe, Mezzofanti, was a most inferior man. Of the countries whose dialect he spoke to perfection he knew nothing. An old dictionary would have been quite as companionable. I find it very hard not to be personal just now, and give a list—it would be a long one—of all the tiresome people I know, who talk four, five, some of them six modern languages perfectly. It is only with an effort I abstain from mentioning the names of some well-known men who are the charming people at Rome and Vienna every winter, and each summer are the delight of Ems, of Berlin, and of Ischl. What tyrants these fellows are, too, over the men who have not got their gift of tongues! how they out-talk them and overbear them! with what an insolent confidence they fall back upon the petty superiority of their fluency, and lord it over those who are immeasurably their masters! Just as Blondin might run along the rigging of a three-decker, and pretend that his agility entitled him to command a squadron!

SINCE the betrothal of the heir to the Russian throne, there are four young kings or heirs to kingdoms unprovided with wives—to wit, the King of Bavaria, the King of Greece, Prince Humbert, and the Prince of Orange.

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THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryonic state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

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Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

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The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

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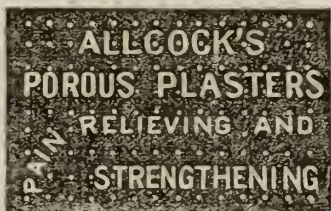
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THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, December 24, 1864.

CHRISTMAS is coming, and consequently, were there any possibility of the aspiration being realized, I'd put Billy Birch's song in the form of a prayer, and—

—choose to be a baby.

Of course, I'd select a period subsequent to corals and teeth-cutting, for those are experiences which I never wish to undergo again. I can fairly remember the supreme disgust I felt when fat old women and shrivelled old maids would poke their fingers in my mouth to see what progress I was making in dentition—just as though it was any business of theirs.

"They used to do it then, but they daren't do it now"—if they did, I'd bite them.

One of the chief disadvantages of being a baby, if my memory serves me rightly, is the interest which every one feels bound to take in you and all your affairs. They pinch you to see if your arms are fat, and trot you on their knees until all the mother's milk in your little breast is churned into butter, to put you to sleep, when you are not sleepy. The right of every being—and a baby is a being, in a small way—to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is invaded on all occasions. You are awakened at all sorts of hours, seasonable and unseasonable, and made to undergo very much the inspection that might be bestowed on a yearling calf.

The color of your hair and eyes is made the subject of impertinent curiosity, and your resemblance to papa the theme of idle speculation—just as though a baby hadn't a right to look like any one he pleased to.

Your uncle shoulders you in his arms as though you were a sack of corn-meal, and makes the most hideous faces, in an attempt to look pleasant and appear at ease, scaring you into convulsions. You wish the silver mug he gave you at christening was flattened against his ugly mug, and that the money it cost had been expended in learning him to talk English to you instead of bobbing you up and down like a balloon while shouting in your delicate and distracted ears:

"Georgy-porgy, deary-peary, ridy-pidy, coachy-poachy, horsey-dorsey, see the bow-wow."

What wonder that so many children grow up idiots, when their bearded uncles set them an example in imbecility so early in life?

We will pass over the annoyance of having young ladies, big enough to have babies of their own, sending over from across the way to borrow you; and the degradation of being mistaken for a girl when you know that you are a boy, because to be made the sport of young ladies and to be constantly and continually misunderstood are annoyances that will probably follow you through life.

Certain it is that the vexation of having people take an interest in you is one that can never be got rid of—unless by

some fortunate accident you become a pauper. You will be beset on all sides by friends who advise you not to do this, and caution you against doing that, until your personal liberty becomes restricted to such narrow bounds that in breathing you feel certain apprehensions as to your right to use your own bellows without asking the permission of some third party. You are not even permitted to choose your own companions—this one has a bad record, and you compromise yourself by associating with another.

Very few are willing to accord you the privilege of taking men and women as you find them and judging them wholly by their demeanor to you—not at all by the estimate which the world at large puts upon them.

I am free to confess that at different periods of my life I have found friends among what Miss Braddon would perhaps call THE OUTCASTS, OR THE BRANDS OF SOCIETY, people whom the world flouted and set down as decidedly out of the pale of recognition; yet to me they were kind and true, and would stand by me to the last gasp—at times when fashionable friends would have scattered like sheep.

I remember in my boyhood to have formed a strange friendship with an old saddler, (Dr. H— will remember him perfectly,) a drunken and disreputable fellow—so far as common report went—but a great friend of mine. In early life he had been a sailor, and had visited China, and hour after hour would I sit on his work-bench while he stitched away on harness and halters, perfectly happy in hearing the marvellous tales he told of his adventures in that then wonderful land. He had the reputation in the neighborhood of being a most unconscionable liar, and probably the better part of his stories were pure invention—but what of that? They amused and delighted me, and to my childish liking he was a hero and a traveller, whose like I doubted if the whole round world contained. I had a fever once, and he came and sat by me long hours through, carrying me during the period of convalescence as tenderly in his arms as though he had been my mother.

Twice he saved my life; once when I had fallen through an air-hole in the ice just back of his shop, and again when an old tottery boat in which I was playing with a young companion, broke from its fastenings and went drifting out into the broad lake before a strong west wind. Jumping into a dilapidated birch-bark canoe which lay on the shore, he launched it, and using his arms for paddles, reached us just as the crazy craft was on the point of sinking.

It will be seen that he rescued me from what a reporter would call "a watery grave." Not being then familiar with a certain proverb which possibly guarantees me against death by drowning, I gave him all my gratitude, and broke open my "savings-box" to empty its store of ten-cent pieces into his leather apron. He refused to accept a penny of my wealth—and of course by this magnanimity bound me to him by stronger ties than ever. Poor old fellow; it is many years since I have seen him! I have since learned that Chinese ladies are not so pretty as he pictured them to me, and that he did not translate the tea-chest inscriptions which I carried over to him, rightly; but I pardon him the deceit, and would travel long, long miles to see him to-day.

Must I confess that I have always liked vagabonds, and that I fear I always shall? Of course it is wrong; they are nuisances and it is the bounden duty of every good citizen to suppress them, but even while acknowledging this fact I feel my sympathies drift out to the poor vagabond, floating in rags and with scarcely a spar to cling to upon the wide waters of the world.

Those of my fellow creatures who square their lives by plummet and rule, somehow interest me very little; they are good people, undoubtedly, but they bore me. Talking with them is very much as though a grown man should sit himself down to read primers. They never reveal to me the mysteries of the human heart, making me familiar with its passions and its wild stormy workings; they only teach me how to be stupid, and that is an art which one acquires intuitively.

But this is a wild digression from the Christmas which we started in with.

I was going to remark that of all created beings at the present time, I'd choose to be a baby, through with the measles, whooping-cough, croup and scarlet fever, and just old enough to toddle about and be petted by everybody. For there is such an abundance of toys in market, and toys have reached such a development since I was a child, that I'd like to have Time turn backward in his flight and make me a child again, not only for to-night, but for every Christmas night of my life.

Any wild confusion of ideas that may occur in the course of this article, and very unorthodox expressions of faith, must be set down directly to the charge of the Fire Department.

I have not been myself since aroused at about 3 o'clock the other morning by the cry of fire directly beneath my window. The rattle of engines, and the hoarse bellow of trumpets.

The fire was in the rear of the Mercantile Library, directly opposite to that Mechanics' Boarding House, popularly known as "The Occidental," where I reside.

There wasn't much of a fire and the Hall bell didn't ring, but such an infernal noise as the gentlemen in red shirts contrived to make never jarred my ears before. Hoarse orders were issued, whether to "man the brakes," or break a man, to "shake her up," or "shake her down," I couldn't tell, and I don't think the man who bellowed them out knew the difference himself.

Not satisfied with the noise that the hand-machines made, an immense steam-squirt had to come along, puffing and blowing like an asthmatic alderman, and threatening to explode with every gasp of its brass-bound lungs.

The fire was put out fast enough and well enough, but it seems to me that an enterprising citizen with a good-sized syringe could have managed the affair with quite as much celerity and with infinitely less noise. Happening to be suffering from a nervous headache that night, and having just fallen into a first sleep, I must be pardoned for making an exception to my general rule of friendship and admiration for vagabonds; and in favor of whom this exception is made my noisy serenaders of the other night must guess.

I must congratulate my sporting friends on the excellent gunning which the small lakes within the city limits afford. It has long been known that any time during the prevalence of a heavy shower one stood an excellent chance for getting a duck in attempting to cross Montgomery street at divers points, but it remained for my friend McCoppin to show the community what could be done by a judicious application of powder and lead.

In a small lake at the Mission, the other day, he contrived to get

Three ducks with but a single shot,

and to get arrested as well, for shooting within the city limits.

It is well to learn that the Mission is within the city limits; for the fact was unknown to me before. I always supposed McCoppin owned it, as well as the railroad that runs there, and it is not at all clear to my mind even now that he doesn't; and if a man may not shoot on his own preserves, to say nothing of his own property, what is the personal liberty law good for?

Nor did I know that shooting within the city limits was forbidden, for a deal of shooting is done on Montgomery street and no great punishment seems to follow the violation of the ordinance. I suppose that only serious shooting is allowed; going a-gunning after men, for instance, which is a mild way of making game of one's fellow-creatures.

I had intended to say something about the grand *bal cosmé* at the Cosmopolitan last evening, but my head is yet too dizzy with the music and lights, and all that, to attempt the descriptive or the graphic with any chance of success. Besides, there is a chance that Bella Donna may take up the subject in full next week, and her pen is decidedly mightier than the sword which I wore last evening as "Don Cesar de Bazan." It was a magnificent affair, and trusting that a full and complete account of it will appear in THE CALIFORNIAN of next week, I remain, happily and virtuously,

INIGO.

NOVEMBER.

Amidst the withered leaves I lie;
I look upon the sober sky;
I am not young; I am not old;
I am not rich; I am not poor;
I cannot fear what may not be,
And of what hath been I am sure.

I muse—I neither laugh nor sigh;
Of all the faded landscape, I
Am part; I am not tired of life;
And yet, I would not live anew,
Though woods and wolds forever green
Should be, and skies forever blue.

GOLDEN PIPPINS.

“NOW, Ray, seriously, you are not vexed with me? You yourself would have been the first to bid me go.”

Far down below the precipitous ledge of the mountain path the valley seemed to swim in mists of gold, while here and there, among the overhanging roses, a deep-dyed sumach tossed its crest of crimson plumes in the spicy air of mid-October, and the coral-red berries of the dogwood glowed like burning coals in the tangled wildernesses of the woods. It was a very pretty background for wood-nymph or hamadryad, and Rachel Martin's attitude was unconsciously artistic as she played with the wild blue asters that covered her little basket of hickory nuts, spoils from the great old tree whose giant branches overtopped the whole forest.

She was plump and pretty, with round, wondering blue eyes and a mouth like a magnified cranberry, while the roses on her cheek seemed to come and go with every breath she drew, and the faint touches of sunshine on her brow gave additional charm to her fresh, rustic beauty. Mark Douglas leaned over the twisted beech-root that separated them, and tried to take the brown hand in his, but it was drawn away with decided quickness.

“Ray, dearest!”

Ah, he did not see the blood mantling to her cheek under the atrocious “Shaker-bonnet”—he did not hear the quick, stormy throbbing of the petulant heart. “Dearest,” indeed! When Kezian Truman's beau never so much as went to Boston without asking her leave, and Charley Jenkins had distinctly intimated that the whole programme of his future existence was to be indicated solely by Miss Martin's wish. Yes, it was all very well for Captain Mark to stay at home, officiating in the Home Guard department; she liked the uniform, and didn't object to the martial *éclat*. But to go down among the rebels without so much as consulting her inclination, the spoiled beauty thought that was altogether a different thing.

“I see you are in no mood to discuss this matter impartially just now, Rachel,” Captain Mark said, gravely. “I had thought, I had hoped to find you feeling differently.”

“In no mood!” Rachel colored hot scarlet. What right had Mark Douglas to treat her like a naughty child?

“I beg your pardon, Captain Douglas,” she said, petulantly; “it isn't at all necessary to discuss a matter so perfectly indifferent to me.”

Now Douglas was only a man, with all the infirmities incident to mankind. He bit his lip, and his brow grew dark.

“Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement.”

“Engagement!” she repeated, sharply. “I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party while the other is free as air.”

“Tired!” He hesitated a moment, as if vainly striving to command his voice: “Do you wish to be released, Ray?”

She did not answer—perhaps she was not quite prepared for this phase of affairs.

“Tell me—yes or no!” he demanded, sternly.

“Yes,” she answered, with pettish abruptness.

“Then good-by, Ray.”

Gone? Yes, he was gone. She watched him descending the mountain side with quick, even strides under the scarlet draperies of clinging vines, through patches of deep, still shadow, into belts of golden sunshine, until the overhanging rock hid him from her view; yet it seemed so difficult to believe that he was really gone.

She looked down at the tiny engagement-ring that sparkled on her fore-finger—a simple turquoise, set in virgin gold, whose blue glimmer shone dimly through her tears—and she could not but remember the tender words with which he had placed it on her finger.

“Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring my heart back to its queen.”

And now!

“I ought to have returned it,” she pondered, shrinking as if the slender circlet of gold were a ring of fire. “I will—some time!”

So Mark Douglas lost his sweetheart, and marched down to Petersburg a solitary man, marvelling, as many a one has done before him, on the inscrutable mysteries of the female heart.

“Dretful keen wind, ain't it?” said the Widow Taylor,

untying the strings of her worsted hood; “powerful sharp frost last night! Deacon Pettibone's dahlias is black as soot, and all Miss Morrisou's mornin'-glories is blasted. Thankee, Miss Martin, my feet is cold; won't you take the rockin'-cheer yourself? Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? all the neighbors are talkin' 'bout how you've changed!”

“Rachel colored, and turned away.

“I am well enough.”

“I tell ye what, Miss Martin,” began Mrs. Taylor, in a mysterious whisper to the elder lady, “you jest take a double handful o' green willer bark, and bile it up well—or snakeroot tea ain't bad—and give her a pint night and mornin'. It's the most strengthenin' thing! But I've come round to tell you what the Women's Committee have decided on.”

“Ah, indeed?” said Mrs. Martin, inquiringly.

“We all feel to be dretful thankful the harvest's been so good, and—and—everything's fetched up jest about right,” intoned the widow; “and so we thought it would be kind 'o squarun' up with a merciful Providence to send a box or tew o' things out to them poor soldiers that's a fightin' like all possessed! It's only accordin' to Scriptor, you know, and it would be a kind o' uice little Thanksgivin' gift, now wouldn't it?”

The widow drooped her eyelids sanctimoniously, and went on:

“Miss Darby's kindly gin us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture lot. They're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market, but there's no doubt the soldiers 'll be glad to get 'em; and Miss Deacon Pettibone has promised us a lot o' that there fermented peach sass, and Desire Wallace has made up a sight o' book marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' doughnuts, without no sweetin'. Sugar's so high, and tain't likely the soldiers care for sweet stuff. As for me, I reely don't like to tell about my mite; but I hunted up a few o' poor dear Deacon Taylor's old trowsers and coats in the garret—a little moth-eaten and rather tender, but I hain't no doubt they'll be welcome. Ole Jones has giv' us half a pound o' tea and a pound o' candles, and Mr. Meriam contributes a set of law-books, that they tell me is dretful improvin' readin'. And the Committee calculated you and Rachel would help us.”

“Of course we will,” assented Mrs. Martin, recovering promptly from the momentary bewilderment and amusement caused by the widow Taylor's valuable list of treasures; and—

“Then I may as well be stirrin’,” ejaculated the widow, jumping up; “for I've got to see Miss Dr. Davison and Squire Ladd yet to-night. Good-evenin' t' ye—and don't forget the willer-bark tea!”

Mrs. Martin and Rachel both burst out laughing as the door closed.

“Poor Mrs. Taylor!” said Mrs. Martin.

“Mamma, how cau she?” demanded Rachel, indignantly. “Such a box for the soldiers! Why, it would only be an aggravation.”

“Never mind, Ray, dear,” said her mother, soothingly; “I'll make up a lot of *real* doughnuts, and pack 'em round the biggest pair of turkeys father cau find, with a box of little pumpkin pies; and you shall send a barrel of those golden pippins from the old tree beyond the brook—the tree Mark Douglas liked so well. They're in the garret, in that old green chest; and be sure and put in plenty o' good clean straw to prevent their mellerin' against each other.”

Rachel obeyed; and Mrs. Martin never had the least idea of the tears she shed, with her trim little figure half into the barrel, as she packed the great fair yellow apples among the yellow straw. If the golden pippins could only have spoken, what a Thanksgiving story they might have told to the Army of the Potomac.

“It's jest like you women-folks to keep thinkin' of such things,” he declared. “Now it never wouldn't ha' come into my great wooden head—and jest to think how much better our Thanksgivin' dinner'll taste, for rememberin' the poor fellows that's fightin' for us! Gee up, Dolly!”

And Mr. Martin winked his misty eyes and cracked his whip simultaneously.

“I—don't—see—where—it—can—be!”

The golden vapors were all faded away from the sweet valley now—the grey November sky stretched its dreary canopy of cloud over the glens and forests, and the yellow leaves were raining sadly down around Ray Martin's feet as he hurriedly traversed the mountain path, pushing aside the red and russet drifts with eager, tremulous fingers, and searching as if for some precious lost talisman.

“Oh, to think that I should have dropped it!” she faltered half aloud. “While I wore it I could still fancy our parting was but a dream. Oh, where *could* I have lost it!”

And she sat down on the twisted beech-root and cried heartily, while the moaning of the chill wind brought back an echoing cadence to her ears.

“Gone—gone!”

“A barrel of golden pippins! O Mars! isn't it jolly!”

The first lieutenant executed an impromptu hornpipe

around the barrel as Captain Douglas prized up the cover with a hammer.

“We're very much obliged to Company A,” said the latter sedately. “I hope you didn't forget that, Jennings?”

“Oh, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great leviathan of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dodsley's face when he opened it!”

“What do you mean?”

“Such a conglomeration of decaying Caroline potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and law-books! I didn't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to roll the barrel down hill as fast as possible, lest Dodsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this?” he exclaimed, taking a slip of paper that had lain beneath the lid: “‘A Thanksgiving remembrance!’ Much obliged to you, my unknown friend. I'll keep my Thanksgiving now.”

Douglas caught the slip from his friend's hand; a deep flush rose into his cheek as he recognized Ray Martin's delicate and rather peculiar handwriting.

“The same old apples that used to lie in the spheres of gold in the long grass of the river meadow? I thought I knew them!” he pondered. “Jennings—”

But Jennings had dodged out to promulgate the good tidings among his fellow-officers. At the same instant Mark Douglas' eye caught a foreign glitter among the yellow straw.

The turquoise ring!

His heart gave a sudden leap as he remembered the careless, half-romantic words with which he had placed it on her finger. And then came the revulsion of feeling.

“What a fool I am! as if she could have known the destination of this chance gift!”

Yet above the cold and calculating voice of reason, a far more welcome tone kept repeating to the ear of his heart, with perpetual refrain:

“She has called me back to her; she has called me back!”

The twilight of Thanksgiving Eve was brooding darkly over Mr. Martin's great, old-fashioned kitchen, where the glow of pine logs afforded the only illumination, and a shrill-voiced cricket piped behind the chimney bricks. Ray saw the red gleams flickering on the leafless maples across the road, as she walked slowly down the sloping path, with a gray shawl wrapped round her head, and fresh carnations, born of the sharp, keen wind, on her cheeks.

She started in quick affright as a footstep sounded among the rustling leaves at her side, and a gentle touch fell on her arm.

“Ray!”

And then she knew that the troubled dream was over.

The old clock behind the strings of red pepper had chimed nine before Rachel thought of the question that would have been most natural to ask first.

“But how—why—what made you come back?”

“You summoned me, Ray.”

“I? Never, Mark!”

He held up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth broke upon her.

“Let me put it on your finger once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold!”

She let her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looked up through sparkling tears.

“Oh, Mark, I think this will be the most *real* Thanksgiving of my life!”

THERE is an allegorical story current that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried: “Sir, do you not know that the world is coming to an end?” Upon which Parker replied: “My good man, that doesn't concern me; I live in Boston.” The same fanatic overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; upon which Emerson replied: “I am glad of it, sir; man will get along much better without it!”

Hissing to show disapprobation is of great antiquity. Though Shakspeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he speaks very plainly of it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “If I do not act it, hiss me.” It was used to public speakers some nineteen centuries ago, as appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Caelius thus describes the success of his eloquence: “It is worthy of observation, that Hortensius reached his old age without once incurring the disgrace of being *hissed*.”

A LADY, who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened, one day, to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming: “My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?”

How many a son of genius sits down daily to the task of consoling and mending human hearts while his own is breaking.

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Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, **J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.**, being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

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Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

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SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

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On and after **NOVEMBER 8th, 1864**, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7 A. M., and 4:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS
Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS
(With Passenger Car attached.)
Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 2:30 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
no12 General Superintendent

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00
And so on till 6 o'clock.			

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be as before.

ny28 **F. MCCOPPIN**, Superintendent.

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NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
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House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!
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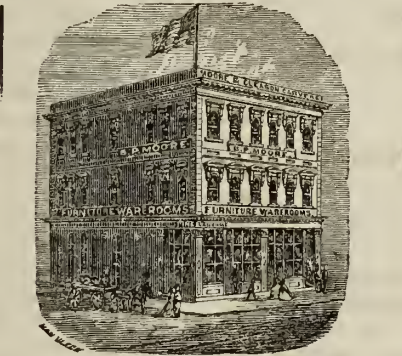
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(For the Californian.)

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

HEARTS are trumps, and the knave's not out!
Oh, happy player thou,
With never a tear in thy bright young eyes,
Nor frown upon thy brow.

The King of Diamonds hides his face,
For Wealth is not the stake,
And a practiced player, playing here,
Would never a fortune make.

Players ye in the game of LIFE,
Who have no thought of fraud—
Who'll not believe the knave is out
In all the country broad.

The game of life is long and hard,
Ah, few are they that win!
And yet each one must hold his hand,
And each his cards play in.

The right of Clubs, (the right of power,
And power is in the name,)
Nor the right of Spades, though labor's right,
Must never win the game.

Oh, gold is great, and wealth has power!
The world's applauding thump
Is sweet; yet pray, in the game of life,
That HEARTS may turn up trump.

CLARA CLYDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23d, 1864.

(For the Californian.)

THE LAKE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

A LEGEND.

BY EMILIE LAWSON.

MANY years ago, when what is now the fine city of St. Louis was but a small frontier town, inhabited by a few French settlers, a few enterprising fur traders from the East, and numberless Indians and river boatmen, there flourished, a few miles further west, a small French village.

Here, in a log cottage with a lattice porch in front, dwelt the weaver of the village, with his wife and one child, the gentle Leonie.

Here, day after day, did this good man weave linsey cloth and linen, and the fair hands of his daughter gathered the bark of the butternut to dye the one, and spread the other on the beautiful green plat of grass before the cot to bleach, ever humming some little snatch of a song, some rippling melody, flowing from her lovely mouth like the mountain brook wimping on its pebbly way.

It was her hands that gave an air of enchantment to this little cot. The walls displayed a few pictures copied from the old masters, each picture hung with brilliant wreaths of the leaves of Autumn; on the shelf, above the open fire-place, clustered all the wealth of flowers the great forest could show.

Her only companion was Louis Dorée who lived with a bachelor uncle, on a little farm near a beautiful lake called, by a tribe of Indians long since extinct, "Odamin"—or the Lake of Strawberries—perhaps from the quantities of vines that in early Spring made the banks scarlet with this rich, odorous fruit.

These children were inseparable, now wandering over the farm, gathering buttercups—those sunny faced babies of the soil that laugh from every corner of God's tillable ground,—or watching the patient oxen as they slowly furrowed the little patches of fields, or listening to the chattering crows on the surrounding trees—a great sable flock that seemed discussing the belligerent powers of that swaggering and apparently drunken lord of the cornfield, the scarecrow.

And for days together they would fish or hunt on the banks of the crystal lake, and, when weary of this sport, would build a fire of brush and moss and cook their dinner in true Indian fashion; not unfrequently did they have a real Indian at their banquet. Here, on a great flat sandstone, the top of a cliff overlooking the water, they would serve their broiled birds on birch-bark platters, garnished with wild berries and trimmed with flowers of every hue and odor imaginable; for around these slopes grew that bright green tuft, tipped with scarlet, called the "Indian Paint Brush." In the shallow parts of the lake bloomed the pure white lily, filling the air with sweetest fragrance; over the rocks climbed the columbine, with its honey-horns and its gorgeous coloring; and here and there over the tanglement of vine and flower stood dead trees covered with trailing moss, like skeletons of the past garlanded with faded finery.

Here, in the Autumn, they would watch the great migratory flocks sailing like clouds, southward, and see their curious and wise habits on the land, when their great thundering division would descend from their lofty heights to the thickets and groves to regale themselves on the sassafras and poke berries, much as an idealist might be drawn from his etherial realms of fancy by the odor of a beefsteak. Then after robbing the trees of all the ripe fruitage, they would fly to the lake to drink, first stationing a sentinel on the topmost bough of a

tree to give warning, if any foe, either man or beast, should approach. In the woods that hemmed this lake, they learned the haunts of rabbit and squirrel, and the tracks of the sly fox and the fleet antelope. And sometimes, in a bark canoe, they would idle the hazy hours, gathering lilies and telling stories of their own imagining; but wherever their castles were builded, the same dark boy was king, the same soft-eyed girl the queen.

And now the only surviving relative of Louis was dead.

The gentle-hearted farmer, so humbly and faithfully true to his unambitious calling, had gone, leaving his grain ungathered and his fruits unplucked. Death ploughed a furrow in the little Norman churchyard, and kindly hands slanted the simple mound and raised a white wooden cross over the remains of Victor Dorée.

And then the weaver kindly took the lonely boy to his quiet home, and soon Louis forgot his bereavement, and the two children were better friends than ever. Their greatest happiness was now to sit by the crackling log fire (for it was Winter) and crack the hazel or hickory nuts from the great stores they had garnered in the Fall, and eat the luscious persimmons purpled by the snow and frost, and weave wreaths of laurel and pine for their log walls.

Here too, they learned somewhat of the literature of an earlier age; for Leonie's mother was a woman of taste and learning, far above the simple villagers. One book especially delighted the children: it was an old, old book written by a French author a short time after the re-discovery of America by Columbus—a purely speculative work on the desolateness and the savagery of the supposed wildernesses of this continent. It bore the title of *The New World*, and was full of the falsest prophecy, soberly written, and with so evident a conviction of its truth, that it was difficult to believe it a description of so prosperous and fair a land. Cosily nestling in a land of mercies—the forest alive with game of every kind, from the herds of buffalo that shook the far prairies to the cunning quail that hid in the grass at your very feet, the waters full of speckled trout and all kinds of tit-bits for the angler—these unpretending people had never found it in their hearts to believe the red man an institution to be exterminated like the wild beasts of the mountains. They thought, simple souls, that as God had made them and given them the wilderness and the prairie for their own, the white man ought to be content with a share and take it thankfully.

If they could only have a lesson or two, now!

And so these pure innocent lives passed on amidst odors of pine and cedar, the songs of birds and the flaming flowers, until Louis was eighteen and Leonie fifteen.

I shall not try to paint the exquisite beauty of this blossoming maidenhood, the hues of the young cheek delicate as the petals of the wild rose, the graceful slender limbs, flexible and strong as the wild elk of her own mountains, nor yet the dark, brave face of Louis; it matters not, they loved each other.

Their gentle courtship had gone on so calmly and naturally from childhood, that they were surprised one day to find themselves betrothed. Then they were garlanded with flowers by their companions; standing in the centre of a circle they danced around them, and suddenly breaking the charmed ring, away they fled, their merry friends following, each one striving for the first kiss. For this was a promise of a speedy wedding to the fortunate possessor.

Diligently the affianced lovers set to work. Louis must build an additional room to the little cot left by his uncle. And had not Leonie a pretty carpet to make, and vast piles of linens to look over, for so important an occasion?

Day after day we heard the stroke of Louis' axe ringing in the woods, and in the cottage of the weaver the shuttle flew back and forth across the warp with cheerful industry.

But with all this preparation—a labor as pretty as two gay twittering birds bringing tiny sticks and moss to build their nest, and peeping shyly from side to side to see if they were watched—they found time to continue their long rambles, for the wedding would be in Christmas week, and they must have all the little luxuries their hills afforded for their dear friends.

It was after one of those long rambles in the afternoon of a smoky, hazy day, in what is called the Indian summer, that Leonie, complaining of fatigue, lay down in a bed of dry moss, with Louis and his hound for watchers.

Lazily, for a while she peered through half-closed eyes at the crimson banners of the maples, stirring in the faint breeze; the silvery quivering ash tree, whose leaves, like exquisitely magnetic and sensitive spirits, feel breaths of cold or glows of heat too faint for the coarser natures that surround them. She listened to the shrill call of the jay, the gleeful song of the robin, and the low whistling of Louis, who sat playing with his dog and watching the far off ripples of the lake.

But gradually all sights and sounds died away; the maples faded, the bark of the nimble squirrels grew fainter, the dropping nuts sounded thousands of miles away, and Leonie drifted from the soft twilight of dreams to the utter stillness and darkness of sleep.

From which sleep she was roused by the loud barking of

Louis' dog, who ran frantically to her, whining piteously, and then darting to a great half-dead tree overhanging the water. At the foot of the tree, whose root grew in a cliff overhanging the deepest part of the lake, lay Louis' coat and a gun; half way up the tree was a broken limb, and at the top a bright winged bird hung, caught across two twigs, its blood dropping on the boughs below; out from the shore floated a huge branch of the tree, and further still a straw hat.

In vain the wild voice of the despairing girl called "Louis! Louis!" Only the far hills caught the sounds and sent them back in mocking echoes; vainly, too, did the best divers go down to the pebbled floor of this clear lake. Neither human eye nor iron grappler ever found aught of the poor boy, save his straw hat.

Night after night the Indians, with birch torches and canoes would skim the lake, and they declared that oftentimes a white spectral face with dark hair rode before them in a strange canoe made of the dead branch of a tree; but as often as they approached, it would glide away and be lost in the waves.

And for months, until the snows fell heavily and the lake froze over, was the search continued, but without success; and every day the pale face of the discolorate Leonie grew thinner and fuller of shadow. And when again the Spring put on its mantle of grass, and the old forest woke with the glad voices of returning birds, her step grew brighter and her face happier; for now, bearing his gun and followed by his hound, she would spend hours and hours around the old haunts, gathering the flowers as in the old dear days.

In constant rambling, hunting and fishing, with only his faithful dog for companion, the summer passed. And when again the Indian-summer came, she would spend days lazily floating on the waveless lake, sometimes gathering aquatic plants, but oftener peering wistfully in its pure depths, and slowly drifting about wherever the idle ripples might bear her. While on the bank she would sleepily watch *Fido*. One day the village was startled by the fearful howls of this dog, and, following him to the lake, they saw the gun on the ground and a bark canoe, one she had always used, floating bottom upward in the shallow water among the lilies.

In this canoe, caught, somehow, in its bark edge, was a black ribbon to which was suspended a pale blue lava heart.

This had been given Leonie by a celebrated priest; it had been blessed by the Pope, and was thought to possess the power to keep its wearer from harm. Whether it referred to harm spiritual or temporal, we do not know; but we question if this weary-hearted girl could have desired a gentler death than this, in the waters of her own lake, pure and clear, with a rosy sky overhead, and the white pebbles underneath. On closer examination this little heart was found to be broken; whether it was so while yet she wore it, or whether at her death only it was not known, but it was completely severed, save one little corner that held it together.

And thereafter they called this lake "Creve-Cœur"—the Lake of the Broken Heart.

Of the little Norman village but one log house remains—the cottage of Victor Dorée. For years it was never entered, but stood without a human foot to break the cobwebs that veiled the door. It is now occupied by an old woman, toothless and wrinkled, yet with faint traces of great beauty, for she was born to the parents of Leonie a year after the body of the drowned girl was at rest.

She is the last of her race. The tribe of Indians that once roamed free and unharmed over these hills have passed away; the pestilence and the lawless hatred of the white man have driven them to the mountain fastnesses or the grave. But every year, in the Indian-summer time, these red men bore witness that two canoes floated at midnight, one made of the birch bark, the other the branch of a dead tree, on the enchanted lake among the lilies. For this I cannot vouch, but in an old, old graveyard, overgrown with weeds and flowers, there is a white stone cross, mouldy and mossy, bearing the names of Louis and Leonie.

NEW BOOKS.—To the house of Roman & Co. we are indebted for books fresh by the last steamer: *The Seer*, by Leigh Hunt; *Essays, Moral, Political and Aesthetic*, by Herbert Spencer; *Eliana*, a collection of Lamb's charming essays and poems; *Idyls of Battle*, poems by Miss Laura C. Redden; *The Merchant Mechanic*, by Mary A. Howe; *Dora Darling, the Daughter of the Regiment*; the illustrated *History of Cock Robin*, and an illuminated edition of the interesting adventures of *A Frog who Would a Wooing Go*. In this connection we cannot do better than call attention to Roman's advertisement of holiday books in another column.

The Olympic Club gave an entertainment in aid of their Building Fund at Union Hall last evening. It passed off successfully; the performances were excellent, proving that we have gymnasts among us in these days who can challenge the athletes of other cities. We hope that a sufficient sum was netted from this, the first, exhibition, to encourage the Club in giving a series of entertainments; for the physical education of our young men is an object of paramount importance.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BETHLEHEM.

[THE Rev. Dr. Newman, in a late work, *From Dan to Beersheba*, gives a description of "Bethlehem of Judah" and the "Grotto of the Nativity." Its appropriateness to the present season—the commemoration of a pious festival in which the whole world joins—induces us to make the following extracts:—]

SO long as childhood continues, Bethlehem will be cherished by the young, and recalled with delight by those of riper years. The Synonym of helpless infancy, mothers will revert to it with hope, and the children of each generation will claim it as their common heritage. As here the young mother pressed her tender offspring to her bosom for the first time, Bethlehem must ever remain the symbol of domestic affections and privacies.

Originally called "The House of Bread," and now "The House of Flesh," its Arabic name, Beit Lahm, contains the significance of its wondrous history. To distinguish it from Bethlehem belonging to the tribeship of Zebulun, it is called by the sacred historian "Bethlehem of Judah;" to preintimate its fruitfulness, it was prophetically designated Ephrathah; to illustrate its rising glory "among the thousands of Judah," it was announced as the birthplace of Him "whose goings forth have been from of old." In antiquity coeval with the oldest cities in the world, its identity is unquestioned. Stretching backward thirty-six centuries, its authentic history opens with the mournful death and burial of the beautiful Rachel; and rendered imperishable by the sepulchral monument to that beloved wife, 600 years later it was the scene of the touching story of Boaz and the youthful widow of Chilion. Giving birth to Obed, the father of Jesse, Bethlehem, less than 100 years subsequent to the marriage of Ruth and Boaz, was the birthplace of David, where, at the tender age of seventeen, he was anointed king over Israel; and, in honor of events so illustrious, it thereafter was called the "City of David." During the reverses which befell Saul of Gibeath it was captured by the Philistines, and David, having been declared a public enemy, was compelled to fly to the cave of Adullam.

After 1000 years of comparative oblivion, Bethlehem suddenly emerged from obscurity into brighter and more enduring glory. Summoned by the Emperor Augustus to their native city to be taxed, Joseph and Mary came from the hills of Nazareth, and reaching the town at the close of the day, after a journey of eighty miles, the mother of the Messiah was compelled to lodge in the stable, "because there was no room for them in the inn." That night the Prince of Peace was born; the race commenced its life anew; angels sang the song of the nativity; wondering shepherds hastened to pay homage to the new-born King; a lone but marvelous star arrested the attention of the magi of Arabia Felix; and Bethlehem rose to be "greatest among the thousands of Judah."

An event so great and memorable has rendered the city of the Saviour's birth a holy shrine, at which the devout of all ages and countries have bowed with unspeakable delight. And, in commemoration of the event, and to rescue the site from oblivion, the Emperor Constantine, in the commencement of the fourth century, ordered the erection of a magnificent basilica over the "Grotto of the Nativity," which is now the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. Separated from the town by a long esplanade, the church occupies the eastern brow of the hill on which the city is built, and, together with the three convents abutting from its sides, forms an enormous pile of limestone, vast in dimensions, irregular in outline, and, though it is destitute of external architectural grandeur, the size, strength, and commanding position of the edifice render it the chief attraction of the place. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians hold joint possession of the basilica, and adjoining it are the monasteries for the entertainment and devotion of their respective orders.

It was late one evening in the month of April that I rapped for admission at the iron door of the Latin convent. The Franciscans received me kindly, and, after a generous meal, an aged monk led me to my apartments for the night. The convent bells called me early from my slumbers, and, ascending to the broad, flat roof of the monastery, I enjoyed an extensive view of the surrounding country. The sky was soft, the air pure, and the sun was just rising above the mountains of Moab. The shepherd's shrill voice mingled with the tinkling of bells as he led his flock in search of pasture, and the leaves of orange, fig, and olive trees shone like jewels as the dew-drops thereon reflected the morning light. Far away to the east are the Plains of the Jordan, the mountains of Gilead, Moab, Ammon, and Seir; on the north the Hills of Judea are bleak; on the west they are green as far as the eye can reach toward the "Great Sea;" on the south are the Garden of Urta and the Pools of Solomon. With a mind attuned by such a scene, I read the romantic story of Ruth and Boaz, the history of David's coronation, and the more tender narrative of the Saviour's birth. The past returned with all the reality of the present, and history repeated its wondrous deeds before the eye of a sublime faith. * * *

Descending through the long halls of the monastery, we

found the monks differently engaged; some were arranging their scanty toilets, others repeating their prayers. On each door is a rude picture illustrating the faith of the inmate, and the subject he desired to be most frequently reminded of. On one is a coffin; on another are the lambent flames of Purgatory; but on most is the serene face of Mary. My guide rejoined me in the hall of the refectory, and led me to the stable of blessed memory. Passing through the Latin chapel, where a priest was celebrating mass, we descended a flight of narrow winding steps, cut in the native rock, at the foot of which is the sacred grotto. Thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide, and two deep, it has the appearance of having been the cellar of a Syrian house, which, according to a custom still prevalent, serves as a stable. Near the eastern end is the supposed place of our Lord's birth, marked by a white marble slab, in the centre of which is large silver star, encircled with an inscription in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Sixteen silver lamps shed a perpetual light upon the shrine; from golden censers incense unceasingly ascends, while the walls are covered with silk embroidered with gold. To the south is the substituted manger, the original having been carried to Rome and deposited in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Above it is a fine picture of the birth-scene by Maello, and near it is a better one of the Magi. A narrow passage leads to the small grotto where Joseph is said to have stood at the moment our Lord was born, and in it is a picture representing the angel warning him to take the young child and his mother and escape into Egypt. The angel's face is expressive of intense earnestness; the countenance of Joseph is calm and thoughtful; while Mary tenderly but firmly clasps her infant to her bosom. * * *

A native of Nablous, and born in the beginning of the second century, Justin Martyr describes the birthplace of Jesus "as a grotto in Bethlehem;" one hundred years later, Origen refers to the fact as recognized by Christians and pagans; and, a century after him, Eusebius mentions it as an accepted traditional spot, and as so regarded prior to the time of St. Helena's visit. Crediting the tradition, the mother of Constantine caused to be erected the present basilica in the year 327 A. D., and fifty years after its erection, Jerome of Dalmatia, with Paul and Eustachia, settled in Bethlehem, where the great "Father of Church History" expired, in 420 A. D., in his ninetieth year. Though the city fell into the hands of the Moslems at a later period, and the church was stripped of its ornaments, yet the cave remained undisturbed; and, on their approach to Jerusalem, the Crusaders retook Bethlehem, and in 1110 A. D., Baldwin I. elevated it to the dignity of an episcopal see; and, notwithstanding the vicissitudes through which it has passed, it is now a thoroughly Christian town.

The situation of Bethlehem is peculiar. Located on a narrow ridge projecting eastward from the central mountain range, and breaking down in the form of terraced slopes, it is bounded on the east, north, and south by deep valleys. Constructed of white limestone, well built, square in form, and crowned with small domes, the buildings rise above each other in somewhat regular gradations. The streets are few and narrow, and though the city is not surrounded with a wall, it has two gates, which are closed at night. Sweeping in graceful curves around the ridge, and regular in their ascent as stairs, the well-kept terraces are adorned with the vines of Eshcol, and with fig and olive-trees. Extending from the base of the hill toward the south and east are the fertile plains where Ruth gleaned, and where the glory of the Lord shone around the peaceful shepherds.

Numbering over three thousand souls, the modern Bethlehemites are superior in their appearance to the citizens of any other town in Palestine. The men are of light complexion, with finely developed forms, and, in their affable demeanor and noble bearing toward the "stranger within their gates," are not unworthy descendants of Boaz. In the regularity of their features, the freshness of their complexion, and the sweetness of their countenance, the women are not unlike those of America; and as if the Saviour had bequeathed the beauty of his childhood to the children of his native city, they are exceedingly fair. So thoroughly Christian in sentiment are the inhabitants, that no Moslem is allowed a residence within the town. The Cross is unrivaled by the Crescent, and Christ reigns supreme where he was born. While most of the people are either peasants or shepherds, others are the manufacturers of "pious wares," such as beads, crosses, rings, crucifixes, and models of the Holy Sepulchre, wrought out of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR SAVIOUR.—Of the personal appearance of the Saviour of mankind, people generally have but the most vague conceptions, even these having their origin in the numerous portraits passing as likenesses of that divine personage, "who spake as man never spake."

He is thus described by Lentulus, a ruler in Judea, in a letter addressed by him to the Senate of Rome, during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar: "Conscript Fathers—There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted

for a prophet of the truth, but his own disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, and in proportions of his body, well shaped, and his hands and arms delectable to behold, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is of the color of a filbert fully ripe, to his ears, whence downwards it is more orient of hue, somewhat curling or waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of hair after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate. His cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed. His beard is thick, of the color of his hair: not of any great length, but forked. His look is innocent and mature. His eyes gray, clear and quick. In reproving he is awful; in admonishing courteous and friendly; in speaking, very temperate, moderate and wise. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A being for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

A CLAUDE MELNOTTE OF REAL LIFE—HOW A COMMON GARDENER FELL IN LOVE WITH THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—A notable gossip writes for a British periodical this singular story of a gardener in love with the Empress:

"Poor Jules was a gardener's lad from Provence, young and inexperienced, but at the same time very good looking and innocent. He had entered the service of the imperial gardener at Fontainebleau three years ago, or just at the time when their Majesties made their long and memorable stay there. Jules, with some assistants, had the management of the above-mentioned garden; and performed his duties faithfully. Almost daily, at an early hour, a tall beautiful lady descended the palace-steps, walked among the flower-beds, bowed kindly to the workmen, and disappeared as she had come. On one occasion, Jules ventured to offer her a bouquet, which she received with a smile of thanks; she also inquired his name and his birthplace, and listened with evident sympathy to the lad's story; how he had always longed to come to Paris, how he would have liked to be a soldier, in order to go to the wars with the Emperor, how he sent his little savings home, and so on.

"The tall, beautiful lady came every morning, and the bouquet which the young hero offered her, became with each morning more splendid, and his cheeks redder, and his eyes more sparkling. Poor Jules! Once the lady even came in the company of a gentleman, like herself in plain morning-dress, but he looked stern with his dark face and black moustache, but he smiled for all that when the gardener brought his bouquet, and began to tell his story as usual. Soon after, there was a grand display of fireworks on the lake for the reception of the Queen of Holland, and the steward ordered all the persons engaged in the palace to assist on that evening. Our Jules, too, was among them; but, as he found nothing to do, he crept up to the galleries, where the spectators were seated, and among their Majesties and Princes and Princesses. Here he saw the tall, beautiful lady again; but on this occasion in a rich, lustrous dress, and with a diadem on her head that displayed all the colors of the rainbow, and he recognized the gentleman, too, in spite of his gold-laced uniform, and the broad red ribbon that covered the whole of his chest. And when a loud shout was raised of 'Vive l'Empereur! vive l'Impératrice!' the gentleman and the lady bowed on all sides.

"The next morning Jules waited in the palace-garden, but the lady did not come, but an officer so smartly dressed that the poor lad at first believed it was the Emperor himself. It was, however, only an aide-de-camp, who called him up, and said kindly to him that he was no longer to be a gardener's lad, but could become a soldier if he felt inclined. Then he gave him a letter to a great gentleman in Paris, and at the same time a small but heavy packet for his mother, with the remark that it came from the lady to whom he had given the flowers every morning. At present, our Jules has been for a long time at the school of Saumur, and if he some day become a marshal, or a general, that appears to be a necessary finale of the story. Why should I call him poor Jules, this lad who obeyed the innocent voice of his heart, and gave himself up as unsuspectingly as he did his beautiful flowers?"

ONE of C. J. Robinson's pleasant dancing and gymnastic soirées came off at Miss Aldrich's academy on Stevenson street, Friday evening. This institution affords young ladies those advantages for physical training and development which the Olympic Club furnishes to young men. Unfortunately the CALIFORNIAN'S invitation did not find its destination until the time for the entertainment was past, but unless it passed off pleasantly it was a rare exception to all its predecessors. With the gymnastic exercises proper, dancing was intermingled, and according to report "all went merry as a marriage (dumb) bell."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON thinks that the American eagle will come out of the war much less of a peacock. This is hopeful, surely. We shall be more natural, more simple in our lives and habits; truer, wiser, and, therefore, more soundly happy.

BY THE SEA.

O SAUCY, sparkling sea,
Curling along the strand,
Flashing your foam out in snowy curves,
To entrap me where I stand;
Dancing in maiden mirth
Up to the gray old beach,
Gliding away when he woos you to stay,
Forever beyond his reach.

I know you, saucy sea,
I hear what you do not say—
I have learned the secret that fills your heart
And laughs in your wild waves' play.
There is—one—who is coming home;
You have seen his white sails gleam;
You have stayed your mad flight to listen last night
For the name that he breathed in his dream.

O beautiful, purple sea,
I forgive you—but will he come?
Oh, mock at the mermaids, oh, jeer at the sands,
But happily bring him home.
I could think it was grief, not joy,
Such a fever burns in my breast,
With the evening star comes my love from afar,
And lo! the sun sinks in the West.

[Gail Hamilton.]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOUD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MAUDE HILLARY'S ADORERS.

FROM the bleak moorland on the Cornish hills, where no tree can flourish, and where the sweeping breath of the salt sea-breeze nips the tender verdure, and makes the quiet sheep wink again as they look oceanward; from the hilly district beyond Landresdale, which seems like the end of the world, and is at any rate the finishing-point of this British Isle, to the valley of the Thames, the sheltered and lovely hollow nestling under the wooded heights about the "Star and Garter" is about as great a change of scene as all England can afford. It is like the pushing away of some battered front scene which has done duty for the blasted heath near Forres, whereon Macbeth met the witches, since the days when Garriek himself represented the ambitious Thane, to reveal a glimpse of fairy-land fresh from the pencil of Mr. Beverly, with sunlit cascades glimmering here and there amongst the verdant valleys, and forest trees reflected in the calm bosom of a lake.

Mr. Hillary's place lay in a sheltered bend of the river, nearer to Isleworth than to Twickenham, a spot where the trees grew thicker and the shadows fell darker on the quiet water, and the plash of oars was less often heard than higher up the river. Mr. Hillary's house and Mr. Hillary's garden seemed to have nestled into the shadiest and most verdant nook along the river bank. It was called the Cedars, and it was a very old place, as any place so called should be. It was called the Cedars by virtue of the great trees whose spreading branches made patches of dense shadow on the lawn; and not by the caprice of a cockney builder, who christens his shelterless houses indifferently after the noblest trees of the forest. The house was an old red-brick mansion, long and low and irregular; and there is no kind of window invented for the admission of the light of heaven, and there is no species of blind devised by ingenious artisan for the exclusion of that light when it becomes obnoxious, which did not adorn and diversify the glowing crimson of the facade. Oriol windows and Tudor windows; long French windows of violet-stained glass, tiny diamond-paned casements, and noble jutting-out bays; windows with balconies, and windows with verandahs; striped linen blinds of crimson and white, and Venetian shutters of dazzling green; windows leading into conservatories, and windows opening into aviaries—all combined to bewilder the eye of the stranger who stood upon the lawn by the river looking up at Mr. Hillary's mansion.

Perhaps there never had been anywhere else so many flowers, and birds, and gold-fish, and pet dogs, collected together in an area of two and a-half acres. Banks of party-colored blossoms blazed in the sunshine on the lawn, tier above tier, like the bonnets on the grand stand at Ascot on a cup day; marble basins of limpid water, and tiny trickling fountains, twinkled and glittered in every direction; fragile colonnades of delicate iron-work, overhung with jessamine and clematis, honeysuckle and myrtle blossom, led away to bowery nooks upon the broad terrace by the river; and what with the perfume of a million flowers, the gurgling of black-birds and thrushes, the carolling of skylarks, the shrill whistling of a grove of canaries, the cooing of tropical love-birds, the screaming of parrots, and the barking of half a dozen excited lap-dogs, the stranger, suddenly let loose in Mr. Hillary's river-side Eden, was apt to yield himself up for the moment to a state of confusion and bewilderment.

The place was in itself bewildering enough for the ordinary mind: without Miss Hillary—without Miss Hillary! But when Miss Hillary came sailing out of a drawing-room window with diaphanous draperies of white and blue fluttering and spreading round her, and with all manner of yellow gold, and purple enamel absurdities dangling at her wrists and depending from the loveliest throat and the pinkest ears in Christendom—the stranger who was not provided with forty thousand a year and a coronet, the which to lay at the feet of that adorable creature, was the weakest of fools if he did not take to his heels, there and then, and fly from the Cedars, never to return thither. If he stayed he fully deserved his fate. If, looking at Maude Hillary, and knowing that he could never hope to win her for his own, he did not straightway flee from that flowery paradise beside the sunlit river, all after agonies endured by his luckless heart were only the natural consequence of his mad temerity. But then, unhappily, there are so many mad men in the world. Homburg and Baden-Baden are dangerous places, but there are crowds of deluded creatures who will haunt the dazzling halls of the Kursaal, and the elegant saloons of M. Benazet, so long as the fatal wheel revolves and the croupier cries, "Make your game, gentlemen, the game is made." What can be a more absurd spectacle than a big blundering moth whirling and fluttering about the flame of a candle? Yet the incineration of moth A will not be accepted as a warning by moth B, though he may be a witness of the sacrifice. Younger sons, and briefless barristers, earning a fluctuating income by the exercise of their talents in light literature; artists; curates, hopeless of rich preferment, came, and saw, and were conquered. The man who, being a bachelor and under thirty years of age, beheld Maude Hillary and did not fall in love with her, was made of sterner stuff than the rest of his race, and must have had in him the material for a Cromwell or a Robespierre. He must have been a stony, incorruptible, bilious creature, intended to hold iron sway over his fellow-men; and had no business in the paradise between Isleworth and Twickenham.

Shall I describe Maude Hillary as she sails across the lawn this July morning? I use the word sail, as applied to this young lady's movements, advisedly; for there was a swimming, undulating motion in her walk, which was apt to remind one of a lovely white-sailed yacht gliding far out across an expanse of serene blue water on a summer's day. Shall I describe her? No; if I do, stern critics will tell me that she is a very commonplace young person after all, when it is only my description that will be commonplace. Her complexion was specially fair and bright; but it was not because of her fair skin that she was beautiful. Her features were delicate and harmonious, but those who admired her most could scarcely have told you whether her nose was nearer to the Grecian or the Roman type—whether her forehead was low or high, her chin round or pointed. She was bewitching, rather than beautiful. For if Paris awarded the apple on purely technical grounds a thousand lovely English women might have disputed the prize with Maude Hillary. But I think Paris would have wished to give her the apple, if only for the pleasure of seeing her bright face light up into new radiance with the joy of her triumph; though in strict justice he might feel himself obliged to bestow the fruit elsewhere. Miss Hillary was bewitching; and people saw her, and fell in love with her, and bowed themselves down at her feet, long before they had time to find out that she was not so very beautiful after all.

She came winding in and out amongst the flower-beds now, and betook herself towards an open temple at one end of the terrace by the river, a temple of slender marble columns entwined with ivy and beautiful ephemeral parasites, whose gaudy blossoms relieved the sombre green. Two gentlemen, who were disporting themselves with lawn billiards, deserted that amusement and strolled over to the temple. They went slowly enough, because they held it vulgar to be in a hurry, and they were very young, and very much used up as to all the joys and sorrows and excitements of this earth; but they were over head and ears in love with Miss Hillary notwithstanding.

She was not alone. She never was alone. She had for her constant associates from four to half a dozen pet dogs, and Miss Julia Desmond, her companion. Miss Desmond was by no means the despised companion so popular in three-volume novels. She was a very dignified young lady, whose father had been a colonel in ever so many different armies. She was one of the Desmonds of Castle Desmond, near Limerick, and there were three peerages in her family, to say nothing of one extinct earldom, forfeited by reason of high treason on the part of its possessor, the revival of which, for his own benefit, had been the lifelong dream of Patrick Macnamara Ryan O'Brien Desmond, until death let fall a curtain on that and many other fond delusions which had survived unchanged and changeless to the last in the eternal boyhood of an Irishman's nature.

Julia was a very dignified young lady, and had been highly educated in a Parisian convent, whence she had returned to the south of Ireland to find the impress of decay upon every object around her, from the grass-grown roofs of the cottages in the lane below the castle boundary to the shattered figure

of the brave old colonel. She returned in time to attend her father's death-bed, to which Lionel Hillary, his oldest friend and largest creditor, was summoned by an imploring letter from the old colonel. To Mr. Hillary the old man confided his penniless daughter. He had nothing to leave her but a set of old fashioned garnet ornaments which had belonged to her mother, and to which he fondly alluded as the "family jewels;" he had nothing to leave her except this antique trumpery, and his blessing; but he confided her to his largest creditor, having a vague impression that the largeness of the debt and the heavy interest he would have given upon all the money lent him by his friend, had he ever lived to return the principal, laid Mr. Hillary under a kind of obligation to him. However it was, the London merchant promised to be a friend and protector to Julia Desmond, and as soon as the colonel's funeral was over carried her back to London with him, and established her in his own house, as the companion of his daughter. A young lady more or less of little consequence in such an establishment as the Cedars, so the merchant thought very lightly of what he did for Miss Desmond, and Maude Hillary was delighted to have a friend who was to be her perpetual companion; a friend who could sing a good second to any duet, and was never out of time in "Blow, Gentle Gales," whenever a masculine visitor with a good bass organ was to be procured for the third in that delicious glee. The two girls drove together, and walked together, and rode together; and played duets on one piano and on two pianos, or a harp and piano; and went out together to make water-color sketches of their favorite bends in the river, with very blue water and very green willows, and a man in a scarlet jacket lazily pushing a ferry-boat away from the shore, and a Newfoundland dog, very black and white and spotty, lying on the bank.

Julia Desmond led a very pleasant life, and there were people who said that the colonel's daughter was a most fortunate person; but for Julia herself there was just one drop in the cup which was bitter enough to change the flavor of the entire draught. She was not Maude Hillary. That was Miss Desmond's grand grievance. She brooded over it sometimes when she brushed her hair of a night before the big looking-glass in her pretty chintz-curtained chamber at the Cedars. Maude had two cheval glasses that swung upon hinges at each side of her dressing table, and Maude had her own maid to brush her hair, but Julia was fain to smooth her own dark tresses. Miss Desmond thought of her grievance very often of a night, when she contemplated her face by the light of a pair of wax candles, and pondered upon the events of the day. She was not Maude Hillary. She was not sole heiress to one of the largest fortunes—so ran the common rumor—ever won by city merchant. She had not received half the attention that had been bestowed upon Miss Hillary during that day. And if not, why not? Was it not because she was less good-looking? Certainly not. Miss Desmond was a handsome girl, with bold, striking features, and her black eyes flashed indignation upon the other eyes in the glass at the mere thought of any personal superiority on the part of Maude Hillary. Was it because she was less accomplished? No, indeed. Whose thumbs were the strongest and did most execution in a fantasia by Thalberg? Whose right little finger was clearest and steadiest in a prolonged shake? Whose figures in a water-colored sketch stood firmest on their legs? Miss Desmond's, of course. But Maude was rich and Julia was poor, and the meanness of mankind was testified by the absurd devotion which they all exhibited for the heiress. Julia was really fond of Maude, and thought her tolerably pretty; but she did not comprehend the grand fact that Miss Hillary was one of the most fascinating of women, and that she herself was not. She was handsome and stylish, and accomplished and well-bred, but she was not bewitching. When Maude spoke in a friendly manner to any masculine acquaintance, he was apt to be seized with a mad impulse that prompted him to kiss her then and there, though eternal banishment from her divine presence would be his immediate doom. Even women had something of the same feeling when Miss Hillary talked to them; and perhaps this may be attributed to the fact that her mouth was the best and most expressive feature in her face. Such heavenly smiles, such innocently and unconsciously bewitching variations of expression played perpetually about those lovely lips, that the harshest woman-hater might have been betrayed into the admission that amongst nature's numerous mistakes Maude Hillary's creation was an inexcusable one. Fortune hunters who came with mercenary aspirations, remained to be sincere. Rich young stockbrokers who speculated amongst themselves upon the extent of Lionel Hillary's wealth, would have gladly taken Maude to wife, "ex everything." But Julia Desmond could not understand all this, and she regarded her benefactor's daughter as a feminine image of the golden calf, before which mercenary mankind bowed down in servile worship.

The two girls seated themselves in the little temple, and worshippers came round and performed their homage. But Miss Hillary had more to say to her dogs than to the loungers on the lawn.

"Good morning, Captain Masters.—Floss, you are the

naughtiest darling.—Haven't I told you once before, *Scrub*, that Houton lace is *not* good to eat?—Papa has not come home yet, I suppose, Mr. Somerset? That tiresome city makes a kind of orphau of me, doesn't it, Julia? We never have papa to go with us anywhere now, do we, Julia?—No, *Peasblossom*, anything but a locket with papa's hair in it. That must not be worried.—When are we to go to the *fête*, Captain Masters?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. He was very young, and held everything upon earth, except Maude, in supreme detestation and contempt.

"As from four to five is about the hottest period in the entire day, I believe the *fête* is supposed to be at its best somewhere between four and five," he said; "we manage these things so remarkably well in England."

"But as the Duke and Duchess are both French, I suppose the management of the *fête* at the Chateau de Bourbon is French, too, isn't it?" asked Miss Desmond.

Mande was occupied with a Scotch terrier who was making ferocious snaps at the jasmine trailing from the roof above her. She would have made a charming subject for Mr. Frith, with the dog held up in her hands, and the loose white muslin sleeves falling back from those fair rounded arms in soft cloudy folds.

"The Duke and Duchess are very charming," said Mr. Somerset; "and when one thinks that if they'd lived in seventeen ninety-three, instead of eighteen forty-eight, they'd have been inevitably guillotined on the Place Louis Quinze, instead of being comfortably settled in the neighborhood of Isleworth, one feels an extraordinary kind of interest in them as living illustrations of the improvement of the times. But apart from that, Miss Hillary, don't you think the *fête* a bore? Don't you think any charity *fête* more or less a bore? I can understand people sending you a subscription list, and telling their man to wait in your hall till you write a cheque for them; but I can't understand people choosing the hottest day in a hot summer to parade about a garden grinning and smirking at one another, and giving exorbitant prices for things they don't want."

"But you mean to go to the *fête*, Mr. Somerset?"

"Most decidedly, if I am to have the honor of going with you—and Miss Desmond."

Miss Desmond, with one flash of her black eyes, expressed her appreciation of the little pause that had preceded Mr. Somerset's mention of her name.

"Yes, I suppose we are to take you with us," said Mande, with cruel carelessness. "Papa said that if he were not at home at three, we were to go without him, and he would meet us at the chateau—and it's past three now, I declare, Julia, and we're not dressed," added Miss Hillary, looking at her watch; and papa is always so particular about punctuality. Isn't it Lord Nelson who won the battle of Trafalgar through always being an hour beforehand? I almost wish the French had beaten him, for then people couldn't have quoted him against one perpetually. Will you order the carriage, Julia, dear?—or will you tell them about it, Mr. Somerset? The landau with the bays; papa said the bays were to be used to-day. Now, Julia dear."

The two girls ran away to dress, and re-appeared in about twenty minutes, Julia very splendid in a golden brown silk dress and a pale pink bonnet; Miss Hillary in cloud-like garments of lace, or tulle, or areophane, that were especially becoming to her tall, slender figure, and the fragile style of her beauty. Maude Hillary was a very extravagant young lady, and had *carte blanche* at Messrs. Howell and James's, on whose account her father was wont to write heavy cheques at long intervals, without any investigation of the items; but Miss Hillary very seldom wore silk dresses, which are, after all, about the most economical thing a lady can wear. She affected gauzy fabrics, all festoons and puffings and flounces, which were thrown aside for the profit of her maid after the third time of wearing, and ultimately figured in second-hand wardrobe repositories in the dreariest outskirts of Pinlickia. Indeed, one devoted admirer of Miss Hillary, penetrating Vauxhall bridgewards from Ecclestone Square, had been startled by the apparition of his lovely partner at a recent ball, dangling limply, rosebuds and all, from a peg in a dingy shop-window.

Maude was very extravagant; but then how could she well be otherwise? Her appreciation of "pounds" was very little above that of Mr. Harold Skimpole. She very rarely had any money; if she wanted shillings she borrowed them—by the handful—of the housekeeper at the Cedars. But, on the other hand, she had unlimited credit everywhere. A beggar, or one of the churchwardens of Isleworth armed with a plate after a charity sermon, were about the only persons who ever demanded ready money from her. She had a vague idea that there was no limit to her father's wealth, and that she was to have as much of it as was required for her own uses whenever she married, if he approved of her marriage; and if he did not approve, she would not have the money, and would be poor, and live in a pretty cottage somewhere in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood, without so much as a pair of ponies to drive in the Park. She looked forward very vaguely to

this sort of thing, always believing that the most indulgent of fathers would come by-and-bye to smile upon penniless Harcourt Lowther, and that everything would end happily, as it does in a comedy. She sighed now and then, and told her confidante, Julia, that she was the most miserable of creatures when she thought of poor dear Harcourt slaving himself to death in that dreadful Van Diemen's Land; but, on the whole, she bore her separation from her affianced lover with considerable resignation. Was she not by nature a bright and hopeful creature? and had she not from babyhood inhabited a kind of fairy circle, separated from all the common outer world by a golden boundary, sheltered from every rude breath of heaven by a limitless canopy of bauk notes?

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE CHATEAU DE BOURBON.

The chateau in which some of the banished descendants of Louis the Great had set up their household gods, in the shape of a most exquisite collection of artistic treasures, was only a mile or so distant from Mr. Hillary's house. It was an old red-brick mansion like the Cedars; and, indeed, the banks of the Thames seem specially rich in red-brick mansions of the early Georgian period. It was a noble old house, and had extended itself of late years on either side, until it was almost palatial of aspect. It was a very pretty house, filled to overflowing with art treasures, about almost every one of which there hung a history as interesting as the object itself. Royalty, the banished royalty of France, inhabited that simple suburban mansion, and on the smooth lawn where the pennants were flying and the band playing, a quiet-looking gentleman moved about among the visitors, whose grave and noble face was the exact reproduction of another face, to be seen in stained marble under a glass case within the mansion; the face of a gentleman who, in the course of an adventurous career, won some little distinction under the style and title of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre.

It was almost like going back into the past for an hour or so to lounge on that sunny lawn at Twickenham, so strange yet so familiar were some of the names that were heard on the lips of the crowd. There was a mournful kind of interest in those historic titles, and the aspect of the pretty flower-festooned marquees, where elegant women were charging fabulous prices for all manner of absurdities in the way of Berlin wool, recalled the image of tented plains and fields of cloth of gold, in the days when the sons of St. Louis had other and more high-sounding business in this world than such gentle works of charity as occupied them pleasantly enough to-day.

Maude Hillary was in her glory in the garden of the Chateau de Bourbon. She had plenty of ready money for once in a way: a crisp little bundle of five-pound notes, which her father had brought from the city on the previous evening; and she distributed her wealth freely among her fashionable stall-keepers, loading herself and her attendant cavaliers with wax dolls and Berlin wool work, stereoscopes, antinaccassars, painted fire-screens, bottles of toilette vinegar, and feather flowers. She knew a great many people, and she was so bright, and animated, and happy-looking, that people who were utter strangers to her watched her with a feeling of interest, and asked one another who she was. She was standing amidst a group of aristocratic acquaintances upon the terrace overlooking the river, when she cried out that her papa had arrived, and ran away to meet him, leaving Julia Desmond and the two young men behind her.

"An hour after your time, papa," she said, putting both her hands into his, "and I've spent all my money, and I've bought these for you." She flourished a pair of gorgeously embroidered slippers before his eyes, and then put her arm through his with an air of proprietorship that was as charming as everything else she did.

Lionel Hillary, Australian merchant, of Moorgate street, London, was a handsome-looking man, tall, and stout, and dark, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, and very unlike his daughter in every respect; for the happy brightness which was the chief element of her beauty found no reflection in his face. He looked very grave and a little careworn; and Maude, watching him closely, said presently:

"I'm afraid you have one of your headaches again to-day, papa."

"Yes, my dear: I've been working rather hard this morning. Let me introduce you to this gentleman, whom I have induced to come and spend a little of his money for the benefit of the Duchess's poor people."

This gentleman was Mr. Francis Tredethlyn, who had been loitering a little in the rear of Lionel Hillary while the merchant talked to his daughter. The two men had become acquainted with each other in the simplest possible manner. Amongst the property Francis Tredethlyn had inherited from his uncle was a bundle of shares in a certain Australian insurance company of which Mr. Hillary was a director. Francis, wanting to make some inquiry about the shares, had been advised to go to Mr. Hillary, and had done so. He

found the merchant very cordial and friendly—he had found a great many people in these dispositions towards him lately—and with the frankness natural to him had told a good deal of his story to that gentleman; always avoiding any allusion to his cousin Susan. Lionel Hillary, being very much pleased with his manner, and being generally very kind and hospitable to any young man who came in his way, offered to drive his new acquaintance down to Twickenham.

"You must find Loudon miserably dull at this time of year!" he said. "There's a *fête*, or a fancy fair, or something of that kind, our way. I'll drive you down, and you shall dine at my place afterwards."

Thus it was that Francis Tredethlyn found himself upon the lawn before the chateau de Bourbon, making what he felt to be a very awkward bow, and most heartily wishing that some convulsion of nature might open a ready-made grave in the smooth turf on which he stood, wherein he might hide himself from the bright eyes of Miss Hillary.

She spoke to him in the easiest, friendliest manner; asked him if he had ever been at the chateau before; if he liked a fancy fair; hoped he meant to spend ever so much money. She opened her eyes very wide as she said this, and he saw how blue they were, and then felt an actual blush kiuding under his brown skin. Such a woman as this had never before walked by his side, talking to him and smiling at him. He answered her animated inquiries as best he might, and found himself thinking of all manner of incongruous things—of Maude Hillary's blue eyes and point-lace parasol, of his own awkwardness and ignorance, of the narrow points of her dove-colored boots, as they peeped from under her dress now and then, like anything in the world you like *except* Sir John Suckling's micc, of the old farmhouse on the Cornish moorland, of little Susy in a white dainty sun-bonnet.

He had never been in such a place before, mixing on equal terms with well-dressed men and women, about most of whom even he, in despite of his ignorance, recognized a nameless something that stamped them as superior to the common run of well-dressed people. That in itself was enough to bewilder him. He had never before seen such a woman as Maude Hillary; and even experienced young men from Government offices found Maude Hillary bewildering. He felt terribly embarrassed and out of place, and after undergoing a sharp ordeal on the terrace, where he was introduced to Miss Desmond and to the young men staying at the Cedars, he was not a little rejoiced to find himself free for a few minutes, while Mr. Hillary and his daughter talked to a group of new arrivals. He strolled away to the end of the terrace, and lounged upon the marble balustrade, looking down at a lane below, a kind of gorge cut through two separate gardens, in which some of the common folks of the neighborhood were gathered, listening to the music of the band, and staring at the splendid line of carriages waiting for the guests in the gardens above.

"I didn't think I was such a fool as to let my brains be muddled like this by a lot of fine dresses, and parasols, and flower-beds, and the playing of a brass band," he thought; "they're flesh and blood, just as much as my mother that's dead and gone, or poor little Susy. But when I looked at her just now, it seemed as if there was a light shining all about her somehow, that almost blinded me. She spoke to me as prettily and as kindly as she spoke to her father; and yet I feel more afraid of her than if she'd been my uncle Oliver, and a little boy again tumbling down his corn in the valley farm."

He moved a little way from the balustrade, and stood looking rather sheepishly towards the group he had left, doubtful whether he was expected to rejoin them or to stroll about by himself, and amusing himself as he pleased. He would have given a great deal of money for the poorest treatise on etiquette which would have told him as much as this; and in the meantime he lingered where he was, twirling a very big pair of lavender gloves which he had bought—through the agency of Mr. Hillary's groom, and with no reference to their adaptability to his own hands—on the way down.

Lingering thus, doubtful of himself, and painfully conscious of being very much out of keeping with the scene around him, he still thought of all manner of incongruous things; and among other fancies one special thought, which could have had no possible connection with the events of the day, kept surging up towards the troubled sea of his recollections.

"I never loved my cousin Susan," he thought; "I know now that I never really loved my cousin Susan."

(To be continued.)

THERE never was a more graceful rejoinder than that which the putative Father of History tells of Croesus, carried off from his hoards, and dragged about among the lords in waiting on Cambyzes. "Croesus," asked the crazy tyrant, "which is the greater man—I or my father?" The captive must have known that if his adroitness failed him he would probably be offered an immediate mark for the cimetars of the escort; but it did not. "Cyrus," he replied, "was greater than you. If in other respects you are your father's equal, you will never have so great a son."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* * Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!!

ANOTHER Christmas, with its chimes and its cheer and its abounding merrymaking, is upon us. The last stroke of twelve to-night will usher in the most honored and the most universal as it is one of the most ancient of all Christian festivals; but falling upon the Sabbath its celebration has been postponed by common consent until the following day. Santa Claus, however, not having entered into any such arrangement and probably not having been informed of it, will be very apt to make his appearance to-night, for being an old Knickerbocker, he is beyond doubt a great stickler for regular dates and usages.

The institution of Christmas is attributed to Pope Telesphorus, who died in the year of our Lord 138—Heaven bless his memory, as all lovers of good Christmas cheer will ever pray! Although intended as a celebration of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, it was only in the Fourth century that the 25th of December was definitely settled upon. Christmas before having been the most movable of the Christian festivals, frequently confounded with the Epiphany, and celebrated by the eastern churches in the months of April and May. In that century, St. Cyril, thinking it absurd that so many different days should be celebrated as the anniversary of so important an event, obtained from Pope Julius I. an order for an investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity, the result of inquiry being a settlement by the theologians of the East and West upon the present date, though some of the fathers were in doubt whether a proper identification of the day had been effected. The decision, however, has been uniformly accepted, and the 25th of December is now celebrated by the whole Christian world as the birthday of Him who founded their faith. It is considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, and consequently devotion and merriment are commingled in its observance.

The manner of celebrating Christmas has varied during different ages and in different parts of the world. In the Middle Ages it was celebrated by gay, fantastic spectacles, known as "mysteries" and "moralities," the performers wearing grotesque masks and singular costumes. Christmas carols—instituted probably in remembrance of the songs of the shepherds at the birth of Christ—date from the time when the common people ceased to understand Latin. During the last days preceding Christmas it is still the custom of Calabrian minstrels to descend from the mountains of Naples and Rome, saluting the shrines of the Virgin Mother, under the poetical notion of cheering her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas. A curious illustration of the proneness of man to reverse the order of society and ridicule its decencies, distorting even a Christian festival to serve as an occasion, is found in the so-called feasts of fools and asses, grotesque saturnalia sometimes termed "December liberties," in which everything serious was burlesqued and turned into ridicule, great men mingling in the crowd and disporting themselves like boys, and inferiors personifying their superiors in the most absurd manner. In Germany and the northern portion of Europe, Christmas is emphatically a children's holiday, the little folks coming in for the principal enjoyment. The Christmas tree has been imported by us, and it would perhaps be well if we also borrowed another custom which goes with it; the mother, after the fruit of its boughs having been distributed, taking occasion to say privately to the daughters and the fathers to the sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and most faulty in their conduct during the year. Perhaps, too, if husband and wife made these little corrections and confidences to each other a good purpose might be served, though it is not altogether unlikely that a series of crimination and recrimination might be the result, strangely at variance with the character of the festival. Santa Claus found his parallel in Germany, where the children's presents were all sent to one person, who, dressed in high buskins, white robe, mask, and flaxen wig, and known as *Knecht Rupert*, went from house to house, received with great pomp by the parents and with certainly a respectful consideration by the children upon whom he bestowed the intended gifts according to the character he heard of them from the parents, after grave and careful inquiry. The custom still obtains in some

of the smaller villages of Germany; more severe than the Dutch Santa Claus, *Knecht Rupert* sometimes birches the children if their behavior has been very bad.

In England Christmas has always been the merriest festival of the year. Begun on Christmas Eve the revels often continued until Candlemas—February 2d. Larders were filled with capons, turkeys, hens, pork-pies, geese, ducks, plums, honey, and especially the great round of beef, giving to the Italians the following proverb which they still have: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." The tenants went up to the hall, and the lord of the manor with his family stepped down from their habitual reserve to entertain their guests and move them to mirth.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony dropped his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merrier England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

The Yule log—a huge block which might be burnt till Candlemas-Eve—blazed in the wide fireplace; the wassail-bowl and punch-bowls sat on the table and warmed the heart to hilarity; games were in progress, hot-cockles, fool-plough, snap-dragon and the like, and mirth and music ruled to the exclusion of cold and care. The soured boar's head, the first and favorite dish of the day, was borne to the principal table in solemn state "upon a silver platter, with ministralsye." Of this boar's head the tradition is that the custom originated at Queen's College, Oxford, from the valor of a student who, while walking and reading Aristotle, being suddenly attacked by a savage wild boar, thrust the volume down the animal's throat, crying *Græcum est!* and held it there till the beast was choked to death—poor fellow! he couldn't swallow Aristotle.

The custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens, common in England and rapidly coming to obtain in this country, is derived from ancient Druidical practice. According to the old belief, sylvan spirits could fly to the evergreens for protection when winter came, and there remain unpinched by frost and not inconvenienced by snow. "The holly branch shone on the old oak wall," and mistletoe, rosemary, ivy, bays and laurel furnished their bright leaves to deck the ceilings and wainscotings, where they hung until Candlemas came. A deal of kissing was done under the mistletoe in the merry days when gymnastics of the lips were practiced, but a deal more has since been done "under the rose."

It was long a superstition in England that on Christmas Eve the oxen were always to be found upon their knees, and that after the change from the old to the new style they occupied this attitude of devotion only on the eve of the old Christmas Day. It would seem easy enough for the farmers to have put this belief to a practical test, by simply watching the animals, to ascertain whether they were at prayer, at prostration, or asleep on the holy eve, but they preferred to take the story on faith. The superstition was derived from a medieval notion that an ox and an ass which happened to be present at the nativity fell upon their knees in a suppliant position.

But of Christmas legends and traditions there is no end. For instance, it is an old Swedish tradition preserved in the history of Olaus, Archbishop of Upsal, that men living in the northern and cold parts of the country were suddenly and strangely metamorphosed into wolves at Christmas time, and that, meeting together in a great multitude, they waged a more destructive warfare against everything human, and animals not fierce by nature, than they could have done were they natural wolves. We find no derivation for this rather incongruous tradition.

The present Christmas comes to Californians more pleasantly than it does to our Eastern brethren. On the Atlantic coast the air is thick and black with sulphurous smoke, and the tremendous diapason of cannon mingles with the chimes that ring in the anniversary morning of the Saviour's birth. There are few hearthstones at the East which have not some place made vacant by the year; few festive boards where some chair will not stand empty, its occupant sleeping in the silence and immutability of death beneath Virginia's red soil, or marching in the van of armies where death is borne on the swift wings of countless bullets. Here we enjoy, comparatively, the blessings of peace; the rumble of war is faintly in our ears, but a continent stretches its plains and mountains between our door-yards and the crimson-wheeled car; here only the blood of the grape reddens the soil; the only furrows in the ground are those the farmer ploughs as he puts in

his seed; the only blades that flash in the sun are those the reapers wield as they gather in the harvest! Let us think of those less favored than we as we sit around our Christmas boards, and let us at least send to them of our bounty.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

MAGUIRE'S Opera House on Monday evening gave us *East Lynne*, Mrs. Edwin taking the character of the much-to-be-pitied lady who runs away from her husband without any cause and returns to his home in the guise of a governess and wearing green glasses, because the gentlemanly companion of her flight treats her badly and manifests an indisposition to marry her. Our readers are all aware that this is a dramatization of a popular novel—if we say that in plot and sentiment the novel is about as absurd as anything which the genius of a woman writer ever conceived, we say quite enough to indicate the real character of the play. When we say that like the book it is sensational to the last degree, we furnish a clue to the hold it has on the popular mind and the demand which it occasions among audiences for handkerchiefs and eye-washes. The daughter of an earl having married a lawyer with whom she is not much in love runs away from him with a man whom she does not love at all, simply because she fancies that her husband is in love with some one else. She expects the partner of her flight to marry her, which he very sensibly objects to doing, arguing probably that the chances are that the second husband in his matrimonial relations with her will fare similarly to the first. A renitance from her paramour, which seems to be in greenbacks instead of in gold, is rejected with disdain, and she goes back to her husband's house, where she lives for some time undiscovered as nurse to her own child, finally dying forgiven, to the sound of the usual slow music. Of course the piece offers abundant opportunity for situations and pathetic appeals, and of these Mrs. Edwin made the most, bringing abundant tears from the eyes of young ladies in the dress circle and old gentlemen in the galleries. A better tribute than the one of tears Mrs. Edwin could not ask for. Mrs. Saunders, who, by the way, in a certain line of characters is decidedly the best actress at present on our stage, did Mr. Carlyle's sister excellently well, bringing laughter from the audience in almost the same breath that Mrs. Edwin pumped up their tears. Mr. Mayo did excellent acting as Archibald Carlyle. Mr. Reeves failed as Captain Levison. The other characters, not very important ones, were tolerably well rendered by the company.

Tuesday evening witnessed a repetition of *East Lynne*, and Wednesday evening was celebrated by a cheerful little piece known as *Raoul; or, the Robber of the Pyrenees*. Thursday night, however, furnished the theatrical event of the week in the production of *The Magnolia; or, The Angel of the Swamp*. This is a very Octoroonish play, similar in many respects to that triumph of Boucicault's. There is a beautiful octoroon, and a young man desperately in love with her, and an embarrassed plantation, and cheating around the board. Stronger in its points as an anti-slavery tract than the Octoroon, *The Magnolia* has not the brilliant plot and artistic working up which characterizes the former drama. This can be said, however, without disparaging *The Magnolia*, for the play of which it is the companion piece is one of the most effective dramas ever put upon the stage. The daguerreotype scene, and the chase of the murderer by the Indian through the swamp, will long stand to playwrights as models where a thrilling interest is sought to be conjured up. *The Magnolia* has a better ending than *The Octoroon*, a little piece of miscegenation, or marriage, blending the two bloods of which one was slightly off color, and ending all prejudices. The principal characters fell into the hands of Mesdames Edwin, Saunders and Perry, and Messrs. Mayo, Hill, Aldrich, Anderson, Reeves and Barry. With one exception these parts were well done, and that exception lies with Mr. Reeves, who certainly is not at all competent to the line of characters assigned to him. The contrast between Charles Thorne and Mr. Reeves as "Capt. Levison" in *East Lynne* was so marked as to provoke comparisons very disadvantageous to the latter; but this was more marked in the "William Johnson" which Mr. Reeves assumed on Thursday evening. Thorne would have carried the character off with a grace and dash that would have sufficed of itself to carry the play over the centre, had there been a chance of its catching; but Mr. Reeves proved a hindrance to its success rather than a help. Barry came out capitally as "Mad Bill," sinking himself so effectually that very many people looked around for Barry, and were surprised to find him beneath that disguise. We pay this compliment to Mr. Barry the more cheerfully as it is the first time that he has furnished us an opportunity to conscientiously speak even tolerably well of him. Mr. Hill is ripening out as an excellent and valuable actor, manifesting a great improvement in spirit since leaving the lyric stage. He contributed greatly to the success of the late burlesques, and audiences have now come to look for good acting at his hands, and to grumble in a dissatisfied way if they do not get it. *The Magnolia* will be repeated until further notice. If allowed to offer a suggestion, we think the piece would be materially improved by shortening the dialogue somewhat; at present the action of the plot scarcely balances the talk.

(For the Californian.)

CHRISTMAS.

WITH Morning's first blush our two little ones woke—
Like twin roses they laughed in their bed;
For the day and their rest in the same whisper broke,
And their cheeks, like the dawning, were red.

Then their feet on the floor fell lighter than air,
Or the rain that pit-patters from eaves—
Each tiny foot, blushing because it was bare,
Seemed a rosebud with five lily leaves.

Away to the hearth-stone they stole on tip-toe,
And their laugh rang a glad Christmas hymn—
Their hearts like their stockings were ripe to overflow,
For both were filled full to the brim.

There were pea-guns and whistles and harlequin-jacks
That would dance though a monk pulled the string,
With gingerbread ponies and all the knick-knacks
That Kris Kringle is certain to bring.

Such blasts of tin-trumpets, such volleys of peas—
You'd have thought the old room a Redan:
On the parapet sofa they hastened to seize,
And Tabby, its garrison, ran.

It chanced, too, the fire-place, awhile before day,
Had been belching out smoke like a pipe,
Which gave us a wonderful fact to portray
When their minds for the wonder were ripe.

For we told them the steeds that St. Nicholas drove
Did not like to stand still in the snow,
And so stabled themselves in the chimney above,
While their master filled stockings below.

The little ones firmly subscribed to this creed—
As soon they'd have doubted their prayers—
I envied their faith; we old Gentiles have need
Of a credence as ready as theirs.

Thus when legends all sacred to childish belief
Fade away, and we rank ourselves men,
The world calls us wiser—is wisdom, then, grief?
But indeed, are we wiser than then?

For oft when my soul trails her wings in the dust,
And would rest from the battlings without,
I say to my soul: Is it folly to trust?
The deepest of wisdom to doubt?

C. H. WEBB.

BELLA DONNA TO HER FRIEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 14, 1864.

O H, dear! what can the matter be? Are you aware, very dearest friend, that two entire weeks have rolled by, and my eyes have not been gladdened by as much as a short note from you, to acknowledge the receipt of my last letter? Now, if I felt an inclination to be severe, I should resort immediately to the *lex talionis*; but instead of that, like one of the best friends and correspondents in the world, I employ every leisure moment in writing to you.

You would be amused if I were to tell you how many times within the past week I have visited Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office, and inquired with a most beseeching expression if I were to be the happy recipient of a package. I really would have felt heartily ashamed of my extraordinary pertinacity, had it not been for the good-looking young gentleman attached to the New York Department, who, upon seeing me enter, always rushed to my assistance; and with a chivalric politeness, (found only in the inhabitants of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line,) made it appear as if he were the favored one, and I the conferrer. I declare, exhibitions of such disinterested courtesy are immensely refreshing! *N'est-ce pas, mon amie?*

The rain during the past week has been almost incessant, and as you know, Clara dear, how very sensibly my spirits are affected by the state of the weather, you will not be much surprised to learn that, even in the midst of my gay friends, I have been troubled with a slight touch of *ennui*, or, as Byron puts it, "that awful yawn which sleep cannot abate." Uncle George perceiving this, and desirous that every moment of my visit should be passed agreeably, suggested a variety of amusements *pour passer le temps*; but none seemed so well adapted to the depressed condition of my feelings as a walk down town in the rain. Laura and I accordingly put on our heavy boots and balmorals, and prepared to view Montgomery street under a cloud. Upon leaving the "Occidental," the first building that attracted my attention was the one on the corner of — street, that you and I used to regard so mysteriously on account of always observing, in one of the windows, a head, that you wilfully maintained reminded you of a disinterested spirit. I inquired for what purpose the edifice was used, and was somewhat astonished to learn that it was a club-house, nominally for the "great and glorious Union." Uncle George, who happens to be one of the members, proposed a visit to it; to this we of course joyfully assented, as Laura had told me *sotto voce* that she was acquainted with a number of gentlemen belonging to the

association, and that they were (to use her own expression) "perfectly splendid."

The gloomy ideas that are naturally suggested upon beholding the exterior, are immediately dispelled upon ascending the broad and massive stair case that leads to the reading room. Here one cannot avoid remarking into what utter insignificance such clubs as the Union, Athenæum, and New York, of the last named city, sink by comparison; but as comparisons are invariably odious we will drop them forthwith. I was rejoiced to find that, although they number among the members natives of almost every part of the terrestrial sphere, (the king of the Cannibal Islands, I hear, has lately joined,) to our Government they are loyal "to a man," and with a highly commendable spirit of patriotism, intend to celebrate the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's installation with an illumination as brilliant in practice as was the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" in theory; and in order to preserve the same unity of feeling that has always existed among them, they have resolved that the first dissentient voice be obliged to assume the enormous expense of the necessary candles. I think, Clara, *mie*, it would be advisable for you to indite a few lines of warning to your friend, Dr. or General —, (I really forget his proper title,) for he, I believe, is the only one who is inclined to be at all contemptuous.

We were sufficiently fortunate to meet several of the members, of whom, it is scarcely necessary for me to add, Laura was not a particle too eloquent in her praises. I noticed, however, that one gentleman, upon receiving an introduction to us, exhibited a slight degree of *mauvaise honte* which appeared to me rather astounding in one of his *apparent* years; but remembering the old aphorism of *l'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher*, I inquired if the ubiquitous little god had been playing any of his pranks in that quarter. I was answered affirmatively, and my informant told me, (after having exacted a promise of inviolable secrecy,) that the "party" in question had foolishly "loved some bright particular star, and thought to win it;" but instead of having *starlight*, as he had fondly hoped, his happiness all ended in *moonshine*. Oh, Cupid! how insertable are thy ways!

From another one of the gentlemen I fancy Washington Irving must have in a measure received his idea of Rip Van Winkle, for after a short conversation with him I discovered that he had been an eye-witness of almost every incident of any importance that had occurred in this mundane abiding-place since Adam was a baby. And although rather prone to indulge in platitudes, I found that even contact with the brusque San Franciscans, had not overlaid the manner of the courtly school in which he must have been trained.

A rather peculiar feature of this club is, I noticed, an utter disregard to the ages of the members; for, seated by the side of the gentlemanly anachronism, was a juvenile whose sapient airs amused us vastly; still I was pleased to see that one of his extreme youth should behave with such dignity when away from home. I felt very much inclined, however, to ask him if his maternal parent was cognizant of his present whereabouts; in fact was about doing so, when he turned and honored me with such an awfully supercilious stare that I succumbed instantly. I, however, did not cherish any animosity, for I remembered what a striking illustration he would prove of the wonderful precocity of Young America to the many subjects of H. B. M., by whom he was surrounded.

Uncle George now warned us that it was time we should bid adieu to our hospitable hosts, or the old saying of being made "twice glad" would be applied to us. As we had spent so much time at the club, instead of continuing our peregrinations, we were obliged to retrace our steps homewards. I was not at all sorry, for I felt that I had been sufficiently entertained for one day.

Now, my darling, I am going to surprise you with the pleasantest little piece of news in the world. Who do you suppose has returned to us again, after a short sojourn in one of the Eastern States? Why, no less a personage than the one whom you were wont to call your Apollo Belvidere. The manner in which I learned his arrival was slightly ludicrous; but feeling confident that everything concerning him is of interest to you, I will relate exactly how it occurred. As you are already aware, the window in my room at the Occidental looks on Montgomery street, and although on the first floor (from the roof,) we can plainly distinguish objects on the opposite side of the street. Yesterday afternoon my attention was attracted by a large concourse of people gathered together in front of Belden's Block. You know, dear, that a crowd has always been a sort of idiosyncrasy of mine, so I was immediately on the alert to discover the cause. In a few moments, by the aid of a powerful lorgnette, I was enabled to ascertain that the nucleus was, as might be expected, a man and a woman.

The man, who was eminently handsome, was endeavoring to extricate himself from the affectionate, though rather violent embraces of the woman, whose dulcet accent bespoke a purely Teutonic origin. It was a pathetic scene, and even from "my window's height," I could see that it brought tears to the eyes of the by-standers. As you will doubtless imagine, I was dreadfully anxious for the *dénouement*, so, on the impulse of

the moment, I rushed frantically down-stairs, into the middle of the crowd, when, (fancy the perturbed state of my feelings!) I discovered that the excitement was caused by the meeting of your Apollo, and his *ci-devant* landlady who, in tones quivering with suppressed emotion, was calling him "her darling, her angel," (not Gep. Gillmore's) and other pet names of the most endearing character. As you must have anticipated, your hero was surrounded by a goodly number of those "many friends that are only bounded by his acquaintances;" but on his right hand stood Persens, who, knowing the modest disposition of his friend, was determined that "fair play" should be shown him.

Even on his countenance, however, fear was strongly depicted, for almost in the same breath that this ancient Model of Constancy was lavishing upon the one, the treasures of her *unselfish* (?) love, she was *chiding* the other with equal vehemence for his unwarrantable reticence, in not having apprised her of her "love's" intended return. O, mein Gott in Himmel! vat a country, vat a peoples!

The *canaille* now, evidently satisfied that neither Sémès, nor any other very alarming catastrophe had landed among us, to disturb the serenity of our peaceful garrison, went on their ways rejoicing; the demonstrative landlady was bound over to keep the peace, and the two other principal actors repaired to a neighboring saloon where they were enabled to conceal their blushes with a "smile." Well, dear! this little *contre-temps* is only another immutable proof of what you have always heard me assert: that passionate romance has not yet died out in Germany.

Laura, in looking over my shoulder, (rnde girl!) recognized immediately whom I meant by Persens, and was very anxious to know why we had given him that classical *soubriquet*; so I was obliged to tell her it was because of his having rescued Andromeda (or her picture) from the hands of some terrible sea-monster. (Pardou my ignorance, *ma petite*, if I have spelt that little word incorrectly; but, just at this moment, I am undecided whether it is s-e-a or s-c-c.) O, mon Dieu! there goes the dinner-gong, and I have not even thought of dressing, so, *au revoir*. BELLA DONNA.

MANAGER Jack Wilson, after a brief retirement from the active arena, has re-entered it with that vigor and comprehensiveness for which he is especially noted. It was suspected that all this while he was lying low for the production and perfection of something stupendous, and now he announces it. It seems that he has taken possession of the Mechanics' Pavilion, turning that immense building into a mammoth circus, which will eclipse anything of the kind ever before seen on this coast, or, for that matter, this continent. Not New York has been patterned after, nor any "pent up Utica," which that State contains; it is from Rome, Paris and London that Mr. Wilson has drawn the idea of the splendid Colosseum into which he has converted the Pavilion. Rare sport will be seen at the Pavilion during the holidays; where erst large apples, and big pumpkins, and mammoth cheeses, and quartz crushers were seen, we are now to have chariot races, driven by ladies; races, on bare-backed steeds; hurdle races; steeple chases;—but emotion chokes our pen and space fails us to enumerate all the promised attractions. Zoyara will be there, and the whole troupe of gymnasts and equestrians who have made their names horseback words all the world over. Turn to the advertisement, and then say if we err in predicting success for Mr. Wilson.

MRS. ADA CLARE, a lady who brought with her from New York the reputation of being one of the most clever *feuilletonistes* of the day, and who proved her claim to the title by her contributions to the literature of this coast acting as the *Bulletin's* correspondent during a recent sojourn at the Sandwich Islands, will make her *début* at Maguire's next week as "Camille." It is never safe to predict, but the lady has sufficient talent to insure her success in anything she seriously undertakes, and too much good sense, we apprehend, to attempt anything in which there was a likelihood of making a failure. Her appearance before the footlights will be an event of interest.

MAJOR Van Voast, long and favorably known to our community both as a citizen and soldier, has been ordered East for active service. The major is thus afforded an opportunity for distinguishing himself of which he will probably be swift to take advantage. At parting we can only hope that Van Voast, at his new post, on the Atlantic coast, will distinguish himself most, and become our pride and boast, as well as the young ladies' toast, in that circle where he rules the roast, and that no ugly bullet in the abdomen may cause him to give up the ghost.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH, too well known to our public to need a word said in his favor beyond the simple announcement of his engagement, will appear at Maguire's Opera House on Thursday evening of next week.

DEATH OF THE HON. J. L. DAYTON.—Despatches from New York of the 20th, mention the death of Mr. Dayton, U. S. Minister to France. He died in Paris on the 2d of December, of apoplexy.

PETROLIA.

[Petroleum seems to occupy the speculative attention of Wall street, and our mining excitement of the past two or three years there finds its parallel in oil diggings. Perhaps the same result will be obtained. "Tigg Montague," in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, gives the following account of the establishment of a company:]

I WAS waited upon by four enterprising gentlemen in the early part of the week, who informed me that they designed to start a new Petroleum Stock Company, while the oil fever lasted, and desired that I should become its President. They offered me as an inducement fifty thousand shares of the company per annum, by way of salary. This I refused, but finally yielded for the stated sum of five hundred dollars a year in greenbacks. I believe in greenbacks. My esteemed friend Slyme believes in greenbacks. So does the company, if I am to judge from the reluctance with which they consented to appoint me on a greenback basis.

I immediately set to work. I found the company as yet unorganized. They had no petroleum lands, no oil, and no money. All was yet chaos. This I admired. It exhibited talent.

The man who seeks to make something out of something, displays a gross lack of financial ability. This I perceived to be the opinion of the company.

The first thing necessary was to organize, by electing a Board of Directors and officers for the company. This was effected without any difficulty. We all became directors by virtue of our individual votes. Every man elected himself.

The next step was to appoint the officers. This was also done by vote. By virtue of the original bargain I remained President. The next office was that of Treasurer. Upon counting the ballots it was found that again every man voted for himself. I had the casting vote, and informed the Board I should reflect upon the matter, and cast my ballot on the next day. Before the hour of meeting arrived I received private notes from every one of the Board, offering me considerable inducements to vote for them respectively. As, with one exception, these inducements were of a future and contingent character, I threw them, all but the exception, aside.

The exception proved to be Mr. Wobble. His offer was ten dollars in cash, a fancy cassimere coat, nearly new, and a season ticket to Artemus Ward's lectures. I closed with him at once, and upon counting the ballots the following list of officers was determined upon:

President,

TUGG MONTAGUE, Esq., formerly of the Anglo-Bengalee Life Assurance and Trust Company, London.

Treasurer,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WOBBLE, Esq., of Wobbleville, Wobble county, Ohio.

Secretary,

FLAVIUS SKITTS, Esq.

Banker,

(This was merely a nominal office—to keep up appearances—seeing that every man intended to do his own banking, by Jove!)
ROBERT PRODCRAFT, Esq.

Counsel,

(This was another nominal office, seeing that every man intended to keep his own counsel, by Jingo!)
JEFFERSON E. PICKET, Esq.

A name for the company was next in order. The Treasurer suggested something romantic, as Ivanhoe, Waverly, Minne-ha-ha, Forest-Skunk, Pole-cat, or Cammophile. The suggestion was over-ruled. The Secretary selected titles from the current literature of the day, such as Pre-adamite, Infusoria, Pliocene, Miocene, Eocene, Jurassic, Socio-incombatul-animouanipusteurum, etc. Voted down unanimously. The Banker brought forward a series of names, having reference to the theory of money, such as The Medium, The Cent-per-Cent, The Buy-em-flat, The Sell-em-up, etc. etc. Condemned by a majority vote.

The Counsel suggested The Taxed-up, The Skin-em-deep, The Choke-em-down, The Brassilian, The Wind-em-up, The Attachment, etc. Brassilian made a deep impression, but, after thirty-six separate ballots, was laid on the table.

Being called upon myself, I made a modest address, advocating the adoption of a more national name for the company. I skillfully adverted to the great destiny of the country, the Rocky Mountains, and the Peninsula Campaign. I referred with glowing pride to the battles of Bull Run and Antietam, and pointed towards the Golden Gate as being the only natural boundary between San Francisco and Communipaw.

In brief, I suggested in flattering terms the patriotic and endearing name, dear alike to Americans and those who have wafted themselves o'er the sea to make a living upon her distant shores (cheers), and bare the brawny hand of speculative labor (cheers), of THE UNIVERSAL SQUASH COMPANY, capital \$3,000,000, divided into 3,000,000 shares of \$1 each, so that every honest tiller of the soil could have a hand in it, or put his foot into it if he pleased (cheers). Upon putting this to vote, it was carried by acclamation.

The next business before the Board of Directors of the Universal Squash Petroleum Oil Company was the preparation of a report and prospectus. Mr. Skitts had already providentially procured one from an eminent Analytical Chemist

and Mining Geologist, for the consideration of the contingent possession of one hundred shares of the company. Report accepted, and prospectus ordered to be printed. The report read as follows:

"——— Esq., Secretary of the —— Petroleum Oil Company (blanks to be filled in.)

SIR: Having made a scientific examination of the property of the above company, situated in ——, I beg to submit the following report:

The mining corps, under the direction of Professor Kratzhaltgen, first penetrated the earth at eighteen points by means of Artesian wells. This examination developed the existence of petroleum in incredible quantities. No less than 40,000 barrels per day is assured of. I tasted the oil myself. It will make an excellent salad oil, and with very little difficulty may be prepared for use on the hair.

For lubricating purposes it is incomparable, and it is highly esteemed for wounds in battle and all other cases of a ganglionic or epigastric nature. I have no hesitation in saying that these wells are the richest in the world, or any other of which we are informed. A man living in the neighborhood informed me that he has been sick for ninety odd years, and has always used the petroleum oil upon his ailing wheels. Such is the inexhaustible nature of the yield, that an aqueduct might be formed in the vicinity, or an oil canal constructed to float the barrels upon. The oil also yields a variety of excellent perfumes, such as new-mown hay, jockey club, jessamine, westend, etc. It is an invaluable substitute for butter, and has been known to fry eels to a delicious brown before the animals had done wriggling. Its paralytic nature makes it go well with pastry. It makes puddings at sea, and *pies on shore*.

In addition to this it contains a larger residuum of gold.

The following analysis shows the incredible richness of this oil:

Benzole.....	1
Chloride of Sodium.....	1
Pure Petroleum.....	45
Orange Co. butter.....	11
Hair-oil, in bottles.....	6
Gold coin.....	30
Paraffine candles.....	4
Calves-foot jelly.....	2

parts, 200

Many samples are richer. I possess one which yields two gallons of hair-oil and a pound of butter to the gallon of petroleum. In boring for the oil a fine vein of port-wine was struck. This might be bottled and sent to market. It is supposed to be 300,000 years old, and must be good. There is also a promise of striking a large subterranean mine of sardines. Preserved in oil, these fish must be delicious.

Besides the above advantages, there are not wanting indications of a fertile field of quinine, which, while the war lasts, must bring a large revenue to the company. Quinine baths might be constructed, and the quinine itself conducted to the various government-hospitals by pipes.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,
OILY GAMMON, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

The blanks were appropriately filled up by the Secretary, and the Board adjourned.

The next thing was to procure the oil-lands. The Treasurer had an uncle who owned a rock on Oil Creek, but the land on which it stood belonged to another man. On the following day Mr. Wobble generously donated this rock to the Company, but on motion of T. Montague, Esq., it was declined with thanks. The fact is, I thought we could do better, and so I informed the Board.

My idea was for the Board to visit the oil-regions in person, and see what could be done on the spot. Motion carried.

For this purpose I made the following arrangements:

Mr. Skitts and myself were to go on first. When on the cars we were to lose our tickets—ahem!—and telegraph to Robert Prodcraft, Esq., banker, New York, for an endorsement of our pecuniary responsibility. An affirmative answer would probably place us in a position to send for the balance of the Board, to prosecute our enterprise all together, and to raise sufficient funds to repay the railroad company, and return to New York after accomplishing everything successfully.

This being agreed to, we start to-morrow. On my return I shall lay before the public a full and graphic account of the journey.

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in town the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street, New York through the Jews' quarter he was continually importuned to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out in accordance with the annoying custom of that street to seize upon and try and force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm and clamorously urged him to become a customer. "Have you any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look. "A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir." Every price and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir. "Are they clean?" "To be sure, sir. Step in, sir." "Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you need it." The rage of the shopkeeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

A POOR Frenchman being aroused from sleep by his wife with the cry, "Get up, Baptiste, there's a robber in the house," calmly answered, "Don't let us molest him. Let him ransack the house, and if he should find anything of value we'll take it away from him."

FUNIANA.

A POOR woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognized by the Bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me confirmed as often as I can; they tell me it is good for the rheumatis."

A MAN of sagacity being informed of a serious quarrel between two of his female relations, asked the persons if in their quarrels either had called the other ugly? On receiving an answer in the negative, "O, then, I shall soon make up the quarrel."

LADY —— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved? "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

A MAN unused to law courts hearing a Judge call a serjeant "brother," expressed his surprise. "Oh," said one present, "they are brothers—brothers-in-law."

A NOTFRIOUS miser having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed: "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn beggar."

ONE day Sheridan made his appearance in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends: "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?" Many probable guesses then took place. "No!" said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit, nor ever will—I bought them, and paid for them!"

A COACHMAN, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed that "if anybody was to go for to use him ill, he would bear malice like a Christian."

Dr. A., physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, he dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct as to draw from him this expression: "Sir, I thought you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as I have covered so many blunders of yours!"

A RICH man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and said: "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that!"

SOME years ago, says Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house. "I have a picture of Rubens," says he, "and it is a rare good one. Little H. the other day came to see it, and says it is a copy. If any one says so again, I'll break his head! Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favor to come and give me your real opinion of it?"

A LADY, after performing, with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the pianoforte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music? "No, madam," replied the doctor; "but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."

A YOUNG man met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to annoy him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty!"

DR. ROBERTSON observed that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, *oil of vitriol*.

A FELLOW on the quay, thinking to quiz a poor Irishman, asked him: "How do the potatoes eat now, Pat?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shillelah in his hand, answered: "O! they eat very well, my jewel; would you like to taste the stalk?" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off.

A MEDICAL student under examination, being asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, sir, in summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."

ONE of Sir Boyle Roche's children asked him one day, "Who was the father of George III.?" "My darling," he answered, "it was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who would have been George III. if he had lived."

A YOUTH, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair innamorata, said:

"The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer."

"Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

SHERIDAN inquiring of his son what side of politics he should espouse on his inauguration to St. Stephen's, the son replied that he intended to vote for those who offered best, and that he should wear on his forehead a label, "To let." "I suppose, Tom, you mean to add, 'unfurnished,'" rejoined the father.

THERE is a celebrated reply of Mr. Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions: "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law-books!" "Better read them, my lord."

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF Roses and Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulant, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryonic state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. sc24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S

PATENT IMPROVED

Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR

Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by H. P. WAKELEE, Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets. sc24

THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing. Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by

H. P. WAKELEE, Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets. sc24

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,
SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU
OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco
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EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

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CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco. au27

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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CATARH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, \$1. Sold by all Druggists.

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!



THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
NEW YORK.
de17-5m

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration, particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.
R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street
San Francisco. de17-5m

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,



Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSEN, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

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UNDERTAKER,
(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.

Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City de31f and County Coroner.

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641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC

BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

B. A. HENRIKSEN'S

PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Munro, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chauldiers; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Cadue, Esq.

Manufactured by J. E. JORGENSEN,
No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,
Who will give all information about them. de17-3m

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line be-

tween Los Angeles and Wilmington. sc24

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE
TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, etc.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired. Orders respectfully solicited. ju11-1m

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

ANOTHER week of glorious news for the Union-loving people of California! Victory, the harbinger of a speedy and lasting peace, the sure forerunner of release to our war-stricken country, has again perched upon the banner of the Republic. Nearly every despatch flashed across the continent since the last number of THE CALIFORNIAN went before its readers, has rung "victory" along the wire and tapped it upon the electric bell. An eminent authority once said that the most humane and the most glorious battle ever fought was that one which produced the greatest carnage and gave the most decisive victory. Carnage enough we have had upon the fields of Virginia, Tennessee, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia—wherever a battle has been fought, in fact—but strangely enough the bloodshed was accompanied by no "decisive victory," and very little seemed to be gained towards the final consummation of peace and union. The recent victories of Thomas before Nashville, however, give us grounds for hoping that as these battles were remarkable in magnitude of disaster to the enemy, he will be enabled to follow them up by a succession of triumphs which shall bring about a verification of the philosophy contained in the above quotation. The greater our victories both in magnitude and number, the nearer are we to a permanent peace and a Union which shall be indissoluble.

December 15.—From the Army of the Potomac a rumor comes that a number of pickets watching the rear lines were taken and murdered. Some of the troops engaged in the late raid on the Weldon railroad returned with their hands and feet frozen. Weather severe.

Gen. Davidson, in his late raid from Baton Rouge, burned a non-script camp, destroyed all the stores and dwellings, captured a large number of horses and carried away an immense number of negroes.

The N. Y. Times states that a large fleet, consisting of 64 vessels, including double-turreted Monitor gunboats and ironclads, carrying 567 guns, accompanied by land forces on transports, all under the command of Admiral Porter, left Hampton Roads on the 13th. Their direction was Southward.

From Nashville, Gen. Thomas telegraphs that he engaged the enemy on the 15th, driving him from the river a distance of 8 miles; he captured Chalmers' headquarters and train, a second train of about 20 wagons, 16 pieces of artillery and about 1500 prisoners.

Gen. Canby, in an expedition from Vicksburg, cuts off Hood's communication with Mobile.

The Richmond papers report the capture of Bristol, Tenn., by an expedition under the command of Stoneman and Burbridge. They also acknowledge the loss of many gallant officers and men at the battle of Franklin, among whom are enumerated Maj. Generals B. Johnson, Williams and Granby, killed; Maj. Gen. John Brown, Brig. Gens. Carter, Marrigalt, Quarles, Cockerell, and Scott, wounded.

Gen. Sherman captured Fort McAllister, at the mouth of the Ogeechee river, on the 14th. The following is his official despatch, on reaching the coast with his army:

ON BOARD THE GUNBOAT "DONELSON," }
Ossabaw Sound, Dec. 13—11:50 P. M. }

To-day, at 5 P. M., Gen. Haven's division of the Fifteenth Corps carried Fort McAllister by assault, capturing the entire garrison and stores. This opened to us Ossabaw Sound, and I passed down to this gunboat to communicate with the fleet. Before opening communication we had completely destroyed all the railroads leading into Savannah and invested the city. Our left is on the Savannah river, 10 miles above the city, and right on the Ogeechee, at King's Bridge. The army is in splendid order, the weather fine, and supplies abundant. Our march was most agreeable and we were not molested by guerrillas. We reached Savannah three days ago, but owing to Fort McAllister we could not communicate, but now we have Fort McAllister we can go ahead. We captured two boats on the Savannah river, and prevented their gunboats from coming down. The estimated population of Savannah is 25,000, and the garrison numbers 15,000. Gen. Hardee commands. We have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered a large supply of negroes, mules and horses. Our teams are in better condition than when we started. My first duty will be to clear the army of superfluous negroes, mules and horses. I have literally destroyed over two hundred miles of railroad, and consumed all the stores and provisions that were essential to the armies of Lee and Hood.

Quick work was made with Fort McAllister, and opening communication with our fleet; and the consequent independence for supplies dissipates all their boasted threats to head me off and starve the army. I regard Savannah as already gained.

W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

December 16.—On the 16th, Gen. Thomas renews the battle of the previous day, and obtains a complete victory over the rebel forces under Hood, in front of Nashville, capturing 5,000 prisoners, 39 guns, and 7,000 small arms. The day was a bloody one. 7,000 are reported as being placed hors de combat on both sides. The enemy is in retreat with Thomas in full pursuit.

An expedition up the Roanoke discovers that river full of obstructions. Some of the Federal gunboats were blown up by torpedoes.

The expedition toward Bristol, after capturing that place, advanced on Abingdon and took it; then pounced down on Glade Spring Depot, capturing all the railroad employes. This is a raid in Breckinridge's rear.

On the 13th, Burbridge had a fight with Basil Duke's brigade, (formerly John Morgan's) and routed it with loss to the enemy of 156 killed, wounded and prisoners. Their trains were all captured. Dick Morgan, brother of John, is among the prisoners.

December 19.—From the Headquarters of the Department of the Cumberland, near Spring Hill, Gen. Thomas telegraphs, on the 18th, that he is still in pursuit of the fleeing forces of Hood; he takes a few hundred prisoners.

The New York Times' special despatch from Nashville, on the 19th, says: "Thomas is pursuing the enemy to Duck river. We have nearly all of Hood's artillery. All the rivers are high, and bridges in front of Hood are destroyed. We have captured 9,000 prisoners, including 3,000 wounded at Franklin, and four Major Generals. Hood had 65 guns—54 of which we now have. The enemy's killed and wounded are about the same as our own, which will not reach 3,500. Forrest gave Murfreesboro another trial on the 15th, and was repulsed by Rousseau and Milroy. The rebel General Johnston says their loss at Franklin was 5,000, while ours was 1,900. Stoneman has whipped Breckinridge in East Tennessee, near the Virginia line, killing, wounding and capturing a large number, and taking most of his artillery. Gen. Edward McCook is after Lyon in Kentucky, and he cannot escape. Murfreesboro Bridge, Port Stevenson, Chattanooga and Knoxville are all right."

December 21.—Commander Parker, learning that the rebels were massing boats on Coon river for the purpose of making a raid on the Chesapeake Bay, sent two steamers against them and captured thirty-one large boats and two scows, and drove the guard off.

In the rebel House of Representatives, Mullen, of Virginia, offered a resolution in favor of sending Commissioners to treat for peace. Mullen stated that Bishop Day, who recently arrived at Richmond, had

been assured by Gen. Grant that any such Commissioners would be allowed to pass through the lines.

Footo has resigned in disgust. He made a farewell speech in which he speaks of matters and things in rebellion as in a deplorable condition, and attributes their failure to Davis' despotism. He says:

"We are upon the verge of ruin. Congress is rapidly abandoning all its important powers and building up an irresponsible despotism, the like of which has never been seen upon earth. The policy of the present House seems to be to crush out dissatisfaction by armed violence alone, in imitation of that thorough policy introduced and enforced in England by the celebrated Earl Stafford, the enforcement of which speedily brought Charles the First to the block, but not before Stafford had lost his own head."

And further on he remarks:

"Presidential interference is the cause of all this dire mischief, no, should Hood's army be destroyed—an event which I fear is but too probable—and Sherman should come round to this vicinity in ships, which I do not doubt he intends, what will be the fate of Richmond?"

The rebel Senate have passed the bill for arming the negroes. For several days past every able-bodied negro has been quietly seized and hurried off to the camps of instruction.

December 22.—A Nashville special despatch of the 21st says that the situation at the front is unchanged. Our army is confident of a total success, and is still pressing forward. Prisoners continue to come in. Gen. Ed. McCook defeated the rebel Gen. Lyons, at Hopkinsville, on the 16th, and captured his artillery. McCook is still pursuing.

A Savannah paper of the 18th says that on Saturday and Sunday artillery firing was kept up actively on both sides.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Days falling on Sunday, this year, by general consent the Monday following will be set apart for holiday celebration.

Grand Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral at 12 o'clock to-night. Over forty distinguished vocal and instrumental performers will render Von Weber's Mass in G. Midnight mass will also be celebrated in the churches of St. Ignatius, St. Patrick, St. Francis and St. Bridget.

The Trinity Mission Sunday School will hold their Christmas Festival at Platt's Hall this evening. The Festival of the Unitarian Church and Sunday School will be held at Platt's Hall on Monday afternoon and evening, the Children's Festival commencing at 2 1/2 P. M.

The ladies of the Minna-street Methodist Church, Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, Pastor, will hold a festival on Tuesday evening, 27th inst. A supper, music, and various other attractions are presented. A very pleasant Christmas reunion is anticipated, and everybody invited.

It will be recollected that William Brown, a negro, some time ago brought suit against the Omnibus Railroad Company for \$10,000 damages, because the driver and conductor put him off a car of the company in pursuance of a regulation prohibiting negroes from riding on their cars. The case was on trial before a jury in the Fourth District Court on Wednesday. Judge Sawyer instructed the jury that if they found from the evidence that plaintiff went on the cars, tendered his fare, and was a "person of good character, orderly, clean, and not infected with any noxious disease," defendants were liable for all damages sustained in consequence of said non-transportation. The company contended that the regulation was necessary, for the reason that the presence of negroes in the cars was injurious to their business. The Judge, however, decided that they had no legal right to make such regulations. The jury, after an absence of two hours, returned a verdict of \$3,199.58 for the plaintiff.

As the freight train for San José was proceeding to its destination last Saturday afternoon, having a passenger car attached, one of the freight cars ran off the track at the lofty embankment near the Industrial School. The passenger car broke its coupling and rolled to the bottom of the embankment. Ten or fifteen persons were more or less injured. E. A. Hudson, springing off the train as the first car ran off the track, was caught under the one that rolled down the embankment and crushed to death. The Coroner's inquest failed to show any culpability on the part of the company or neglect of its officers, and we have simply to record it as an unfortunate accident. The deceased was a native of Massachusetts, aged 30 years.

A lady residing on Sixth street was very severely burned, Tuesday evening, by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp which she was carrying in her hand. A great deal of the oil sold as kerosene, in this city, is little better than camphene.

Last Monday Manager Maguire was fined fifty dollars by Judge Shepherd, for a violation of the Sunday Law. The other theatre proprietors who were held under similar charges, entered the plea of guilty to one charge each, the additional cases being dismissed, and they will all be fined the same as Mr. Maguire, fifty dollars each.

The charge of libel against D. O. McCarthy of the Daily American Flag, for publishing divers statements reflecting on Mr. James Nisbet, editor of the Daily Evening Bulletin, which statements the complaining witness characterizes as "malicious, slanderous and defamatory," was brought up last Monday in the Police Court for examination. The defendant objected to the complaint on the ground of its combining a multiplicity of causes of action. Judge Shepherd sustained the objection, and allowed the prosecution to elect upon which charge they would proceed. The case was set for hearing on Monday next. A civil suit, also, is pending in the Twelfth District Court, for \$10,000 damages against the same defendant, in which R. F. Ryan is plaintiff.

On Monday last, Lewis Mahoney, a noted character in the annals of crime in this State, was arrested on two charges of grand larceny. Mahoney is well known to old residents as one of the most desperate outlaws that ever escaped the gallows.

On Monday morning about 4 o'clock, Conrad Becker, a German, residing on Broadway, between Stockton and Dupont streets, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. His wife was absent on country, but his two children were asleep in the bed from which he had just risen when he committed the act. He seated himself on a chest near the bed and cut his throat, but afterwards staggered to the bed, took the children out, throw himself upon it and expired.

An attempt was made to fire the building occupied by the Mercantile Library Association, Wednesday night, but was fortunately discovered in time to prevent any serious damage.

THOS. REYNOLDS, by permission of Gov. Low, returned to the city on Friday of last week, from San Quentin, where he had been sojourning since 1860, under a penalty of five years' imprisonment for burglary. His exemplary conduct within the walls of the prison induced the Governor to let him out. Arriving in this city on the 16th, he immediately resumed the practice of his profession, and the morning of the 17th found him corraled in the station-house on a charge of larceny. Mr. Reynolds' stay with us will probably be brief.

About three o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Henry Shrom shot his wife twice with a revolver, afterwards killing himself by discharging the pistol in his mouth. The circumstances are briefly as follows: On Tuesday, Mrs. Ellen Shrom, who is only about sixteen years old, having been married to Henry Shrom about a year and six months, made a complaint against her husband for maltreating and threatening to shoot her. He was arrested and taken to the station-house. She afterwards relented, and went to the prison to procure his release. In this she failed; and he was examined Wednesday morning, his wife Ellen appearing to testify against him. He was convicted of an assault and battery, and ordered to appear for sentence Thursday morning. After the trial in the Police Court, she started to go to her mother's, on or near Centre street, east of Folsom. Arriving at Centre street, they walked together for some distance, Shrom quarrelling with his wife on the way. He told her that she would never talk so brave against him again in Court; that she should never draw another breath, and at the same time drew a six-shooter, and fired twice at her in quick succession. The first ball entered the woman's right side, between the fifth and sixth ribs; the second one taking effect behind the right ear, at the base of the head. On receiving the second shot, Mrs. Shrom fell to the earth. Shrom then put the muzzle of the pistol in his mouth, and fired, producing almost instant death. He fell in the street, whence his body was conveyed to the dead-house on Sacramento street. Mrs. Shrom was taken to the County Hospital, suffering intensely from her wounds. Shrom has been jealous of his wife; and although his mother-in-law says that "he was a very fine man," and devotedly attached to her, his jealousy caused them to live together very unhappily.

The prize-fight between Patsy Marley and Johnny Devine, which had been publicly advertised for some days previous, came off Thursday evening the parties pummeling each other for three hours. No effort was made to prevent it by the authorities. On the 142d round, Marley gave a "foul" blow, and Devine claims the fight.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Two Englishmen, named Jack Baker and Edward Clear, were drowned at Marblehead, on the Middle Feather river, recently.

Gov. Nye and W. M. Stewart have been elected to the U. S. Senate by the Nevada Legislature.

David L. Rogers, mail carrier from Sacramento to Sharp's ranch, is missing, and is probably drowned.

James Lewis (alias Wilcox) was drowned at Hildreth's Crossing, on Eel river, Dec. 14th, while attempting to ford the stream with stock.

Freight to Reese from Virginia City can be carried only by pack trains at present, on account of the bad condition of the roads.

Larkin Richardson, aged 65 years, fell dead from his dinner table, recently, near Gurrote, Cal., heart disease being the apparent cause.

The Humboldt Register says petroleum "rises wherever a hole is dug, and coal gas abounds everywhere" in that county.

Alex. McNabb was run over by a wagon, and fatally injured, at the Waterloo House, San Joaquin county, Cal., a few days ago.

Eight inches of snow fell at Austin, Nevada, December 13th.

Steamers for Marysville now leave Sacramento at noon. The San Francisco boats leave Stockton at 2 P. M.

A deposit of quartz was recently discovered between Sierra City and the Buttes, of which a single sack yielded \$700.

John Kurts, found in a destitute and exposed condition in American township, died at the Sacramento County Hospital, recently.

A mountain sheep, weighing 180 pounds, was killed, a few days since, near Gold Hill, Nevada.

The Directors of the California Insane Asylum are at "onta" with Dr. Tilden, Resident Physician. An unfriendly game of cards ensues.

Dr. Snell informs the Democrat that, from Nov. 25th to Dec. 17th, 16,200 inches of rain fell in Soara, Cal.

Five hundred Testaments were furnished the soldiers at Camp Union, near Sacramento, by the California Bible Society, on the 18th inst.

Three hundred and eighty foreign miners' licenses were sold in Plumas county, Cal., during November.

George Kirk, a graduate of San Quentin, was recently arrested in Virginia, Nevada, while attempting a burglary.

Charley Robinson, Overland Mail stage driver, slipped from the coach wheel, when near Six Mile Canon, Dec. 17th, and broke a leg.

Dalles, Oregon, is full of miners driven out from the Boise country by cold weather.

R. F. Hall, accused of stage robbery, was discharged by the County Court of Monterey, recently, no witnesses appearing for the State.

In the Nevada Senate, Dec. 19th, a concurrent resolution passed, deprecating the proposed sale and taxation of the mineral lands.

A festival given lately by the ladies of Virginia, Nevada, in aid of St. Paul's church, realized over \$1,300.

It is proposed that Idaho Territory be divided; the Territorial Council will memorialize Congress on the subject.

Bill Bradshaw, the pioneer, committed suicide at La Paz, Dec. 2d, 1864, of San Francisco, was shot at Prescott, Arizona, recently.

The provisions forwarded from San Francisco to the suffering poor of Santa Barbara have been distributed; 400 persons are still destitute.

Mining prospects in California appear better than for several years past. The interior papers have a touch of their old-time cheerfulness in speaking of "runs," "cleun-ups" and "discoveries." Our merchants (at least those who advertise properly) will soon have active employment in supplying their country friends.

Ah Pong, supposed to have been privy to the murder of one of his countrymen, was killed by a Chinese mob at Agua Frio, recently.

Two boys (Tibbetts and Hunter) at Sutter Creek, lately, played with a loaded gun; after snapping several caps, one was shot in the thigh.

The New Almaden Company employ 800 men, and take out 4,000 flasks of quicksilver per month, worth \$150,000.

E. Hudson was thrown from his seat, while driving the Pioneer coach near Silver City, Nevada, Dec. 17th; two ribs were broken.

All the shares in the proposed theatre at Nevada, Cal., are taken.

In a land-dispute fight near Austin, Nevada, between Godfried John and Bucks, the former was shot through the breast, the latter in the arm.

Joseph Stevens has been sentenced to be hung at Weaverville, Cal., on the 20th of January.

HOLIDAY GOODS, AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

Funny Articles, Toys, etc.

A. Kohler, 424 Sansome street and 622 Washington street.
Robert Mayer's Bazaar, 224 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street under the Russ House.

Gift Books and Annuals.

A. Roman & Co., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street.
Tyler Brothers, No. 632 Washington street.
M. Flood, No. 428 Kearny street.
Chilion Beach, 34 Montgomery street.

Ladies' Fur Capes, Buggy Robes, etc.

L. C. Mayer & Sons, No. 5 Montgomery street.

Ladies' Cloaks, Lace Goods and Funny Articles.

Rosenblatt's Palace of Fashion, No. 125 Montgomery street.

Photographic Views, Spectacles, Cutlery, etc.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery street, between Pine and California.

Groceries, etc.

Bowen Brother, southeast corner of Montgomery and California street.

Haskell & Co.'s Tea Store, Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market.
P. J. White & Co., 419 and 421 Clay street, below Sansome.

Bottled Wines, Punches, etc.

F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street.
Squarza's, No. 44 Leidesdorff street.

Furniture.

Goodwin & Co., 528 Washington street, below Montgomery.

B. P. Moore & Co., southeast corner of Sansome and Pine streets.

Clothing.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., boys and gents' clothing, etc., 624 Clay street.

J. R. Mead & Co., clothing and furnishing goods, No. 202 Montgomery street, corner of Bush.

Gentlemen's Toilet Articles.

Chrotein Pfister, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House.

Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle.

R. Liddle & Co., No. 418 Washington street.
Wilson & Evans, No. 513 Clay street.

Carpets, etc.

Kennedy & Bell, southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets.

Confectionery.

Canty & Wagner, (successors to J. Regan,) No. 113 Montgomery street.

Photographs etc.

H. Bush's Gallery, junction of Post, Market and Montgomery streets.

Boots and Shoes.

H. Lucke, importer of French boots and shoes, No. 648 Washington street.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.
N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.
oc15-1f STACY, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA

BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of one and one-half per cent. per month for the past six months, upon the Capital Stock of the above Company, is hereby declared payable on and after this date at the office of the Company, No. 406 Montgomery street.

A. MASSEY,
O. J. PRESTON,
DENNIS MAHONEY,
P. J. KELLY,
Finance Committee.

de17-2t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant. —You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of the service,) after the Service on you of this Summons —if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LERCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24 3m

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

RICHERS HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

'y30-1m

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the converse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—Six pounds White Granulated Sugar, \$1; nine pounds Cooking Sugar, \$1; seven pounds Cooking Raisins, \$1; six-pound boxes Raisins, \$1; six pounds Currants, \$1; eight pounds new Dried Apples, \$1; seven pounds Prunes, \$1; seven pounds California Dried Peaches, \$1. four pounds Green Coffee, \$1; nine pounds Rice, \$1. Teas—Oolong, 75 cents per pound; Family Mixture, 75 cents; Mandarin Oolong, \$1; strong and fine-flavored Breakfast Tea, \$1; new crop Japan Tea, 90 cents; very choice Green Teas, \$1. Fresh Ground Coffee, for family use, 35 cents; Babbitt's pure Cream Tartar, 60 cents; Saleratus, 12½ cents; Preston & Merrill's Yeast Powder, 25 cents per box; McMurray's Oysters, 40 cents; and numerous other articles cheap for cash, at HASKELL'S NEW MAMMOTH TEA STORE, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market. Open every evening till further notice.

CHOICE BOOKS,

—FOR—

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

A. Roman & Co.,

HAVE just received a large and well-selected stock of BOOKS, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS' PRESENTS, to which they invite the attention of the public.

FINE ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery. Folio antique, mor. Lights and Shadows of New York Picture Galleries. Don Quixote, splendidly illustrated by Gustavo Dore. 2 vols. Audubon's Birds of America. Folio, colored plates—*a fine copy.* Hall's British Ballads. Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second. Cox's Christian Ballads. Artist's Edition of the Sketch Book. Byron and Waverley Galleries. Folk Songs. Queens of England. Dresden and Berlin Galleries. World-noted Women. Loves of the Poets, etc.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN FINE BINDINGS.

Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Bulwer, Carlyle, Macaulay, Emerson, Goldsmith, Bancroft, Motley, Dickens, Addison and others.

WEBSTER'S

NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.

WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. 22 vols.
NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. 16 vols.

BIBLES AND PRAYERBOOKS,

In every variety of size and binding.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
an elegant assortment in Velvet and Morocco Bindings.

'CHILDREN'S' BOOKS,

the largest assortment in the city.

TOYS, GAMES, DISSECTED MAPS, ETC., ETC.

All of which we offer at the lowest prices.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CUPBOARD and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.
LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
Proprietors
my23

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, SPICES, WINES, etc., at Wholesale and Retail, very cheap.

—AT—

HASKELL'S MAMMOTH TEA-STORE,

Fronting on Market and Sutter streets,
de31f Three doors below the Market.

TO CLOSE THEM OUT!

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

WILL SELL THEIR ENTIRE STOCK

OF

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

AND

HOLIDAY GOODS!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

UNTIL THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY NEXT.

de17-2w

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

FOR

EVERYBODY!

KOHLER SELLING OUT!

THAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

FANCY GOODS!

Articles de Paris, TOYS, etc., selected by A. KOHLER, While in Europe, is now being unpacked, and is offered for sale

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

The most magnificent display of Fancy Goods ever seen in San Francisco.

Wholesale Store, No. 424 SANSOME STREET.

Retail, Nos. 620 and 622 WASHINGTON STREET. no25

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS

YOU SHOULD

GO TO ROBERT MAYER'S BAZAAR,

FOR THERE YOU FIND THE

BEST ASSORTED AND MOST VARIED STOCK

That can be seen on the Pacific Coast,

Comprising, in part, Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Bracelets, Diamond Rings and Pins, Silverware, Plated Goods, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, fine Parian China Vases, Music Boxes, Stereoscopes and Views, Violins, Accordions, Guitars, Concertinas, Clocks, Rocking Horses, Toys, Drums, and a thousand other articles, all wanted for Christmas and New Years.

This is a free invitation for all to come. We are selling cheaper than any other house in the city.

STORE, No. 242 MONTGOMERY STREET,

de3-4w

Southeast corner of Pine.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

SELLING OFF,
TO CLOSE BUSINESS,
ON ACCOUNT OF LEAVING FOR THE EAST.

ROSENBLATT'S

Palace of Fashion,

Number 125 Montgomery street.

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Sacramento.

WILL SELL THE ENTIRE RICH STOCK OF REAL LACE Collars, Sleeves, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Russia Leather Bags, Hosiery, Fancy Boxes, Fans, Portemonnaies, and Silk, Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,
AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Real Point Lace Collars at \$2 50
French Corsets " 1 00
Cantilly Lace Veils, " 2 50
de3-1m

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my23 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

UNIQUE

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

USEFUL,

Instructive and Entertaining!

FINE GOLD SPECTACLES!

—AND—

EYE GLASSES!

Elegant Opera, Marine and Field Glasses.
Album and Stereoscopic Views of California Scenery.

Weed's large Photographs of the Yosemite and Big Trees—size 18x22 inches.

Stereoscopic Views of every part of the World, from \$3 per dozen upwards.

Good Stereoscopes from \$2, upwards.

Photographic Albums in every variety.

25,000 Cartes de Visite of distinguished persons.

Copies of fine paintings, etc.

Album Pictures in oil colors.

Little Red Riding Hood and Robinson Crusoe.

Joseph Rodgers & Son's very superior

Table Cutlery, Pocket Cutlery,

Razors, Scissors.

Fine Draughting Instruments,

N. B.—Catalogues furnished gratuitously on application.

The largest assortment on the coast, for sale low by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

Nos. 317 and 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Pine and California streets,
de10 SAN FRANCISCO.

LADIES' FUR CAPES!

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

L. C. MAYER & SONS,

No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

BUGGY ROBES, ETC., IN GREAT VARIETY.

In consequence of an additional member entering our firm in January next, we are obliged, by partnership agreement, to dispose of the whole of our elegant assortment of LADIES' FURS, which we have determined to accomplish by selling at prices to suit purchasers.
NO FICTION IN THIS NOTICE. de10

PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

113 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Bush and Sutter, - - - San Francisco.

N. B.—All CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. de3-3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of DECEMBER, 1864:

DECEMBER 23 - - - - - GOLDEN AGE.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

JANUARY 12th!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

VIA NICARAGUA!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY - - - - - COMMANDER

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - - - JANUARY 11th

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
de24 Up stairs, San Francisco

HOW ENGLISH WOMEN ARE MADE UP.

[The London correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Gazette*, in a late letter, reveals the secret of the English feminine toilet, thus:]

A RECENT number of an able review contains an article on the present rage for cosmetics amongst women of the higher classes; it says: "There are a good many very respectable women who would prefer to hear that some scandalous story was being circulated about them rather than to have it popularly believed that they painted. It is very likely that this feeling will not last. An under-current of feeling seems to be setting in upon this momentous subject, but it has only got as far as people's actions and has not yet affected the sentiments they profess in conversation. Any one judging of the manners and customs of the women of England merely from what he hears them say, would imagine that paint was an utter abomination; but there are painful indications that the forbidding thing is not quite so strange to them as they would have people believe. Any one who is curious on these subjects should study the price-lists of some of the fashionable perfumers. They contain a mass of information concerning what a German would call the genesis of female beauty. It has become quite an art in the ingenuity and elaboration of its detail, and, if we may judge by its results, a very successful one. To the poet or the sentimentalist it might be pleasanter to believe that the beautiful and delicate coloring that may be seen in any large gathering of English women was Nature's spontaneous product. But perhaps it is more congenial to our own ingenuity and skill." Then follows an enumeration of the articles used for making up the requisite complexion of the English beauty. But the writer should have pursued the subject further and brought forward the celebrated Rachel, who boasts of having fifteen hundred noble ladies between the ages of twenty-five and seventy under her care, who, by means of her Circassian bath, are rejuvenated and to all appearances are in the first bloom of youth.

This remarkable woman calls herself an artist. The visitor on entering her studio is shown several beautiful models and asked which she desires to resemble. If a brunette has a fancy to be changed to a blonde, she is assured that the transition is quite possible. The hair, through the secret and marvellous properties of a gold hair wash, is turned from any shade of brown or black by gradual process to a bright sunny yellow. The skin is bleached to dazzling whiteness and every wrinkle removed by means of the Circassian bath; a faint bloom tints the cheeks, and the eyes, although unchanged in color, are enlarged and made brilliant by a process warranted neither unpleasant nor dangerous. A blonde is metamorphosed to a brunette in a manner equally satisfactory.

Mme. Rachel effects these marvellous changes by means of washes. She has nothing to do with enamelling, which she terms a disgusting cheat that deceives no one, however shortsighted. She assures her patients that their faces may be examined with a glass and yet not a trace of the means employed for their beautification will be visible. She avows herself to be a daughter of Israel and pretends that certain secrets regarding the embellishing of women, known in the days of old, mentioned in the book of Esther, have been preserved in her family and transmitted to her as a precious heirloom. Mme. Rachel offers youth and beauty in exchange for gold. She is well known and much visited by fashionable women in London; her prices are beyond the reach of people in the middle ranks of life. But if the truth must be told, these marvellous washes require to be constantly renewed, for after the magical transformation which follows the first bath a reaction takes place, and a woman that goes to bed lovely as the new-created Eve may awake in the morning to find her glass reflecting a discolored, disfigured, pitiful object, whose only hope is in the second bath that restores both youth and beauty.

How long the renewing process may continue to prove effectual is known only to Mme. Rachel and her patients, who doubtless will keep their own secrets. It has always been supposed that certain kinds of fraud and corruption were known only in France; but experience proves that whatsoever is evil and of ill repute may be found in England.

WOMAN'S WORTH.—Worth, the woman's tailor, has returned to town and commenced his season. Do not wonder if I mention him next after divorcees, he has caused more divorces than any other man in Paris; for if your wife's ball dress is not made and put on by him, she is disgraced, and if he does not make them, you are ruined. Is it his fault that his rates of charging are so high? Make the days forty-eight hours long and relieve him of the vulgar wants of sleeping and eating, he will abate 50 per cent. of his prices. Seduce his customers into paying cash and he will make a further reduction. The Empress has owed him \$40,000. The Princess Clotilde, \$10,000. The Princess de Metternich, \$20,000. A debt of \$1000 makes no more figure on his books than the one year's subscription of a delinquent patron of your paper does in the *Gazette* office. I should not like to say what rent he pays—you would be sure to make an ironical gesture not very complimentary to my regard for truth. The state saloons of the Tuileries are not more splendid. Gilding is

lavished on them, the door curtains are Beauvais tapestry, the window curtains and furniture are of the finest Lyons brocade, and the furniture is Bonle, each console between the windows being worth \$600. He has in one of his many rooms a buffet constantly spread where the best sandwiches, the choicest sherry and Maderia, and the most delicate cakes are served in profusion to his customers. He is constantly surrounded by twelve beautiful young girls selected for the perfection of their shape as well as face. They are attired in the height of the mode in silk dresses which cost four dollars a yard, costly Etruscan ear-rings, bracelets and rings. They are part of the furniture of the place; they are here what osier mannikins are in inferior shops; the dresses are hung on them that Worth's patrons may see the effect produced. No dress ever quits his establishment priced less than \$200—in gold, mind ye? we don't take your greenbacks here! Whenever a ball is given at the Tuileries or at any of the embassies you may count two hundred carriages at his door from as early as six o'clock in the evening. Each lady receives a number and is called in turn. They come with their hair dressed, their petticoats and corset on wrapped in a second rate dress until he is ready to dress them. You may wonder that ladies should consent to expose their persons to the fingers and eyes of a man. He is not a man in their eyes—he is nothing but a tailor, a tradesman—and what high born person ever stooped to inquire to what sex such a plebeian belonged. One had as soon think of inquiring into the sex of the dog with whom his wife went into the woods for a walk or of the cat who sleeps in my lady's chamber. Worth, a few years since, was a mere shopman in Gangerlin's shop in the Rue de Richelieu. He saw there the extent of feminine folly and determined to profit by experience. He has now a beautiful country seat which cost him \$80,000, and on which he has spent \$50,000. He keeps a carriage and pair equal to anything in the imperial stables. He has a first-rate cook, has a cellar which is daily improving, and is making money as fast as possible.—"Spiridion's" *Paris Letter*.

MAJESTY AND MUSIC.—A Paris correspondent furnishes the following account of an interview between two talented "players": The Emperor is standing at the open window, engaged in an animated conversation with a gentleman whom all Europe knows. For where is the man who has not once in his life seen and heard Franz Liszt? At this moment, however, it was only the politician who was talking with Napoleon; the turn of the pianoforte player came afterward. Liszt was speaking of his native land, Hungary, with the same enthusiasm as he sings his national songs. Everything he said to the Emperor did not reach me, although, thanks to my acquaintance with several of the aides-de-camp, I had found my way into the ante-chamber, and boldly seated myself at a table, on which piles of newspapers, books, and engravings lay. In short, the Emperor laughed quietly in his black mustache, as he always does when he will not answer but feels pleased with the person he is conversing with. Many-tongued fame, which knows everything, reports that the Emperor exclaimed: "Quand je pense à tout ce qui s'est de ja accompli pendant mon regne, je pense avoir cent ans." Liszt is said to have answered: "Sire, vous les avez, car vous êtes le siècle." The happy *bon mot* of the liberal Magyar bore rapid and brilliant fruit, for on the very next morning there appeared an imperial decree in the *Moniteur* nominating the great musician (and payer of compliments) a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

A WORTHY BLACKSMITH.—A Paris correspondent thus describes an odd scene which he says took place at a theatre in the environs of Lyons: A worthy blacksmith occupied the first seat in the pit, and seemed to be absorbed by the incidents of the drama until the leading juvenile made his appearance, whereupon the excellent spectator leaped upon the stage and gave the "leading juvenile" a sound thrashing, which the latter bore with exemplary resignation. The police rushed forward and soon obtained the explanation of the strange proceeding. The blacksmith told him that he, the "leading juvenile," was his son, whom he believed to be at Paris pursuing his studies, and who drew regularly every month on him for his board, tuition fees and book bill. He excused himself for his impetuosity, but confessed that he could not command himself. The blacksmith agreed to allow the proceedings to continue, and he resumed his seat; but when he shook his fist at the "leading juvenile," and called him blackguard, rogue, knave, whenever he appeared, the laughter in the house destroyed all the effect of the drama. After the curtain fell he collared the "leading juvenile" and carried him home.

RISTORI, THE TRAGEDIENNE.—During the last voyage of the steamer *Moris*, from Marseilles to Alexandria, she took on board, at Messina, Madame Ristori and her Italian company of performers. During the passage, Captain Terriggi, the commander, requested the eminent tragedienne to give a representation on board, for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire, at Limoges. Madame Ristori and her company readily consented, and the performance realized a sum of 2,100 francs, which the captain on his return remitted to Limoges.

ALEXANDRA TOO SIMPLE TO BE A QUEEN.—Who can CUT HER OUT?—The English correspondent of the *Independence Belge* thus refers to the growing unpopularity of young Alexandra, whose charms have vanished with the birth of her baby: "The Princess Alexandra, gossip reports, is of an extremely cold and indifferent nature, without enthusiasm, and apparently having no interest in the persons surrounding her or events making up her daily life. She has changed very much in appearance since her marriage, and many who then thought her beautiful now find her quite destitute of charms. As a consequence, all the virtuous mothers and daughters of England lavish their smiles on the Prince. Who knows, they say, which of us may obtain an influence certainly not at present exercised by the poor little Princess of Denmark."

A CURIOUS case is going on in the Parisian courts. An actress has entered suit against one of her colleagues, at one of the small theatres of Paris, for stealing her gestures and intonations.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The simple interest of one cent, at six per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1863, would be but the trifling sum of eleven dollars, seventeen cents and eight mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous sum of 84,840,000,000,000 globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be 1,000,000,000, every man, woman and child would receive 84,340 worlds for an inheritance.

Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrott gun were discharged at one extremity while a man was stationed at the other—light travelling 192,000 miles in a second; the initial velocity of a cannon ball being about 1,500 miles per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate; and sound moving through the atmosphere 1,120 feet in a second, he would see the flash after waiting 110,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74,000,000,000 of years; but he would not hear the report of it till the end of 1,000,000,000 centuries. Again, if all these masses of gold were fused into one prodigious ball, having the sun for its centre, it would reach out into space, in all directions, 1,730,000,000 miles, almost reaching the orbit of Herschel or Uranus; and if the interest were continued till the end of the present century, it would entirely fill up the solar system, and even encroach 500,000,000 miles on the domain of the void beyond the planet Neptune, whose orbit, at the distance of 2,850,000,000 miles from the sun, encircles our whole system of worlds.

ARABY'S BALM.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceedings for divorce. When married people seek a separation the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life and see on which side blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife put thus upon their good behavior resume the manners of courting days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault if the honeymoon changed its quarter. Old loves awakened and the pair that went to the approved man's tent snarling like cat-and-dog return home cooing like doves.

A LONDON paper says that novelists are sometimes sorely put to their wits' end for Christian and surnames which shall in a measure be representative of their characters. A French writer, who had once given pain to a worthy tradesman, coined two outrageous names for certain individuals described in his work, trusting that this time no living being would find himself or herself aggrieved by what he had done. But he was disappointed. A week after his work appeared, letters reached him, begging that the names might be altered, for they happened to be borne by people who described themselves as among the most exemplary and sensitive of his readers. In despair the author is said to have thrown into his hat the letters of the alphabet, taking the first eight as the name of his new hero, and the next seven which came to hand as that of his heroine.

A SINGULAR rumor is afloat among the Chinese at Peking, which shows how prompt they still are to believe ill of foreigners. It is said that the student interpreters were in the habit of kidnapping boys and girls and digging out their eyes to use them for photographic purposes. The Chinese government took the matter up, bamboozed severely several persons who were found propagating the scandal, and have succeeded in arresting four or five of the real kidnappers, so the tale is now beginning to die out.

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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schindam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.Kest running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post,
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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30 3**NOTICE TO SHIPPERS**

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5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation
Company****WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.**

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GREGORY YALE,**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of
Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San
Francisco. y2**EYE, EAR AND THROAT.****DR. DE CASTRO,***Oculist and Aurist,*Southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, (over
the Confectionery Store.)**OFFICE HOURS, from 10 to 1, and from 4 to 5,
daily.****DR. DE CASTRO EMPLOYS HIS APPROVED****SELF-ADJUSTING ARTIFICIAL TYMPANUM,**For the relief of deafness, attended by loss or injury of the
Membrana Tympani, and for the cure of dis-
charge from the Ear.**TESTIMONIALS.**We, the undersigned, having employed DR. DE CASTRO
for the treatment of various diseases of the HEAD, EAR
and THROAT, take pleasure in testifying to his skill as a
practitioner, and cheerfully recommend him to all who
are suffering from diseases of that nature.

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N. BALLINGER, 911 Sacramento st.

WM. W. DYE, 520 Greenwich street.

As we, the undersigned, have been, at the same time,
under DR. DE CASTRO'S (620 Market street,) treatment,
for diseases of the Eyes, and as each of our cases has been
of long standing and of critical character, and causing to
each of us a great deal of suffering; and the Doctor hav-
ing treated us with the greatest skill and success, we have
resolved to give, through the public press, a testimonial to
Dr. De Castro, deeming it eminently due to him. We do
heartily and conscientiously recommend him all over the
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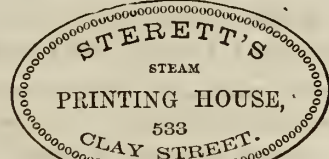
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Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a
highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the
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"A Cough is generally the effect of a cold which has either been improperly treated or entirely neglected. When it proves obstinate, there is always reason to fear the consequences, as this shows a weak state of the lungs, and is often the forerunner of consumption."—*Buckan's Domestic Medicine.*

STOP THAT COUGHING!

Some of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the one destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

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Which, by some injudicious prescription, had been converted into Asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that "prescription" was not

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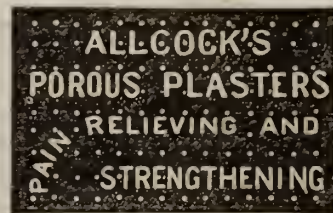
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE FIREMEN'S BALL.

[HAVING given nearly one-half the paper to the Cosmopolitan Ball, we may as well give the other half to the Firemen's, and so keep the Ball a-rolling. We are especially favored this week with letters which of right should have found their way to the Post Office, the following account of the Firemen's festivities coming in the guise of a letter from one lady to another:]

DEAR LAURA.—I knew that you were at the Cosmopolitan the other evening, while I was not, being prevented from going by several reasons, the principal one being the fact that I was not expected, for I suppose if the givers of the entertainment had expected me they would have sent me an invitation. Well, after all I'm even with you, as I was at the Firemen's Ball on Thursday evening and you were not—though your absence was probably not owing to the lack of an invitation, as firemen are not proud, and asked even the Cosmopolitan people to their entertainment though these gentlemen didn't ask the Fire Department to theirs. I am sure that the Firemen in their red shirts would have looked a great deal prettier and infinitely more stylish than small fellows with small legs in small clothes, and Marquises and Dukes and Hussars in borrowed ous.

Union Hall never looked better and brighter than it did on Thursday evening; such an improvement on the stupid political meetings that they used to hold there, you cannot imagine. Arches were ranged around the room, and these were festooned with wreaths of evergreen and chaplets of flowers; the flag that everybody wants to die under but doesn't want to go to war to do it, hung everywhere, and canary birds in countless cages vied with the band, but they couldn't beat the fiddles and trombones and big bugles and things. for the music was splendid. A fireman named Charlie Schultz led the band, and I was surprised to see how well he did it, for they say he's foreman of a hooker and lad company, and I thought they only played on trumpets—though the man with the "butt" "plays" on the fire.

Will you believe it, Gen. McD—ll was at the Ball? Do you know I'm beginning to like the General very well, for all that I thought him a little pompous at first. It is real good of him to go out on these occasions, instead of being stuck-up because he wears soldier clothes, and he is just as pleasant and affable as he can be; and if his coming hadn't been the occasion of Gen. Wright's going I should like him first rate, but the old General was a great favorite of mine, you know.

Col. D—m was at the Ball; he doesn't dance a great deal, but he is fond of promenading, and I saw him and a number of friends footing it from one end of the hall to the committee rooms quite often during the evening. I like the Colonel; he always stands up so straight, and is so courteous to ladies, and he doesn't put on airs as some young officers do, and—well, notwithstanding his name, I think it would be hard to beat him.

How shall I tell you of all the pretty fellows I saw there

without having to pay extra postage on my letter? You know Major H—y; he is always a manager or director of something, and just as pleasant and polite as a man can be. He is a good partner, too; in fact, when you see me dancing with a man twice you may be sure he is, for I never repeat mistakes. Wm. M. L—t was there. I declare I should like to borrow him from his wife for a week or two, for he's always full of fun—but then she's such a charming lady that I'm afraid he wouldn't stay lent. He isn't very young, you know, though he says he's only a forty-niner; but his heels haven't grown old if his head has—everybody says he has an "old head" on his shoulders.

Billy W—n is a tolerably pretty fellow, but I don't believe he's "the prettiest fellow in town," though Mrs. P. says he is. You ought to have seen him last evening; he flourished around like a green bay horse, or a tree, or a park, or something else of the kind; but he has a great habit of slipping away from his partners into private committee-rooms. I suppose he goes in to wipe his moustache, for he always comes out wiping it. He is good company, for he's seldom sober—by sober, I mean solemn and stupid, you know. Charlie F—n was with him a good deal last evening, and I'm afraid he had a headache this morning to pay for it.

There were lots of people from Washoe there. Do you know Mr. A. McC—y? they tell me he has laid up stores this side of the grave, if he has not beyond. If he is worth half as much as people say he is, he must be a worthy man, and I think I'd marry him if he asked me—I'm old enough to be smart about such things, you know. Then there was Mr. D—sh—r; now he is a handsome fellow, but I'm afraid he doesn't mean to be mine though he has a deal to do with mines. He is a sad flirt, and people tell naughty stories about him. Mr. Henry W—s, isn't a Washoe man, but he's a flirt, too, and it is shameful in a married man, and I'll tell his wife about him some day.

Mr. Lewis L—d and Mr. Jerome L—d were there, looking like twins, as they are. I know it was a pleasant evening, for Lewis made the remark to me several times, and what else do you think he said? He and I were talking together with three or four other girls, and he suddenly stopped short and put his hand on my shoulder—didn't mean any harm by it though—and said: "Suppose, gentlemen, we all go down and take a little drink!" They tell me he is noted for making that remark when in company with his gentlemen friends, and he'd been in company with them a few minutes before, and probably forgot. Jerome is not quite as good looking as Lewis, and the only reason is because he doesn't curl his hair. He promises, though, to put up his hair in papers next time.

I noticed lots of club-men. Charles S—th had on some very nice clothes and looked happy—probably because he is virtuous. Mr. F. McC—y danced with me two or three times, and told me who Bella Donna was, on condition that I wouldn't tell Mr. S—th. Perhaps I'll tell you though, in my next letter. Do you know Asa N—d? I don't, but a friend pointed him out to me and told me that he stood ace high. I don't exactly know whether he meant that he was a good fellow or that he got "high" sometimes—perhaps he meant both. John H—nn—g seemed to have a good deal of fun, talking to all the pretty and clever women in the room. Of course he talked to me, but I mention him last in this way because he didn't ask me to his fancy ball last week—I never before in my life was anxious to be considered one of the fancy. I haven't said anything at all about Charlie LeG—y, though he's a gay fellow, because he carried away my shawl and didn't bring it back to me.

Now if you expect that I am going to tell you what ladies were there and what they wore, you'll be disappointed. For in the first place I haven't time, in the next place I didn't know many of them, and last of all I notice gentlemen a great deal more than I do ladies. Mrs. S—t (who is clever enough to be a senator herself) was there, and I particularly noticed the two misses H—g from their exceedingly tasteful dresses, one wearing blue delightfully trimmed and the other a charmingly colored silk. The most costly dress in the room was worn by Miss R—s (I think that is her name) it had a deep trimming of real lace and could not have cost less than five hundred dollars. Mrs. P—r wore white *moire antique*, looked well, was in her usual excellent spirits, and seemed to have a right

jolly time, though I do think she flirted too much with Mr. William M. L—t. He's a formidable fellow, that William M. L—t is; not altogether because he "pretties much" but because he's got such winning ways. Mrs. O—ns—d, with her bright, happy face and beautiful complexion looked as pretty as a pink, and was becomingly and tastefully dressed in white satin trimmed with black lace; she was dancing all the while, and I know she tired out two or three weak kneed young men, because they told me so.

Now I've done. What more can I say except to add that the supper was splendid; there wasn't much wine—"Oh no!" Eloise, who is looking over my shoulder, remarks "they never have any wine at Firemen's balls!" The effect of the affair was much heightened by the "Firemen's Galop," in which a clanging bell is introduced at intervals, making as much music and noise as a "Fire in the Eighth." The best order prevailed; probably because Lynch law was the order of the evening—to understand that joke you must know that it is the name of the gentlemanly Secretary of the Department—and everybody went home well pleased at a very early hour in the morning; in that everybody is included, dear Laura.

Your own pet,

MATILDA.

(For the Californian.)

THE OLD NEW-YEARS.

WHERE are the old "New-Years,"
With crowds of peach-cheeked children at their plays?
Where are the toddling dears,
Showing a thousand pretty little ways?

Where are the wondrous toys—
The birds that fly and sing, the steeds that prance?
And where the bashful boys
That led the shy young maidens to the dance?

Where are the men of snow?
The castles built of frost upon the glass?
And where the heart's strong glow,
That made the days like golden moments pass?

For sometimes in young ears
So sweet a tale the merry seasons tell,
They heed not passing years,
Save by the New Year chimes—the Old Year's knell.

Each New-Year holiday
Along Life's highway like a mile-post stands,
To mark the measured way,
And point the different roads with silent hands.

Is there not in the Past
Some year though old that seems forever new,
Whose garlands fadeless last,
From whose best blooms Time never shook the dew

Some warm and bright fireside,
Where loving friends with welcome kind and sweet,
Though long, long years divide,
Still by the hearth-stone keep our pleasant seat?

For as a distant shore
O'er waveless leagues a little way appears,
We see them as of yore
Forgetting all the intervening years.

Their fires are blazing still—
Still by the window blooms the rose as bright;
Impassioned voices thrill
With tender songs and laughter and delight.

We leave them at the gate;
No grief can pale those blushing cheeks we press—
No change make desolate
These warm hearts that o'erflow with tenderness.

They never will grow cold,
Nor, lost in other friendships, pass us by;
They never will grow old—
Though many years may pass they never die.

And though no more shall throb
The exultant life as at its morning start,
No year can ever rob
The glorious picture-gallery of the Heart.

EMILIE LAWSON

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year, blithe and bold, my friend
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.—[Tennyson.]

A HAPPY NEW YEAR—HAPPINESS.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, visiting Lord Melville at Wimbledon on the last day of the year 1795, remained all night, and next morning entered his host's room at an early hour to wish him a happy New Year. Melville, who had been reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, as an additional security to our Indian possessions, said, as he received the shake of his friend's hand: "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." "This confession, coming from an individual whose whole life hitherto had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by my father, as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes."—*Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son.*

This anecdote recalls one which Gibbon extracts from the pages of Cardonne. He states that in the Closet of the Ka-liph Abdalrahman the following confession was found after his decease: "I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!"—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

An actual millionaire of our time, a respected member of Parliament on the liberal side, conversing confidently some years ago with a popular authoress, stated that he had once been a clerk in Liverpool, with forty pounds a year, living in a house of four small apartments; and he was fully of the belief that he enjoyed greater happiness then than he has since done in what must appear to the outer world as the most superbly fortunate and luxurious circumstances.

Much has been said, first and last, by sages, preachers and poets, about happiness and its unattainableness here below; but, after all, there remains something to be done—a summing up for the jury, as it were. God certainly has not arranged that any such highly intelligent being as man should

be perfectly happy; we have so many facilities to be exercised, so many desires and tastes calling for their several gratifications, and so many and so critical are the circumstances of relation in which these stand towards the outer world, that such a state never can be fully attained. But that approaches may be made to happiness, that by certain conduct we may secure many innocent gratifications, and avoid many painful experiences, is just as true. A harmonious exercise of the faculties in subjection to conscientiousness and benevolence—something to be always working at, something to be always hoping for—under the guidance of reason, so as to avoid over-carefulness on the one hand and over sanguineness on the other—these, attended by a regard to the preservation of that health of body on which health of mind so much depends, will assuredly bring us as near to happiness as Providence, for the keeping of us in activity, has intended we should ever go: and that is all but up to the ideal point. Where, after an active life, the apparently successful man proclaims his having altogether failed to secure happiness, we may be very sure there has been some strange inconsistency in his expectations, some undue straining in a wrong direction, some want of stimulus to the needful activity, some pervading jar between him and his life relations, or that he has been tempted into acts and positions which leave a sting in the mind.—*Book of Days.*

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

AS a midshipman, I held a sort of neutral position; I was expected to keep myself far above the sailors, but at the same time it was a crime less than mutiny to consider that I was either here or hereafter at less than an unapproachable distance from the sixth mate. It was while I held this unenviable appointment that I first fell in love. Among the passengers on board the ship were two companions and several extra officers of his Majesty's 120th regiment of foot. We were conveying them to Bombay, where they were to be stationed. The wives and daughters of many of the officers were also cabin passengers. The young lady who particularly attracted my attention was the daughter of Major C., a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man, but whose position was of course so superior to that of the unfortunate East India Company's midshipman, that anything in the shape of acquaintanceship or even of conversation was impossible.

Maria, his daughter, was an exceedingly pretty girl about sixteen or seventeen years of age. She was evidently, from the expression of her countenance—for I never but once had the pleasure of speaking to her—exceedingly amiable. It was perfect happiness to me to see her on deck. I used to watch her every afternoon with her mother and sister when the band was playing; and I sincerely envied the military officers who fluttered around her, and I was often severely rated by my superior officers for my inattention to orders.

At last I felt certain that she noticed me, but most probably only from the fact of my incessant gazing at her. She evidently mentioned my behavior to her sister, for she used to regard me with a peculiarly inquisitive sarcastic manner. I hardly think she mentioned my behavior to her mother, at least I never had any reason, from that lady's conduct, to imagine that she was even aware of my existence.

My affection increased to such an extent that at last I grew desperate, and I determined, cost what it might, notwithstanding our fearful difference in position, to make known to her my passion; but how to manage it was the difficulty. To address her personally on the subject was of course impossible. Her mother was a cross-grained, ill-tempered woman, who, when not prostrated by sea-sickness, which, unfortunately, rarely occurred, had her eyes incessantly fixed upon her daughters. I had too much dread of her to think of touching the subject to her, even if my position would not have made such an action presumptuous.

There was only one member of her family with whom there existed the slightest possibility of forming an intimacy, and that was her young brother, a boy about eleven years of age. I immediately broke ground with him, and succeeded admirably. I commenced by giving him a pressing invitation to the midshipman's berth. By degrees our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Then, after binding him over to eternal secrecy, I confided to him my unhappy, consuming passion for his sister.

Young as he was, and inexperienced in such matters, he kindly sympathized with me. He promised to assist me in every manner that lay in his power. I advised him to begin by pointing me out to his sister and telling her how vastly superior I was to the other midshipmen. Then to hint gently to her how incessantly I was talking and thinking of her. This I considered would be as much as would be prudent at the commencement.

In a short time I found his sister had remarked me favorably, and thought me very good looking. Here was encouragement for me. Of course I sent word back that she was the loveliest girl I had ever seen. The next day she smiled kindly when she saw me. We were then within a fortnight's

sail of Bombay. I used bitterly to weep in the night watches when I thought that on her arrival there I should see her no more. Sometimes I thought of deserting the ship and enlisting as a private in her father's regiment, but then our difference in position would be even greater than now.

At last I summoned up sufficient courage to tell her brother how happy I would be if he could obtain from his sister some little object that I might keep as a memento of her. He asked me what I should like, and I modestly left it to his own discretion. He suggested a lock of hair, to which, as may easily be supposed, I gave a ready consent. I replied that such a gift was more than my wildest imaginations could have hoped for; that the possession of such a treasure would make me happy for life.

Bad weather set in, and I did not see either sister or brother again for some days. He was exceedingly delicate, and, during the rain, his mother confined him a prisoner in the euddy. When I saw him again, he placed in my hands, without saying a word, a small, folded paper, about the size of a shilling. As it evidently contained something, I immediately rushed below, and with some difficulty contrived to open it unseen by any one—no easy task, as solitude is rare in a midshipman's berth. The paper contained a long but very thin tress of bright auburn hair. I knew it immediately by its beautiful color and silky texture to be his sister's.

Never, I believe, was happiness equal to mine at that moment. I that day made, clumsily enough, out of one of my shirts, a small bag. How grateful was I, at the time, for the foresight of our old servant, who had placed a housewife of her own manufacture in my sea chest, and thus, at that critical moment, to supply me with needle and thread. The bag, when finished, was just large enough to hold the hair in its paper envelope. Out of respect to my treasure, I had taken particular pains in making the bag, and was not a little proud of it when it was finished. When all was ready, I fastened it to a piece of spun yarn, placing it round my neck, and wore it next to my heart with all the respect due to a saintly relic.

The ship arrived at Bombay.

On the day of Maria's departure I determined to speak to her. It required no little courage, but true love will encounter any risk. An opportunity presented itself. She was standing near the gangway, a little behind her family, who were waiting for a boat to take them on shore.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," I said, "for your kind present. I wear it next my heart, and it shall never leave me."

The girl looked intensely astonished. "I don't understand you," she said aloud.

Her mother hearing her speak, looked rough, and asked her what she had said.

"This gentleman," said Maria, hesitatingly, "made some remark, but I did not hear what he said."

"What is it you want, young man?" asked her mother, haughtily.

I was so taken aback that I could not answer a word, but sneaked sheepishly away.

The mother mentioned the circumstance to her husband, who immediately reported my behavior to the officer of the watch. This brute, from his blackguardism, had been obliged to quit the navy, and had afterwards been received for his superior (by comparison) gentlemanly behavior into the East India service, questioned me upon the subject, but I refused to answer him a word, and was in consequence sent to the masthead as a punishment.

The old sinner of a mother suspected there was something concealed, and, of course, she determined to find out. I was again questioned, but revealed nothing.

Before the ship left Bombay, I was allowed one day's holiday on shore, and there by chance, I met Maria's young brother. I requested him to tell me how the mistake occurred, and the cause of my making such a fool of myself. I found that it was true that it was his sister's hair I had been wearing, but she was not aware of its being in my possession. During the week he had been confined to the cabin by the wet weather, he had taken the opportunity of collecting from his sister's hair brush the stray hairs, and with them had formed the tress he had given me. He had thought the possession of it was all that I had wished for, and that how it was obtained was a matter of little importance.

A PRETTY SWINDLE.—An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would enter and also make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shop-keeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Everybody is going to buy HOLIDAY PRESENTS, at extremely low prices, at FELDBUSH & CO.'s, because they have the largest assortment and most magnificent display of FANCY GOODS AND TOYS ever seen in any part of the world, which are now being unpacked and offered for sale at wholesale, at No. 531 Washington street, and retail at No. 207 Montgomery street, in Russ House Block, San Francisco.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

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Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
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MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

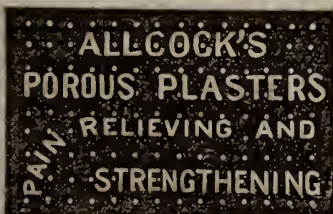
ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly bump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

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We have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
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The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

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PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

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House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!
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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-foot; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

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418 WASHINGTON ST.,
(Near Post-office.)
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SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Cartridges on the Pacific Coast, viz., Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballard's, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.
We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.
Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. oc33m

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The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order. de17-3m

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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

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New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

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DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, new much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

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SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the month are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

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San Francisco.

A LOST DAY.

FROM the shadowy shores of Dreamland,
In a far and etherial zone,
I have come unto earth; and I know not
Where the beautiful Day has flown!

For gazing, at early dawning,
Where bright in the radiant east
The glittering sun swam, golden,
Through billows of crimson mist—

My soul floated out on the ether,
Swift-winged and free as the Light—
Nor ever, till dawn grew to darkness,
Returned from its airy flight.

I never shall know of its journey:]
I have questioned, all in vain,
The source of the wonderful visions
That are thronging my puzzled brain.

Strange voices; strange, beautiful faces;
Strange fashions of men and dress,
And words whose mystical meaning
I have striven in vain to guess:]

Strange cities, that mirror the sunlight
From minaret, mosque and dome;
And tropical islands, up-springing
From couches of feathery foam—

All glimmer, and gleam, and glisten,
Floating on in a magical stream,
Yet shadowed and vague and misty
As the memory of a dream.

And I stand, as at early dawning;
But where, in the radiant east,
The glittering sun swam, golden,
Through billows of crimson mist,

There is only this soft, white crescent,
And the daisy-faced stars, full-blown
In the garden of Night; and I know not
Where the beautiful Day has flown.

INA.

THE "BAL COSTUME."

[LEARNING that a grand fancy Ball was about to take place at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and being determined that THE CALIFORNIAN should not be surpassed in enterprise by any of its contemporaries, we immediately engaged the exclusive services of a young man by the name of Jenkins to report the affair *in extenso*, and to that end had him placed in the orchestra, under the disguise of a Cornet-à-piston, which position afforded him an excellent opportunity to witness

—the bustle and the raree show,
That occupied the world below,
Secure and at his ease.

The result fully repaid our exertions, for he produced the most flattering and highly-colored description that can be imagined, and which we fondly hoped to lay before our anxious readers. An unforeseen accident, however, which it is impossible to explain, has prevented us from doing so, and we have nothing better to offer than the following letter, which in our distress at the loss of the before-mentioned description, was presented to us by a young friend in the humbler walks of life; he had in a fit of jealousy surreptitiously extracted it from the pocket of his sweetheart, Bridget Kenny, who had been entrusted by her mistress to convey it to the post office—he had read it and declared it was "better nor nothing." We faintly remonstrated, but he only remarked: "It won't no matter; folks didn't never get their letters until a few months after they were posted, and if we felt had about it he would take it to the post office when we had done with it." We have, however, thought it better to retain the letter in our possession, and, on applying at this office it will be returned to the owner, upon paying the expenses of this advertisement.]

MY DEAR LUCY.—I promised when I last wrote to you to give you an account of the Fancy Ball at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and now I'm sure I don't know where to begin. In the first place I had a great deal of difficulty in persuading mamma to let me go; that horrid Mrs. Grundy who lives, as you know, next door to us, would not let Jane go. She said: "The *idea* of her daughter going to a hotel ball—a young lady in her position; how should she ever be able to look the *bony tong* in the face afterwards?" Mamma said: "Then of course you have returned your tickets?" "No, indeed," she cried, "and I don't mean to!" "But," said mamma, "as a matter of common politeness!" "Bosh!" elegantly replied Mrs. G. "Who ever heard of common politeness to hotel keepers?" You see she completely ignored the Committee, who certainly deserved common politeness for their trouble, and who perhaps will not take quite so much another time. I could not help thinking of the burlesque of *Aladdin*, which you and I used to laugh at so much in London—you remember, no doubt, where the "Princess" is describing "Aladdin's" pedigree and performances to her maids of honor; she says:

"I may as well at once the truth declare,
His mother was a washerwoman—there!"

With a slight alteration this would be quite applicable to Mrs. Grundy. I don't think, however, that Jane knows anything about it; I believe she has an idea that she is related in some way to the Emperor Maximilian, and that common politeness, or common civility, is only expected from common people.

After Mrs. Grundy's visit and her enumeration of a long list of her acquaintances, who, she said, "did not mean to notice the thing at all," mamma seemed rather dubious about my going; but just then papa came in, and after hearing the whole story, said: "Pooh, nonsense, let the girl go and enjoy herself; the Ball is all right enough!" and then he told mamma of a great many people that were going, who, to quote Mrs. Grundy, were certainly "*bony tong*," if there is such a thing in San Francisco. Then we had to decide upon a dress for me, (mamma never goes to balls, you know,) and I was to go with papa and cousin Harry. Cousin Harry was going as a Japanese ambassador, and papa in the uniform of a Black Hussar, in which he meant to call himself "Don Cesar de Bazan." I wanted to go as a *Vivandiere*, but papa said, no, because my legs were "*doubtful*." Now they are not doubtful; they measure 14 inches—I measured them myself—and I'm sure *that* is not doubtful at all! However, it was decided that I should not go as a *Vivandiere*; but what my dress was, and how it looked, I shall leave cousin Harry to describe. He is to tell you all about the ladies' dresses; he says he agrees with Jimmy Twitcher, who says, "*vimmen vos allays spiteful, hever since a pairadise was lost*," and that they are not to be trusted in their criticisms of one another. Just now he is spouting Byron on that subject, something about—

"She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being dressed so ill."

My cousin, you must know, is a perfect walking Poetical Dictionary, but in this instance he is positively disgusting. I am sure I admire a pretty woman as much as anybody; that is, when I see one I really consider pretty. Well, we went to the Ball, and O Lucy, it was perfect Fairy-land! I had never been in the Hotel before, and had no idea what the ball-room would be like: it was splendid! Fancy a large hall completely lined with mirrors, resplendent with gilding and beautiful carved-work, with nearly three hundred ladies and gentlemen in magnificent fancy-dresses, walking about or dancing. The reflection of the dresses in the mirrors had a lovely effect. I never saw anything before so beautiful, in the shape of a ball. There were no masks, but some of the disguises were perfect, nevertheless. Dr. B— as a Frenchman (I wish you could have seen that wig) was inimitable; some of his most intimate acquaintances did not recognize him, and one lady sent for her husband to "take that horrid Frenchman, who would persist in following her about, away;" and he drove his uniformed professional brother, Dr. W—d, nearly mad by his persistent and perfect French and mystification. Young P— looked very handsome as the "Postilion of Lonjumeau;" and I nearly fell in love with a Mexican Guerrilla—there was only one in the room—but he was a "whole team." I am afraid that is slang, but I know of no other term so expressive. Mr. H. McA— was magnificent as the "Count D'Alembert." Mr. C—h made a good Cardinal but his dress seemed to rather interfere with his dancing. I have no doubt that since the Ball he has privately commiserated that portion of humanity which is condemned to wear petticoats perpetually. Mr. W. N— wore a splendid court suit of the time of Louis XVI. Charley S— as "Masaniello" was correct, in a costume purchased in Naples. R. E. B—r as the coming man of the 20th century, wore a costume defying criticism. Judge L— was excellently gotten up as an English barrister. Sam H— as a "Highland Chief"—accurate and authentic. Mr. B—e made a capital Chinaman. I overheard him telling a lady that his dress belonged to a highly respectable Chinese merchant, and was *all silk*, and as he lifted up his skirts to shew her that such was the fact, I am able to affirm that he spoke truth. I don't believe he was ever so happy before in all his life; like the Persians he will mark that day (or night) with a white stone. Louis J—n, a pretty little fellow, as a Mexican *vaquero*, cavalier, or something of that kind, wore *real* jingling silver buttons all over his pantaloons. Charlie Le G—, as "Pierrot," made a great deal of fun, and no one could find fault with his poking his nose around as he did, because it was a false as well as a funny one. William P. D—, in a very tasteful character, was certainly "on velvet," and behaved as well as he looked.

Charley L— was quite fascinating as a nice little horse jockey. Mr. McD—, as a Yankee, looked very funny, he is so tall. He distributed pea-nuts, which, by the by, were very bad ones. I received a handful from him, and as I am vulgar enough to like pea-nuts, I retired into a corner to eat them, and I regret to say there was not a good one among them.

Mr. P.—, in English hunting-dress, was perfect, and you know, Lucy, that you and I are judges, having seen a "meet" in a hunting country—which I am sorry to say this isn't, for anything but Gold and Scandal.

The Army was well represented. I noticed General McDowell, Col. De Russey, Col. Drum, Col. Fry, Col. Winder, Major Kirkham, Major Purdy, Capt. Hoyt, and many others. There were also several very handsome Knights Templar—in fact so many pretty things that I cannot remember half of them.

The Committee (whose names you will find in your note of invitation) looked very well, indeed. Their dress was a sort of Court suit, white satin breeches, etc. I did not see any of what papa calls "doubtful legs" among them—if they were all genuine. I asked Mous. Charles (who got them up regardless of expense) how many pairs of stockings each of them wore; but he was dumb to the voice of the charmer—and I could get nothing out of him. Mr. L—d wore a hunting dress, and looked very well—and—but oh, dear! I can't write any more; cousin Harry says he means to finish the letter himself, and that it is all nonsense describing the costumes of the men, as they all went for fun, and not because they wanted to look handsome. But that is not so, because several came to me and asked me confidentially, how I thought they looked, and if their dresses were becoming; and I know one, who had a very handsome dress made expressly for the ball, who could not be induced to enter the room at all, entirely on account of his legs not showing off so well as he had expected they would.

I am so sorry you could not be here at the Ball; but it would have been rather too much, to expect you all the way from New York. I should, however, advise you to keep the tickets as a kind of certificate of good moral character, showing that a Committee of responsible Citizens have "sat" on you and pronounced you respectable. I think that is why Mrs. Grundy held on to hers; but, mind you, never tell her I said so—her vengeance would pursue me for the rest of my natural life—if she did not contrive some means of shortening it. Adieu! I leave the rest to cousin Harry, who is growing impatient.

MINNIE.

[Minnie steps out, and Cousin Harry comes in. It will be noticed that he breaks into a poetical quotation very soon after starting, and that it is evidently difficult for him to pin himself down to prose in the balance of the letter—this in a manner is excusable, for "lovely woman" and her dress is his theme.]

MY DEAR LUCY.—I would not let Minnie describe the costumes of the ladies, because she isn't to be trusted. She's well enough, but all women are spiteful about one another, and there were some such lovely creatures there, that they made one imagine oneself in Mahomet's Paradise. The ball was magnificently gotten up, and the supper and wines to match. The music was excellent—not too loud—and the ventilation of the room perfect; the dressing-rooms and committee room were beautifully arranged, and neither ladies nor gentlemen were annoyed by persons crowding the halls, as it was feared by some, would be the case. The most perfect order reigned throughout; in short, credit is due to the committee of management, as well as to the generous proprietors of this really splendid establishment.

I had a jolly time, I can tell you. I wish I were going again to-night. There were some very beautiful women there, and the fancy dresses certainly augmented their charms. Mrs. McA—, as "Queen of Spades," was lovely. Her dress was black velvet and lace, and scarlet satin, and gold, and silver, and diamonds, and the prettiest little feet in the world. Why is it not fashionable always to wear short skirts? I did not before believe there were so many pretty women in San Francisco, modern fashion disguises them so much. Mrs. McD—, as a "Marquise," with powdered hair, looked very handsome. Mrs. V—, *a la Pompadour*, looked splendid; I never saw her looking so well before. Mrs. H—, as "Lady Teazle," was magnificent; blue brocade dress, trimmed with white lace and pink roses, blue satin petticoat and powdered hair. Mrs. L—d, as "Night"—black lace dress, covered with silver stars, head-dress, with crescent moon—looked very handsome. Miss T—r personated a bewitching Spanish girl. Mrs. S—t, of Nevada, was the "Rebecca" of Ivanhoe, covered with diamonds and quite oriental in her style of beauty. Mrs. T—, of Virginia City, as the "Lady Rowena," very graceful in white *moire antique* and blue robe trimmed with swan's down, coronet and veil. Mrs. Col. F—y, as a "Sybil," looking much more like a merry school girl wanting her fortune told than a Sybilline oracle; though her dress was excellently in character, her laughing features would peep out. Mrs. Col. L—d, as a "Peasant girl of Bretagne," was perfect; her dress was one of the most effective in the room. Mrs. S— W—h was "Undine," her beautiful hair floating over a dress of sea-green tulle, trimmed with coral and sea weed, wreath of coral and veil. What shall I say of Miss B—e, lovely Indian maiden, fascinating Minnehaha?

"Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter."

I dare not say more or Minnie will be spiteful, and somebody else will pull my ears. There were five "Dianas"—Miss F—, Miss A—, Miss D—, Mrs. R—, and another lady whose name I do not know, all looking lovely in white tulle and silver, with bows, arrows, and crescent moons. Mrs. S— as a "Quakeress" attracted a great deal of attention, and supported the character admirably. Mrs. C. McA— looked very graceful in a dress of the "*Ancient Régime*." Mrs. G—n as "Queen of Clubs," in a violet-colored dress, covered with clubs formed of black velvet, looked very handsome.

Her sister, Miss K—, as a Fairy, in pink tulle, with golden wings, was bewitching. Miss H—r, as Undine, showed her magnificent blonde hair to great advantage. Mrs. C—, as a Turkish lady, all scarlet and gold, was very attractive—but it is impossible to remember all. There were, Polish, French, German and Neapolitan Peasants, Goddesses of Liberty, wickedly bent on enslaving everybody. All the seasons were represented—Spring, Summer, and Autumn; there was "Little Red Riding Hood" and if the original one looked half as nice, I don't wonder the wolf was tempted to eat her. There were Daughters of the Regiment and Bohemian Girls, all pretty women—amongst them Paris could never have come to any decision about the Golden Apple. Miss McN—y, as a Daughter of the Regiment, looked pretty and pleasing enough to tempt one "to choose to be" a soldier or a Son of the Regiment. Mrs. H—t, as a *vivandiere*, was well costumed and carried off the keg admirably. Mrs. M—t, as a Spanish Lady, (I do not remember what date the costume represented,) displayed a very rich and tasteful attire, leaving too early, however, for me to take in all its points. Miss C—P—, as "Lady Blessington," looked very graceful and ladylike. Miss H—y, of Sonoma, looked very stylish, though I am unable to describe her dress. Mrs. M—r, as "Esmeralda," never looked so pretty in her life before, though she had forgotten her tamborine. Miss D—m, as "Spring," with Miss De R— (two very young ladies) looked very pretty, and highly delighted with everything around them. I have no doubt they thought how nice it would be to be a big girl and have lots of beaux—like some of the young ladies there. Mrs. W—y, looked very dignified and commanding, as "Queen Catharine of Arragon," in a dress of black velvet, trimmed with ermine. I know there are ever so many more. I ought to have told you about, but after the Fireman's Ball, to which I am going this evening, I will endeavor to find out all the rest of the characters represented, and Minnie shall tell you in her next letter.

Yours sincerely, HARRY HIGHFLIER.

P. S.—I forgot all about Minnie's dress. However it was green, trimmed with red and yellow and lots of other things, and she didn't have any "character" at all—she just went as a lady.

H. H.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

[As though Emilie had overheard Cousin Harry's spiteful declaration that women could never speak any good of each other, scarcely had the preceding article been put in type than the express brought the following one to our desk. A moment before we had been lamenting over having no account of the Ball at all, and lo! five minutes more brought us two. Though placed somewhat in the position of the Frenchman who had long desired an heir, and whose wife finally presented him with triplets, we determined to publish both. It will be seen that a slight discrepancy exists, Minnie setting Mrs. H. McA. down as a "Queen of Spades," while Emilie writes her up as the "Queen of Clubs"—in either case we dare hazard the assertion that the lady is a trump.]

SANTA CLAUS has had a powerful rival this year. In truth he has been nearly crowded from his throne. The little ones were true to their allegiance, but the children of a larger growth were more engrossed by the anticipation of the scene of Fairy-land, that was to be granted to the view of mortals, to contrast for a brief moment with this work-day world of stocks and mines. This grand event was the Fancy Ball to be given on the 23d, at the Cosmopolitan.

But I must go on to tell my share in it, for of course I had a share or I could not describe it; a woman can't write about anything she hasn't seen—has no inventive genius, you know. I was very glad, after hearing of the peculiarly choice affair this ball was intended to be, to get my ticket, not because I needed to be assured that I was not skim-milk, while some others were *creme de la creme*—for owing to the wish to prevent a crowd, many a rich *gout of creme* was not there—but simply because many friends were going, and I thought it possible I might wish to go, too. Nevertheless, I did determine the matter until the very day of the ball, for a fitting costume for my peculiar style was not easy to find. Unfortunately I belong to the pathetic order of heroines who look very well in a picture or perched on a pedestal, but are not at all adapted to the round dances of which I am very fond. I told some friends I might go as "Evangeline," wear a waterproof and sit on a rock; or I might go as a picturesque beggar girl, only that was not a sufficiently *Fancy* costume in these hard times; but at last I made a selection, which just enabled me to get in and see the brilliant array presented by others. It was very inconvenient to come over from Oakland and dress at the Hotel, and the weather, too, was horrid; but what will not one do for such a ball as this promised to be! And there was an immense deal to be done, even after being safely housed in a warm bright room at the Occidental. Oh, that temper-trying ordeal of dressing and seeing others dress for a ball! Why must we have back hair to arrange, and all the array of braids, puffs and curls, to say nothing of rats, mice, etc., while gentlemen have nothing to do but take a brush in each hand, and ten minutes' exercise and his hair is ready for inspection! What a scene must have been presented in the Occidental, and sundry other houses in

town, if a certain gentleman upon two sticks could have stripped the roots off! Luckily, that was not done, so nobody knew what a pet we had all been in, when we couldn't find the hair-pins, and the slippers didn't fit, and the wrong necklace was brought, and so on through the long list of inevitable mishaps. But the successful results smoothed away the frowns, and toilette horrors, and all other horrors were forgotten, when, after throwing off wraps in the dressing-room, and giving the emphatic touches and shakes without which no lady is willing to enter a ball-room, we were ushered within the scene of enchantment.

The "co-deel" as a friend of ours calls it, was most beautiful, but I had but a moment to enjoy it, for there was a most ravishing Redowa just started, and I was soon flying off on willing feet, with one of the best dancers in the city. Oh, wasn't I glad then that I wasn't Evangeline sitting on a rock; the Redowa was so much nicer!

After that I walked round the room, looking at the dresses, and wondering what people thought of mine. First I saw, stepping most gracefully towards me, in the daintiest little boots, Mrs. McA. She was "Queen of Clubs," and with the rich black velvet dress, with cards of the suit surrounded by silver ornamenting the skirt and cap, the idea was beautifully carried out. There was only one fault that *could* have been found—that she had not taken her proper title of "Queen of Hearts." Then came "Aurora," (Miss H.) with beautiful mingling of pink and white, in complexion as well as dress, and with magnificent hair which even the envious veil could not conceal.

In charming contrast to this costume, the next my eye rested upon was a glorious "Night" (Mrs. L.) dark and bright, with all the witchery of the noon of night about her. Near her stood "Undine" (Miss N.) in showy white, with lilies and trailing water plants, looking lovely enough to lure any Hildebrand through flood or fire. Then I heard close beside me a silvery laugh, and turning saw "Marie Fille du Regiment," looking even more bewitching than usual in the tasteful dress she had chosen, the white jacket and skirt and taking little hat and dear little boots! Talking with her was Flora McFlimsey and Friend Ruth all in one person; the dress was divided, one side yellow silk and crape with red roses and birds; the other side gray mousseline with plain cap and kerchief.

Next my attention was attracted by a crowd of gentlemen very much interested in something or somebody, and on drawing near found that the centre of the group was a "Sybil" (Mrs. F.) very handsomely dressed in velvet skirt and red jacket and turban, with a profusion of barbaric ornaments; but in one respect she differed from the Sybils of old, they were very sparing of their words, and could not have been *very* agreeable company, while this their representation was keeping her admirers enchained by her sparkling jests and piquant application of her Sybilline Leaves. A little further on in the midst of a constellation of bright stars (and straps) stood Mrs. McD. stately and gracious, in a court dress of rich silk, ornamented with bows of lace, put on as only a French dress-maker can.

Next I met "Minne-ha-ha," (Miss B.) in the only becoming Indian dress I ever saw; and the combined effect of dress and wearer was most captivating. Then Mrs. Dr. T. B., with her fine figure and graceful carriage supporting well the character of a Marquise, with her splendid hair partly in cushion and partly sweeping in curls over her shoulder; the dress was rich silk, with a train, the whole ornamented with knots of pink silk, and looked as if she had been standing under a rose tree and roses and petals had showered over her. By her side stood Mrs. M., in a superb Spanish dress of black velvet, with lace shawl, high comb and rich jewels. Then Mrs. DeR., very handsome, in Court dress, with powdered hair, and her little daughter most appropriately as "Morning Star." Miss S. D. as "Spring," the charm and freshness of which was suggested by the wearer as well as the dress. My attention was next attracted by a charmingly piquant face, exquisite complexion, and glorious auburn hair, which is my weakness; I found the fortunate possessor was Miss K., in a very beautiful Greek dress. She was very bewitching as she tapped her little heels and set the bells ringing. Next I met the beautiful sisters, Mrs. G. and Miss K., the first as "Queen of Clubs," and the latter as a butterfly, in pink dress, with gauze wings.

After looking at all the bright colors and gay dresses, the eye rested with peculiar pleasure on the sombre dress and *spirituelle* face of Mrs. S., as a Quaker, in gray mousseline and plain cap. With her versatile powers, and bright spirits, she supported the character well, as she would any that she might select. When I saw her dress, and recollected the Flora and Ruth dress I had just seen, I thought how odd it was that there should be a Quaker and a half at the ball! Mrs. W. was superbly handsome in a rich court dress, while near her Mrs. L. was most bewitching as a "Peasant." Then came Mrs. C. as "Red Riding Hood;" Mrs. C. McA. as "Marie Antoinette," and Miss D. in court dress. It was wonderful to see the variety of court dresses, and all so handsome and becoming. Indeed, I think all were looking their best that night. As for the gentlemen, if they can go back to their funereal evening suits, after looking so handsome in

the bravery of fancy costume, then I will acquit them of vanity, henceforth and forever. No, I don't know that I will, either: it may be the very excess of the article: they may think that they do not need such adorning! One thing is certain, that I never received so deep an impression of the beauty of certain people as I did that night; and as I agree with Bulwer that it is our duty to cultivate the Beautiful (with a big B.) I consider it a duty for the gentlemen to let the rainbow tints into their *costume de bal*, and so make every ball a fairy scene, set apart from the matter-of-fact of Montgomery street. I think it would help to idealize people wonderfully. As for the Committee, with their handsome dress and charming manners, each should have his picture taken, that he may ever remember how handsome he once looked. I wish I could describe the rich and tasteful dress of the many gentlemen I noticed; but I am as much at fault there as a gentleman is among the silks and laces. I can only say that such a dress was handsome, but what made it so is beyond me to tell. Dr. S., in black velvet, H. McA., as "Count d'Alembert," Mr. W., as a chasseur, Mr. C. in a gold-laced dress, and A. S. as a Mexican guerrilla, all looked splendidly handsome. There were two Yankees, both good; one, Dr. W., dressed and acted the character imitatively. C. S. was *cool*, as usual, in a very becoming fisherman dress; C. L. was a horse jockey; Mr. P. a postillion; Mr. H. a sailor boy; Mr. Le G., "Pierrot." Mr. W., the irrepressibly satirical, was dressed as a Hussar, and called himself "Don Caesar de Bazan;" some one suggested that he must have struck a lead somewhere, for he had shed his rags. Then came B. S., as a whirling Dervish, and Mr. S. in a very effective dress as a Templar Knight, white, with red crosses. There was also a Monk, a Cardinal, and a Clown, and hosts of others coming and going in an ever-changing, ever-beautiful scene. I noticed a Nun, perfectly dressed, dancing the polka, and, in the same, Diana and a Marquise jolted each other. Mrs. W. wore a splendid Court dress of scarlet *moire* over white, with powdered hair; Miss A. a perfect dress as a Neapolitan peasant; Miss L. also as a peasant; Mrs. H., a *vivandiere*; and Mrs. K. was a beautiful "Night," starry bright, in a black velvet and spangled veil.

You must not suppose that all this time I was entirely engrossed with my observations of other people. They were taken *en passant*, while I was engaged with dancing, etc., and some splendid dances I had. The music and floor were excellent, and so were my partners; and one gallop, I remember, as being as near to flying as mortals can hope to come. But all such pleasant pastimes must reach the final hour, "the inevitable hour which comes alike to all," when one's friends are inexorable, and there is no hope even for another dance, save by giving them the slip, and keeping behind tall people, for just one more Lancer. So I got my last dance that night, and so I suppose did many another, but then "Hope, which springs eternal in the human heart," came no longer to me, and lingeringly and ruefully I turned my steps from the bright scene,

And with eyelids sleepy and tired,
And dress all crumpled and torn
I threw myself back in the carriage I'd hired,
And drove home at the breaking of dawn!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

PUT by thy weary work, wife,
And come and sit by me;
And we will talk of dear old times
And our old home by the sea.
Oh, wipe away your tears, wife;
We surely need not grieve
That the old, old year will die
This bonnie New Year's Eve.

It brought us many griefs, wife,
Though sent they were by God;
It saw us lay our boy to sleep
Beneath the foreign sod;
It knew us in our own land, wife,
Whose shores it saw us leave;
Alack! we'd better, better smile
Than weep this New Year's Eve.

It has seen warm hearts grow chill, wife,
And kindly hands grow cold;
But we'll look forth to the New Year,
And not back to the old.
We'll thank our gracious God, wife,
For gifts we may receive,
We'll thank God for his blessings,
This bonnie New Year's Eve.

The night is cold and clear, wife,
And youthful cheeks are red;
The Old Year lays his trembling hands,
Upon each bended head.
Ah, well! we sit by our quiet fire,
And never think to grieve
That younger hearts will gladder be
This bonnie New Year's Eve.

CLARA CLYDE.

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

O PALE, pale face! O helpless hands!
Sweet eyes by fruitless watching wronged;
Yet turning ever towards the lands
Where War's red hosts are thronged!

She shudders when they tell the tale
Of some great battle fought and won;
Her sweet child face grows old and pale,
Her heart falls like a stone.

She sees no conquering flag unfurled,
She hears no victory's brazen roar;
But a dear face, which was her world,
Perchance she'll kiss no more!

Ever there comes between her sight
And the glory that they rave about,
A boyish brow and eyes whose light
Of splendor hath gone out.

The midnight glory of his hair,
Where late her fingers, like a flood
Of moonlight, wandered,—lingering there,—
Is still and dank with blood!

She must not shriek, she must not moan,
She must not wring her quivering hands;
But sitting dumb and white, alone,
Be bound with viewless hands.

Because her suffering life infolds
Another dearer, feebler life,
In death-strong grasp her heart she holds,
And still its torturing strife.

Yester eve, they say, a field was won.
Her eyes ask tidings of the fight;
But tell her of the dead alone
Who lay out in the night.

In mercy tell her that his name
Was not upon that fatal list;
That not among the heaps of slain
Dumb are the lips she's kissed!

O poor pale child! O woman heart!
Its weakness triumphed o'er by strength!
Love teaching pain discipline's art,
And conquering at length!

[Idyls of Battle, (Laura C. Redden.)]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

JULIA DESMOND MAKES HERSELF AGREEABLE.

CAPTAIN MASTERS drove Lionel Hillary's phaeton to the Cedars, when the crowd in the sunny gardens before the Chateau de Bourbon had dispersed, and only a few scattered groups still lingered about the pleasant home of exiled royalty. Amongst which loiterers might be observed some lively gentlemen of the occasional reporter species, who wanted to ascertain whether there would not be something in the champagne and lobster salad way before the *fête* was finished. Captain Masters drove his friend Mr. Somerset back to the Cedars in the mail phaeton, while Lionel Hillary and Francis Tredethlyn went home with the ladies in the landau.

The man who had been a private soldier only a few months before that day, and who had not yet been able to realize the change made in his position by the inheritance of thirty thousand a year, found himself oppressed by a strange feeling as he sat in Miss Hillary's open carriage, with his back to the horses, surrounded by billows of silk, and lace, and muslin, a surging sea of feminine draperies, from which a faint perfume was wafted towards him as the summer wind blew in his face. It was not so much that he was ill at ease in that feminine presence, or in any way daunted by the fire of two feminine handsome eyes. The feeling which oppressed him was rather a sense of unreality. He was like a child at a pantomime, who sees a stage fairy for the first time, and cannot believe that the resplendent creature is only flesh and blood. He looked at Maude Hillary, and thought of his cousin Susan's rosy cheeks and brown hair, shaded by the familiar dainty sun-bonet. There were men in the world who might aspire to marry such a creature as this Miss Hillary. He tried to imagine the sort of man who might lift his eyes to that divinity, and there arose in his mind the picture of a grandiose creature with yellow whiskers, and a geranium in his button-hole. The æsthetic element in Mr. Tredethlyn's mind was as yet very imperfectly developed; and his idea of a lover befitting Maude Hillary leaned rather to the gaudy king's-pattern order of mankind.

The Australian merchant sat with his head leaning back against the cushions of the carriage, and his eyes closed. His headache was, if anything, worse, he confessed, in answer to

Maude's anxious inquiries. He did not speak three times during the homeward drive, and his daughter rarely took her eyes from his face. She was very fond of him, and displayed her affection for him now as frankly as she had done when she had been a little girl in a white frock, sitting on his knee after dinner, and eating unwholesome fruits and confections out of his plate. She watched him now with a tender anxiety in her face, and seemed almost unconscious of the presence of the big soldier-like individual with a bronzed countenance and close-cropped black hair. But Francis Tredethlyn was not entirely neglected, for Miss Desmond appeared determined to atone for Maude's want of courtesy. She had heard the Cornishman's story from Mr. Somerset, who had heard it from a gentleman whom he described as "a fellow in the 11th Hussars;" and the handsome Julia felt some little interest in the hero of the narrative. An ignorant young man—a farmer's son—who has suddenly come into a fortune of thirty thousand a year is not the sort of person to be met with every day. Julia remembered that dreary ruin, that tall stone jail on the bare hill beyond Limerick, which sounded so well when casually alluded to as Castle Desmond; but whose image chilled her as it rose, dismal and stony, before her mind's eye. She remembered the muddy roads, the murderous ruts, the broad acres of irredeemable bog, the long rank grass waving on the roofs of tumble-down stone cabins, the gaunt pigs, and gaunter peasantry; and a feeling that was not altogether ignoble kindled a sudden flush upon her handsome face. What could not be done for Castle Desmond and those ill-used peasantry by a chieftainess who should have thirty thousand a year at her command! She fancied herself a kind of fairy queen, beneath whose wondrous pleasant homesteads might arise on those desolate hills, and yellow corn-fields spread a golden mantle over the valleys now so bare and empty. Miss Desmond's lot in life was altogether exceptional, and the sentimental dreams which come to some young women had no lodgment in her brain. She looked her fate straight in the face, and was eager to make the best of any opportunity that might fall in her way. For the present she was very well off where she was; though the worship of the golden calf, as represented by Maude Hillary, was a perpetual abomination to her. But she was tolerably resigned to her present position at the Cedars. It was only in the future that her life looked dark and threatening. She must marry before Miss Hillary—that was essential—or else she must resign herself to the miserable position of a companion on sufferance—necessary to Maude, perhaps, but very disagreeable to Maude's husband.

Under these circumstances a chance visitor at the Cedars, with thirty thousand a year for his fortune, was not a person to be disdainfully entreated even by the daughter of all the Desmonds; so Julia was very kind to Francis Tredethlyn during that brief homeward drive, asked him all manner of questions respecting his sentiments upon things in general and the charity *fête* in particular, and flashed her handsome eyes and white teeth upon him until he was almost dazzled by their brightness. Miss Desmond had very dark eyes, eyes that seemed of a greenish hazel when you saw them in repose, but which looked almost black when they sparkled athwart a fringe of dusky lashes. She had dark eyes and very white teeth, and the distinguishing characteristic of her face was the contrast between the darkness of one and the white glitter of the other. Mr. Tredethlyn knew that the young lady was very handsome, and that there was some condescension involved in her friendly notice of him; but his eyes wandered away to Maude's fair face and earnest blue eyes, and there was a suspicion of irrelevance in some of his replies to Miss Desmond's animated questions. If he had been less absent-minded, he might have seen that young lady's white teeth close vengefully upon her lower lip as she turned from him after one of those doubtful answers.

The dinner at the Cedars went off very quietly. Mr. Hillary was silent but hospitable, or at least as much so as a man can be in these days of Russian dinners and vicarious hospitality. Francis had lodged at a comfortable hotel in the regions of Covent Garden since his return from Cornwall, and had in no way altered his simple habits of life, so he was not a little puzzled by the array of glasses by the side of his plate, the lumps of ice which an obsequious attendant dropped ever and anon into his Moselle, the mysterious compounds in silver dishes which he discovered suddenly at his elbow whenever he was most abstracted by the novelty of the scene about him, and the vision of Maude Hillary, sitting on the other side of the round table in a cloud of white and blue. The dishes at that wonderful feast seemed so many culinary conundrums to Mr. Tredethlyn, and I fear that he made some very obvious mistakes in the management of the spoons and forks perpetually thrust upon him by the stealthy-footed retainers. But the dinner was over at last, and Captain Masters opened the dining-room door for the departure of the ladies, while poor Francis could only sit blankly staring like a countryman at a play. Lionel Hillary did not linger long over his wine; he had some papers to look at in his study, he said, and excused himself on that ground, as well as on account of that obstinate headache of his. The young men seemed very glad to be released from the atmosphere of

hothouse flowers and pine-apple, faintly mingled with that odor of the bygone dinner which will hang round the most elegant dining-room, ventilate it as you will. Was not Maude Hillary in the drawing-room, whence already might be heard the sparkling ripple of arpeggio passages upon the piano? The two young loungers followed Mr. Hillary out into the hall, and Francis went with them, uncomfortably conscious of disadvantages not to be outbalanced by the possession of half a million or so in all manner of seven-per-cent.-paying investments. The young soldier, blacking his master's boots, had been the easiest mannered of mankind; but Oliver Tredethlyn's heir felt terribly embarrassed in Maude Hillary's presence—only in her presence; he was not at all abashed by Miss Desmond's eyes and teeth, though all their contrastive brightness was brought to bear upon him. Maude was at the piano, and Julia was bending over a stand of engravings. It may be that she had not very long fallen into that graceful attitude. When the three young men entered the room she looked up, and Mr. Tredethlyn meeting her friendly glance, and being considerably at a loss what to do with himself, went over to her, and found a comfortable haven in a low easy chair near the couch on which she was sitting.

"Do you care much for Leech, Mr. Tredethlyn?" she asked, as she turned over the leaves of a portfolio reprinted from *Punch*.

The young man looked rather puzzled by this question.

"I don't care much for them," he answered, frankly. "I never had any but once, and that was in Van Diemen's Land, when I had the fever—fifteen of them on my temples, and that was no joke, you know, Miss Desmond."

He was quite at ease with Julia, but he would not for the world have been so confidential to Maude Hillary. Miss Desmond laughed good-naturedly.

"I don't mean those horrible creatures that they put on one's temples," she exclaimed, "but Mr. John Leech, the caricaturist. You must have seen *Punch*, even in Van Diemen's Land."

"Oh, yes! my mas—superior officer used to get it from his mother every mail."

He took the portfolio from Miss Desmond and turned over the leaves; but he only stared absently at Mr. Leech's most brilliant performances, and his eyes wandered away every now and then to the piano, where Maude Hillary was skimming through the genus of a new opera and dallying with her two adorers, deliciously unconscious of their adoration. Had she not inhabited an atmosphere of universal admiration and affection ever since she had exhibited her pink cheeks and infantile ringlets in company with the seven-shilling March peaches and five guinea pine-apples, after her father's pompous dinners, to be admired by ponderous old city magnates in the pauses of solemn discussions upon the rate of discount and the last grand crash on the Stock Exchange?

Julia Desmond, always observant—cursed perhaps with an especial faculty for penetrating all unpleasant secrets lying hidden under the many masks which society has invented for the convenience of mankind—Miss Desmond, I say, was not slow to perceive the Cornishman's pre-occupation, nor slow to credit Miss Hillary with another item in that heavy account so long standing between them.

"Even this country boor, with a great fortune for his own, must pay his meed of homage to the millionaire's daughter," thought Julia. "Is there some magical power in the possession of money, which imparts a kind of fascination to the possessor?" Colonel Desmond's daughter had felt some of the keenest stings of poverty, and it may be that she had grown to entertain an exaggerated estimation of that golden dross which is so paltry a thing when considered in a philosophical spirit. She looked at the young man sitting by her side, and as she looked a mystic golden halo seemed to arise about him and surround him, until he appeared almost like an old picture of a saint, painted upon a shadowless background of gold. Thirty thousand a year! and he was young, handsome, manly, good-tempered-looking, or even something more than this; for there was a dash of nobility in his simple bearing which scarcely seemed to belong to the runaway-son of a small farmer. The good old blood of the Tredethlyns, once squires and land-owners of some degree, was not dishonored by the young man who had blacked Harcourt Lowther's boot in Van Diemen's Land. He was not a gentleman after the manner of the nineteenth century; he seemed rather like a stalwart soldier of the past, simple and daring, frank and generous. Julia, contemplating him always enframed in the golden halo, saw that with the advantage of a clever woman's training he might be made a very presentable creature, in spite of that private soldier story, which, after all, was spiced with a certain flavor of romance.

"People would say I married him for his money," thought Miss Desmond; "but then they would say that if I married a provincial banker with fifteen hundred a year. Thirty thousand! thirty thousand a year! and he is not a man who would act meanly in the matter of a settlement—and he could buy the Irish estate for a mere song—and he might call himself Tredethlyn Desmond."

Maude Hillary's companion and friend had employed her-

self for a very long time in the consideration of one grand subject—her own destiny. For a long time she had estimated every creature who came in her way by one unvarying gauge. Had he, or had he not, any bearing on that supreme question? If the answer were in the negative, Miss Desmond wasted no further thought upon the useless creature. But if she saw in the shadowy distance some possible combination of circumstances in which the individual might become a thread, however slightly interwoven, in the fabric of her destiny, Julia expended her brightest smiles and sweetest words for his gratification.

It was in no way strange, therefore, that the young lady who had given a good deal of attention to hare-brained young ensigns and penniless young curates with nothing better than remote expectations, should consider Mr. Tredethlyn worthy of her most serious deliberation. The present, however, was no time for thought—for were not the young man's eyes perpetually wandering towards the slender figure under the light of the moderator lamp? Miss Desmond felt there was no time to be lost. Already the rich man had made his election—already he had enrolled himself in the list of Maude Hillary's victims. Another woman, perceiving the state of affairs, might have resigned herself to the loss of this grand chance of winning a rich husband; but Julia's courage was not so easily dashed. It rose, rather, with the thought of contest. Had not her father been a grand old freebooter, boasting of kingly blood in his battered old body, and spilling it under the colors of every rebel army in modern Europe? The Desmond spirit rose in Julia's breast as she saw Francis Tredethlyn's wandering glances, half sheepish, half unconscious.

"I can set myself against her this time," she thought; "and the battle between us will be a fair one. This man cannot be a fortune-hunter. We meet on tolerably equal terms for once in a way, Miss Hillary, and let us see who will win."

Julia's dark eyes flashed their brightest as she looked across all the width of the room to the radiant-looking girl at the piano; and then she turned them suddenly upon Francis Tredethlyn, and began to talk to him. She began to talk to him, and more than this, she made him listen to her. Miss Desmond was a brilliant talker. She possessed that wondrous faculty vulgarly called the gift of the gab—the power of talking about everything and anything, or even about nothing, for the matter of that; the power of enchaining a listener in spite of himself, holding him prisoner when he had rather be away, and yet not detaining him an altogether unwilling prisoner; the power of talking ignorantly without seeming to be ignorant; speculating ideas and allusions at a venture, and never betraying the shallowness of their nature; assuming an interest in the most uninteresting subject, and never revealing the hollowness of the assumption—a power, in short, which in its fascination seems like a modern form of those classic philtres which Roman maidens were wont to administer to eligible bachelors in the days when Rome was young. It may be that Miss Desmond owned this faculty in some degree to her Hibernian ancestry; but no suspicion of their native accent vulgarized her discourse. Only a softer and richer depth in her low voice betrayed her Celtic origin.

Julia began to talk to Francis Tredethlyn, and, in spite of himself, he listened, and was fain to withdraw his gaze from the distant figure at the piano. She talked to him of a soldier's life, jumping recklessly at conclusions, and taking it for granted that he must needs possess some latent spark of military ardor which would blaze up into a flame under the fire of her enthusiasm. She talked to him of her father, and all those guerrilla warfares in which he had won distinction. She talked of Don Carlos and Abd-el-Kader, and Garibaldi, whose name had not then the glorious significance which it carries with it at the present day. She talked to him like a young Joan of Arc, or an embryo maid of Saragossa, and all that was brightest in Mr. Tredethlyn's nature kindled beneath her influence. Had Francis been a stockbroker, Miss Desmond would have discoursed to him of Lionel Rothschild, or Lafitte, or Mires; and she would have glowed with just the same enthusiasm though her theme had been the Stock Exchange or the Bourse.

But in spite of himself Mr. Tredethlyn was pleased and interested. His boyish yearning for a military career had been very nearly trampled out of him during dreary years of parhings and counter-marchings, and sword exercise, and barrack tyranny, with never the glimpse of a battle-field, or so much as a brief skirmish with some chance enemy. But those fresh young feelings all came back to him when Julia discoursed in low, eloquent accents of her father's foreign experience. "Ah, that was something like a military career!" thought the young man. "It was such a life that I hoped to lead when I ran away from Landresdale; and I thought I would come back a general, with a cocked-hat and a great plume of feathers, as the gardeuer's son does in the play I saw once at Falmouth."

And then Francis Tredethlyn, being by nature candid as a schoolboy newly come home for his holidays, opened his heart to Miss Desmond, and told her a good deal about his life. That dark chamber of his memory in which Susan's image loomed through the sombre shadows he kept religiously sealed from every curious eye. But on all other subjects he was

very communicative. He did not tell Julia that he had been Mr. Lowther's body-servant; for there was something in that estate of servitude which had never been entirely pleasant to him, gallantly as he had borne himself under its serious ordeals. He had known poverty, he told Miss Desmond, in all its worst bitterness, and had seen his mother and father die broken-hearted, borne down by a load of petty debt and difficulty, when the loan of a couple of hundred pounds would have saved them.

"I felt altogether desperate one night, Miss Desmond," he said, "when my poor mother was at her worst, and my father sitting in the kitchen as helpless as a child—almost daft, as they say in the north. I felt desperate somehow, and I went out of the house and ran all the way to Tredethlyn Grange, and asked my uncle Oliver to lend me the money. He laughed in my face, Miss Desmond, and told me he hadn't a five-pound note in the house; and I dare say he spoke the truth, for I think he'd have gone half crazy at the thought of a sovereign lying idle. I went back to the farm, and—my mother died the next day."

He stopped, and sat for some minutes looking at Mr. Hillary's Axminster carpet. Julia did not say anything. She was too perfect a tactician not to know that anything she could say must appear commonplace at such a moment. She only drew a long breath, a kind of fluttering sigh, expressive of the deepest sympathy.

"My mother died, Miss Desmond," the young man went on, "and my father was not slow to follow her. So, having no one in the world to care for, except—except a cousin, who had been like a sister to me, I ran away to Falmouth and enlisted in a foot regiment, thinking that I had but to pin a bunch of colors in my hat and march straight off to some field of battle. I left Cornwall, Miss Desmond, but I never forgot that night before my mother's death. I've tried to feel grateful to my uncle Oliver for leaving me this fortune, but I can't. I ought to feel grateful, I suppose; but I can't. The memory of that night sours me somehow. Money seems such paltry stuff, after, when you think that all the golden coin in this world can't bring back one human creature from the grave."

"Ah, yes, indeed," Miss Desmond murmured, in her tenderest voice.

And then, being blest with a very lively imagination, she found herself wondering whether, if wealth had been potent to restore the dead, and she had been possessed of wealth, she would have very much cared to awaken Patrick Macnamara Ryan O'Bryan Desmond from his quiet slumber in a little churchyard beside the windmill Shannon. The old soldier of fortune was better in his grave, perhaps, Julia thought, philosophically. She had begun to fight the battle of life on her own tactics, and had no very great opinion of her late father's strategy.

"He was very clever," she thought, with a tender remembrance of the Major's best manoeuvres; "but then one so often saw through him. He always started with wrong premises, and fancied every one but himself was a fool—as if there could be any merit in deceiving only stupid people." Miss Desmond was always wise enough to remember that the larger art of talking well comprehends the smaller art of listening gracefully. She was not one of those obnoxious people who talk for the sake of talking; and who, after rattling on without a full stop for half an hour at a stretch, will stare vacantly at you while you recite to them some interesting adventure, thinking of what they mean to say next, and waiting for the chance of cutting in. Julia Desmond talked with a purpose, not because she wanted to talk, but because she wished to please; and now she listened to Francis Tredethlyn with an unflinching show of sympathy and interest, that beguiled him on to tell her more and more. She wound and insinuated herself into his confidence as a beautiful serpentine creature winds itself into the heart of an apparently impenetrable forest; and before the evening was finished, Mr. Tredethlyn found himself almost as intimate with this splendid southern Irishwoman as if she had been his sister. She had set him completely at his ease, so that he no longer felt out of place in Mr. Hillary's gorgeous rooms; and when the merchant, coming into the drawing-room at eleven o'clock, very pale and worn-looking, asked him to dine at the Cedars on the following Sunday, Francis unhesitatingly accepted the invitation. He stole just one glance at Maude as he did so, but she was in the act of exhibiting one of the newest accomplishments of a mouse-colored Skye terrier for the edification of the two young loungers, and she was quite unconscious of that sly look from Mr. Tredethlyn's eyes. He went to her presently to wish her good night, and the spell of her gracious presence dazed and bewildered him, to the cost of the mouse-colored terrier, upon whose silky paws he trampled in his embarrassment; and then, essaying to shake hands in a gentlemanly manner, he forgot what a stalwart giant he was, and squeezed the little hand that rested so lightly in his, until Maude's fingers were wounded by the hoops, and clusters, and hearts, and crescents of diamonds and opals which twinkled and flashed upon them—for Miss Hillary had seen the Marchioness of Londonderry's famous rings, and never wore any

vulgar mixture of many-colored jewels upon her pretty white hands. Francis lingered a little after saying good night, helpless under the spell of the enchantress, and then made his way somehow or other out of the room. Ah! surely under uncle Oliver's money was not such sordid dross, after all, when it was the golden key that admitted him to that paradise on the banks of the Thames.

(To be continued.)

MR. NEIGHBORS.—There are some troublesome neighbors who are the plague of a man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go out, come and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a party on the very evening you want to finish a tragedy. My neighbor has none of these faults, but he contrives to incommode me in some way every moment. He pries into everything in my room, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game, almost everything is acceptable to him; and he never eats bread when he can get cake. He is neither a landowner nor elector, he pays no rent for his apartments, yet lives very comfortably. My neighbor is very gentlemanly in his habits, but never comes home till after midnight, and is fond of serenades and nightly meetings with the objects of his affections. In other respects, his character is good; he is neither a fop nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out at one door, he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for an invitation. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters, and he will not meddle with them. He is always well dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are of the finest chamois, and the upper leathers of India-rubber. My neighbor, though he knows I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears anything but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but spends the cold season in my chimney-corner. All this I have to put up with. In fact, I think myself lucky, if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospitality, rummaging among my furniture, and plundering my larder. My neighbor is one of those personages who must be well treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence, it is sure to tumble down soon. This troublesome neighbor, dear reader is—a mouse.

USE AND ABUSE OF ICE.—The drinking of iced liquids in considerable quantity is highly injurious, and in some cases their use has been attended with inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and even sudden death—not always accounted for by the person being at the time in a heat. Ice, or iced water, retards digestion, chills the body, and often produces most dangerous congestions. On the other hand, ice or iced water applied in inflammations, croup, etc., has been productive of the best effects; it diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels, and carries off the excess of heat. A piece of ice laid on the wrist will, in many cases, stop bleeding of the nose. If milk or butter is cooled with ice, it must be used at once, otherwise it will lose its freshness.

ACTION! action! strife! strife! Rest is so crushing; so dismal. Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life. Chase the first dreams of our life, and we cry: Action! strife! In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, Hope speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusions in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and Hope is silent; she has no more words to offer, unless, indeed, she drops her earthly attributes, changes her solemn name, and floats far out of sight as Faith.—*E. Bulwer Lytton.*

A PLEASANT story is told of a rather aged lady who has recently married a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* for some private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage and said, "Cher Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Cher Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

YES, "I remember!" And I pray God earnestly, if it be his good pleasure, that I may never lose the blessed memories of the past. O! they are musical, those two words! Memory is, indeed, a good gift, like the voiceless echo that haunts your brain of the song some loved voice has sung.—*Hood.*

A LADY that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

A GENTLEMAN says the reason why Jenkins is unlike a dog's tail is, that Jenkins keeps a carriage and the tail keeps a waggin.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

NEW YEARS.

WHILE we write the bells of every steeple in town stand all aquiver to chime the old year out and ring the new one in. With the first stroke of the impatient bells twelve wrinkled moons will fall from their withered stem, and twelve fair blossoms will come to bud and blossom and die in their stead. Time is never at a stand still, and his ranks are filled up right speedily, ushering in the fresh young heir even while the dead miser is being carried over the threshold of the year. In terming the year, whose obituary is now being written by thousands of pens, a miser, do we depart at all from the common custom of the world? The year has served its time; it has worked us all the good it can and is now powerless to injure; it has emptied at our feet all the gifts with which its hands were laden, and has nothing more to give—under these circumstances, having nothing further to hope from it and nothing further to fear, are we not at liberty to speak as ill as we please of the departed and write whatever inscription we choose on the tombstone? To answer our question in the affirmative would betray a vein of feeling a trifle too cynical for New Year's Eve, so let us dismiss the discussion, and speak kindly of the year so soon to be numbered with the many which, like crested waves swell and curl in this world's wake, marking its career over the great sea of Time; let us forget the evil that the year has done and remember only the blessings it has brought, and that these latter have not been few, a retrospective glance can but assure us, red though the record be for Atlantic homes.

What need to look back for blessings when the present moment is fraught with them, and what need to go beyond the door when they lie directly at our threshold? Is not the writer, for instance, sound in his pen-arm and able to flourish his quill without rheumatic twinges, and is not the reader sound in eye-sight and able to read the cleanly-typed pages of THE CALIFORNIAN, peradventure without the aid of spectacles? And beyond the pleasure of writing for THE CALIFORNIAN what pleasure can go, unless it be the one of reading it!

Blessed be the man who first invented New Years! Among nearly all nations it is a time of merriment and rejoicing, a day when old feuds are forgotten and new ones dismissed, when old friendships are renewed and new ones are formed, when neighbor calls on neighbor to extend and take the right hand of fellowship; of all days in the year commend us to New Years as the best in the calendar and the most worthy to be marked with a white stone. True, the day is the memorandum of the subtraction of another year from the little sum of our lives, but if we live as we should it brings us nearer by a year to the promised goal. Charles Lamb, gentle and good heart, who never misappreciated any person or thing in life, had a strong and just appreciation of New Year's Day. He remarks that it can be viewed by no one with indifference. "Of all sounds of bells" he says, "most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal color, nor was it a poetical flight in a cotemporary, when he exclaimed—

"I saw the skirts of the departing year."

The custom of calls on this day has a deeper signification than is commonly attributed to it. Sometimes degraded into an excuse for wine-bibbing though it be, the custom has still a beautiful appropriateness if we strip it of the baldness which always invests a mere ceremony and clothe it with the idea which is typically conveyed. What day so meet as that which begins the year to take our friends by the hand and pledge faith anew? The old year with the heartburnings and bitter-nesses and jealousies which it may have engendered is at an end, and the new year comes in unstained for us to write upon it whatever record we please. Commencing it by an interchange of courtesies, we in a measure bind ourselves to forbearance and friendship during its continuance—let the host of callers remember this as they go their rounds; let them remember that the wine they put to their lips stands somewhat in the light of that which is drunk in holy communion, being both a symbol and a pledge. Let them also remember, that in New Year's calls, brevity is the soul of civility—and

the old form of the proverb, that it is the soul of wit, at this moment occurring to us, we put an immediate period to this article, and present our readers, for their New Years' gift, a short editorial.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

AFTER a successful run of six nights, *The Magnolia* was withdrawn from the Opera House boards on Thursday evening last to make room for the debut of Miss Ada Clare in the character of "Camille." A rainy afternoon and the Firemen's Ball conspired to cheat the debutante of the house which her literary reputation would undoubtedly have assured for her under other circumstances. The pressure which the holidays and their accompanying festivities inevitably brings upon the columns of even weekly journals, in the present instance excluding editorials and compelling columns already in type to lie over until another week, compels us to forego the critical notice which the event deserves, cutting this entire article down to limits which indeed bring it within the bonds of its stereotyped heading, "Dramatic Mention." Miss Clare's conception of "Camille" seems founded upon Miss Heron's interpretation, and she enjoyed the pleasure of being called before the curtain at the close of the second act and receiving, in company with Mrs. Saunders and Mr. Mayo, frequent applause during the progress of the piece. The advantage of being excellently supported was hers, Mrs. Saunders delighting the audience with an excellent "Prudence," Mrs. Perry acting spiritedly as "Nanine," while Miss Deaderick in a not very important part looked pretty enough to win any audience to good humor. Last evening Mrs. Leighton took a benefit, Mr. Wheatleigh volunteering for the occasion. Indeed, this seems to be a season of benefits, Mr. Frank Lawlor taking one at the Opera House on Wednesday evening of next week, previous to his departure for the Atlantic States. Mrs. Jordan gives her professional assistance on the occasion, and other excellent artists have rallied to the support of one who during the prosperous days of the establishment was "leading man" at the Metropolitan. Mr. Lawlor deserves a good house. There seems, indeed, to be rather of an exodus among the dramatic profession—an easy and natural transition perhaps from the genesis of late—as Mrs. Jordan, too, on the 13th of the coming month, will probably leave for the East, whither the remainder of the family has preceded her, the telegraph announcing the arrival in New York of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorne, senior, Mr. Charles Thorne, junior, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, and the widow of Thomas, who died in China. Mrs. Jordan will of course take a benefit before going, and if the city do not see that the benefit is worthy of the name, it will convict itself of neglect to decidedly the most beautiful woman that the California stage has produced. On Saturday afternoon and evening *The Enchanted Forest*; or *The Bear, Eagle and Dolphin*, a new scenic piece, will be brought out at the Opera House, Mr. Wheatleigh appearing—but whether as "Bear," "Eagle," or "Dolphin," we have not yet been informed. The announcement rather surprises us, as Mr. Wheatleigh is known to be morally and persistently opposed to the bare on the stage.

To-morrow evening, Maguire, at the Academy of Music, will treat the public to a grand vocal, sacred and instrumental concert, sacred concerts not being forbidden by the Sunday Law and Judge Shephard. The Bianchis are engaged for the occasion, together with Wanbold, Hill, the charming contralto, Miss Jennie Kempton, and other eminent artists.

Wilson's Hippodrome at the Mechanics' Fair Pavilion, has proved such a success that he will probably purchase the building, occupy it permanently, and allow no more Industrial Fairs to be held there. Such races—hurdle, steeple and all—were never seen before in San Francisco; the Bay View Park is envious and enraged, and Wilson and Williamson, in consequence, are not on speaking terms, notwithstanding the similarity of their names. A reference to our advertising columns will tell what is going on at the Hippodrome.

At the Eureka the company have been giving the usual variety of popular musical entertainments, with the farce of *New Year's Calls*, in which a laughable skating scene is introduced as the afterpiece. The whole stage is transformed into a skating-pond, and Coes, Birch, Backus, and others, mount the skates and create a deal of amusement, which culminates in Backus falling through a trap-door air-hole—a new way of giving himself hole-i-day airs; (the copyright of that joke we purchased from Barnes of the *Call*, who invented it expressly for the present gay and festive season.)

It will be remembered that the brilliant young writer, Fitz James O'Brien, was fatally wounded early in the war in West Virginia. He was taken to a house near the battle-field, and was tenderly cared for by its mistress until his death. O'Brien's mother, a wealthy Irish lady, who resides upon a charming estate on the banks of the Shannon, has recently sent to her son's last nurse a magnificent set of jewelry.

For a full account of the late Fancy Ball at the Cosmopolitan, see the fourth and fifth pages.

CLARA TO BELLA DONNA.

MY DEAR BELLA DONNA: You have no idea with what pleasure I read your charming letter in THE CALIFORNIAN of the 24th inst. It was the more welcome because it gave me glimpses of persons and things regarding which I have been so curious for a long time. Yet I am puzzled in my speculations as to the manner and circumstances of your admission to the penetralia of Club life. Were you really inside of that abode of bachelors, or did one of the brotherhood describe it to you? I do so long to see you and have a talk with you as to the persons you saw there, its interior arrangements, its routine and peculiarities. Men can be eager to be informed of the mysteries of a harem, while women are equally avid to learn all about clubs. A few days since a mutual friend of ours called to see me, and he exhibited to me and my sister some *cartes de visite* of the members. It appears that some one in China—whether Mongolian or Circassian, I can't really say—sent an immense punch-bowl as a present to the Club, on the receipt of which there was quite a jollification, and the bowl was baptized with appropriate rites and ceremonies. By way of reciprocity it was proposed to send to the East Indian an album containing the likenesses of the members, and it was a part of that collection I saw. One of them was your Rip Van Winkle. His age I cannot gather from the *carte*—much less is there anything in the living man to denote it. People say that one can, by the rings, get at the longevity of an oak, but if Rip bear any corresponding indications by which his age can be told, you must go lower than his face. They may call him old by the almanac or Gregorian calendar; yet his capacity for late hours and long drinks declare him to be the youngest of the club. I am told he is gentle as a woman, of delicate sensibilities, a cheerful *bonhomme*, and one of the fullest-hearted fellows in the world. I remember one other of the collection. It was of a beau I have frequently seen on Montgomery street, and I have also encountered him on the sea-beach, mounted on a slender, bright-eyed horse that perhaps I sinned in coveting. The rider was quite good-looking, and he wore the beard I so much admire—moustache and imperial. It's a great shame such persons don't get married. I really think clubs odious places and sadly demoralizing to young men. For my own part, I wish the Governor or Gen. McDowell would abate all such nuisances. Johnson says that clubs are "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." What does he mean by "certain conditions?" Please answer this question.

I had nearly forgotten another likeness, that of a wee little morsel of a fellow whom some of the girls call "*Le Petit Enfant*." Unlike most little men, he carries his diminutiveness in all his surroundings—at least those of his own selection. He has a pair of ponies, and it seems to me his riding companions are always just his size. At the opera or theatre his lougette is of the smallest kind, and I doubt not all of his other appointments are in keeping. I called last week to see Sarah N—, and she told me that "*Le Petit*" was at the *bal costumé*, and that he wore a queer sort of dress; his pantalons having no legs. Sarah said he ought to be ashamed of himself—that such a costume was not decent. He must have looked droll, and I wish I could have seen him, so that I could have judged for myself—for between you and me, she is growing prudish. I am sure there is no harm, so long as his limbs were covered. People see worse things at a circus without making the slightest complaint. The truth is, Sarah is not as young as she was, and as people get old they begin to be queer. It seems to me that the life of a young and good-looking bachelor, rich, withal, is one of unmitigated selfishness. A man has no right to pass his life all alone with no object but his enjoyments. Celibacy in such instances as "*Le Petit*" is a denial and misapplication of Heaven's gifts. If such persons have a good time, to use brother Sam's phrase, the first half of their lives, I am sure they have misery and loneliness enough the other half. They get gouty, rheumatic and dyspeptic; they have nothing but hired attentions; they are served for profit and the opportunities for pilfering, instead of having the gentle and patient nursing of a devoted and loving wife, whose ministrations are kind and beautiful, because God has filled the female heart with such tender charities. Yet, my dear Bella Donna, our sex is in fault, and I think, from the defective system of our education, which restricts us to the acquisition of what are called *accomplishments*. Why not educate women to be the intellectual companions of men, so that they can be loved for something beyond a "pretty face?" Besides all this we must not forget that the cultivation of the mind is the cultivation of the heart, and that the higher you discipline a woman's head the more earnest, the more infinite you make her capacity for loving. If this were the rule in female education, separations, divorces and seductions would be the exceptions.

But where does my imagination carry me? In my letters to you, dear Bella Donna, I place no restrictions on myself, I simply *daguerre* the feelings which at the time possess me.

I have seen it stated that "An Art Union" is to be established among us. What a charming place it will be, to be sure, for a morning's lounge if fitted up becomingly. People will

go there, for everybody affects art, and one likes to be accepted as a patron, or at least as one of the *cognoscenti*. Rochefoucauld truly says that "men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes." With me painting and statuary, especially the former, stir a feeling of worship that no other material things can do. In cathedrals, those paintings which portray the Holy Mother, and which dimly open to us the "beatitude past utterance," affect me beyond expression. It has been said that

"True painting emulates the poet's lays,"

and yet I think the effect of a painting is more real and lasting than that produced by a poem. The first has expressions and influences that poetry can not excite, it is more ideographic—it is indeed poetry incarnated. I have often wondered that woman with her delicate perception, her tender sensibilities and passionate nature has not taken a higher position in the domain of art. What she can do is well illustrated by the achievements of Rosa Bonheur, and her distinction has been acquired in the most difficult branch of art.

I remember that when "pa" took me to Pompeii, while he loitered near the house of Diomed, I went on to the place where the tomb of an *Adile* stands. That tomb, let me say in parenthesis is full of beauty, that beauty which attaches to a pure symbol. It represents a ship which has encountered heavy storms, and is just entering port with torn and tattered sails. Isn't that an exquisite type of rest—of heaven? Near there I saw a woman seated on a camp stool, and in her lap was a small sketching easel. As I came near her, with a charm of manner that powerfully attracted me, she spoke to me in French and kindly offered to show me the drawing she had made. It was, to use her own language, merely an *esquisse*. Yet in its imperfect and crude state it developed rare talent. Later, when I saw the well known portrait of Rosa Bonheur, painted by herself, in which she is represented as resting her hand on the head of a bull, I recognized my chance acquaintance at the tomb of the *Adile*.

But as it is getting late I must say good night. Write soon. *m'amie.* CLARA.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, November 23, 1864.

ARTEMUS WARD, having lectured before all the crowned heads of Europe ever thought of lecturing, now clears \$300 a night at Dodworth's Hall by his show, Artemus survives all his brother humorists. Doesticks, in that capacity, became extinct long since. He may now be seen as a medical student, wearing a Scotch cap and a serious face. Orpheus C. Kerr appears to be obliterated from the ranks of Wit and Humor as decidedly. He is plain Mr. Newell at present, in his New York home, and not the companion of her of whom the London theatricals speak as a female horse-rider. Poor Squibb, the best of them all, is dead. "Alas, poor Yorick! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?" I saw them a few months since, arranged, either by himself or by some friend after his death, for publication. They have not appeared, and I do not know whether the publisher to whom they were offered, accepted them. His pen and ink sketches were clever, his wit was fine and pungent, his sense of burlesque excellent, and he deserves to live. Artemus Ward is merely funny and absurd. Over his fun and absurdities he is as laborious as if he were writing a metaphysical treatise. That which sparkles in print and from his mouth, was dug out of his brain with slow patience. So it would seem that humor is capable of being composed, or invented, and that it is not always spontaneous. Hood is the king of jesters; his mind was a complete circle which contained the tears of wit as well as its laughter and sarcasm.

There are a good many shows now. One of them is a dog and monkey show. These animals are trained to represent the weak side of human nature, and as human nature has a ludicrous perception of its own weakness it laughs very much over the performances of the dogs and monkeys. There's the show of *Zenobia*, also, "as she appeared in the Triumphal Procession of the Emperor Aurelian at Rome." The artist, Miss Hosmer, has probably hit the secret of making her work a popular one, in the ornaments with which the statue is decorated, and its dress. The exquisitely cut chain which binds the arms, the carved sandals, the elaborate *bas-relief* ornament on the girdle, the jewelled tiara, the weighty, voluminous robes, cannot fail to please the ignorant eye. But these matters will not conceal from the artist's eye the fact that *Zenobia's* neck appears rather larger than her face, and that it has no curve at all, but is a junk of marble. The part of the head just behind the tiara rises up like a lump; its height from the lobe of the ear is too great; possibly the officers who guarded the royal prisoner struck her on the crown for not keeping up in the procession, and raised a bump. I am not able, so far, to add my testimony to the archives of the strong-minded conventions in favor of the superiority of my sex in sculpture. Miss Hosmer has done a great deal, though,

and success and honor be to her! The Artist's Fund Exhibition is on hand at present; from the merit of the pictures it would seem that the artists are indifferent somewhat about helping themselves to a comfortable security in old age. Goupil has a show of Hart's new picture, *Woods in Autumn*, and a late work by Gerome. Barnum, if he may be believed, stimulated by the immense success of the Museum, is filling it up with new dwarfs, giants and other creeping things. He addresses the public with remarkable faith in its gullibility, in a letter which contains a vague programme of wonders. The strougest show at the Museum is its Smell. Mr. Owens has at last retired from his wonderful performance of "Solon Shingle." His characterization of the stage Yankee is the best thing of the sort I ever saw—a most remarkable bit of unclean, low art. Oweus, pictorially speaking, must be ranked with Gerard Dow and Hogarth. Mr. John Clark gives up "Major de Bootes," and his brother-in-law, Edwin Booth, dons the sock and buskin in tragedy. The Winter Garden is leased by Clark & Booth, and we may expect stationary stars from this fact. Possibly Junius Brutus Booth and John Wilkes Booth may attempt to star it on the family boards, though, unlike Edwin, they do not inherit the family genius. We have much opera at present. A large herd of foreign and native *prima donne* is enclosed in Maretzek's bars. There is no end of tenors also, who, like the Aztec children, always need propping in the legs. Bassos have a formidable base generally, but tenors rarely have any pins to speak of. Miss Morensi, (real name Duckworth,) an English-American, is our best *debutante*. She is handsome, has a sense of the dramatic, and possesses a "large," rich contralto voice. Mrs. Van Zandt, soprano, made her first appearance as "Gilda" in the opera of *Rigoletto*. She sang high, long, and well, but trusted to her voice alone, and gave all stage business the go-by. Her arms were stiff, her legs refused to act like human legs, and her eyes rolled to the right and left in dread of the baritone man, the tenor man, and the chorus. Miss Harris, who should have been the daughter of Sairey Gamp's friend, "which it is Mrs. Harris," and invisible like her mother, appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She sang feebly, acted feebly, and was to be commiserated, though many bouquets were thrown at her, and a wonderful basket of flowers passed up through the orchestra. Miss Kellogg, who may be called a veteran in comparison with these nonage singers, is always finished, refined and graceful, though never great. She appears to excellent advantage in *Faust*. Her dress is an acceptable copy of the costume of the period; her dark hair is beautifully braided and powdered to a golden hue, and in manner, at least, she conveys the sentiment which belongs to "Margaret." But, although I have heard the opera of *Faust* over and over again, and although it is exceedingly popular, I cannot make its music express the circle of human passion, desire, fruition, misery, which Goethe's great drama rounds. Music is capable of describing the emotions, the tumults, the torments, and disappointments of the soul, and so I think *Faust* fails. To prove my idea, it is certain that the celebrated march is the favorite point in the opera; its music is hard and perfectly material, so marked in accent, and so metallic, that a child could beat it out on a tin kettle. It is spirited and exhilarating, I grant, but it is a bit apart from the sense of the scene. It is splendidly played by the band of the 6th U. S. Infantry, who are hired to come up from Governor's Island on the nights of the opera. They march, the players, like regulars, crossing and re-crossing the stage, and that is one reason I am sure of the invariable encore. The Italian singer Zucchi, is a glorious actress, as fine as decaying Grisi was when she brought the remnants of her superb self to New York. Zucchi's acting in *Il Poltuto* is magnificent; there is a storm of power and passion in every motion, every expression, but her voice is loose, and not particularly sweet. I fancy she is aged behind her rouge and powder, but no matter for that, she is the only artist we have had for a long time. Speaking of the stage brings to mind Doran's new book, *Annals of the English Stage*, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean—Actors, Authors, Audiences. The book is in two volumes, and very handsomely printed by Widdleton. All the personal gossip concerning the famous actresses and actors whose names we are familiar with, Dr. Doran has collected and arranged in his happy style. As a history it is exhaustive, and for interest equals a novel. For quoting purposes it would last a newspaper writer years. Here is one picked up at hazard, as one opens the Bible to find a text applicable to one's hopes: "Tate Wilkinson himself once, at Maidstone," on a benefit night, "vetted only two pieces of candle and eighteen pence. This theatre was so near the river that the tide overflowed the pit, and threatened to float away the house." Plums of this sort are thick on every page.

The Christmas books are coming in; that is the publishers are sending them to the newspapers for notice. My closet shelves already number some fifty, mostly books for little folk. I propose to give a list of them in my next. Somebody, it appears, reads THE CALIFORNIAN in New York. Last Saturday's *Leader* copies "Salt Sea Guerrilla."

I am happy to learn that THE CALIFORNIAN keeps a "poet."

In this part of the world poets do not flourish—poems do not pay. Bryant lost several hundred dollars on his last volume, *Thirty Poems*. If he loses, who shouldn't? The *Bitter Sweet* poet, Dr. Holland, makes money, however; motherwort and brown sugar are understood by the multitude. Speaking of motherwort reminds me that even our weeds are washed away with our continual showers. Somebody says the California rainy season is imported here. I hope the Washoe mines will follow it. E. D. B. S.

SOCIAL CHAT.

I RECOLLECT well the first sentence in the old Greek Grammar from which I derived the rudiments of the noble language of Homer and Demosthenes—"Man is a social being." He is, indeed, the only talking animal and the only laughing animal, unless we except the hyena, whose laugh can hardly be attributed to any mirthful propensity. Mankind, alone, of all the animals which came out of Noah's Ark, indulges in chat, though I but anticipate the rather questionable joke which you are ready to make when I admit that many birds do more, for they chat-ter. If you would be guilty of so poor a joke as that, you would doubtless say, *apropos* of Noah, that the rainbow, having been first discovered by him, should be called his Arc. Or you might say that the people of his time were not skilled in rowing and boating exercise, for, though they laughed and scoffed, they could not "thwart a N-oah."

I think we are all agreed that a social chat is more entertaining than a long prosy lecture or essay. The two styles are totally different. For example, when I wrote my famous essay for the *North American Review*, on "The Utilization of Mongolian Crows," it was my endeavor to treat of the subject from a comparatively anatomical, naturally historical, and politically economical point of view. My readers were undoubtedly forcibly impressed with the gravity of the subject, and my essay would, doubtless, have been rejected had I dared to suggest that the crows were of more value than greenbacks, because they were good for Cawin'. I was forced to stick closely to the subject, though I divided it into three chief heads, with half a dozen sections under each head. But if I sit down to have a little chat with you we are fettered to no particular subject. One idea succeeds another with such rapidity and slight connection that in a half hour we have discussed the latest fashions, the sermon last Sunday, the advance of Sherman, the President's message and the rise of the streams in the interior. Speaking of high water, I think Judge Shephard is alone responsible for this result, for I notice by the papers that he recently made an order to "send up" Rivers. There was something said about a grand lareeny, and I am told that Rivers carried away two bridges and a wing-dam! But the administration of justice has already been a theme for mirth to the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN, and as it may furnish, at some future time, a long chapter of "chat, chat," I will not touch upon it at present.

I have often been amused by noticing the signs conspicuously displayed in our streets. Our good San Francisco people seem to have run largely to this style of literature, and some specimens are decidedly unique. Any one who had occasion to go to the post-office a few weeks ago must have noticed the announcement of "Danderlion Candy" for sale. I think the painter must have intended, at first, to paint the "lion" only, but, for some unexplained reason, got his "dander" up afterwards. Among our Chinese stores I have seen the apostrophe "Oh, Sing," doubtless intended as a direct quotation from the Psalms. Persons desiring an inexpensive trip to the ocean will find a "C. Beach" within a block of the Occidental Hotel. The sewing machine stores come out strong in the matter of signs, and one would think, to see the placards on their windows, that the sewing machine would soon be employed to do all of our work. Our agricultural friends are perhaps not aware that much of the hardest labor of farming can be performed by this useful invention. In cleaning up timber land, being an unusually lively "feller," it can be used to advantage for felling trees. In the spring time it will "sew" the fields, and in harvest time it will "gather" and "bind." Being famed for its "running" it will make quick work with all troublesome "bastes." Really, what need 'll there be for further invention when we have already such a n-eye approach to perfection?

Coming down Third street the other day, I stumbled over a huge section of iron pipe before I got my eye on it. I was told that this was to be used by the new gas company. This set me to thinking of the improvements, in the last fifty years, in the matter of lighting up. Our grandfathers, in the good old days of big fire-places and cheap fuel depended, to a great extent, on fire light; but after reading by the light of a pine wood knot who would not pine for something better? Hundreds of staunch vessels, manned by sturdy whale-slayers, left our New England ports, and the result of their labors was a revolution in the methods of producing light. The thing was then done according to H-oyle, and people were in a sorry plight who could not afford lam-plight. Next came gas, which, from its great buoyancy, was long considered the lightest thing out, but if you will just take the trouble to go to the city front you can at any time see a lighter. In every department of science and literature we have witnessed great advances during the past quarter of a century, and I propose, perhaps in my next, to refer to some of them which I have not time nor space to touch upon at present. P. GREEN.

SAXON HAIR-DOCTORS.

"YOUR hair is getting very thin on the top, sir. You'd find it very advantageous to use our Treble X Cytherean Extract, which will entirely remove the dandruff, and cause the short hairs to grow long. You will also derive great benefit from our Medicated Balm of Paphos, which is of unparalleled efficacy in moistening dry heads of hair." So says the modern hair-dresser, who generally has some wonderful theory about the causes of baldness. We met with one who attributed it entirely to "the acids," which his "Arabian Alkali" would effectually neutralize. Unfortunately, this ingenious gentleman broke down in the cross-examination, proved himself to have a very vague idea of the nature of acids in general, and was utterly unable to explain what were the particular acids that destroyed the hair. Nevertheless, we bought a bottle of the "Arabian Alkali," with the view of making experiments. Two strips of litmus-paper bore evidence, firstly, that the alkali was not alkaline; and secondly, that it was not acid. In short, it was merely colored and scented water, which probably has a beneficial effect when applied to dirty heads. Another of the fraternity advocated the cutting cure, probably because the public has become somewhat sceptical about oils and washes. He, too, had a theory: it was a mistake, he said, to suppose that when the hair fell it came out by the roots; nothing of the kind; it broke off in the middle, and split up towards the root, and if not cut, a hair thus unfortunately divided against itself, left only to itself above the surface of the skin, this strip had, to the naked eye, the appearance of a fine but perfect hair. Miserable delusion! it was only a remnant, which might, by the constant use of the scissors, be induced to become a perfect hair. The application of the theory was not difficult. In the first place, you ought to have your hair cut regularly once a week; in the second place, this cutting operation ought to be performed by the author of the theory, who alone knew how to turn a strip into a cylinder.

Sometimes, too, in a moment of weakness, a family doctor may be induced to prescribe for falling hair. He does it cautiously. "Mind," he says, "I don't say it will be effectual in your case, but it is undoubtedly the best thing known for making the hair grow. Last year I had three young ladies under my care, who were terribly frightened about their hair, and it's now thicker than ever." You cannot fail to have faith after this, especially seeing that the doctor himself is bald, so you apply the remedy (tincture of cantharides and acetic acid, most probably,) which, if it does not turn your hair grey, proves as effectual as any of the other remedies.

But it seems that in all times ladies and gentlemen losing their hair believed in the possibility of a remedy, and where there was a demand there was, of course, a supply. The Ediths and Rowenas of the Saxons consulted their doctors about their hair, and so did the Julias and Emilias of the Romans before them. The treatment was rather different in those days, but probably not less successful than that of our time. We may doubt whether the Lady Rowena put her hair in curl-papers; we may be sure she went to bed with her nose full of sowbread, serenely confident that she knew how to keep her hair on her head. "In case that a man's hair fall off, take this same wort (sowbread,) and put it into the nostrils," says Apuleius. He adds soon afterwards: "It also is well beneficial for heart-ache;" possibly he might have said, with equal truth, for "the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to." But, in any case, it is no small thing to know how your hair may be made to grow, and your heart cured of its aches, by one and the same remedy.

But not content with acting upon the hair indirectly through the olfactory nerves and brain, Apuleius and the Saxon leeches occasionally recommend local applications. They mention especially water-wort. "If a man's hair fall off," they say, "take this same wort, pound it in oil, smear then the hair therewith, it soon cometh fast." The assertion is rather vague as regards time, especially when we consider that the Saxons were a patient people. We are more precise in these days: "A month's trial will suffice to convince the most sceptical of the infallible virtues of the Pommade Philocombe;" and "we need ask the afflicted to buy no more than one hottle of the oil of the Esquimaux chiefs."

Again, we read of hop-trefoil: "Also this wort is efficacious to make either men's or women's hair grow." On reading this, one might have a horrible suspicion that, unless the fact is specially mentioned, the prescription which will make man's hair grow will not necessarily make a woman's hair grow. One can hardly suppose that even mediæval leeches would be so selfish, so wanting in consideration to the sex, as to study the art of restoring their own hair and that of their male friends, while they were careless about the hair of their sisters and their sweet-hearts, to whom an unimpaired head of hair was of infinitely greater importance. Fortunately, we have succeeded in obtaining evidence on this point from an old Saxon chronicler not very well known either to the public or to professed antiquaries. The watercress remedy prescribed by Apuleius, is mentioned in this old Saxon chronicler in such a way as to leave no doubt that where any mode of treatment was recommended for a man's hair, a woman's hair

was included. "In case that a man's hair fell off," says Apuleius again, "take juice of the wort which one nameth nasturtium (*nasturtium officinale*), and another nameth cress; put it on the nose; the hair shall wax" (grow.) It is worth while to remark, that in the case of this remedy, as well as of sowbread, the action seems to be indirect. There are, doubtless, people in existence who would laugh at the idea of applying to the nose an herb intended to act upon the hair. But it must be remembered that cerebral disturbance has a very powerful effect upon the hair, sometimes turning it white in a single night, as in the (doubtful) case of the Prisoner of Chillon, at other times causing bare patches upon the head, which, if not looked to in time, lead eventually to total baldness. It seems, therefore, most reasonable to suppose that any action upon the brain might be expected to have an effect upon the hair. Through the orifices of the nose an effect may be produced upon the olfactory nerves, which would immediately stimulate the brain and probably make the hair grow. The experiment is really worth trying.

To return, however, to the proof from the Saxon chronicler, that women are included when men are spoken of, Niewand* tells the following story:

The Lady Rowena feared much that her lovely locks of flaxen hair were falling and becoming thin. When next she saw her father confessor, she said unto him, having first talked of many other things, "Father, my mind much misgives me that my beauty is about to depart from me."

"How so, my daughter?" said the confessor; "methinks thy mind is not set upon heavenly things, as it should be."

"Father, have I not confessed unto thee, and answered all thy questions; and can I forget thy skill in leechcraft, and in all knowledge? Oh, father, tell me what must I do to save my hair, thou who knowest a remedy for all things."

"There is a remedy for that, as for all other ills; thou hast but to apply it, and thy hair is saved."

"Tell me, tell me, father, what is it!" she cried, and her blue eyes danced with pleasure and with expectation.

"It is simple and it is sure," said the confessor; "thou knowest the wort called cress, or, as others name it, watercress?"

"I do," answered the Lady Rowena; "I like it much, both with butter and with cheese."

"Good!" said the father. "Thou shalt take thereof, at even, ere thou liest down to rest, and shalt rub thereof upon thy nose, first with thy right hand and then with thy left hand, and when both hands are weary, then shalt thou call unto thy tiring-woman, and she also shall rub upon thy nose. Thus shalt thou do every night."

"Oh!" said the Lady Rowena, very slowly.

"Thou likest not the remedy?" asked the confessor.

"But——" began the Lady Rowena, and stopped short.

"Say on, my daughter."

"But, father dear, will not the rubbing of my nose cause a redness thereon, or peradventure tear the skin thereof?"

"I know not, my daughter; peradventure it may, but it will restore thy hair."

"Oh! what am I to do?" asked the Lady Rowena, in despair.

"What thou wilt," answered the confessor, sternly.

"But, father, if I do as thou biddest me, how soon will my hair be fast again?"

"I bid thee not; do what thou wilt; thy hair will be fast again when it shall please God."

Then the Lady Rowena began to weep, and threw herself at the father confessor's feet, and entreated him, saying,—

"O father, be kind unto me, for I am wretched."

And the confessor stooped down to raise her, and she put out her hand, and lo it came upon the crown of his head, and it was smooth like unto a billiard-ball. And the Lady Rowena was astonished, for she knew that, when hair has been shaved off, the skin is rough and unpleasant to the touch, and she said unto him,—

"Why, how is this, father confessor? I thought it was only the tonsure which made bare the crown of thy head, and lo thou art bald. Where are thy water-cresses, O father confessor?"

Then there was a redness in the confessor's face, as of a fire reflected therein, and he answered unto her, and laid his hand upon her head, and said unto her,—

"Fair daughter, the vanities of this world are naught unto me. God gave me my hair, and God hath taken it away again. But thou, wherefore dost thou repine? Thy hair is thick and fair to look upon. Fear God, and he good, and all shall be well with thee and with thy bright locks."

And the Lady Rowena went on her way rejoicing.

Do thou likewise, O reader, when hair-dressers would make thee nervous.

*About 1045, A. D. Date not ascertained with precision.

"Didn't you tell me, sir, that you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a man, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah be arsy now!" said Pat; "How can I hold it and two horses drawing it away from me. But give it to me in the barn, and I'll hold it with anybody."

LYING DIAMONDS.—M. Pasteur has placed under the eyes of his colleagues of the French Academy, a little flock of six insects from Mexico, which had great success from the curiosity which they inspired.

These insects are rather large—three centimetres long at least—of a chocolate brown color, and are pyrophorous, or at least, inciferous. They have, in effect, above their eyes, two sorts of luminous protuberance of great brilliancy, which make them resemble opals of the greatest purity. The effulgence shed in darkness by these organs, the nature and composition of which are not yet known, is sufficient, it appears, to admit of reading by its light. Under certain circumstances, the insect can, at will, disguise its light by means of a membrane which it draws over it.

The Mexican ladies use this beetle as an ornament. It is called *Cucujo* by the Spanish, which is easily understood on beholding it, for there are no precious stones to be compared for color, purity, and luminous lustre with the protuberances of this insect. This insect, once captured, becomes an object of the greatest care and solicitude. Inclosed in cages of very fine brass wire, the *cucujos* are fed on fragments of sugarcane, or leaves of maize, and bathed in pure water twice a day. This last precaution is indispensable to the preservation of their health. The bath replaces the morning and evening dew. The Mexican pyrophora, which live in considerable quantities in the environs of Vera Cruz, where the Indians take them by balancing coals heated to a white heat at the end of a stick, thus become real domestic animals. They deserve better than any other creature the title of ornamental. They are jewels, without need of using metaphor to give them that name.

To use them in dress, they are placed in the evening in little bags of light tulle, and then disposed, according to the taste of the wearer, upon the skirts of dresses, like diamonds, and mingled with artificial flowers and humming-bird's feathers. Ladies also place them in their hair by means of pins passed between the head of the insect and its corslet, an operation which is harmless to the insect, and as may be seen by any one who has played with the stag-beetle in childhood.

A BISHOP IN PURBUS.—We can not resist the temptation of relating the following anecdote of the Apostolic Bishop of New Zealand. He persuaded the Bishop of Newcastle to start with him from Sydney on a missionary cruise in his yacht to New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Loyalty, and other islands in his then extensive diocese. Like ourselves they put in at the Bay of Islands. The Bishop of New Zealand wished to show his brother of Newcastle a little of the country, and for that purpose proposed to take him to a distant station on the other side of the river. The ground was soft and boggy, as we had found it, and the Bishop of Newcastle had never been accustomed to "rough it" in such a country as this. He could ride his fifty miles a day in his own diocese; but his hardly brother always walked, and besides there were no horses to be had here. Always neat and spruce in his dress, looking "as if he had just come out of a baidbox," and afraid like a cat to wet his feet, he picked his way most carefully and delicately, unlike his brother Bishop, who tramped on "through thick and through thin," till at last they came to the river side. The river was swollen with the heavy rain which had been pouring down in torrents for some days previously, and he of Newcastle looked awfully puzzled, wondering how they were to cross—neither bridge nor ford being visible in any direction. He was still further puzzled when he saw the Bishop of New Zealand, without a word, deliberately taking off shoes, leggings, stockings, and, last of all, his breeches. In reply to his brother Bishop's "whatever next?" he coolly collected his various articles of dress and stepped into the river up to his apron, calling out as he did so, "Now then, Newcastle, off with your breeks, and follow your leader!" There was no help for it, as there was no other means of crossing the river, and the good Bishop invariably refused to be carried across by any of his Maori suite, on the ground that it was not right to treat such noble fellows "like beasts of burden."

A MINISTER who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true; but suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

LYNCHED BY THE LADIES.—A young man named Isaac Camp, who had played the gay Lothario quite extensively among the young girls at Deerfield, Michigan, greatly to the prejudice of good morals, was waited upon by a deputation of matrons of the village, recently, and fitted with a suit of feathers, tar serving the purpose of securing the feathery garments to his person. One young girl, a victim of the libertine, has been missing for some time.

MEN do two-thirds of the sinning in the world, and make women do the other third.

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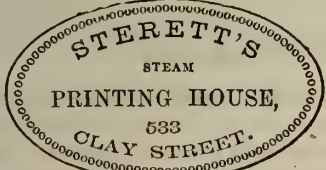
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2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of this avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

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And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Cuiverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE telegraph man enjoyed the Christmas festivities and the good news that seasoned the Eastern dinners so well that he forgot his friends this side of the mountains, who were consequently left without a line of news to feel good, bad or indifferent over, for several successive days—and weary, dismal and drizzly days they were. The good people were badly sold by the bogus despatches of Saturday night; yet those endowed with sufficient faith to believe them, and persist in the belief, were not far wrong after all. Sherman, arrived at the sea-shore, performs most successfully the first act of his grand new war-piece. The succeeding ones, judging from the tone of the first, are bound to grow in brilliancy till the *denouement* in the last scene, when the world will probably witness a *tableau* exceeding in grandeur anything that has ever been heard of in the annals of war. Savannah fallen, Charleston must soon follow. And even now the Federal guns are thundering at the gates of Wilmington! It is scarcely possible that the rebels can hold out against such moral suasion. With all those strongholds on the coast in our possession—with every point worth holding in the interior (except Richmond) under the starry flag of the Union, how long will the Destructionists persist in their wild designs to destroy the Republic of America? The day of their trial is at hand. They will find out when too late that the might of the nation is only now expanding, and that the final blow will work a terrible death to the rebellion.

December 22.—Sherman, in his march through Georgia, is reported to have devastated 42 counties, captured 4,000 prisoners, 10,000 negroes, 1,500 horses and 30 pieces of artillery. He did not lose a gun. Our entire casualties were about 500 prisoners, (stragglers,) 300 to 400 killed and wounded, including those at Fort McAllister. There was not a serious battle during the whole march.

From Nashville, accounts place Thomas at Columbia. That portion of the rebel army which crossed the river proceeded southward. The remnant of Hood's army is stated to be in a deplorable condition, and utter extermination is probable.

Gen. McCook overtook the rebel Gen. Lyon at Ashbyville and routed him. Lyon was also attacked and routed at Hopinsville, Kentucky.

December 23.—Mullen's peace resolution in the rebel Congress was defeated by 41 to 20 votes.

The N. Y. Times' special despatch speaks of the rebel retreat from Franklin to Duck river as "begging" description. Hood told his corps commanders to get off the best way they could with their commands. The rebel loss during the campaign is 18,000 men, 58 cannon and 18 general officers. The Union loss at Franklin was 2,000, and before Nashville less than 4,000. Rebel loss: before Nashville and in the retreat, 3,000 killed and wounded, and 8,000 prisoners; at Franklin, 4,000 killed, 3,800 wounded and 1,000 prisoners.

December 24.—From Louisville a despatch estimates Lyon's forces at from 2,000 to 3,000 cavalry and six pieces of artillery. They struck the Louisville and Nashville railroad at Elizabethtown, and destroyed a few unimportant spans over Bacon creek, a small stream, then turned north, and threatened the important trestlework at Muldrough's hill. Lagrange's brigade, of McCook's division, was close upon Lyon's rear.

December 25.—Gen. Hoke's rebel division has left its position in front of the Army of the James and gone to the assistance of the defence of Wilmington.

A division of Union troops under the command of Palmer, occupied Bower Hill, eight miles east of Portsmouth, Va., for the purpose, it is supposed, of operating against Weldon.

Sherman is again making demonstrations in the Valley of the Shenandoah; Early sends out 4,000 cavalry to meet him, but he will possibly be too late to do much harm.

Gen. Sherman sent the following despatch to the President, on Christmas Day:

"I beg to present you with a Christmas gift—the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and about 25,000 bales of cotton. SHERMAN."

Gen. Foster says: "I opened communication with the city of Savannah with my steamers to-day, taking up the torpedoes which we could see and passing safely over others. Arrangements are made to clear the channel of obstructions."

December 26.—The confirmatory intelligence of the fall of Savannah gives particulars in relation to the capture. Sherman invested the city on the 20th, and then demanded its surrender on pain of bombardment. Hardee postponed his reply, and on the same night secretly evacuated the place, having first destroyed the Navy Yard and rebel stores. Two iron-clads were sunk. In the haste of evacuation the rebel soldiery neglected to destroy 32,000 bales of cotton that were stored in the city; and consequently they fell into our hands. Four small steamers—one a gunboat—were captured. Hardee and his troops crossed the river to the north bank, and were supposed to be pushing for Charleston. Next day, Sherman entered the city at the head of his body guard, and received from the hands of a deputation of citizens, the surrender of Savannah.

December 27.—Sherman moved up the Savannah river towards Augusta. His intention is to capture that place and then swing round his army in the rear of Charleston and destroy all its railroads on the way.

Thomas is still pursuing Hood. The latest news leaves the broken and disorganized forces retreating rapidly towards the

Tennessee river, without making a stand. Hood is without artillery or pontoons, and the supposition is that as he cannot do much in the fighting line he must surrender.

Wilmington is closely besieged; 5,000 colored troops landed a few miles below Fort Fisher, and took a strong earthwork in front of the fort; but the rebels were reinforced and retook the work, driving the troops out with heavy loss. Other operations were successful, and the bombardment still goes on.

A brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalry is reported to have left Fort McAllister, on the 18th, for the purpose of releasing the prisoners on the Gulf railroad, 90 miles distant. All the Union prisoners from Millen are reported to be sent there.

December 28.—Richmond papers report the capture of Saltville, Southwestern Virginia, by Burbridge's division under Stoneman. The valuable salt works and lead mines which supplied nearly the whole of the Confederacy, were situated there. Everything was destroyed. Bristol and Wythville are also in ruins, and the amount of property destroyed by this raid is estimated at \$20,000,000. Later official accounts confirm the news. Breckinridge is utterly defeated, and has retired into North Carolina. After completely demolishing the lead mines and salt works, Burbridge has arrived with his command safely at Cattleburg, Ky.

A cavalry expedition under Torbett, advanced towards Gordonsville. At Liberty Mills the rebels were defeated in a skirmish. Finding Gordonsville strongly defended by reinforcements, the Union troops retired.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

The case of D. O. McCarthy, charged with libel, has been continued in the Police Court till next Tuesday.

JUDGE SHEPHERD sent John McLaughlin before the County Court, last Monday, for breaking John Peasey's nose with a sledge hammer.

D. S. WARE, balladist at the Eureka Theatre, was seriously injured by being thrown from a buggy on Montgomery street, opposite the Occidental Hotel, Tuesday evening. His head was badly cut in two places, and his ankle sprained.

A PRISONER in the County Jail named George Angle, under arrest for burglary, attempted suicide, Wednesday night, by hanging himself with a leather belt. Medical aid restored him to life, but he is now a raving maniac.

On Saturday afternoon the Provost-Marshal went out to Hayes' Park and arrested Michael Hayes on a charge of fitting out a Confederate privateer in this port. The prisoner underwent a preliminary examination before the military authorities, and was then conveyed to Alcatraz. Mr. Hayes is an old resident, and has many warm personal friends in the community who will be filled with regret if he has indeed been guilty of any such foolish and criminal proceeding.

Among the passengers by the *Constitution*, last Monday, were Gen. H. M. Naglee and formerly Surveyor-General Edward F. Beale. It was rumored on the authority of the Washington correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, that Gen. Naglee came to California determined to send a *cartel* to Gen. McDowell, on account of the strictures passed by the latter upon Gen. McClellan in a speech delivered during the late campaign. We are unable to find any foundation for the report, however, and certainly, so far as appearances go, the two generals are upon friendly terms with each other. It is wonderful how *canards* are born, and how fast and far they fly.

On Monday evening last, during the progress of the Christmas pantomime at the Metropolitan Theatre, an accident occurred, to the manager and gymnast, H. C. Lee, who had ascended to the top of the fly, preparatory to being apparently blown from a mortar, when the machinery on which he was standing gave way, and he fell to the stage, fracturing his right ankle, and jarring him so severely as to cause at first serious apprehension of a fatal result. The audience was at once dismissed, as it was impossible to go on with the play.

JAMES GORDON, mate of a schooner, had been missing for several days. On Tuesday evening some little girls discovered his body immediately beneath one of the "man-traps" on East street, between Washington and Jackson. The right arm of the corpse was pointed upwards, and its position in the water showed that the unfortunate man must have fallen into the Bay at high tide and drowned while held fast by the feet in the mud at the bottom. Doubtless an extraordinary low tide would discover a forest of skeletons of missing men in the same position, victims to the neglect of property-owners along the city front. Will they never mend their ways?

On Saturday night last the people of San Francisco were most egregiously sold by the publication of a bogus *Extra*, announcing that "Richmond had been taken—Gen. Butler killed by a woman—22,000 men killed—that gold was down to 84," etc., etc. It being Christmas Eve, everybody and his wife were on the street, and the young scapegraces who peddled the "extras" reaped quite a harvest before the sell was discovered. Soon after this latter event about a dozen of the newsboys discovered a "cell" in the station-house. Some shadow of excuse may lie with the boys, who adopted an expedient which lay in their hands for raising pocket-money for Christmas, but the men who originated the swindle deserve punishment.

On Monday last, in broad daylight, a man attacked and seriously injured John P. Smith, formerly a conductor on one of the Omnibus Railroad cars, on Montgomery street, opposite the Metropolitan Theatre. It is reported that Smith was

instrumental in causing the arrest of a party of gamblers, recently. The story goes that he made an application to them for a "loan," which he effected; but that a second application, accompanied by a threat of exposure unless the demand were complied with, did not prove successful; that in consequence he denounced them to the police, and that the "sporting fraternity" took this method of getting even—Mr. Smith's head was badly bruised.

SQUARZA, the inventor of punches, and the appreciator of the benefits of advertising, sends the *CALIFORNIAN* office a half-dozen bottles of his punch. The names are novel; we have never wrung tears from ladies' eyes, neither have we ever drunk them, but the latter experience will now be ours, for one of the bottles is labelled "Ladies' Tears." Then we have "Anti-Diverge Punch," "Matrimony-Promoting Punch," and every punch, in fact, except a punch in the head. That these punches, however, will go the head in due course of time, we shrewdly suspect. Squarza has our acknowledgments for his kind remembrance.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Fifteen hundred pounds of superior tobacco were recently sent to market from the ranch of S. R. Gwin, Merced county.

A piece of ore taken from a newly discovered lead in Montgomery district, (Esmeralda,) assayed \$3,700 to the ton.

The Governor of Nevada, (Blaisdel,) stands high with his people—six feet four.

A meeting was held at Sacramento, Dec. 27th, to memorialize Congress relative to measures for the prevention of mutual wrongs and lawless outrages between whites and Indians.

Copper-smelting works have been erected in Genesee Valley, Plumas county, which promise a new impetus to copper mining in that section.

The *Stockton Beacon* has ceased to twinkle; the *Daily Record* (by Judd & Rolland) takes its place.

The Tunnel Company at Thompson Flat, Butte county, after seven years hard work have completed their flumes and are being liberally rewarded. Muscle and patience will win.

Gas in Virginia, Nevada, is sold at \$15 per 1,000 feet.

The offer of a Veteran Regiment from California for Hancock's new corps has been declined by the War Department.

Michael Madden was killed by Charles Smith at Gold Hill, Nevada, lately. They had quarreled over a game of cards.

The damage to the Potosi mine by the recent cave has been repaired, and the hoisting works are again in operation.

M. Boulware, Assemblyman from Sutter county, has been appointed Lieut.-Colonel 7th Regiment Infantry, Cal. Vols.

The Nevada *Gazette* favors a sale of the mineral lands, under proper restrictions.

Wells, Fargo & Co. shipped from Virginia, on the 21st inst., 2,200 pounds of bullion.

The Masonic fraternity of Marysville, Cal., dedicated a commodious and elegant hall, Dec. 27th.

Edward Tone is supposed to have been drowned in Lake Tahoe a few days since, a boat in which he had been sailing having been found capsized and dismantled.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Nevada have drawn terms as follows: Lewis, (to be Chief Justice,) two years; Beatty four, and Brosnan six years.

A party of Shoshones lately broke open cabins at Smoky Valley, secured a large amount of plunder, and fled, taking with them horses and oxen. They were pursued, three killed, one wounded, and part of the property recovered.

At Cave City, recently, a Chiuaman stabbed Michael Bierney three times, when the latter shot him in the face; John retreated, but was caught by W. D. Henderson and taken to El Dorado, near which place he soon expired of hemp fever.

A boy twelve years old, son of J. H. Renard, was killed, a few days since, in Sonoma county, by the accidental discharge of a gun.

E. D. Hosselkus was knocked down and seriously injured by a falling tree near Taylorsville, Cal., recently.

The citizens of Virginia, Nevada, have organized a Howard Benevolent Society; Judge Tod Robinson is Chairman.

P. Q. Turner was so badly frozen in going from Adobe Meadows to Aurora, recently, that both feet must be amputated.

Near Rough and Ready, Dec. 23d, T. Parker dropped a hydraulic pipe with which he was working, when the water dashed against his leg and broke it.

Summing up the effect of the recent rains, the Nevada *Transcript* says: "So beneficent a season to the miner has never occurred in this State."

A PICTURE is being exhibited at the Pantheon, representing the fire in the cathedral, containing three thousand Chilian ladies. The artist describes it as exhibiting every attitude of distress and confusion that the human mind can conceive.

THE love of all is but a small thing to the love of one.

**HOLIDAY GOODS,
AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.**

Fancy Articles, Toys, etc.

A. Kohler, 424 Sansome street and 622 Washing-
ton street.

Robert Mayer's Bazaar, 224 Montgomery street,
southeast corner of Pine.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street under
the Russ House.

Gift Books and Annuals.

A. Roman & Co., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery
street.

Tyler Brothers, No. 632 Washington street.

M. Flood, No. 428 Kearny street.

Chilion Beach, 34 Montgomery street.

Ladies' Fur Capes, Buggy Robes, etc.

L. C. Mayer & Sons, No. 5 Montgomery street.

Ladies' Cloaks, Lace Goods and Fancy Articles.

Rosenblatt's Palace of Fashion, No. 125 Mont-
gomery street.

Photographic Views, Spectacles, Cutlery, etc.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Mont-
gomery street, between Pine and California.

Groceries, etc.

Bowen Brother, southeast corner of Montgomery
and California street.

Haskell & Co.'s Tea Store, Market and Sutter
streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market.

P. J. White & Co., 419 and 421 Clay street, below
Sansome.

Bottled Wines, Punches, etc.

F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street.

Squarza's, No. 44 Leidesdorff street.

Furniture.

Goodwin & Co., 523 Washington street, below
Montgomery.

B. P. Moore & Co., southeast corner of Sansome
and Pine streets.

Clothing.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., boys and gents' clothing,
etc., 624 Clay street.

J. R. Mead & Co., clothing and furnishing goods,
No. 202 Montgomery street, corner of Bush.

Gentlemen's Toilet Articles.

Chretien Pfister, No. 221 Montgomery street,
under the Russ House.

Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle.

R. Little & Co., No. 418 Washington street.

Wilson & Evans, No. 513 Clay street.

Carpets, etc.

Kennedy & Bell, southeast corner of Montgomery
and California streets.

Confectionery.

Canty & Wagner, (successors to J. Regan,) No.
13 Montgomery street.

Photographs etc.

H. Bush's Gallery, junction of Post, Market and
Montgomery streets.

Boots and Shoes.

H. Lucke, importer of French boots and shoes,
No. 648 Washington street.

RUPTURE.--We call attention to the adver-
sement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of
Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society,
who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the
body, and the construction and application of peculiar sur-
gical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal
complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction
of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's
Office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and
Kearny streets. Manufacturing, 232 Sutter street, San Fran-
cisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. *

RICHES HAVE WINGS.--Nothing illustrates this
more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. There-
fore, provide n certainty for your family in the future by
insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance
Company--cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

7y30-1m

WET AND DRY.--What a great propensity
people have for imbibing "something" in rainy
weather! How can one account for the paradoxical
act that the wetter they get the drier they are?
We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and
among the concourse we found practicing at his bar,
included that Signor Squarza was a great benefac-
tor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his
laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber
overcoats and umbrellas.

GLORIOUS NEWS.--Six pounds White Gran-
ulated Sugar, \$1; nine pounds Cooking Sugar, \$1;
seven pounds Cooking Raisins, \$1; six-pound boxes
raisins, \$1; six pounds Currants, \$1; eight pounds
new Dried Apples, \$1; seven pounds Prunes, \$1;
seven pounds California Dried Peaches, \$1; four
pounds Green Coffee, \$1; nine pounds Rice, \$1.
EAS--Oolong, 75 cents per pound; Family Mix-
ture, 75 cents; Mandarin Oolong, \$1; strong and
unflavored Breakfast Tea, \$1; new crop Japan
tea, 90 cents; very choice Green Teas, \$1. Fresh
ground Coffee, for family use, 35 cents; Babbitt's
are Cream Tartar, 60 cents; Saleratus, 12 1/2 cents;
Merrill's Yeast Powder, 25 cents per box;
McMurray's Oysters, 40 cents; and numerous other
articles cheap for cash, at HASKELL'S NEW
LAMMOTH TEA STORE, fronting on Market
and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropoli-
tan Market. Open every evening till further notice.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ly2

**CHOICE BOOKS,
--FOR--
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!**

A. Roman & Co.,

HAVE just received a large and well-selected
stock of BOOKS, suitable for CHRISTMAS and
NEW YEARS' PRESENTS, to which they invite
the attention of the public.

FINE ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery. Folio antique, unor.
Lights and Shadows of New York Picture Galleries.
Don Quixote, splendidly illustrated by Gustave Dore. 2
vols.

Audubon's Birds of America. Folio, colored plates--a
fine copy.

Hall's British Ballads.

Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second.

Cox's Christian Ballads.

Artist's Edition of the Sketch Book.

Byron and Waverley Galleries.

Folk Songs. Queens of England.

Dresden and Berlin Galleries.

World-noted Women. Loves of the Poets, etc.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN FINE BINDINGS.

Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Bulwer, Carlyle, Macaulay, Emer-
son, Goldsmith, Bancroft, Motley, Dickens, Addison
and others.

**WEBSTER'S
NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.
WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.**

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. 22 vols.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. 16 vols.

BIBLES AND PRAYERBOOKS,
In every variety of size and binding.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
an elegant assortment in Velvet and Morocco Bindings.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
the largest assortment in the city.

TOYS, GAMES, DISSECTED MAPS, ETC., ETC.

All of which we offer at the lowest prices.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

**LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S
PATENT IMPROVED
Flesh Gloves and Straps!**

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction,
Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the
Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR
Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the
human body, is now too well known to every one who has
paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action
of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and
Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a
peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manu-
facture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly
to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the
Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) and
rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time
enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually
performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use,
apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of
Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly
recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession,
and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by

H. P. WAKELEE,
Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

sc24

**QUINTESENCE OF
ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,**

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the
purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,
Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a
perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities
usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the Uni-
ted States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is
the most delicate and refreshing perfume in use. This
preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden
Lavender Flowers.

sc24

**LADIES' FUR CAPES!
FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!**

L. C. MAYER & SONS,
No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

BUGGY ROBES, ETC., IN GREAT VARIETY.

In consequence of an additional member entering our
firm in January next, we are obliged, by partnership
agreement, to dispose of the whole of our elegant assort-
ment of LADIES' FURS, which we have determined to
accomplish by selling at prices to suit purchasers.

NO FICTION IN THIS NOTICE.

de10

PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.
113 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

N. B.--All CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be
manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to
be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of
charge. Country orders promptly attended to.

de3-3m

**FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS
YOU SHOULD
GO TO ROBERT MAYER'S BAZAAR,
FOR THERE YOU FIND THE
BEST ASSORTED AND MOST VARIED STOCK
That can be seen on the Pacific Coast,**

Comprising, in part, Gold and Silver Watches,
Chains, Bracelets, Diamond Rings and Pins, Silverware,
Plated Goods, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, fine Porcelain
Chinaware, Music Boxes, Stereoscopes and Views, Violins,
Accordeons, Guitars, Concertinas, Clocks, Rocking Horses,
Toys, Drums, and a thousand other articles, all wanted
for Christmas and New Years.

This is a free invitation for all to come. We are
selling cheaper than any other house in the city.

STORE, No. 242 MONTGOMERY STREET,
de3-4w Southeast corner of Pine.

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COM-
PANY.**

The following steamships will be despatched in the month
of JANUARY, 1865:

DECEMBER 4th - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punc-
tually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall
by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspin-
wall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

de24

**OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
JANUARY 11th!**

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

VIA NICARAGUA!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

**650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE
TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!**

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will
despatch the commodious and favorite steamship
AMERICA,
W. L. MERRY - - - - - COMMANDER

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON WEDNESDAY, - - - - - JANUARY 11th

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid
Steamship
GOLDEN RULE,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals fur-
nished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-
master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance
on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

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REMOVAL.

**A. EDDY'S
Dancing Academy,**
Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF
elsewhere.

CLASSES--MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-
past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES--On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.;
also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to
suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks.

nu6-1f

**CALIFORNIA
BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend
of one and one-half per cent. per month for the past six
months, upon the Capital Stock of the above Company, is
hereby declared payable on and after this date at the office
of the Company, No. 406 Montgomery street.

A. MASSEY,
O. J. PRESTON,
DENNIS MAHONEY,
P. J. REILLY,
Finance Committee.

de17-3f

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

**Devoted to Live Topics,
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.**

Is published

**EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
328 MONTGOMERY STREET.**

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN
to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as being
THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper of a superior quality and weight is being made

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements
have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the
Eastern cities have been no less warm and con-
gratulatory than those which we have received at
the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific.
Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified appro-
val of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

**EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL
on the Continent.**

Let the people of the mountains and the valleys

BUY THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let every lover of choice literature throughout
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READ THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let no family be without this paper, which, as an
Eastern cotemporary remarks, is creditable to the
people who sustain it. Therefore,

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FOR THE
CALIFORNIAN!**

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to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month
served by carriers.

All communications and correspondences must be ad-
dressed to "THE CALIFORNIAN,"
Office, No. 328 Montgomery street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

THE oft-discussed question as to the injurious effects or otherwise of narcotics upon the system was raised by Dr. Richardson, in a paper read recently before the British Association, and the whole subject was treated in a manner to which certain moderate smokers will not find fault, but which will be strongly opposed by Dean Close. He pointed out that the products of the combustion of tobacco are water, free carbon, ammonia, carbonic acid, an alkaloidal principle called nicotine, an empyreumatic substance, and a resinous, bitter extract. The water is in the form of vapor; the carbon in the form of minute particles, suspended through the water vapor, and giving to the eddies of smoke their blue color; the ammonia in the form of gas combined with carbonic acid; the carbonic acid gas partly free and partly in combination with ammonia. The nicotine is a non-volatile body, an alkaloid which remains in the pipe; the empyreumatic substance is a volatile body, having the nature of an ammonia, but the exact composition of which is as yet unknown; it is this that gives to the smoke its peculiar odor; it adheres very powerfully to woolen materials, and, in the concentrated form, is so obnoxious as almost to be intolerable. The bitter extract is a resinous substance, of dark color, and of intensely bitter taste. It is probably a compound body, having an alkaloid as its base. It is not volatile, and only leaves the pipe by being carried along the stem in the fluid form.

The greatest variations exist in various kinds of tobacco. Simple tobacco that has not undergone fermentation yields very little free carbon, much ammonia, much carbonic acid, little water, none, or the smallest possible trace of nicotine, a very small quantity of empyreumatic vapor, and an equally small quantity of bitter extract. Latakia tobacco yields these same products only. Bristol bird's-eye yields large quantities of ammonia, and very little nicotine. Turkish yields much ammonia. Shag tobacco yields all the products in abundance, and the same may be said of pure Havana cigars. Cavendish varies considerably; some specimens which are quickly dried are nearly as simple as Latakia; other specimens, which are moist, yield all the products in great abundance. Pigtail yields every product most abundantly.

The little Swiss cigars yield enormous quantities of ammonia, and Manillas yield very little. The water vapor is innocuous; the carbon settles on the mucous membrane, and irritates the throat. The carbonic acid is a narcotic, if it be received into the lungs. The ammonia causes dryness and biting of the mucous membrane of the throat, and increases the flow of saliva; absorbed into the blood it renders that fluid too thin, causing irregularity of the blood corpuscles; it also causes, when absorbed in large quantities, suppression of the biliary secretion and yellowness of skin; it quickens and then reduces the action of the heart, and, in young smokers, it produces nausea. The empyreumatic substance seems to be almost negative in its effects, but it gives to the tobacco smoke its peculiar taste, and it is this substance that makes the breath of confirmed smokers so unpleasant. Nicotine is scarcely ever imbibed by the cleanly smoker; it affects those only who smoke cigars by holding the cigar in the mouth, and those who smoke dirty pipes saturated with oily matter. Its effects, when absorbed, are very injurious; it causes palpitation, tremor, and irregular action of the heart; tremor and unsteadiness of the muscles generally, and great prostration. It does not, however, produce nausea or vomiting. The bitter extract is the cause of vomiting and nausea when it is absorbed; both it and the nicotine are always received into the mouth in solution, and produce their effects, either by direct absorption from the mouth, or by being imperceptibly swallowed and taken into the stomach.

Dr. Richardson pointed out that the greatest difference arises from the manner of smoking. Those who use clean long pipes of clay, feel only the effect of the gaseous bodies and the free carbon. Wooden pipes, and pipes with glass stems, are injurious. Cigars smoked to the end are most injurious of all. To be safe, a cigar ought to be cast aside as soon as it is half-smoked; and every cigar ought to be smoked from a porous tube. Cigars, indeed, are more injurious than any form of pipe, and the best pipe is, unquestionably, what is commonly called a "church-warden," or "long clay." After the clay pipe, the meerschauum is next wholesome. A pipe with a meerschauum bowl, an amber mouthpiece, and a clay stem, easily removable, or changeable for a half-penny, would be the *beau-ideal* of a healthy pipe.

All attempts to construct pipes so as to condense the oil have failed. To be effective they must be very large and inconvenient. It is of no slight importance, if a man must smoke, for him to be careful of the manner in which it is done. A man may, by practice, become habituated to a short foul pipe, but he never fails to suffer from his success in the end, and, unless the habit of actual stupefaction is acquired, no pleasurable advantage is derived. What may be called the soothing influence of tobacco is as well brought about by a clean, porous pipe, or well-made cigarette, as by any more violent and dangerous system, while the harm that is inflicted is

of an evanescent character. He thus described the effects of immoderate smoking on the human system:

"In an adult man, who is tolerant of tobacco, moderate smoking, say to the extent of three clean pipes of the milder forms of pure tobacco in the twenty-four hours, does no great harm. It somewhat stops waste and soothes; but there are times when it unsettles the digestion; to an immoderate degree, say to six or eight pipes a day—especially if strong tobacco and fine pipes be used—smoking, unquestionably, is very injurious to the animal functions. On the heart the symptoms are very marked. They consist of palpitation, a sensation as though the heart were rising upwards, a feeling of breathlessness, and, in bad cases, of severe pain through the chest, and extending through the upper limbs. The action of the heart is intermittent, and faintness may be experienced. Extreme smoking is also very injurious to the organs of sense. In all inveterate, constant smokers, the pupils of the eye are dilated, owing to the absorption of nicotine, and the vision is impaired in strong light; but the symptoms which, most of all, affect the vision is the retention of images on the retina after the eye is withdrawn from them.

"Long smoking also affects the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing over-secretion from the glands, and a peculiar soreness of the throat, with enlargement of the tonsils, first well described by Dr. Gibb, and since named by myself, 'smokers' sore throat.' In some persons this irritation extends into the larynx, and bronchial tube, and the free carbon of the smoke is deposited there, giving a dark, almost jet, color to the secretion."

The very worst effects of moderate smoking were, the Doctor said, to be found in growing youths, upon whom tobacco was most deleterious and injurious. It had been urged that smoking produced cancer and consumption. Now, in regard to consumption, there had come under his notice cases to the total number of three hundred and sixty-one. Out of this total there were two hundred and twenty-five persons who did not smoke, and one hundred and thirty-six persons who did or had smoked. Thus out of three hundred and sixty-one consumptive persons, those who did not smoke showed an excess of eighty-nine. Out of the total of three hundred and sixty-one there were two hundred and thirty males and one hundred and thirty-one females. Out of the two hundred and thirty males the number who smoked was one hundred and thirty-six; the number who did not smoke was ninety-four. Thus, out of two hundred and thirty consumptive males, the smokers showed an excess of forty-two. In regard to chronic bronchitis, including asthma, there came under notice cases to the total number of four hundred and seventy-five. Out of this total there were three hundred and thirty-eight persons who did not smoke and one hundred and thirty-seven persons who did smoke or had smoked. Thus, out of four hundred and seventy-five persons suffering from chronic bronchitis, those who did not smoke showed an excess of two hundred and one. Out of the total of four hundred and seventy-five there were two hundred and forty-nine males and two hundred and twenty-five females. Out of the two hundred and forty-nine males the number who smoked was one hundred and thirty-seven, and the number who did not smoke was one hundred and twelve. Thus, out of two hundred and forty-nine males suffering from chronic bronchitis, the smokers showed an excess of twenty-five. He felt confident, therefore, that neither consumption nor bronchitis in the chronic form could be induced primarily by smoking; for while it is true that, amongst the men, those who smoked were the most numerous of the sufferers from both diseases, we are bound to accept this circumstance as coincidental merely.

The statements, to the effect that tobacco smoke causes specific diseases, such as insanity, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, apoplexy, organic diseases of the heart, cancer and consumption, and chronic bronchitis, have been made without any sufficient evidence or reference to facts; all such statements are devoid of truth, and can never accomplish the object which those who offer them have in view. As the human body is maintained alive and in full vigor by its capacity, within certain well-defined limits, to absorb and apply oxygen; as the process of oxidation is most active and most required in those periods of life when the structures of the body are attaining their full development; and, as tobacco smoke possesses the power of arresting such oxidation, the habit of smoking is most deleterious to youth, causing in them impairment of growth, premature manhood, and physical degradation.

A summary of the author's views was then given. He said if the views thus epitomized, in relation to the influence of tobacco smoking on individuals are true, we are led, without any difficulty, to the consideration of the influence exerted by the habit on communities and on nations.

That which smoking effects, either as a pleasure or a penalty on a man, it inflicts on any national representation of the same man; and, taking it all in all, stripping from the argument the puerilities and exaggerations of those who claim to be the professed antagonists of the practice, it is fair to say that, in the main, smoking is a luxury which any nation of natural habits would be better without. The luxury is not directly fatal to life, but its use conveys to the mind of the man who

looks upon it calmly the unmistakable idea of physical degradation. I do not hesitate to say that if a community of youths of both sexes, whose progenitors were finely formed and powerful, were to be trained to the early practice of smoking, and if marriage were to be confined to the smokers, an apparently new and physically inferior race of men and women would be bred up. Of course, such an experiment is impossible as we live; for many of our fathers do not smoke, and scarcely any of our mothers, and thus, to the credit of our women chiefly, be it said, the integrity of the race is fairly preserved. With increasing knowledge we may hope that the same integrity will be further sustained; but still, the fact of what tobacco can do in its extreme action is not the less to be forgotten, for many evils are maintained because their full and worst effects are hidden from the sight.

The ground on which tobacco holds so firm a footing is, that of nearly every luxury it is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea; and by the aid of high living, altogether contrasts most favorably. A thorough smoker may or may not be a hard drinker; but there is one thing he never is—a glutton; indeed, there is no cure for gluttony, and all its train of certain and fatal evils, like tobacco. In England, this cure has been effected wholesale. The friends of tobacco will add to these remarks, that their "friendly weed" is sometimes not only the least hurtful of luxuries, but the most reasonable. They will tell of the quiet which it brings to the overwrought body, and to the irritable and restless mind. Their error is transparent and universal; but universal error is practical, for, in their acceptance, tobacco is a remedy for evils that lie deeper than its own, and as a remedy it will hold its place until those are removed. The poor savage, from whom we derive *tabac*, found in the weed some solace to his yearning, vacuous mind, and killed wearisome, lingering time. The type of the savage, extant in modern civilized life, still vacuous and indolent, finds *tabac* the time killer; while the overworked man discovers in the same agent a quietus which his exhaustion having once tasted, rarely forgets, but asks for it again and again.

Thus, on two sides of human nature we see the source of the demand for tobacco, and until we can equalize labor, and remove the call for an artificial necessity of an artificial life, tobacco will hold its place with this credit to itself, that, bad as it is, it prevents the introduction of agents that would be infinitely worse.

A writer in the *Spectator* pronounces the following enlogium on bees: "The bees are an organized polity, a civilized community, differing from us no doubt more than Turks or Chinamen from Christians, but bound together by ties of language, experience, affection, common aims; in a word, all, perhaps even more than all, the ties wherewith we are bound together. Pray if the bees were our size and we theirs, what would they think of us? Our language they would describe as a hum; our finest flights of eloquence as a rather louder hum than usual; our music as comical chirping; our books as curious scraps of industry, to serve, as far as they could see, curiously base uses; our houses as showing a very incomplete sense of symmetry; our relations to one another as being almost incomprehensible; and excepting in the one cardinal fact that, with the exception of one or two varieties of the insect man, one male went with one female, all other relations as below the pains of a bee of the world to understand. Perhaps some poor eccentric bee might waste her precious life and die in a garret in the attempt to fathom the useless mystery of that pretty and curious little two-legged and two-headed insect, man; but the vocation of the public-minded bee would bid her attend to very much higher matters."

LAMB AND COLERIDGE.—Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote which, without doubt, he hatched in his fun-loving brain on his friend Coleridge. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Engfield to the East Indian House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pop me a visit. He was brim full of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there sheltered from observation by a bridge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my pen-knife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterward, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and his right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

An Irish gardener, seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again he'd lock him up in the ico-house, and warm his jacket.

CURE YOUR COLD!
SAVE YOUR LUNGS!
NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP
HAS CURED THOUSANDS!
—AND—
IT WILL CURE YOU!

"A Cough is generally the effect of a cold which has either been improperly treated or entirely neglected. When it proves obstinate, there is always reason to fear the consequences, as this shows a weak state of the lungs, and is often the forerunner of consumption."—*Buchan's Domestic Medicine.*

STOP THAT COUGHING!

Some of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but two one destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

It is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by its surprising curative powers.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice, kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance."

HE HAD A COLD!

Which, by some injudicious prescription, had been converted into Asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

Keep it in the house—use it freely—give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold, and you will think and speak of it as all do who have become acquainted with its merits.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
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And for sale everywhere de24-1f

MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE
ELECTRIC OIL!
CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.
Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
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A THING OF BEAUTY
IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and roscate hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

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GOODWIN & CO.,
 HAVING RECEIVED AT THE
 LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,
 —THE—
First Premium,
 —ON—
FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,



Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

**PARLOR, CHAMBER,
 DINING ROOM AND
 OFFICE FURNITURE,**

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,
 no12 No. 528 Washington street.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago, I was courting a handsome young girl; Since then I went travelling up country, you know, And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet, Of course she must know very well; Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps— Been searching at every hotel; I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street, To search for another young girl; And every fine lady I chance for to meet, I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery, To look for my sweet little Belle; And who in the name of you think I should see? A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last; Are you lying, or hero in disguise?" And what do you think, my friends, it was? A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
 New No. 624 CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17)
 Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
 SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. Jy30-3.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

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OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. y2

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. DE CASTRO,
Oculist and Aurist,

Southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, (over the Confectionery Store.)

OFFICE HOURS, from 10 to 1, and from 4 to 5, daily.

DR. DE CASTRO EMPLOYS HIS APPROVED SELF-ADJUSTING ARTIFICIAL TYMPANUM,

For the relief of deafness, attended by loss or injury of the Membrana Tympani, and for the cure of discharge from the Ear.

TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, having employed DR. DE CASTRO for the treatment of various diseases of the HEAD, EAR and THROAT, take pleasure in testifying to his skill as a practitioner, and cheerfully recommend him to all who are suffering from diseases of that nature.

D. D. SHATTUCK, 204 Front street.
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 H. H. MOORE, Mercantile Library.
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 N. BALLINGER, 911 Sacramento st.
 WM. W. DYE, 529 Greenwich street.

As we, the undersigned, have been, at the same time, under DR. DE CASTRO'S (629 Market street,) treatment, for diseases of the Eyes, and as each of our cases has been of long standing and of critical character, and causing to each of us a great deal of suffering; and the Doctor having treated us with the greatest skill and success, we have resolved to give, through the public press, a testimonial to Dr. De Castro, deeming it eminently due to him. We do heartily and conscientiously recommend him all over the country, as a most eminent and skillful Oculist.

GEORGE MASTEN, 113 Stevenson street.
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 TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
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THE FASHION

LIVERY STABLES OF PORTER & COVEY, the Pioneer Proprietors in California, have removed their old Stand on Kearny street to No. 16 SUTTER STREET, between Montgomery and Sansone streets. The finest teams can be obtained at this establishment at all hours of the day and night. de3-1m

IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearied experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S

Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

over offered to the public. IT RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-dressing yet offered to the public.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

IS WARRANTED!

to produce the results claimed for it, when used according to directions.

Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by oc3
H. P. WAKELEE.

BURDELL'S
Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-septic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by

H. P. WAKELEE,
 Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush and Montgomery streets. sc24

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SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State. Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

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This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist. The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

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 my26 Proprietors

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GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
 No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries; Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear, or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person. Orders under \$10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. **JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.**—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons —if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid, and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. **WM. LOEWY, Clerk.**
 By G. C. LERCHER, Deputy Clerk. de24-3m
 Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney.

TO CLOSE THEM OUT!

Tyler Brothers,
No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,
WILL SELL THEIR ENTIRE STOCK
OF
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
AND
HOLIDAY GOODS!
REGARDLESS OF COST!
UNTIL THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY NEXT.
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KOHLER SELLING OUT!

THAT NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
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Articles do Paris, TOYS, etc., selected by A. KOHLER,
While in Europe, is now being unpacked, and is
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AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!
The most magnificent display of Fancy Goods ever
seen in San Francisco.

Wholesale Store, No. 424 SANSOME STREET.
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UNIQUE
HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

USEFUL,
Instructive and Entertaining!

FINE GOLD SPECTACLES!
—AND—
EYE GLASSES!

Elegant Opera, Marine and Field Glasses.
Album and Stereoscopic Views of California Scenery.
Weed's large Photographs of the Yosemite and Big Trees—size 18x22 inches.
Stereoscopic Views of every part of the World, from \$3 per dozen upwards.
Good Stereoscopes from \$2, upwards.
Photographic Albums in every variety.
25,000 Cartes de Visite of distinguished persons.
Copies of fine paintings, etc.
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Little Red Riding Hood and Robinson Crusoe.
Joseph Rodgers & Son's very superior
Table Cutlery, Pocket Cutlery,
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The largest assortment on the coast,
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LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
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SELLING OFF,
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ROSENBLATT'S
Palace of Fashion,

Number 125 Montgomery street,
OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.
Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets,
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WILL SELL THE ENTIRE STOCK OF REAL LACE
Collars, Sleeves, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Russia
Leather Bags, Hosiery, Fancy Boxes, Fans, Portemon-
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AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.
Real Point Lace Collars at . . . \$2 50
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Fine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietor and Manager
A GRAND
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
Sacred Concert,
—OF—
CLASSICAL AND ORATORIO MUSIC!
WILL BE GIVEN

IN THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT,
On Sunday Evening, January 1st, 1865.

All the available Talent in the city is engaged for the
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SIGNORA BIANCHI,
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MONS. CHARLES,
MONS. FLEURY.

With a grand Chorus of 50 voices, and a double orchestra of 50 musicians.

CONDUCTOR Mr. G. T. EVANS

Doors open at half-past 7 o'clock; concert to commence
at eight.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Family Circle and Gallery, 50 cents. dc31

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to
need any comments. A trial will convince the most
fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

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387 Broadway, } San Francisco, Cal.
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STEEL COLLARS

LIGHT AS LINEN, and white as snow,
readily cleaned with a damp towel; have been worn both
in Europe and the Eastern States in preference to any Collars
for the last three years.

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CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GIFTS,
IN GREAT VARIETY!

Consisting of—
BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, CRUCIFIXES,
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And a general assortment of CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

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OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 7, 1865.

TERMS \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
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THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, January 7th, 1865.

IF the "5" in the date line be an awkward one, attribute it to the want of practice I've had with the figure; on the "4" of the year before I'm as perfect as twelve months' practice could make me.

Sitting here in my accustomed corner—from which I was crowded out last week by a bevy of Minnies and Matildas and Claras who all had something to say about balls—black-balling me, so to speak—I suppose I ought to indulge in a few grave reflections about the New Year and all that. If I refrain, attribute it not so much to pity for my readers as to the conviction gradually forced upon me, that I am too old to preach and have barely time left to practice the virtues which I should doubtlessly inculcate.

Over the Old Year that has just stepped out I have no jeremiad to utter, and for the New I have nothing beyond that polite bow and mild pressure of the hand with which it is always best to greet new acquaintances.

The Old Year owed me nothing, and if I didn't get even with it in that respect surely the fault was not my own; we got along very well together and were on tolerably good terms, for both of us knew that it was perfectly useless for either to attempt to get the slightest advantage of the other. He took three hundred and sixty-five days away from the score of my life, but I managed to equalize things by cheating him out from just that number of nights; he put me up to a few wrinkles during his administration, but I flatter myself that I showed him in turn some tricks he didn't know before; on the whole, it has been a pretty even race between us.

I do not much mourn for him, because I fancy he would not have mourned much for me had I chanced to die first. For a similar reason I erect no tablet to his memory; I could not conscientiously say much in his praise, and it is certain that if he had caused a record of good to be blazoned upon my headstone he would of necessity have stretched the truth strangely.

For not being more enthusiastic in greeting the New Year I have no apologies to make. Enthusiasm, the fault of youth, becomes the inexcusable folly of age. I have put out my hand with glad faith in forming new friendships and found speedy cause to draw it back again too often to be guilty of many ebullitions of fervor now. There was a time when I hailed each New Year's smiling face as the sure harbinger of all the Old Year had promised to bring me and failed, but I soon found out that one was no better than the other. And now I coolly wait to see whether the New Year will bring more than the Old Year took away, and to ascertain for a certainty whether it means to bring me anything at all, before I choose to make myself ridiculous by chanting its praises in advance and discounting hypothetical blessings.

To tell the truth, I am rather out of humor at having been crowded out of my corner last week by two balls to which I was not invited.

If I wished to be spiteful I could speak of wasteful extravagance anent the affairs referred to, and remark that the step from two balls to Three Balls is easy and rapid—that if people give such lavish pledges to the New Year, the old one may possibly see them giving pledges to a pawnbroker.

However, I will not be ill-natured, though it is very hard indeed to refrain from reflections on a ball which was given in a room wainscotted with mirrors. Again, I am rather shy of making mention of the Cosmopolitan affair, for meeting an acquaintance the next morning who attended—he went as the Duke's Motto, I believe—I asked him if he didn't feel sick after it and he replied, No; that the only ones who felt sick next day were those who were not invited.

If any desire a further account of what was said and done there or anywhere else let me refer them to the columns of that excellent and incorruptible sheet *The News Letter*, the only real and vigilant guardian of the public morals with which this coast is favored.

Beyond a few diamond pins and jewelled snuff-boxes bearing the trade mark of Tucker the holidays did not bring me much this year.

In place of a Christmas-box I found myself in a remarkably tight box, for the accumulated accounts of the year came pouring in, overwhelming me with a sense of indebtedness. The friends whom I had the misfortune to owe acknowledged in the premises that I was a pretty good fellow, but added that they couldn't let their bills lie over any longer.

Just as though I cared whether they lay over or under! Explaining to them my total indifference in the matter I also remarked that as the bills had already lain "over" one year it would probably afford them an agreeable change, as well as oblige me, to let them lie under for another.

While scoring up my indebtedness and counting over my Christmas presents, it suddenly occurs to me that I have forgotten to acknowledge a pair of stockings, received from "Sister Ruth, the Quaker widow," with an accompanying note wishing that they might help me "toe the mark." Sister Ruth has my thanks, not only for her present but also for her forbearance, for she might have multiplied the puns, adding the hope that they might heal my wounds, and so on to infinity.

Christmas, for the balance of my life, will be associated with Cannavan. I spent the day with him; to say that I mis-spent it would be to reflect upon a worthy gentleman as well as to convict myself of ingratitude.

Some one has remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. To that remark I take exception, and respectfully point to a new brand of champagne known as Napoleon's Cabinet.

Next to being in Napoleon's Cabinet, I cannot think of anything better than having Napoleon's Cabinet in you.

I scarcely think it can be called a dry wine, for my last recollections of it are as being a very wet one. And, by the way, what does a dry wine mean? If a wine were made of raisins instead of grapes, it seems to me that it might properly enough come under that head, but otherwise the phrase has no foundation in fact.

If any wine in the world could be called dry, our California wine would probably be a nearer approach to it than any other, for the reason that a man would needs be very dry before he'd drink it.

I haven't seen Cannavan since Christmas, and am doubtful whether any one else has. Unless he turns up during the coming week, I shall secure the Town Crier's services—or call in the help of the *Morning Call*.

My last recollections of my friend picture him seated in his Cabinet of Napoleon—

Bottles to the left of him,
Bottles to the right of him
Bottles all around him.

A rosy glow was upon his pensive but benevolent counte-

nance, as he rubbed his hands together in the very ecstasy of good fellowship and remarked: Has not this been a glorious day, my friend,

INIGO?

THE FIRST FOOT OVER THE DOOR.

THERE is in bonnie Scotland,
That home of social cheer,
A curious old custom,
When the departing year
Turns back to take a last look
At the new one drawing near.

About some public cross-road
Gather the gay young folk,
And when the mighty town-clocks
Count the last midnight stroke,
Upon the stony causeway
A bottle of wine is broke.

Cheers for the blithe new-comer
A hundred throats prolong,
The year baptised in gladness,
With laughter, mirth and song,
And then in all directions
Scatter the canty throng.

All eager for their neighbors,
Through streets and highways fly;
To vanishing companions
A Happy New Year cry,
Each with a gay endeavor
To pass his comrades by.

For whichever friend sets first foot
O'er the threshold of a door,
First from the friendly goblet
Shall hearty wishes pour—
Is favorite with the household
Till the New Year's reign is o'er.

And, hearing of this quaint custom,
I thought of oftentimes
When over old hopes dying
Ring new hope's merry chimes—
When up the rounds of Fancy
Once more the spirit climbs.

When the heart in its young freedom
With love and trust is rife,
When the restless blood is throbbing
For the glory of the strife,
And it seems but a step o'er a threshold
To a new and perfect life.

Beyond this magic doorway
Some see a haughty name,
Some statues or poems or pictures
With laurels for every fame;
But the happiest ones see only
A hearthstone's cheerful flame.

No luxuries save the simple
Music and books are there,
And by the fire a lady
With a snow-drop in her hair,
And on the floor a baby
With wee feet white and bare.

I thought of feet grown weary
In Life's unending race,
Toiling for some vain-glory,
When all of love and grace
And happiness lives only
In one beloved face.

EMILIE LAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 7th, 1864.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

On most occasions the importance of calmness is in exact proportion to its difficulty.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our life shall be
The little boy that died. [Dr. Chalmers.

(For the Californian.)

THE TWO DREAMS.

BY ZAIDEE.

THREE years had passed since I promised to be the wife of Robert Hill. In all that time I had not seen him, but he had kept love well-fed by weekly allowances, coming to me by "sleight of hand," assisted by Uncle Sam's mail carrier. We were separated by miles of land and sea. Fortune did not smile on him, and I, like all women of a certain type, fancied I loved him better because unfortunate, without practically looking at his real self, to see why he did not master Fortune, instead of giving the surly dame the mastery over him. One day came a letter, asking me to share his lot, in that distant land, and the answer was given with many a joyful throb. I could find many good reasons why I should go to him; and though it was difficult to satisfy others, it was easy to make my own heart lie down in quiet peace. I was not strong, and, in that warmer climate, might find rosy, bounding health. I had, from childhood, been bewitched to travel, to look upon foreign lands, to study the great world at large. Here was a way opened, in which to take the first step towards the fulfilment of that desire. That new, strange country was a wider field for a young man to try what life could do for him. These were practical reasons—reasons I could freely speak of to influence those who had an interest in me. But down in my woman's heart was the stronger reason, that I would thus, by leaving all, father, mother, brother, sister, friends and acquaintances, show him how well I loved him—show him, beyond a doubt, that he was more to me than all the world beside. So the answer went, borne on the summer breezes, "I will come."

It was hard to bid farewell to the dear old home, to the loved ones there. For days I could but sigh, with something like a shudder, "It may be for years, and it may be forever!" Tears were in my heart, tears in my eyes, tears in my voice, and in the voices about me, all tears, and yet it was *sweet sorrow*, which a sight of Robert Hill's face would cast upon the winds. It was over at last, and only one—most loved of all except the dear old mother—was yet to say, "God bless my far off sister." It was the night before I left for New York, at Emelyn's home, that "I had a dream which was not all a dream."

The room was a familiar one, the large dining hall, in which was the great round table, and the arm chairs, which Jane had set firmly against the walls, making it look still larger and more empty. The Express Agent brought two packages to the door, addressed to me. They were from a foreign country, but there was no letter, no sign, by which I could ascertain from whom they came. They were placed upon the table, and Emelyn and I looked with intense curiosity at the great seals and foreign express marks, and talked and wondered, and wondered and talked about the strangeness of it all, before we thought to open them. And then our wonderment increased. There were two boxes, alike on the outside, and in some particulars alike in contents. In the first was a suit of bridal finery. There was the snowy satin robe, the fleecy veil, the orange wreath, the delicate satin slippers, the gloves, the pearls—nothing was wanting, and in delight, I imagined my Robert must have sent them. In the centre was another box, a curious box in form of a well defined Heart, made of rubies, with the word "Happiness" set in the top with pure white stones; I opened it and it was empty. "What does this mean?" said I, to Emelyn. "Look in the other, and it may enlighten you," replied she. In the second box was a complete suit of mourning, and the sombre dress, the hateful veil, and inky gloves lay folded around another ruby Heart, the counterpart of the first. I tried to unscrew the cover, but ere it was half-way off, I heard a ticking, then a hiss, and faint and trembling with a fear of something I knew not what, I laid it down.

Then Emelyn tried it, and was too weak with dread to take it off. Then we smiled, each at the other's foolishness, while all the time my heart grew colder and colder, and my lips shut tight together with a stifling word, very like "fear, fear," and Emelyn turned paler and paler. Then I seized the box with a desperate curiosity and wrenched off the cover, and out flew what I felt but could not see were spirits; yet what they were I could not tell, for they vanished as quickly as pebbles sink in the sea. Emelyn grew more pale and sad, but I grew firm and steady, and with relentless curiosity searched for a key that would open to my eager eyes this mystery. At last I found a paper on which was written, in words of fire, it seemed to me, so deeply did they burn into my soul, "This mourning suit you must now wear, for your 'happiness' has fled with the tiny spirits, and the bridal robes you will never wear till they are again gathered into the ruby Heart."

I awoke and thanked God that it was all a dream; but the morning sunshine did not drive it from me. It was still plain, and ever has been. Emelyn's earnest eyes asked me, on that last day of sweet, sisterly friendship, for a last view of my inmost self, and I granted it, even to the dream; and in tearful anxiety she said: "Dear sister, if you go to meet sorrow instead of joy, in that strange land, interpret aright your dream." Emelyn is naturally a little superstitious; I never was, and now—am only sure I have had two curious dreams. The last good-by was finally spoken, the last tear shed, and I was on the blue, blue sea, with a yearning look forward if by any effort I might sooner see the "Golden Gate" through which I must pass to meet my beloved, and rest, after the long, weary journey, upon a true heart that would always shelter me, always love me, always be to me whatever earth would hold of home and heaven.

Days rolled on; our good ship rolled on, also, till one beautiful moonlit night we stopped rolling, and I was with Robert Hill; and, so surely as life was coursing through my veins, my "happiness" had fled. I awoke from a three years' blissful dream of hope and love to find that dream gone out in nothingness—to find that I had set up in my heart an ideal king and called him Robert Hill. He, the Robert Hill sitting there in royal robes, satisfied me, but the *man* Robert Hill, came not near to me—could not enter the Holy of Holies where the ideal Robert reigned supreme—had no power within himself to command my heart to obey his calls for love and trust; so he left me, and my king, cast from his high throne, was killed by the fall. He was dead and cold, and must be laid in the dust, while still the seal of beauty was on his brow, I would not look on his face, when decay should disgust me. Oh! carefully I put back my sorrow, and tenderly buried him, and in his grave buried, also, all my beautiful dreams and my bright-winged hopes that had been so dear for three long years. I put on my mourning robes, and sitting down on that grave, took my heart out into my hand, and would have called it dead, it was so cold, had it not been for the exquisite throbs of anguish which still racked it and showed that life was there, though happiness had fled. Then I thought of my dream, and in misery I cried, "Who can find the spirits that make the life of my poor heart's 'happiness'?" I could hear no answer. The winds sighed, and a great black cloud was over my head, dropping tears to mingle with mine; so I gathered my gloomy robes about me, and went forth to do battle with the world alone, with a poor cold heart. * * *

One evening I met Finley Wade. Our souls talked. We met again and again. Last night I dreamed once more, and again I was in Emelyn's dining hall, and Finley Wade brought me the box of bridal finery, still unopened, and the ruby Heart was there, and with his own hand he gave it to me, and said, with such a smile that it made the room all bright, "My own love. I have gathered together all the spirits, and your 'Happiness' is in your 'Heart,' but *I hold the key.*" And I was content, knowing that when he unlocked the "Heart" the bridal robes of joy and beauty should take the place of these worn and dusty garments.

Is this a *prophetic vision*? Does Finley Wade hold my heart's happiness? He has brought to me the beautiful spirit of Hope, with glory-tinged wings; and the spirit of Faith, whose steady eyes look unseared into the Future; and the spirit of Earnestness, climbing with a firm step to higher plains, to meet Duty and Right; and the spirit of Beauty, teaching me to recognize "God in all forms," and when he shall bring the spirit of Love, shall I not claim my "Happiness" at his hands? Will he not have gained the *right* to hold the key of my heart?

WITHIN the doors where love dwells no evil should enter: and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

THE persons most anxious to add to their wealth are generally those who don't know how to make any good use of what they have already.

KATERFELTO.

IN that graphic and well-known passage of the "Task" of Cowper, where the poet describes the varied contents of a newspaper of his day, the following lines occur:

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wandering for his bread."

The personage here alluded to was a distinguished juggler and quack doctor, who flourished in Britain at the close of last century. The name of Katerfelto, it is probable, was merely an assumed one, and certainly, if this was the case, the selection of it did credit to the magical professor's taste, as few names could be found more expressively appropriate to the character he bore. He took the title of Doctor—a German doctor—and combined the profession of legerdemain with that of the art medical. The *Task* was written about the years 1782 and 1783. At that time Dr. Katerfelto was vending his nostrums to the people of London, who had then the misfortune to sustain a severe and very general attack of influenza. The Doctor, of course, knew the full value of mystery, and used it freely to enhance his medical pretensions. If any one got better or got worse on his hands, it is to be suspected that the Doctor's remedies were innocent alike to the good and evil, and that the whole was attributable to the old principle, "Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure."

Katerfelto was one of the last specimens of a class that now live only in the pages of novelists—the race of travelling mountebanks, half quacks, half jugglers. In his journeys through England he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, two black attendants, and, though last, not least in importance, two or three black *cats*, usually termed Katerfelto's Devils. This goodly company were all packed together in a huge old coach or caravan, which contained, besides, the wizard's stock of apparatus. On reaching any town where it was thought fit to have an exhibition, the two sable (biped) assistants, dressed in antiquated green liveries with red collars, marched round the streets of the place, blowing trumpets, and expatiating on the wonderful powers and performances of Katerfelto and his cats. A portion of the doctor's exhibitions was really of a rational and creditable nature, consisting of magnetic, electrical, and chemical experiments, which he explained in a lively, humorous way. He was a good experimenter, and seldom failed in anything he tried. But amusement was the object of those who went to hear him, and in this they were not disappointed. His appearance was provocative of mirth, his long thin person being commonly enveloped in a tawdry, old-fashioned green gown, while his head was covered by a square velvet cap, making him altogether as like as possible to the pictures of the old stage-doctors, of whom he was the genuine successor and representative.

We have no account of the particular uses to which he turned his feline familiars. One thing is certain, however, that he had brought them to a surprising pitch of docility and apparent intelligence. Katerfelto seems to have flourished through a considerable part of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sometimes, like the most of his class, he lived in comparative ease and affluence, and, at other times, found himself caged in a jail, as a vagrant and imposter. Occasionally, his experiments brought him into scrapes. While stopping at a small town in Yorkshire, on one of his journeys, he set up a fire-balloon, to the great amazement of the rustics around. But, in a few days afterwards, the conjuror was arrested by order of a farmer, upon one of whose hay ricks the balloon had alighted, and by which it had been burned to the ground. Poor Katerfelto could not pay the damages demanded, and was obliged to go to prison.

It has been mentioned that the name of Katerfelto was probably an assumed one. The conjuror, however, seemed by his speech to be really a foreigner. Some have asserted him to be a Prussian soldier who had got his discharge. He is said to have died at Bristol about the beginning of the present century.

HOW TO ENTER UPON A SCIENTIFIC PURSUIT.—In entering upon any scientific pursuit, one of the student's first endeavors ought to be to prepare the mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least lessening his hold on, all such crude and hastily adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine, as may tend to embarrass or mislead him; and to strengthen himself by something of an effort and a resolve for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—*Sir John Herschel.*

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Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice, kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance."

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We, the undersigned, having employed DR. DE CASTRO for the treatment of various diseases of the HEAD, EAR and THROAT, take pleasure in testifying to his skill as a practitioner, and cheerfully recommend him to all who are suffering from diseases of that nature.

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As we, the undersigned, have been, at the same time, under DR. DE CASTRO'S (620 Market street) treatment, for diseases of the Eyes, and as each of our cases has been of long standing and of critical character, and causing to each of us a great deal of suffering; and the Doctor having treated us with the greatest skill and success, we have resolved to give, through the public press, a testimonial to Dr. De Castro, deeming it eminently due to him. We do heartily and conscientiously recommend him all over the country, as a most eminent and skilful Oculist.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and lut' Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LUTCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24-3m

PENSEROSA.

Is it sin to deal with sorrow?
Looking upward through our tears,
All the breadth of sky is clearer
And twice beautiful and dearer
Seems the coming of the morrow,
As we struggle with our fears;
Wherefore should we comfort borrow

While the woe may come again?
For our little life is brief,
And though never joy should light it,
Truly not our tears shall blight it,
For the Christ once suffered pain,
And he was acquainted with grief;
He, the blessed Christ, did deign

Himself to weep. What matter whether
Smile or sigh? The fairest bow,
Where the sun the spray bath kissed,
There it blossoms in the mist,
Till it withers in fair weather;
Beautiful is grief, I know
Peace and tears may dwell together.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 7th, 1864.

"SHREDS AND PATCHES."

I HAVE a habit of wandering about the streets, gazing in the shop windows and watching the faces and dress of the pedestrians. These Christmas times present opportunities for the gratification of this propensity of mine that no other period of the year can do. I don't allow the rain and mud to repress me.

Influenza, rheumatism and lumbago are horrors, but they fail to deter me from an obstinate and frequent mingling with the world, and, during the recent holidays, watching humanity under the influences of that charity which has its best expression at this season of hallowed religious and home festivals. It occurs to me now that Christianity has its noblest triumphs on the domain of domestic life—in its consecration of home. Just here steps in the corollary that the most efficient and durable evangelism is found at the ingleside and the mother's knee. I think that religion is more a matter of heart than of reason. In after years, when the world has rubbed us rather roughly—when we are slightly touched by the *gout blasé*, and the ragged appearance of our eyebrows admonishes us that we are walking well up to two score, then as we fall into a brown study, we remember nothing the priest taught us; but the little hymns and the catechism we caught from a mother's lips, these come back to us through tears, and, associated with all these remembrances, perhaps the very brightest, is the home festival of Christmas, by which christianity becomes a part of our common life, uniting itself with the faces and voices of those we loved and beautifully embroidering its teachings with the tenderest charities and reminiscences of home life.

The Romish Church understands this truth; it understands how necessary it is to make itself felt through the routine of the commonest condition, and so it is that it weaves its traditions, its legends, its ritual and its worship with the innermost sanctities of home. With almost all other sects, Theology pays a mensural visit, preaches a stiff little perfection, and then bows itself off until the succeeding month.

The sentiment and romance of Christmas are not to be met with in those shops where ponderous silver tureens and diamond pins and diamond brooches are resplendent behind plate glass. Santa Claus doesn't belong to such places. The spots where wholesome lessons are taught, the chapters of life illustrated by delightful little wood-cuts, are in the quiet streets where Dives is never found. And so it is that during the last fortnight my promenades have been where the little dealers abound—the small-toy gentry among whose wares the true *chiaro oscuro* of life is to be seen, and where one can gladden himself with the luxury of seeing unstilted human nature—dear little child nature—brown cheeks, long-lashed eyes, dancing gladsome eyes—little crickets whose chirrupings are from heart and hearth.

One of my favorite resorts was on Third street in a little shop so circumscribed that eight, perhaps six, adults would fill it uncomfortably full. There was nothing in this shop that elevated it above a half-dozen neighbors. I doubt if all the chattels therein contained would have sold at public vendue for two hundred dollars, but then you saw there such queer toys: giants with three heads, cross-eyed villainous-looking ogres, peevish Punches and scolding Judys and such-like. The proprietor seemed to have selected the most diabolical of toys; the merry and tender were discarded; even "Little Red Riding Hood" and the "Children of the Wood"—tragic and sad as are their histories, they were too mild types of the Terrible in nursery literature for our vendor. He dealt—he delighted—in the highest expression of the grotesquely horrible, and yet I think it was less to gratify a passion for *diablerie* than a development of genius that taught him that the surest means of success was first to elicit attention, and that small boys, who are more or less wild, belligerent savages,

preferred Mephistopheles to Faust. Twice a day for at least ten days did I see one little fellow standing at that shop-window; I wondered if he didn't pass all the day-hours there, wondering and questioning with his little mind where all the figures came from, and whether St. Nicholas, with

"Broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl-full of jelly,"
was not, after all, a real personage, reindeer, sleigh and all. Alas! alas! that we should ever lose these illusions of our childhood—these harmless myths which embroider our first years—making them so beautiful! When weary with the dust and travel of our later life, how often would we, if we could, follow back until we came to these innocent fictions of our earliest days, even to the bosoms and lullaby of our mothers, and so to slumber!

My statuette I found to be a cripple, he has some paralysis of the left leg, which made crutches indispensable. As with all cripples of that age, he has a bright face, and yet the predominant expression was sadness. His clothes declared his condition to be humble; at the knees they were patched, and he wore a hat with a brim that, drooping over his face, left his cheeks in shadow, deepening the sadness of look referred to. Leaning forward until his nose flattened against the pane, he would peer at the figures that dangled from strings stretched from side to side of the window, apparently never weary of Punch's nose and the big club of the Giants. And to show what lessons come from our sympathies, and that pity teaches a rare good breeding, I can say, that as often as I have seen my *enfant boiteux* there, and frequently in the company of a score of shaggy looking boys, I have always noticed that the central stand-point, the "coigne of advantage" was surrendered to him. And that, let the jostling have been as vehement as could be, he held his place by general courtesy and acclaim.

One day I took the little fellow by the hand and led him into the shop. The ragged *gamins* pressed up within the door; the toy man, too, looked wonderingly, and my cripple, half reluctant, gazed at me with a strange puzzled look, undecided whether to halt or go in. When I got him well in, where he could look at the shelves, peopled with these prodigious wonders, these strange figures with their distorted but human shapes, the poor weakling gained his aplomb, the calm of his face was broken by a smile, and then laughter shook him as with a tempest. Ah! Gould and Curry, when yester night you trod the aisle toward the chancel, and a fair hand was laid in thine with its promise to cling to you "for better or for worse, for richer or poorer," I hope some cripple's blessings went with you there, some prayers from poor bosoms made glad by your bounty—for such are jewels beyond those made by human cunning—which shine and sparkle in that far off land where we pick them up again and wear forever.

When I told my little friend to select a brace of toys, he looked at me, and I translated his wonder as asking whether I was the good man of the story books, or whether he had fairly understood me. A moment more all speculation had gone, and he accepted it as a reality, by pointing to an enormous jumping Jack. To this was added a book full of strange pictures, and then he hobbled off, surrounded by the boys at the door, forgetting to thank me. He had no need to do it; his face was full of blessings, and in my fancy I went with him until he joined the little "hairs" at his home—for whom he made Jack jump until their laugh was hushed in sleep.

The old year went out, shrouded in mist and rain, and with it speeded the life of one who has been to me, for years past,

"Kin as horse's ear and eye."

on the first day of the New Year I saw him for the last time as he lay in Death's arms, hushed and tranquil. I saw him borne into the church, through a gateway of Christmas evergreens. I saw the robed priest stretch compassionate hands over him, I heard the subdued chanting of the choir, and the solemn service of the dead. Heaven seems to manifest itself strangely. Death comes, we are touched by his hand, and in a moment all the beauty and power of the man are gone, and nothing is left but a "kneaded clod"—tears and broken hearts. We stand by the shores of the unknown sea, with outstretched arms, yet the faces of those we loved look not back to us, and we hear their voices no more. Human philosophy can not penetrate these ways and workings of Him from whose very wonders it is born, and yet we know that He "marks the sparrow's fall," lifts to the sun the fragile petals of the violet, clothes the meadows in splendor, and gilds the waving fields with grain. He brings night, and through its darkness and gloom, leads us on to the golden day. There are lessons in these common manifestations of Divine power—we see design and goodness everywhere. Is man, then, His noblest work, to be excluded from this compassion? Will He bruise the beauty of His own lineage and with pain, crush it out forever?

"Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?"

No, no! as I looked on thy pale features, my friend, and as I saw the smile that lingered there, I felt that

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition,
Though life, of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

R. C. R.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, December 3, 1864.

THE past few days have been eventful with Turkeys and with Fires. The latter were not applied to the former in all cases. The roasting of human beings was contemplated by one or more miscreants, and ingeniously attempted. Providence did not favor them, but the attempt, if not the deed, confounds them. It is remarkable that the panics which occurred in the crowded theatres when the alarm of fire was given on Friday night did not reach the dangerous bounds of a suffocating stampede. At the Winter Garden which was jammed to excess, when the alarm was cried, a man in the gallery jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "There was a fire fifteen minutes ago, but it is just out now!" The tumult was at once allayed. A reward should be offered for the apprehension of that Good Liar, for he knew nothing about the fire. At Niblo's nothing happened to the audience, except fainting fits. There was more phosphorus used that night than is spoken of in the papers. The horrible combination was a wide one. Nobody has been caught yet; the heads of the police keep off newspaper reporters at present, and the reporters are obliged to romance on the subject. When the wretches are found they will be hung by martial law, State law and the Lynch law. I fear now that phosphorus will be the fashion as vitriol was a few years ago. I have already heard of its being found in private houses, with ignited matches. A torpedo was put in the stateroom of one of the Sound boats a few nights since at New London, and discovered just as the match was burned down. These acts, I hope, are the expiring throes of a discomfited enemy, performed by the refuse of a failed cause—the hangers-on of any service which promises booty.

The Army of the Potomac on Thanksgiving Day, doubtless sang Muller's *Challenge*, with a difference.

"I take a turkey's feather,
I stick it in my hat;
My hat has no band to speak of,
But my heart, speaks 'pit-a-pat.'"
"What means the turkey's feather?
Oh that is a home-like sound;
It cries: 'My love sends the best one
In all the country round.'"

"If rebels know a better,
And if they feed on thee,
Stick on a turkey's feather;
Come, rebels, and tangle with me!"

Theodore Roosevelt, the treasurer of the Turkey Association, had fifty thousand dollars sent him to buy turkeys with for the soldiers. Besides this sum expended, the country people sent turkeys by the hundred to their relations in the army. Mr. Roosevelt had several thousand surplus dollars on hand, and applied to the Department for a list of the posts in the vicinity of New York, in order to send a few birds to the soldiers occupying them; but the posts were already supplied, Hart's Island alone having two thousand pounds of gobbler for its invalids to digest. I hope Mr. Roosevelt will prepare fricasseed chicken for their Christmas dinner; they will be hungry by that time. Our soldiers seem to be treated somewhat on the Anaconda principle at present; they are now stuffed and torpid. Speaking of "wake snakes" reminds me of General Grant's visit to New York. He came up from his headquarters in his old clothes; went to the Astor House where he smoked and talked with his wife, but held no levees nor had any aids to slash the stairs and ante-rooms. He took a walk in Broadway to look into the shop windows, and nobody knew him except his own portraits, some fifty in number, which might have winked a military recognition. On his way up town in the cars with a friend, a lady came in to whom he gave his seat. The friend said to the conductor, "Can't you give General Grant a seat?" "General Grant!" the conductor answered, "you can't fool me, General Grant don't wear no such clothes as them." And so the General had to stand.

The three Booths, as I intimated in my last, played together in *Julius Caesar*, for the benefit of the Shakespeare monument, and cleared over four thousand dollars.

The Christmas books continue to arrive. I notice that every year the Crusoe element reappears in literature for the young. The Crusoe element means getting something palatable to eat under great difficulty. Miller has published the original *Robinson Crusoe* in a thick finely-printed volume. Hurd & Houghton, a new firm, have a new and handsome edition of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, which in merit stands nearest to De Foe, of all the imitations. Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, have published *The Young Crusoe*, which has quite as many comfortable eatables as its predecessors. If a savage life would make us as hungry and thirsty as all the Crusoes are, let us return to barbarism. I meet people who eat, but I do not find those who are hungry any more. An appetite is one of the "last arts," or a dead instinct, which being cast on a desert island might revive.

A "ground" work of Gail Hamilton's, *A New Atmosphere*.

is just out. Gail, who has written some bright things, now informs us that "the interests of humanity demand a purification." Therefore, it is to be trusted that her new atmosphere will do the business for us. It appears to me that she imitates Emerson as much as a person can imitate him, who is totally devoid of his intellectual qualities. Here is a specimen: "Life is a momentous thing. It may be an eternal curse. It is certain to involve deep sorrow. Sin, disease, pain, are almost sure to follow in its wake." These sentences are Emersonian in brevity, but not in originality. The pith of *A New Atmosphere* is the wrongs of women, the culture of women, and the acknowledged evil behavior and cursed selfishness of all fathers, brothers, and husbands. If it were not for this, and for that, woman would be the conglomerate angel, amazon, law-giver, inventor, and artist which nature intended her to be. Gail, in common with Mrs. Farnham, and others of that ilk, gives the lie to the Ages, which teach us that women cannot be supreme, except by their sweet influence. America is the chosen paradise for the emancipated woman. Let us see what emancipation will do for the brains of the gentler sex. So far America has never produced a great woman. There are Gails, Stowes, Ferns, Homers, Kelloggs, Prescotts, I grant; but are they great?

Ticknor & Fields will issue in a few days a book they are taking the most expensive pains with—*Enoch Arden*, illustrated. The drawings of Vedder, Laforge and Hennessey are remarkable, tinged with a pre-Raphaelite horror and pain, especially those by Vedder, the painter of the celebrated sea-serpent. Tilton is also about ready to issue *Enoch Arden*, illustrated by Billings. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, but it is probable that the poorest piece of work will win—namely, Tilton's.

E. D. B. S.

THE SUSPECTED SPY.

DURING the time that Murat held military rule at Madrid, he had occasion to send important dispatches to Junot, then at Lisbon; but it was a matter of great difficulty, as all the roads to Lisbon were in possession of the army of Castagnos—troops commanded by the most distinguished men of the Spanish revolution—and were also infested by a more dreaded enemy of the French, the guerillas.

Murat spoke of his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador at Madrid. Russia was at this time the friend more than the ally of France. After some consideration, Strogonoff said he thought it could be managed. He proposed that a Polish lancer, dressed in the Russian uniform, should be charged with dispatches from his court to Admiral Siniavin, who was then at the port of Lisbon, and that he might at the same time convey verbal dispatches from Murat. This scheme, he thought, was the more practicable, as the insurgent army of Castagnos was very desirous to obtain the neutrality of Russia, and therefore it was not likely they would give cause of umbrage by ill treating its messenger.

Murat was delighted with this ingenious plan, and immediately sent a request to Krasinski, the Polish commander, to be furnished with any young man of his corps whom he could recommend as brave, intelligent, and of good address. A young Pole, eighteen years of age, named Leckinski, volunteered for the dangerous service.

Murat, who himself could calmly look death in the face, could not, however, in this instance, help pointing out to Leckinski the great peril he would be in should he be discovered. The young Pole smiled and said, "I thank your imperial highness for having honored me above my comrades by selecting me for this duty, and I promise to render a good account of my mission." This bold and unaffected reply inspired the confidence of Murat, who forthwith gave him his instructions, when he departed for Lisbon dressed in the Russian uniform, and furnished with the dispatches for Admiral Siniavin.

The two first days passed without molestation; but about the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded and taken prisoner by a Spanish troop, who, having disarmed him, dragged him before the commanding officer, who happened to be Castagnos himself. Let the chief be who he might, however, Leckinski saw that he was inevitably lost if he was recognised as a partisan of the French. He therefore determined on the instant not to speak a word of French, and only to answer in Russian or German, both of which languages he could speak fluently.

The dreadful imprecations uttered on all sides in his way to Castagnos, told him his doom was already sealed. He had before his eyes the horrible fate of General René, who, a few weeks before this, in executing a mission similar to his own—endeavoring to join Junot—had been assassinated in the most barbarous way, and expired amidst the most frightful tortures. Death by torture creates terror even to the stoutest heart, and the blood round the heart of the young Pole froze within him for an instant.

"Who are you?" said Castagnos in French, which he spoke well, as he had been educated at Sorbize. Leckinski looked at him steadily, and made a sign of ignorance, and answered in German, "I don't understand you." Castagnos, who spoke German, did not perhaps wish to figure further in the matter, as he left one of his staff to continue the interrogatories.

The young Pole answered alternately in Russian and German, but never once let slip the least French intonation. He was, however, very uneasy, as he was in a very small room, surrounded by a crowd of men eager for his blood, who only

waited for his being pronounced French to fall on him and massacre him.

These sanguinary feelings increased to a pitch beyond the control of even the general himself, in consequence of what appeared as a most unlucky incident. An aide-de-camp of Castagnos, a man fanatically patriotic, as there were many in the Spanish war, and who, the moment Leckinski was taken, pronounced him to be a French spy, rushed into the chamber, dragging a peasant dressed in brown cloth, with a red feather in a high conical hat. The officer made way through the crowd, and, placing the man opposite Leckinski, said, "Look well at this man, and say whether he is really a Russian or a German. He is a spy; I will swear it with my life," said he, stamping furiously.

The peasant in the meantime attentively examined the features of the young Pole. The examination was not long; for, darting a malignant glance, with his eyes burning with rage, he clapped his hands, and cried out, "He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!" and then told them that he had been only a few weeks ago at Madrid with some cut straw, which had been required from his village, as well as from every other in the district. "And I recognize this man," continued the peasant, "as he who received my portion of forage, and who gave me a receipt for it." This was true. Castagnos possibly saw the truth of it; but he was a noble and generous adversary, and it was not by massacres that he wished to build up the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have been raised more beautifully, and more durably, had such men as himself, Romana, and Palafox, had the sole direction of affairs. He saw well that the young man was not a Russian, but he dreaded the horrible atrocities which would have been inflicted on him, should he be identified as a Frenchman. There was a doubt, and, above all, his appearance bespoke favor. He proposed, therefore, that he should be allowed to continue his journey, for Leckinski persisted that he was a Russian, and did not know a word of French. But at the first word the general uttered, there arose a hundred threatening voices, and even murmurs of the word traitor applied to himself. There seemed then no hope for mercy, for man becomes ferocious when he fears for himself. "You wish, then," said he, "to risk a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have solicited?" "No!" said his officers; "but let us prove this man."

Leckinski heard all, for he understood Spanish. He was led out of the chamber, and thrown into a place which might have passed for one of the most frightful dungeons of the Inquisition. At the moment the Spaniards had stopped him, he had not eaten anything since the night before, and when the door of his prison closed on him, he had been eighteen hours without food. Add to this the fatigue he had undergone, the anguish and deep anxiety of his situation, and it will not be considered surprising that he fell nearly fainting on his wretched bed, which was placed in a corner of the room. The sun was not yet set. He had a glimpse of it through the cleft in the wall above his head, and the light, so brilliant in beautiful Estremadura, for a time cheered the heart of the poor prisoner.

This source of consolation, however, soon left him; the heavens became murky and cheerless; night closed around all; and poor Leckinski had full leisure to contemplate his dreadful position, which he judged as almost without the least hope.

He was undoubtedly a brave man. But to die at eighteen; it was very young. He battled with the visions which came before him and succeeded each other as in a phantasmagoria; at length youth and fatigue yielded, and he was shortly buried in the most profound sleep, the very image of death.

He had slept for about two hours, when the door of his prison was gently opened, and some one entered on tip-toe. A hand was placed before the lamp, and then some one leaned over the bed of the prisoner. The hand was taken suddenly from before the light, and he was touched slightly on his shoulder, and the sweet and gentle tones of a woman's voice said in French, "Do you wish to take supper?" Leckinski suddenly jumped up in his bed, with his eyes scarcely opened, and said in German, "What do they want with me?"

"Let this man have something to eat," said Castagnos, on learning the result of this first proof, "and then let his horse be saddled, and allow him to pursue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he be master of himself at such a time?—it is impossible."

But Castagnos was not alone. They gave Leckinski something to eat; but his horse was not saddled, and he remained in his prison till the morning. He was then taken to a place, and was shown the bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been horribly massacred by the peasants of Truxilla. They kept him here all the day, threatening him with death, and that a horrible one. Constantly surrounded with snares, listened to with the most eager ears in order to catch a sound which might betray him, and watched by the most piercing eyes to discover a suspicious movement, he nevertheless maintained his equanimity. He had passed his word not to flinch, and he was resolved to keep it, and fulfil his commission. Not a sin-

gle gesture or word of a suspicious nature escaped him. At length, after many hours of the most cruel trials, he was reconducted to his prison, and left to all the horrors of his uncertain fate.

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, "I feel with you the great importance of preventing communication between the chiefs of the French army who are in Spain; but here, in the position in which we find this officer, we cannot treat him as a spy upon the simple assertion of one of our men. This man may be deceived by a resemblance, and then we shall become murderers—a part certainly ill becoming us to take, gentlemen."

Poor Leckinski felt a degree of pleasure in re-entering his dungeon, which was comparatively an agreeable change from what he had undergone for the last twelve hours. He had had nothing before his eyes but gibbets and hideous bloody carcasses, exhibited to him by men with the looks of demons, and the most ferocious countenances. His thoughts were, as it were, under the influence of a spell. He believed he saw on the cracked walls of his prison the fantastic shadows of the victims he had seen hanging from the trees on the roadside. Surrounded by these gloomy visions, exhausted nature again overcame him, and he fell into a deep sleep.

During this repose, his door was again softly opened, and his bed approached. The same gentle voice said in French, "Get up, and come; you are saved, and your horse is saddled."

The courageous Leckinski, however, always on his guard, said in German, "What do they want with me?"

Castagnos, on learning the result of this new proof, declared that the young Russian was a noble fellow. He had thought so, he said, all along. But this opinion could not sway the commission, who wished to find him guilty, and were outrageous at being thwarted in their wishes. All party spirit tends to weaken our just judgments of things; but the party spirit at this time in Spain raged with indescribable violence. These men, being baffled in accomplishing their blood-thirsty desire for a human sacrifice, were completely beside themselves. They were the same judges who had condemned General René to be saved in two! who had placed Colonel Pavetti in an oven, and had horribly mutilated Franceschi.

Leckinski knew his danger, but he quailed not. After another dreadful night, four men, one of whom was the same who said he had seen him at Madrid, came to conduct him before a sort of tribunal, composed of many of the officers of the staff of General Castagnos. During the short interval on his way, they uttered the most terrible threats; but, true to his resolution, Leckinski appeared not to understand what they said. When he came before the judges, he appeared to understand what was going on, more from the preparations than what was said around him. He asked where his interpreter was. The examination commenced. He was asked what his object was in travelling from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches from the Russian ambassador, and his passport. This would certainly have been sufficient, had he not unfortunately been recognized by the peasant. But the assertion of this man, persisted in with great firmness, afforded strong evidence of his real character to men so eagerly athirst for his blood. "Ask him," said the president of the commission, "if he loves the Spaniards, since he is not a Frenchman."

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Leckinski; "I love the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its beautiful devotion. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says that he hates us, because we make war like banditti. He despises us, and he only regrets that it is not in his power to unite the whole nation into a single man that he might end the war with one blow."

Whilst the interpreter spoke, every eye was on Leckinski, watching for the least movement of his countenance on hearing this unfaithful interpretation of his answer. But on coming to the tribunal he had made up his mind to every trial, and he therefore maintained the most astonishing self-possession.

"If they kill me," he thought to himself, "they will not only kill an innocent man, but one who has all the appearance of innocence, and they will therefore have all the odium of my death."

"Gentlemen," said Castagnos, who, contrary to his wishes, assisted at this last trial, but would take no part in it, "it appears to me that this young man cannot be suspected. The peasant must have been deceived. Let him, therefore, be set at liberty, and continue his route; and in rendering an account of what he has undergone at our hands, he will do well to take into consideration the continual danger of our position, which must excuse the rigor we are forced to employ."

They then restored Leckinski his arms and dispatches, and gave him a safe passport; and he went away victorious over, it certainly may be said, as strong tests as were ever practised on a human being. He arrived at Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and expressed a willingness to return to Madrid; but Junot would not allow the brave fellow to run such another risk.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeable beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From the coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tide and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulcis is seen
To blush like a banner bath'd in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea:
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the ocean
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone.
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and the gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER X.

COLTONSLOUGH.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN went back to his hotel in Covent Garden after that quiet dinner at the Cedars, and his mind was full of the new images suggested by that brief glimpse of a life that was strange to him. He had been very much interested by Miss Desmond, and he tried to believe that he preferred her to Maude Hillary. Had she not been kinder to him, more friendly and familiar? and was it not reasonable that he should like her the better of the two? He was naturally of a grateful disposition, disposed to think meanly of his own merits, and he attributed all Miss Desmond's kindness to the purest promptings of a benevolent disposition. The idea that the young lady regarded him from a speculative point of view, that she had entertained any notion of possible marriage contracts and settlements, by which she might acquire the use of his thirty thousand per annum, never for a moment entered Mr. Tredethlyn's mind. He knew, in a general way, that he was admitted to Mr. Hillary's drawing-room because his money gave him a kind of right to such society as that of the merchant's household; but he never for a moment imagined that any one of these delightful and high-bred creatures could contemplate any contingency by which his money might become of service to them. Wealth and beauty, elegance and refinement, seemed to find their natural home at the Cedars. Miss Desmond of course was rich, like Miss Hillary.

Francis counted the days which must elapse before that delightful sabbath to be spent by him at the Cedars. Only three days, and during those three days stern duty called him away from London. Had he not declared himself ready to go to the end of the world in search of his cousin Susan Tredethlyn? He felt ashamed even of that one wasted day on the banks of the Thames. He had left his hotel in the morning, intending to despatch his city business with all possible speed, and start immediately afterwards for Coltonsloough. He had found out all about Coltonsloough by means of all manner of inquiries, for it seemed rather an out-of-the-way place, known to very few people as yet. Indeed, Coltonsloough turned out to be a recently-discovered watering-place on the Essex coast, a place whose shores were supposed to be washed by the salt waves of the ocean; but the waste of waters that rolled along the middy shores of Coltonsloough was only an ocean in its hobbledehoyhood, and savored too much of the Thames and Medway to be considered a full-grown sea.

To the traveller who has grown familiar with the centre of Africa, to that bold explorer who has spent lonely days and nights amidst those darksome forests in which the forgotten cities of America lie buried, to the prisoner newly released from solitary confinement in the great prison-house of New York, so pleasantly entitled the Tombs—to one of these a newly-discovered watering-place may not appear dull. He who has been used to hear no more familiar voices than the distant cry of the bitter, far away amongst the swampy wil-

dernesses, may endure Herne Bay and live. The criminal who has undergone a decade of solitary confinement in the Tombs, may possibly survive a month at Southend: but to the ordinary mind there is a modern abomination of desolation lurking in the unfinished terraces of a budding watering-place, or in a watering-place which has put forth its tender blossoms in the way of bow-windowed receptacles for the concentrated bleakness of perpetual east winds, and has been blighted in the bud.

Coltonsloough was very young; it was in the most infantine stage of watering-place existence. Speculative builders had bought half a dozen plots of swamp and mud, and had erected dismal rows of houses, which turned their backs upon one another, and started off at right angles from one another, in utter contempt for all uniformity. If the melancholy sojourner at Coltonsloough was of an active turn of mind, he was apt to be tormented by a wild desire to pull down and rearrange those straggling terraces, between which stretched hideous deserts of waste ground, with here and there a lurking pitfall, whence gravel, or sand, or clay, or chalk, had been dug by unknown persons, who seemed always digging something or other out of Coltonsloough, whereby an appearance of volcanic disruption was imparted to a place whose chief merit had been its agreeable flatness.

It was very young. A few straggling excursionists came on the blazing summer Sundays, and prowled about the shore with countenances expressive of supreme disappointment and disgust. Half a dozen families of cockney children were wont to congregate by the dismal waters every summer, provided with baskets for the collection of shells—and there were no shells at Coltonsloough—and further provided with wooden spades for the undermining of sand—and there was no sand at that baby watering-place. Families did certainly come, beguiled by representations of impossibly cheap provisions, though the place was in reality very expensive, for every tradesman was a monopolist on a small scale. Families came, but no family ever came a second time to Coltonsloough; and it may be that in the wonderful scheme of the universe, this newborn watering-place was not without its special use; inasmuch as it made people contented with London. The inhabitant of Bermondsey, returning to that locality after a sojourn at Coltonsloough, found beauties in some dismal street which until that hour had appeared to his prosaic mind a street, and nothing more. The denizen of Ratcliff Highway sat down amongst his household gods, well pleased with a neighborhood which, although not unobjectionable, was a paradise as compared with Coltonsloough.

It was to this place of desolation that a newly finished offshoot of the railway then known as the Eastern Counties conveyed Francis Tredethlyn. He went to look for his cousin, with no better clue to help him in his search than that one word, "Coltonsloough," copied from the post-mark of Susan's letter.

"But I won't be baffled," the young man thought, as he sat in the railway carriage thinking of the task that lay before him; "Coltonsloough may be a big place, but I'll question every living creature in it before I'll give up the chance of finding out something about my cousin."

Luckily for Mr. Tredethlyn's chances, Coltonsloough was a very small place, and after walking backwards and forwards for some quarter of an hour, before the emporium of the one butcher, the solitary baker, who dabbled a little in the fruit and confectionery line, and the single grocer—who was also a liendraper, and beyond that a stationer, who had a side of bacon hanging on one side of his door, and a piece of showy cotton stuff upon the other, and who, moreover, was sole master of the Coltonsloough post-office—Francis determined upon his plan of action. He had thought of his cousin very constantly in the few days before his visit to Mr. Hillary's mansion; he had thought of her a great deal since then, though he had not found it quite so easy to concentrate his ideas, by reason of a certain bright face and slender figure, all in a flutter of white and blue, that would sometimes intrude themselves upon his meditations.

Francis knew that his uncle's daughter had left Tredethlyn Grange with only a few sovereigns in her pocket, perhaps not much more than enough to defray her journey to London. Without money, without friends, she had fled from her home, and had not perished; but had lived to write to her father from this dismal watering-place of Coltonsloough, some years after her flight. It was clear, therefore, that in the interim she must have either been supported by the benevolence of strangers, or she must have earned her own living. The last hypothesis was the more likely to be correct. Susan Tredethlyn had been educated to habits of industry, and had no doubt confronted the battle of life as fearlessly as any Tredethlyn should confront any battle.

"Poor little girl! she went out as a servant, I dare say," thought the young man. "She drudged and slaved for some hard mistress, perhaps, while her father was adding every day to the money that has come to me—to me—and he refused me a couple of hundred pounds the night my mother was dying."

Mr. Tredethlyn went in at the grocer's doorway. There was scarcely room enough for him to pass between the bacon and the cotton stuff, which some aboriginal of Coltonsloough would some day transform into wearing apparel. The postmaster was chopping some very sawdust sugar in the dusky inner regions of the shop; but he left off chopping, and advanced to meet the stranger.

Francis Tredethlyn was no diplomatist. He was quite unskilled in that peculiar science known as beating about the bush, so he began to make inquiries respecting his cousin with as little preface as he would have employed had he been asking for a pound of sugar.

"I'm a stranger in this place," he said, "and I want to ask a few questions; and I fancy, as you're postmaster, you must be about the likeliest person to answer them."

The grocer rubbed his hands and smirked, in a manner that was expressive of a general desire to do anything obliging—of course with an eye to ultimate profit.

"A young woman—a relation of mine—left her home four years ago this month. For three years no one belonging to her could discover where she was. At the end of that time a letter was received from her, bearing the post-mark of this place. I want to find whether she is still here; or, if not, when she left. I have only just come back from Van Diemen's Land, to find things changed in the place that was once my home. So I'm groping in the dark, you see, and shall be very thankful to any one that'll lend me a helping hand."

Something in the frankness of his manner, the earnestness of his face, went straight home to the heart of the Coltonsloough postmaster, who became less a tradesman, and more a man.

"It's rather puzzling, you see, in the way you put it," he said, scratching his nose meditatively. "You want a young woman who wrote a letter—or, leastways, had a letter posted at this place. But, lor bless you, not being under Government y'rself, you see, you've no notion of the dodges they're up to when they want to throw any one off the scent like with a post-mark. Why, I dessay I could get a letter posted from Jericho to-morrow morning, if I only gave my mind to it. What might be the name of the young woman as you're anxious to find?"

"Her name is Tredethlyn," Francis answered, hopelessly; "but as she ran away from home, and most likely wanted to hide herself from her relations, she may have changed her name."

The postmaster mused for a few moments, and then shook his head gravely.

"I never heard of no Tredevillings in Coltonsloough," he said. "The young person was independent in her circumstances, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, indeed! she had very little money when she left home. She must have worked for her living. I should think it likely she went out as a servant; for she was a country-bred girl, and had been used to a hard life, though her father was a very rich man."

A very rich man! That part of the business sounded interesting, and the grocer pricked up his ears.

"A country-bred young person," he repeated, "by the name of Tredevillane. And what might be the date of the letter with the Coltonsloough post-mark?"

Francis did not know the exact date. He could only inform the postmaster that the letter must have reached Cornwall about eighteen months, before the present time.

"Cornwall!" cried the postmaster; "then the country-bred young woman was a Cornish woman?"

"Yes, my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn, was a Cornish woman."

"A Cornish woman, and by the name of Susan! Why, if you'd put the date of the letter a good three years back, instead of a year and a half, I should have been able to lay my hand upon y'r cousin there and then, in a manner of speaking."

"How so?"

"Because I did know a young person that lived with Mrs. Burfield in Trafalgar Terrace. But that young person left Coltonsloough full three years ago, and I've never set eyes on her since."

"But tell me all you know about her!" exclaimed Francis almost breathless in his eagerness. "What was she like? Why do you fancy that she was the girl I am looking for?"

"Because, in the first place, she was Cornish. I'd noticed that her talk was different, somehow, from that of the folks about here—though she was as soft spoken as any lady bred and born; but one day she was staiding in my shop, with the children as she had care of, taking shelter from a storm, and a regular pelter it was too, and she stood looking out to sea through yonder half-glass door, which it were shut at the time being, and I made some remark about the unpleasantness of the weather, out of politeness like—for the young woman came very often to my shop for groceries, and with lodgers' letters—Mrs. Burfield takes lodgers, and so forth; but she looked at me in a kind of absent way, and said, 'Oh, I like it! I like it!' 'You like the storm, Miss?' I exclaimed; and then she answered all of a sudden, 'Yes, I

like to see it. This place doesn't seem so strange to me to day as it generally does. I've seen just such a storm as this from the moor on which my father's house stands, and I could almost fancy I was at home in Cornwall."

"And that's how you found out she was a Cornish woman. I think you've about hit it, Mr. Sanders. I think the girl who talked to you about the storm must have been my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"Her name was Susan," answered Mr. Sanders; "I've heard Mrs. Burfield's children call her so in the very shop. She came to Coltonslough as governess to Mrs. Burfield's young family."

"A governess!" said Francis, with some slight sense of relief. "She was a governess, then, and not a servant?"

"Oh dear, no! Though, Coltonslough being a very small place, you see, sir, and most of the inhabitants being a good deal dependent upon lodgers, which gives a kind of fluctuating character to life, as you may say, sir, a governess in Coltonslough might not be looked upon exactly in the same light as elsewhere. Or, to put it plainer, sir, a governess in Coltonslough would not be expected to be proud."

"Oh, I understand," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, rather bitterly. "Yes, my cousin was a genteel drudge—not so well paid, perhaps, as vulgar drudges, and rather harder worked."

"The young person was always genteel, sir, even to the extent of wearing gloves, which is not looked upon as indispensable to Coltonslough; but in the matter of going of errands and opening the door, or carrying in a lodger's tea-tray, at a push, she would not be expected to be proud."

"And she left three years ago?"

"She did, sir."

The postmaster looked very grave as he said this—so grave that Francis Tredethlyn could not fail to perceive that something worse than he had yet heard remained to be told. He was not a man to diplomatize, nor yet to make any display of his emotion, but his breath came a little faster for a few moments, and then he asked, abruptly,

"How did she leave?"

Mr. Sanders hesitated a little, and then said, with some embarrassment,

"Why, Coltonslough bein' a gossiping kind of a place, sir, you're apt to hear ever so many different versions of the same thing, and it isn't for me to say which is right and which is wrong. I think, as it is a long story, sir, you'd better hear the rights of it from Mrs. Burfield."

"A long story!" repeated Francis Tredethlyn, in an undertone—"a long story! Ah, my poor little cousin—my poor ill-used girl! And it seems only a little while ago when we played together in the church-yard at Landresdale, in the sunny hour when they let us out of school."

It did seem to him but a very little while since he and his cousin had sat side by side under one of the big yew trees in Landresdale church-yard, dining upon some simple repast of home-made bread and fat bacon with a dessert of unripe apples, in the drowsy sultriness of a summer noontide. He sat for some few minutes, silently thinking of the departed time. The memory of it seemed almost like a sharp physical pain, now that he knew that some great sorrow, some bitter woman's trial had come to his cousin. A story about her—a long story! What story should gossiping tongues have to tell of any woman, except a history of suffering and wrong?

He did not press the Postmaster to tell him anything further, but he said, presently, in an altered voice—a voice that had lost something of its power and ringing vibration:

"I can get to see this Mrs. Burfield, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I make no doubt you can. She of is very genteel person, is Mrs. Burfield, which she have known better days, and finds herself often a little drove like with her lodgers. Her house in Number 2, sir, in the Terrace, Trafalgar Square, fronting sideways, and rather slantin' like, to the sea. You can see it, sir, from where you stand."

Following the direction of the Postmaster's extended forefinger, Francis Tredethlyn did see a row of unfinished-looking houses, with the inevitable seaside bow-windows, staring out on a patch of waste ground. Why these houses, and almost all the other houses at Coltonslough should have slanted away from the sea, obliging their occupants to look out upon the expanse of waters in a sideways and sinister manner, when they might have been built directly facing that single feature of attraction, was a problem far beyond the comprehension of any visitor to the infantine watering-place.

(To be continued.)

A LOCAL STORY "WITH A MORAL."

SUPPOSE that I tell you a story—and let me premise by saying that in all essential particulars the story is a true one. For obvious reasons I suppress the real names, substituting in their stead names so common on door-plates that the parties cannot be identified except by those already familiar with the facts in all their length and breadth. The locality is San Francisco, and the culmination of the story dates but very few months back.

John Smith was an early Californian. He came to this country soon after the discovery of gold, bringing with him nothing but industry and sobriety. These he inherited from his New England parents, and no other legacy did they leave him. But in those early days these in themselves were no inconsiderable capital; people generally left them and several other virtues at home when they packed up their carpet-bags and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific coast—consequently the market was not overstocked, and John found, on his arrival here that he had quite enough to set up in business with.

In fact, he got into business immediately on landing. Not having much baggage of his own to bother with, he assisted in getting that of others on shore, and the employment proved so profitable that he did not abandon it until it became evident that more profit could be made by turning over the money that had accumulated on his hands than by packing trunks about the beach on his back. To labor is to pray, but I hold that the man who contrives to turn the labor of others to such account that both they and himself are benefited, prays with a multiplied power. So, from being the employed, John became, by the simple workings of character and circumstances, the employer, paying wages, not infrequently, to the very men whose bundles he had carried in earlier times. Nature's great law of compensation always verifies itself, if we are only content to give it time.

But it is scarcely worth while to follow John's history through all its lesser pages; suffice it to say that the problem of his life worked out the result which never fails to follow a proper application of the capital which he was blessed with in the beginning, and a competency was his before he had reached that period of years at which men generally set themselves seriously about the task of getting rich. He passed through all the great fires unscathed, and the only mistake that he made after retiring from business was, in getting married. I do not mean to say, understand, that getting married is a mistake, but I do maintain that it very often is, especially if one chances to marry the wrong woman. This was John's misfortune. Finding himself able to maintain a wife, he became nervously anxious on the subject, and looked seriously around among his female acquaintances, prepared to blunder into love as soon as the occasion offered. He did not have long to wait; a pretty face and a pianoforte did their usual work—though John was sensible on all other subjects—and after his determination in that way was reached, a very few months saw him happy in the privilege of paying a young lady's board bill and accompanying her on shopping occasions. As luck would have it, he married the daughter of a fond and foolish mother, and an equally doting father; as a natural consequence, if he did not get a fool for a wife he came very near to it.

I do not say that the young lady was a fool, but I do say that any woman who reaches that dignity which long dresses are supposed to confer, without discovering that there are other things in this life than flounces and feathers and French bonnets, and that God's sunshine was only made for her to exhibit new clothes in, is certainly lacking in good sense.

A year wrought quite a change in John's life. He who had never even seen a cradle rocked in the gullehes came to know considerable about the mysteries of that domestic institution which has been lately made to assist in working a churn and at the same time turn a grindstone. But the change was all on John's part, for none was wrought in the habits of his wife. She was gayer than when a girl, and a marvel of millinery and other things. John's income, ample as it was, was taxed to its utmost to keep the gait going, and he soon began to think of going into business again.

True, he got into business when he married Mary Jones, but a bad business it was.

The mining speculations came along and John tried his hand at them. Speculation in any form was scarcely the forte of a man whose life had been devoted only to legitimate trade—shouldering trunks comes properly enough under that head, but the temptation was great; and as it was evident that something must be done to recuperate his finances, he went in. Being honest, as a very natural consequence soon after going in he went up—or very near it. Expenses had to be curtailed; and the last milliner's bill his wife had contracted was so long in process of settlement that it was not very easy for her to run up another. And the same with the other accommodating tradesmen whom Mary had been in the habit of patronizing; they soon came to know that a pinch had come in John's purse, (for in San Francisco everybody knows everybody's business,) and there were few in town who

could not tell to a dot what stock he had operated in and the amount he had lost. Of course all the tradesmen sympathized with him, but none of them would trust his wife—so I do not know but that they are in a measure responsible for all that followed.

For nice clothes and a plenty of them were a necessity to Mrs. Smith. Never in her life had she the slightest ambition to be an angel, because it is commonly understood that angels wear only white, and are not at all addicted to silks and modern bonnets. She would any time have preferred a nice fan to the best harp, and no possible pair of pinions could have compensated her for the loss of one of those light and feathery robes women are accustomed to wear at evening parties.

John's home, never a very pleasant one, was not at all cheered by circumstances such as these. Reproaches met him at night and followed him forth in the morning. His wife assured him that, were she a man, she would be ashamed to be without money—and I do not know but that she was right in that assurance, for being a woman she was ashamed to be without what money would buy. The main wonder is that being a wife, she was not ashamed to be without duty to her husband—that being a mother she was not ashamed to be without affection for her offspring. But these things depend very much on education, and there is no accounting for tastes.

Well, the round world rolled on, and the months blossomed and budded just as ever, notwithstanding the tightness of the times and the gaunt spectre that sat at hearthstones. No apparent change took place in John's household economy; his wife dressed as well as ever—better, if anything—and more of her time was spent in the street than in the days of her husband's financial prosperity. But the terrible under-tow of the sea that drags stragglers in the surf out to destruction does not show on the surface, save in the white faces of the drowned that occasionally gleam up from below, and few would think that the summer cloud which drifts lightly across a quiet sky were big with a lightning-bolt. We know what has been going on, however, when a cenotaph goes up in the country churchyard to the memory of one who went down upon the deep and never returned, or we see a green tree in the forest, its trunk riven and its boughs blasted.

By-and-by gossips began to nod their heads, as if something they knew, and point with suspicious fingers at Mrs. Smith. She was seen in strange company, and strange rumors were rife. After a while there was a divorce suit in the Courts, very quietly conducted, and all mention of it suppressed in the newspapers; those whom the law had joined together the law put asunder, the custody of the children was given to the father; and not very long since a father and his children took passage on the steamer for a new field which is opening for the development of enterprise.

The mother remains. We see her on the streets quite often, but the circle of her acquaintance has dwindled down, and very few ladies promenade with her now. But she dresses better than ever, and I suppose she is perfectly happy. Surely, if the possession of an expensive wardrobe can make a woman so, she should be, for hers cost her husband and children. What the end will be I do not venture to predict, but descent is swift when the feet once take hold of a declivity, and the fate of the wife separated by her own fault from her husband has too often been written to be worthy of speculation or recapitulation here.

My story is done and it points its own moral—if it have any. It is not very remarkable in any of its phases, but these bubbles which occasionally break to the surface reveal what is going on in the unplummeted depths below.—*San Francisco Correspondent of the Sacramento Union.*

ALCHEMY.—*London Notes and Queries* publishes the following "strange story," which, it adds, has never been "made a note of." Mr. Malcolm Kinnear, in his *Travels in Asia Minor, Armenia*, in the year 1813, relates that the British resident at Balsora, Mr. Colquhoun, was visited by an Arabian philosopher, who sought with him protection from certain Arabs who had purposed to torture him out of the secret which he possessed of making gold, and from whose power he had just escaped. He proffered to perform this in Mr. C.'s presence; and, accordingly, after retiring for a few moments, returned with a crucible and chafing dish of coals. When the former had become hot, he took four papers, each containing a whiteish powder out of his pocket, and asked Mr. C. to fetch him a piece of lead. Mr. C. went into his study, took four bullets, weighed them, and returned. These the alchemist put into the crucible, and the whole was immediately fused. After twenty minutes he desired Mr. C. to take it off the fire, and put it in the air to cool. The contents were then removed by Mr. C., and proved to be a piece of gold, valued at ninety piastres (somewhere about £23,) and exactly the weight of the four bullets—the which he left with Mr. C., and engaged to return next day. That night he was carried off by the Sheik of Grani (whence he had escaped) with a body of armed men; and never again, says Mr. Kinnear, heard of.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.—The following letter was sent by a man to his son at College: "My dear son, I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* * Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

THEATRES AND NEWSPAPERS.

PROBABLY there is no city in the world where the relations between theatres and newspapers are so little understood as in San Francisco. That the favor lies wholly or at all upon one side we do not believe and are not prepared to admit; yet such seems to be the generally received impression. Granted that the theatres advertise, and that their advertisements, especially in the case of weekly journals, form an important item of income. We contend that the money spent in advertising brings itself back ten fold in audiences, and, as a general thing, pays the manager more surely than any other expense which he incurs in the conduct of his business. Supposing, for instance, that a theatre pays THE CALIFORNIAN five dollars a week for an advertisement, which, with an attending theatrical notice, goes before three thousand city readers: if five are induced to go through the advertisement he gets his money back; if ten, he doubles it. Where rests the obligation then?

"Yes," but theatres are obliged to admit editors and critics free, they are crushed to death by dead-heads! Here again we take issue. It is enough for the critic to be bored in being compelled to sit or stand a play through, without having to pay for the "privilege." To pay the regular admission price would leave the balance of patronage at the end of the week on the theatrical ledger, and who would then be benefited? So far as the daily papers are concerned, the critic's work in this city seems to be a labor of love; after making up the news for the morning, supervising the telegrams, and writing an editorial or two, he is expected to saunter into the theatre just before the curtain is rung down on the last act, and, peering over the heads and hats of the entire house, frame an intelligent opinion of the play. That criticism under these circumstances does not attain very high growth as an Art is scarcely to be wondered at. In New York the theatrical and musical department is a regular and a recognised one, and a critic is paid for attending to it, that being his sole duty on the paper; it never occurs to the metropolitan manager that the critic is rather an excrescence upon the theatrical body than otherwise; on the contrary, on the production of each new play two seats are regularly sent to the recognized critic of each paper. He is not expected to stand in a remote corner of the house, catching fragments of the dialogue interlarded with strange oaths audible in the lobby, or to climb over the shoulders of a score of honest but not transparent coal-heavers, in order to witness the ghost in *Hamlet* or testify to the murder in *Macbeth*. In the matter of advertising is it not the manager who is favored? for no man is deputed from a newspaper office to examine the dry goods merchant's calicos, sample the grocery man's sugar, or test the apothecary's drugs, and expound their virtues to the public.

Perhaps the reason of the ill-favor into which critics have come upon this coast arises from the fact that intelligent criticism has never been attempted and that consequently its value has never come to be understood and appreciated by either managers or the public. The system of puffing everything indiscriminately, for the sake of securing the advertising patronage, has prevailed to such an extent that newspaper notices have come to mean nothing and possess no positive value whatever. Lying before us—the subject is too grave to admit even the suspicion of a play upon words—is a journal which has persistently praised everything and everybody on the stage during the past two years; which has never uttered a word in condemnation of the occasional nonsense foisted upon the public as "drama," or a word of censure to the incompetent actor who does not know, or, knowing, cannot render his part. Glancing over the column we find simply a gathering together of all the adjectives expressive of excellence or admiration, positive, comparative and superlative, which the language affords. We select at random; "charming assumptions," "contagious laughter," "irrepressibly humorous," "enthusiastically received," "illustrious artists," "unflagging spirit," "grand solemnity," (sacred concert) "bright particular star," "inimitable entertainments," "screaming farce," "pristine success," "culmination of uproarious sport," "indefatigable manager," "harmonious perfection," "studious care," "capable combination"—two mortal columns of unqualified praise and puffery of everything from melodeons up the ascending gamut

which ends with the Keans, and not a word of criticism or a sensible line of suggestion in all.

We maintain that this style of thing is unjust to managers, to actors, to the public, but chiefly to the profession to which the journal in question claims to belong. Neither managers nor actors have any inducement to exert themselves when, under any circumstances, they are sure to be smothered beneath a feather-bed of puffery; the public comes to regard with suspicion the style of art under which this laying on of profuse color, indiscriminately, with a whitewash brush, as it were, seems to obtain; and other journals must share in the disgrace and cheapness which this practice brings upon the profession.

If asthmatic puffery, which we here take occasion to denounce, is to be pursued to the end, we suggest the use of some such blank as the following—leaving simply the names and dates to be filled out:

The ———, after completing an unprecedentedly successful run of ——— days and ——— hours, on ——— evening last, was then withdrawn to give place to ———, one of ———'s most brilliant dramas, which will probably prove the *piece de resistance* for the next nine months. Language fails to do justice either to this conglomeration of perfection or the manner in which it was put upon the stage. The *mise en scene* was perfect, winning the frequent applause of a large and very intelligent audience, who gave cordial proofs of approbation during its progress. Fascinating Miss ——— added laurels to the chaplets which already wreathed her histrionic and classic brow. Mrs. ———, by her charming *divertissement*, enraptured everybody, and inoculated them with contagious laughter. Mr. ———, who has just returned from a highly successful tour through ——— and the islands, where he received the highest civic and social honors, was the bright particular star of the occasion. Mr. ———, the gentlemanly and indefatigable prompter, put the right words into the actors' mouths at precisely the right moment, while Mr. ———, the promising call-boy, displayed a talent quite in accordance with his pristine success. Mr. ——— did well his part in removing the chairs and tables, and too much praise cannot be awarded to the nimble-kneed Mr. ———, who worked the trap-doors. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the elegant ushers, who seated everybody according to the seats they had previously paid for; while the irrepressible and enterprising manager should reap a harvest of several millions of dollars from this exquisite *piece-de-resistance* which he has so charmingly put upon his delightful stage.

If any one think that in the foregoing pre-Raphaelite notice we have aught exaggerated, we can only refer them to the living record which one of our cotemporaries furnishes.

As to the dead-head privileges so much talked about and of which some journals profess to feel ashamed, manifesting a morbid desire to pay for sitting some intolerably stupid piece through, in order to avoid the constraint of feeling obliged to furnish favorable notices, we do not see them at all in any such unreasonable light. We know of at least one manager in this city, who never objects to the most searching criticism if it bear honesty upon its face. And this truth is patent: a member of the press seldom or never crowds any one else out; there is such an abundance of room that turning a single auditor away from the doors is unheard of, and the critic cheats the house of no paid for seat, since, if not obliged to go in a professional capacity, the chances are that he would not go at all. In the generality of cases he simply fills a vacant seat, and for that seat, if the play be at all worthy of commendation, and he manage his pen sensibly and honestly enough to ensure respect for its utterances, he pays by sending scores, perhaps hundreds, to fill seats the next night. If all managers knew that by attempting to dictate by their advertising patronage as to what should and what should not be said in newspaper notices, they robbed notices of all power to do them any good, they would surely lend their best endeavors to foster careful and conscientious criticism. The world moves, and that a better state of things in this respect will at no late day obtain in San Francisco, we hope and believe.

A LOSING GAME.—The game which the South has been playing for the past three years and more can be very aptly illustrated by a "little story" which appeared in the New York Times when the war-clouds first began to lower. It was then told as indicative of the result which would follow the persistent desire of the South to "buck" against the North:

"Some years since a Southern gentleman visited the North for the purpose of seeing the lions and fighting the tiger.

"He tried the tiger and didn't like it, and thought he'd take a shy at a game familiar to him by name only, called roulette. One turn of roulette, you know, makes the whole world kin! He started out in quest of the game, only knowing that roulette had something to do with roll, but entirely ignorant whether the roll were a French or a Dutch one. On the first corner he met a barrel-organ man grinding away for dear life. He was turning as though he had only a few minutes to turn in, and didn't want to die before his work was complete. The tune was 'The Bold Privateer.'

"Our Georgian friend thought he'd found the game. Stepping briskly up, he laid a dollar-bill down on the box. The organ man's eyes opened, he bagged the bill, and ground away with renewed vigor. Our Georgian thought he had lost, and 'doubled up,' laying down a two-dollar bill. That was bagged, and the barrel of the organ went whirling round as though there were several devils inside.

"To make a long story short, the thing went on, and again and again the Georgian 'doubled up,' the organ-grinder pocketing the money all the time, until he had 'nary' another dollar left. But he didn't complain. As he saw the last of his currency bagged by the delighted organ-grinder, he simply remarked:

"Well, of all the games I ever bucked against, that is the dogdarnest! I guess I'll jump it;' and he left."

If in the light of recent successes to Northern arms, the South has not concluded that the game of rebellion they are playing is very much like "bucking" against a hand-organ, and that the sooner they "jump the game," they are very hard to be convinced. For they have "doubled up" repeatedly, losing every time, and the moment is now nearly at hand when, not having a "stake" left, they are to be "doubled up" in the slang interpretation of the phrase.

A VALUABLE PAPER.—The Sacramento Union of Monday last came to its readers as a double sheet, containing within the eight pages of that number more valuable information, probably, than any other newspaper published on this continent. It furnished a complete abstract of the notable events of the year, a State record, as well as a local one compiled for the city and county where the paper is published—not a day in the year has been permitted to escape without having its record chalked down in a nutshell. It also contains all the marriages, births and deaths in Sacramento for the year, arranged in chronological order; together with careful and complete statistics of everything of interest to the Californian reader, from stage routes to the proceedings of the higher Courts. We question whether any other journal, daily or weekly, in or out of the Union, gave its readers so full and valuable a compendium of the local events of the year for a New Year's gift, or came nearer to furnishing a practical idea of what a newspaper should be, than the Sacramento Union of the date to which we refer.

SAILED.—Capt. R. L. Ogden, better known to the initiated as "Podgers," long time acting Quartermaster at this Post as well as confidential correspondent of the New York Times, and constant contributor to THE CALIFORNIAN both with pen and purse, sailed from these scenes of former usefulness in the steamer Constitution on Wednesday last—i. e. he would have sailed had the Constitution been a ship; as it was he steamed away, as an esteemed citizen should. Ducks and snipe will be glad of his absence and the fish in the bay will probably hold high carnival over his departure and escort him as far as the Golden Gate, for he was given to the gun and rod, and chastised them heavily. He goes to New York, where his family have already preceded him, and thence to Europe for a summering; so people may expect to hear of a sensation in the Boulevards, and perhaps a tandem team at Longchamps. Of Podger's journeyings our readers will find chronicles in further Leaves from his Journal, which he promised to send when he took leave of us.

"ENQUIRER" writes to know whether the beverage called egg-nogg belongs to Christmas Day or to New Years, and whether Great Expectations has been played in San Francisco. So far as the egg-nogg is concerned, our researches have convinced us that that it is a relic of the barbarous ages, invented to bring confusion to the confiding creatures who drink it. As a poison it is perhaps slower than strychnine, but equally sure; people have been known to drink it and live, but the majority who tippie on it die young, and their demise is not to be attributed to the liking of the gods. The Dashaways do not encourage drinking in any form, but if the President of that excellent institution had to drink or die he would probably choose plain whiskey. Egg-nogg, however, is called a Christmas drink. Great Expectations has been dramatized; it was played in Barnum's Museum, New York, some two years since, but it has never been imported to this coast. Great Expectations were played out in San Francisco last year, when the mining stock market went down.

A MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—The following is decidedly the neatest little mathematical puzzle that ever came to our notice. It occupied the attention of one of the Clubs, the other evening, until a late hour, and some of the members are said to be puzzling over it yet: A man has 60 apples; he sells 30 for 15 cents, which is a half-cent apiece, or 2 apples for 1 cent. He sells the remaining 30 for 10 cents, which is a third of a cent apiece, or 3 apples for 1 cent. Thus we see that for 5 apples he gets 2 cents; now how many cents does he get for 60 apples? The problem seems plain enough, and the rule of three gives the immediate result of 24. But, on the other hand, if he gets 15 cents for 30 of his apples, and 10 cents for the remaining 30, it seems pretty evident that he gets 25 for the 60. It is said to be a poor rule that won't work both ways, but this one seems utterly to refuse to. Nevertheless, the solution of the problem is easy; who will reconcile both its seemingly conflicting ends?

SOCRATES being asked the way to honest fame, said: "study to be what you wish to seem!"

DRAMATIC MENTION.

THE hand of the enchanter has been laid upon Maguire's Opera House during the week, turning the stage into a forest wherein the Bear, the Eagle and the Dolphin disported themselves right merrily. A dolphin in a forest seems at first thought something like a fish out of water, but it must be remembered that this was an *Enchanted Forest*, and anomalies are in order where magic rules. The piece is an extravaganza, abounding, of course, in puns which startle one by their atrocity if not by their novelty. The story is of a Count—"Count Wulfield," rather impoverished by free living, who, venturing to hunt in the Enchanted Forest, forfeits his life to "Prince Bruin," "Prince Eagle" and "Prince Dolphin," respectively, by slaying a hare, shooting at a bird, and catching a fish. They release him and give him gold and pearls on condition that he gives them his daughters to wife. The nuptials are consummated after some little ado, and the brides go away with their husbands. The Count's son, a handsome young fellow, after a while goes out in search of his sisters, and finally finds them, but comes very near furnishing his relatives with a dinner, as his brothers-in-law are moved by their appetites to eat him. In the end, however, he discovers that they are under the spell of a wicked magician, who also has a pretty sister of theirs in his power. The young Count delivers her and marries her, and the whole finishes with a grand tableau. Prince Bruin was played by Mr. Hill, who exhibited a bear skin to the audience with perfect coolness; Prince Eagle was personated by Mr. Ruby, who made a remarkably fine-looking bird, barring a slight disarrangement of the tail-feathers, while Mr. Aldrich turned out as Prince Dolphin—a nice fresh-looking fish. Mr. Wheatleigh was Count Wulfield; we must be pardoned for saying that he does not appear to very eminent advantage in burlesque, since in that very declaration we pay him a compliment as an actor. Mrs. Saunders, as the captious Countess, was capital. Mrs. Perry made up excellently as the young Count, playing her part with that easy grace and abandon which have made her the favorite she is. The brides of earth, air and sea were personated by Miss Martin, Miss Land and Miss Howard; a change would seem to have been desirable in the above distribution, giving Land to the Bear while Martin went to the Air. Miss Deaderick, as the released Princess, fully justified Mrs. Perry's willingness to risk life and everything but limb in the attempt to set her free. The multitude picked the puns out of the piece as children might plums from a pudding, and were equally as avid in swallowing them.

In the farce of *My Preserver*, which precluded *The Enchanted Forest*, Mr. Wheatleigh displayed that capacity for a nice delineation of character on which his reputation is founded. The piece, moreover, is an excellent one, its plot turning on the romantic determination of a young heiress to marry her "preserver," who has fished her out of a horse pond. "Here is where the nonsense comes in!" She thinks in the first place that it is "William Bury," (Frank Mayo) who has rescued her, whereas it is "Bilberry," (Mr. Wheatleigh) the former having only played second fiddle in the duct of preservation. William Bury is a handsome fellow, while Bilberry—mark how artfully the names are compounded—is an awkward clodpole. Bilberry manifests a willingness to jilt his old sweetheart "Dolly," (Mrs. Edwin) in order to marry the rich young lady, while William Bury, on the other hand, is indignant at his Dulcinea's determination to stick by her original declaration to marry her preserver—after seeing him. A deal of confusion occurs, furnishing an opportunity for some excellent acting and much fun. As Dolly, Mrs. Edwin was so quietly comic as to confirm us in the belief we have hitherto entertained, that the pathetic is not her strongest suit. To say that all the characters were well rendered is to save the trouble of individualizing. It is a pity that pieces after *My Preserver's* pattern are not more plenty on the stage.

Mr. Lawlor's benefit on Wednesday evening was crowded, the house netting him a sum assuredly commensurate with his deserts, estimating them at even a very high figure. Eight hundred dollars in gold is not a bad thing to go to the States with. *Hamlet* was the play, and Mr. Lawlor was the "Prince," Mrs. Jordan appearing as "Ophelia." We refrain from criticism, as it will be sufficient to say that the Keans, instead of remaining in town to benefit by the performance, chose to go to Sacramento and give readings.

The Keans, who have lately been giving dramatic readings at Sacramento, commence an engagement at the Opera House on Monday evening; they will play four evenings during the week, and it is the last opportunity, probably that Californians will have of seeing these artists—at least within the Golden Gate. Beyond this announcement, it is unnecessary to say anything; seats are already engaged in advance for the entire engagement.

The law refusing to allow theatrical representations on Sunday evening, Mr. Maguire thought he would treat the public to a little solemn music, and accordingly tried the experiment of a Sacred Concert last Sunday evening at the Academy. The concert was an excellent one, and if it did

not pay, the public were at fault, for certainly the manager manifested a kindly regard for seventh day proprieties in its institution. But as a general thing, people given to sacred music go to church on Sunday evenings, where it is dispensed gratuitously if not artistically. But we believe the experiment is to be tried again; so that the Academy will come to be known, so far as Sunday entertainments are concerned, as the Academy of Sacred Music.

The Hippodrome at the Mechanics' Fair Pavilion draws as though the manager had lines stretching from the popular coat-tails to his horses' tails, and tugged audiences in whether or no. He has struck the element of novelty and sensation in the chariot races, which are probably only inferior in interest and excitement to the chariot races which of old crowded the Roman amphitheatres with delighted spectators. We are sorry to say it, but we have reason to believe that very many people go in the expectation that an accident may occur—and it would be such fun to see a woman "spilled." The other attractions will be seen by reference to our advertising columns.

Mrs. Jordan takes her farewell benefit prior to her departure for the Atlantic States at Maguire's Opera House, this evening. The piece of the occasion is *Aurora Floyd*, in which Mrs. Jordan as the heroine won her first success, and for once established the Metropolitan on a paying basis, drawing full houses to that chronically-unfortunate establishment for nearly a fortnight. Mr. Frank Lawlor, who in the character of "John Mellish," also contributed to the Metropolitan's success, appears in the cast this evening, as well as Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Mr. Frank Mayo, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, and all the legitimate company. With such a cast, the performance can but prove an admirable one, affording the public an opportunity to get their money back as well as to compliment a clever and accomplished actress. Mrs. Jordan leaves on the 13th, Mr. Frank Lawlor, Miss Annette Ince and sister, Mrs. Woodward and Mrs. Leighton, going on the same steamer. There seems to be what we may alliteratively term a histrionic hegira among the members of the profession, as Frank Mayo, Wambold, Bacchus, Peel and others are "up" for departure in February.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE are indebted to Roman for a number of books which were "new" when they came to our desk, though the exigencies of the holidays have compelled us to defer a notice of them until they can scarcely come under that head now. *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, by Bayard Taylor, we read carefully through, from curiosity to see how the poet appeared as a novelist, quite as much as from a sense of duty. The book is simple as the story told to amuse a child, making no pretensions apparently to plot, and avoiding all the dramatic elements of which novelists generally avail themselves. And yet we read the volume through with interest and laid it down with regret. This interest arises, we fancy, from the very simplicity with which the book is written, and the conviction it somehow carries with it of being an autobiography. Had the author at the close declared of the story that it was all true, and that all the experiences narrated therein had been his, the reader would instinctively have believed him, while on the other hand an indignant disclaimer would probably be put in did the author declare his work to be wholly and purely fiction. To conceal art is the perfection of art, and accordingly we give Mr. Taylor a credit which those who believe that in John Godfrey's he tells the story of his own fortunes, will be slow to accord him. It is rather to be regretted that the episode of Jane Berry was introduced, since, aside from being so improbable as to border upon the verge of the elements which sentimental writers depend upon, it is also inartistic, not at all in keeping with the character of the story, and scarcely assisting in its denouement. The book will repay perusal.

The Seer is a collection of Leigh Hunt's charming essays, contributed to the *London Journal*, the *Liberal*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Tatler* and the *Round Table*, the author furnishing the date of their first publication in book form in the following note to the preface: "Given at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us and a vine at the window on the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the very green and invincible years of our life, the fifty-sixth." The second title of the book is *Common-places Refreshed*, and this expresses the nature of the essays better than the first, for the subjects are taken from every-day life; snatched from the breakfast-table, the meadow, the strawberry-patch, the snuff-box. The author literally finds a sermon in stones, discoursing easily and gracefully upon "A Pebble." The book is a beautiful specimen of typography, both in paper and binding, the illuminated title page reminding one of the old Roman missals.

In *Eliana* we have those essays of the "Gentle Elia," which Talfourd thought best to omit in the standard edition of his works. The present editor, however, thinks that: "The King's chaff is as good as other people's corn," and truly remarks that the admirers of Elia want to possess every

serap and fragment of his inditing. They cannot let oblivion have the least "notelet" or "essaykin." For however inferior to his best productions these uncollected articles may be, they surely contain more or less of Lamb's humor, sense, and observation. Certain it is, that any one of them would make a sensation if published in a modern magazine. There is a nameless and indelible charm about all of Lamb's writings which captivates and entravishes his readers, and for this service which he has done in reproducing these waifs, the editor of *Eliana* deserves a vote of thanks from reading electors, if not a medal.

Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* is published in two beautiful "blue and gold" volumes—a species of embalmment which Ticknor and Fields some time since invented. To attain the distinction of "blue and gold" is now to an author what the decoration of ribbons and crosses was to Knights of old. In conferring this honor upon Mrs. Jameson the publishers have done wisely, for not only to the lingerer on the threshold of Art does her work commend itself, but it also is valuable to those who stand within the doors of the Temple, enabling them to read the spirit which moved the composition of the old masters and spoke in their colorings, as well as to appreciate the mechanical touch which guided the pencil. A better preparation for a visit to the great galleries of the world than a study of these two little volumes could not be recommended.

The *Essays, Moral, Political and Aesthetic*, of Herbert Spencer, well worthy of purchase and perusal at any time, are specially adapted to the present, when our political system is convulsed to its centre and a new order of things is coming to replace the old. Adapted to the latitude of England though these essays are, the limitation is only apparent, for the discussions strike through the examples and illustrations chosen from English history to principles of universal moment and applicability.

Of Pollard's *Southern History of the War* we have the third volume. It was unnecessary for the author to explain in the "introduction" that he sought no literary ornament and attempted no high standard of historical composition, for this becomes evident to the reader on every page of the work. Mr. Pollard furnishes very much the *ex parte* history that that might be expected from the editor of a daily newspaper, accustomed to color statements and tone facts to suit the hot prejudices of the people to whom he looks for support. President Lincoln is termed a "Yankee monster of inhumanity and falsehood," the Southern soldiers are in all instances credited with courage and chivalry, while the Federals, under the pet name of "Yankees," are held up as the embodiment of all that is cruel, cowardly and treacherous in human nature. When a proper history of this war is written it will be by no pen previously steeped in all the passions and prejudices that have actuated the popular mind on either side, but by some cool, dispassionate observer of events, who stands aloof from the whirlpool and calmly weighs men and motives in the even balance of justice. Still, Mr. Pollard's work has a certain value as being an extreme view of the rebellion and its virtues, furnished by the hand of one of its supporters and admirers.

The Merchant Melancholic, by Mary A. Howe, opening at a time when "Night's sable plumage, uplifted from the face of the broad Atlantic, was giving place to the gray pinions of dawn," will probably find readers who admire that style of writing, but plain people, who like the flavor of crisp, comprehensible English, will not be much tempted to follow the story to the end.

Dora Darling: The Daughter of the Regiment, is a juvenile book, the more adapted to interest the class of readers for whom it is intended from the fact that it tells of the war now progressing, and sounds in young ears the scream of life and rattle of drums which all children delight in. Dora went to the wars and became a *virandiere*; her adventures are pleasantly told, the only evil, we fear, being that other little girls may be tempted by the sweets of her experience to slip surreptitiously away from home and become daughters of regiments, too.

Bancroft publishes a "Pocket Diary for 1865," a very useful memorandum book, and also *The Pacific Almanac*, for the present year. The "Diary" contains much useful memoranda, and some excellent tables of reference, the only thing that tempts us to doubt the reliability of the latter being the fact that the compiler has left THE CALIFORNIAN out from the list of "newspapers published in San Francisco." But the form is very convenient, and altogether the work is very creditable. The *Pacific Almanac* is in the usual style of those useful if not interesting works, adapted, as the name indicates, to the wants of the Pacific coast.

WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

MOST men like a spirit of self-sacrifice in their friends a great deal better than in themselves.

MY ADVENTURES IN ALGERIA.

AT the end of a rapid descent from a respectable social position in England—at least, I supposed it must necessarily be the end; there *could* scarcely be a lower deep—I found myself one fine day full private in the French Foreign Legion, serving in Algeria, and comrade to a set of the vilest scamps, with but few exceptions—the refuse, in fact, of every nation in Europe—that ever disgraced the profession of arms, and at that time (1840) attached to the command of General Lamoriciere. How this came about will not require long to tell. The terrible tragedy was comprised in one act.

I belonged to a good family, known for many centuries in the north of England, which had gone to decay. In other words I was poor, but a gentleman. Let us not laugh; it is something to be a gentleman, even in that sorry sense of the word, comparatively speaking. I was an orphan too, and had been one from childhood: a benevolent relative supplied the requisite funds for giving me a first rate education, and I graduated, not without some distinction, at Cambridge. But I had no home. The vacations I passed at the University; and every one at all conversant with the life of young men relieved to a great extent from academic control, will understand its pernicious effect upon me, a youth of fiery, impulsive temperament, and at whose heart was ever festering a rankling sense of wrong, of bitter resentment that I, the representative of a family which had ranked amongst the best gentry of the county of Durham, should be a pauper, dependent for the very means of education upon the bounty of a distant relative, one whose father had amassed wealth in trade, and by that all-potent agency thrust himself, as it were, into our ancient, worm-eaten family. Folly! madness! you will say: no doubt of it; but not the less for that passion of my soul. My ancient name did me other disservice besides filling my mind with vain, profitless regrets, causing me to be forever looking back into the past, instead of forward to the future. It was concluded that the family bearing such a well-known name must be rich, at least sufficiently so to pay the debts of its representative, however large and thickly laid on. My credit consequently was really unlimited, and I milked the cow till the blood came; which crisis arriving, I bolted, taking with me the bills which for some reason or other (I fancy my creditor's suspicions had been aroused by some anonymous hints through the post from Tom Carlton, an intimate chum of mine, whom I had beaten a few days before in a sculling boat-race) were suddenly rained on me in a pelting shower, and a very respectable package they made. I left Cambridge without beat of drum, and in four or five days (travelling in 1834 was not so rapid as in 1864) I presented myself before the distant relative who had supplied funds for my education. He received me kindly enough, and somewhat emboldened by that kindness of manner I unfolded my budget; that is, I untied the parcel and spread the heap of little bills before his astonished eyes. Heavens! how the good man stared!—he was a good man in his (looking at it from my own point of view) straitened, narrow-minded way. Finally, he peremptorily refused to liquidate such outrageous liabilities even in part; then gravely, gently, firmly—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—said the time was come when I must make my own way in the world. I was young, vigorous in mind and body, had received an excellent education, and could not fail, with courage and constancy, to find a field for the profitable exercise of those gifts and acquirements. All he could further do for me was to present me with a cheque for two hundred pounds, a sum quite sufficient for affording me time to look about me and select a path in life. I left an hour afterwards, carrying with me my relative's blessing and his cheque.

As the father of mischief would have it, instead of proceeding direct to London as I first intended—though Heaven only knows what, even in my then excited state of mind might have befallen me there—I determined to pay a flying visit to Mr. Whitborne, an old friend of my family's. I did so; was received with the utmost cordiality, and found his daughter Emily, who dwelt in my remembrance as a little fairy, blue-eyed, auburn-haired child, developed into a charming, beautiful girl, radiant in the golden light of her eighteenth summer. Of course I fell in love with her, and equally certain it is that she coquetted unmercifully with me, being at the very time engaged to one Pemberton—Augustus Pemberton, the only son of a wealthy merchant, who had a sort of shooting box in the neighborhood. He was absent when I paid my visit to Mr. Whitborne, and would not return for three or four weeks, during which I dwelt in the seventh heaven. My descent was sudden, sheer, headlong. Mr. Pemberton arrived; preparations for the wedding were at once and openly commenced; Mr. Whitborne invited me to be present thereat, and when, tossed in a tempest of passion, I ventured to remonstrate with Emily Whitborne, she stared at me as if I wanted her to construe a problem in *Euclid*, and with a light, silvery laugh asked half-seriously if I had been taking wine so early in the day. This occurred in the garden, and as I turned to leave her, maddened with the pangs of despised love, I encountered Pemberton, a sarcastic, mocking smile upon his lips. This was too much; the already brimming cup overflowed; in the madness of the moment I flew at him like a

wild beast; and, being a more powerful man than he, so punished him before Miss Whitborne's cries brought him help, that the wedding would, I was sure, be necessarily postponed. That was something; and in a few minutes I had left the place for ever, shaking its dust from off my feet.

I came to the wise resolution of gratifying a wish I had long entertained—namely, that of seeing Paris—before addressing myself to the business of the world. Accordingly, I took coach for Dover, crossed over to Calais, and engaged a seat on the coupé of a diligence for Paris. In the coupé travelled with me M. Adolphe Grignan, a captain the Chasseurs d'Afrique, absent on temporary leave, and who after a stay in Paris would rejoin his regiment at Oran. He was a very gentlemanly man, about thirty I guessed: we were mutually pleased with each other's society, and during the few days he remained in Paris we were inseparable. His description of Algeria, its scenery, picturesque populations, blue Italian skies, health-giving climate, interested, enchanted me; and when he hinted that he had no doubt I should be able to find congenial employment—for I had been perfectly frank with him as to my position and prospects in life—in the families of superior French officials domiciled in Algiers, where the means of obtaining first-class instruction were very scanty, I with some hesitation determined upon accepting his invitation to accompany him thither.

The French occupation at Algiers, as might have been expected, shows to greatest advantage in the metropolis of their new possession, so easily accessible from Toulon and Marseilles. The bustle on the quay and in the steep narrow streets, the hurrying to and fro, and Babel hubbub of the motley population, Frenchmen, Moors, Arabs, Negroes, Kabyles, Jews, and showily attired, jewelled Jewesses, whose lustrous Eastern eyes are after all their brightest ornaments, present a scene at once novel, striking, and picturesque; and although the vigorous commercial life everywhere pulsating around is necessarily in a great degree factitious—factitious in the sense applicable to all numerously garrisoned towns—you will not have been on shore ten minutes before feeling quite convinced that the contest going on between Asia and Europe on North African soil is already virtually decided, at least so far as the capital of Algeria is concerned.

The immediate environs, too, are charming. I know of no more glorious prospect than that obtained from the summit of Le Sahal, to which I strolled with my friend Captain Grignan. One of the most splendid landscapes in the world is stretched out before you. Beauty breaks in everywhere, encircles you on all sides. The verdant, slightly undulating surface of the far eastward and westward extending hills is profusely dotted with white villa-like country houses, peeping out from amidst vine-gardens, orange and palm groves, bouquet-like clumps of pomegranate, jujube, cypress and almond trees; above is the deep, cloudless blue of Italian skies, and far below, murmuring at the base of Le Sahal and closing the distant horizon on the north, are the bright and calmly heaving waters of the Mediterranean, the fresh breeze from whence sensibly moderates the intense heat of summer. This was the Mohammedan's earthly paradise, and one can see, by the numerous epaulettes and silk dresses which glance and flutter through the openings in the trees and groves, that it is also the favorite resort of the gallant soldiers and gay dames of France. In one of those villas resided the family of a distinguished French officer, Colonel Coutraï, with whom Captain Grignan was personally acquainted. He did me the honor of introducing me to Madame Coutraï and the Colonel, who happened to be within, and who readily promised to forward the views of Captain Grignan's friend to the utmost extent of his power.

A few days afterwards Captain Grignan left for Oran to join his regiment there; and left alone, and the excitement of novelty gradually subsiding, I began to mope sadly. Promise, of pupils, never to be fulfilled, prevented me from returning at once to England; and as the devil, proverbially busy with idlers, prompted me to frequent several of those earthly outposts of his infernal dominions called gambling hells, the very rapid result was that I found myself with but a few francs left; even my watch was gone. Those few francs were spent in wine, and I awoke in the morning literally coinless. I had three alternatives before me: one to hang myself, the second to apply to the British Consul—that is, to be passed home as a pauper—or to enlist in the foreign legion. I chose the last alternative, was accepted, and resigned myself as well as I could to my evil destiny. I might certainly have applied to my friend Captain Grignan for the loan of a sufficient sum to procure me a passage to England, but reluctance to incur pecuniary obligation to a friend is the last sentiment of self-respect which lingers in the bosom of a man who has fallen—especially if by his own misconduct—from any of the little heights of society. I could not have done it.

I had always felt a strong inclination towards the military profession, an enthusiastic admiration of glory; but not the military profession as illustrated by the Foreign Legion, not war as waged by the French in Africa—a war of razzias, burnings, shutting up hundreds of poor devils in caves and smoking them to death. I have been a witness, nay, an actor,

compelled to assist at deeds which to this day make me shudder with horror. It was a usual thing, whenever the General in command thought it politic to give the Kabyles a lesson, for the whole force to march out at midnight, and proceed without rest till the baying of dogs, the crowing of cocks, gave token that we were close upon a tribe; we then halted and prepared for immediate action. The heavy companies easily broke through the hedges of prickly pear which usually surround a Kabyle village, and the massacre began. Strict orders were always given to kill all the men, sparing only the women and children, whom the Kabyle tribes invariably ransomed, and those orders were rigorously carried out. I was present, too, in the Darah when, on the night of the 12th of June, 1844, a Kabyle tribe, in all about six hundred souls, closely pressed by the French under the command of Colonel Pelissier, the late Duke of Malakoff, took refuge in the holy cave of Tartani. There was no outlet to the cave, and starvation must soon have compelled them to accept the summons to surrender, to which at first they made no reply. But Pelissier had a military purpose in view, which delay might frustrate; and what, compared with the glory and the profit—a step, probably, in rank—were the lives of a few hundred wretched Arabs? He ordered an immense fire to be kindled at the mouth of the cave, and fed sedulously during the night with wood, grass, reeds, anything that would produce dense clouds of smoke, which the wind drove in whirling eddies into the mouth of the cave. The fire was well maintained during the night. When the day had fully dawned, the embers were kicked aside, and as soon as the air of the cave was breathable, soldiers were sent to ascertain how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, and had found all the Arabs, men, women, and children, dead; had beheld them lying just as death had found and left them; the old man grasping his gray beard; the younger one grim, rigid, stern as iron, with fanatic hatred and despair; the dead mother clasping her dead child with the steel gripe of the last agony, when all gave way but her strong love.

But enough of these horrors. I supped full of them during the five years I served with the Foreign Legion, in which distinguished corps I had the doubtful honor of attaining to the grade of Sous-Lieutenant. The adventure which alone dwells pleasantly in my memory, in relation to my sojourn in Algeria, is of a very different complexion.

The regiment in which I had served, having incurred more than ordinary loss in the field and by disease, was ordered to Algiers, to remain in garrison there till it again became, both as to members and health, fit for active service.

It was there that whilst sauntering one evening through the Place Marengo, I saw a paper in the shop window of one Isaacs, a jeweler, upon which was written in French, "Wanted a Preceptor, to teach a young lady the English language; he must be a Christian, and must speak French with fluency and correctness."

I at once entered the shop, where I found Isaacs and his son; told them I was a gentleman fully competent to perform the duty required, and should willingly undertake it if the hours of tuition could be reconciled with the exigencies of military duty, and the terms were sufficiently remunerative. The Jews looked at each other and askance at me. The uniform did not appear to please them. I knew both the Jews by reputation. They were converts to the Catholic faith—a speculation which had turned out a very profitable one, they being the only Christian Jews in Algiers. It may be prejudice—I dare say it is—but I have an invincible distrust of converted Jews. I hold, with the late Rev. Sydney Smith, that a converted Jew is like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, separated from the Old and not belonging to the New. And there was nothing in the aspect or character of Isaacs senior or his son Benjamin to modify that distrust.

Presently the pair of worthies went to the further end of the shop and conversed together in low tones, eyeing me distrustfully the while. At last the old man, remarking to his son that there was no time to lose, came to me and said—he spoke in French—that there would be no difficulty about terms if I gave satisfaction; then asked what time I thought it would require to teach the young lady English; he did not mean perfectly, but tolerably well; that would suffice, as she would never have occasion to speak it, probably. I said that depended upon the young lady's capacity for acquiring languages. How old was she? "Eighteen next birthday, when she will be of age. I must tell you," continued Isaacs, "how the affair stands. The young girl, Mary Fanshawe, was born here in Algiers of English parents."

"Indeed! then she is an English girl, a subject of her Britannic Majesty, to all intents and purposes."

"That is the English law, I believe, but it is not the law here, and Mademoiselle Fanshawe is not in England—never will be, please God; she is a pious child, and has no wish to risk her precious soul by dwelling with heretics."

"You rascally old hypocrite! I should very much like to kick you," thought I. I, however, merely replied, "That is no concern of mine. My duty will be confined to teaching

Mademoiselle Fanshawe the heretical language, if I have the honor to be engaged."

"Well, I suppose we must engage you, we are so pressed for time. Her father died when the child was only about three years old, that was in 1831, the year after the French came; Madame Fanshawe died in childbirth. Mr. Fanshawe made a serious will—that is to say, there are odd stipulations in it. One is that his daughter must be taught English, and not be married till she can speak that language. It is droll, but not the less true for that. Now the *tuteur* under the will and guardian of the young lady was Ben Mustapha, a rich, very rich diamond merchant, who died about three months ago, after nominating me *tuteur* and guardian in his stead. Ben Mustapha and M. Fanshawe were very great friends, brothers. They had met each other in Paris, I believe, where, by Mr. Fanshawe's persuasion, Mustapha like me embraced the Catholic faith. The French being masters in Algiers, there was nothing to fear. Well, Mustapha, I must say, neglected his duty as to having Mademoiselle Mary taught English, and we must make up for lost time. That is the affair, Monsieur; and I hope you will do your best, so that she may speak English tolerably, you know, on her next birthday, now about eight months distant."

I promised to do my best; the hours of tuition, terms, etc., were settled, and I left. The same evening I called upon a gentleman with whom I had some slight acquaintance, who was pretty sure to know something more about the Jew's English ward than Isaacs himself had chosen to tell me, and my curiosity was sharply whetted. I was right. The young lady's fortune, invested by her guardian Mustapha in diamonds, and transferred at his death to Isaacs, was very considerable, probably over twenty thousand pounds; and Benjamin Isaacs' son, it was confidently reported, would espouse Mary Fanshawe on her eighteenth birthday. Cunning Isaacs—father and son! Was it possible that I might make one in that pretty game? Mr. Charles Hibbert—a fine young fellow, who was staying with his mother at one of the villas on the Sahal (she had resided in Algeria for the benefit of her health several years), with whom I, with the freemasonry which attracts educated Englishmen to each other, was well acquainted—warmly urged me to go in and win. Surely a dirty, sallow Jew would not be a very formidable rival, etc., etc.

Miss Fanshawe was rather pretty, had nice hair and teeth, pretty good eyes, and her figure was tolerable; but mentally compared with Emily Whitborne—pshaw! Yes, but Miss Whitborne had long since become Mrs. Pemberton, whilst this prize, if not so desirable personally, was not only greatly superior to the Durham lady in *les beaux yeux de sa casette*, but was unappropriated. I should certainly go in for the prize.

And I had before long good hopes of winning; the first decided hint at possible success was a blushing request "that before either of the Isaacs I should avoid speaking or—acting in any way that might excite their suspicions, or I should not be allowed, as was now the case, to take her for a walk sometimes of a morning." At the same time I could not help noticing, with a kind of impatient resentment, that her demeanor towards Benjamin Isaacs was excessively tender, almost caressing; going to the verge, in fact, of the proprieties, supposing her to fully intend being his wife on her next birthday. Clever, no doubt, but it jarred harshly upon the chord of pride. Still, twenty thousand pounds in diamonds, in a box easily come-at-able, sealed with the French Syndic's seal, was worth having; to say nothing of escape from Algeria and the Foreign Legion. Probably, Mary Fanshawe feared that if she did not impress Benjamin Isaacs with an unshakable conviction that she doted upon him—and he was about as vain as he was ugly—that precious box would be placed where it would not be come-at-able. The young lady, I should have said, got on famously with her English. We could conjugate the verb "To love" very fluently together.

At last it was all settled. Charles Hibbert, who had been our confidant all along, and who felt a strong interest in the young lady, undertook to manage the final preparations, which merely consisted in obtaining of his mother a sufficient sum of ready coin to pay the passage money to England, with some twenty pounds over for current expenses after we had landed till the diamonds could be disposed of; and the hiring a boat to be in readiness to take us off from the beach and meet the steamer at sea—the want of passports being an insuperable obstacle to leaving from the port. My gentleman's clothes I took article by article to his mother's house, and there on the eventful morning I was to dress. The risk I must run was a serious one, for should I be arrested in plain clothes, and it could be proved that I intended bolting, my hermaphrodite grade of Sous-Officier would not save me from being shot. The morning came, and before sunrise I was in attendance beneath Mary's window, with a ladder, and with my friend and backer Charles on the look-out close by.

"Gently, gently, dear girl. Hush! I will guide your feet to the rungs of the ladder. You have the box quite safe?"

"Yes, *mon cher*, yes."

The descent was quietly accomplished, and I gave Mary

Fanshawe to the care of Charles Hibbert, whilst I ran off to change my dress. This was soon done; I asked Mrs. Hibbert, who had risen, to herself prepare a breakfast for me, in order not to place confidence, which might be betrayed, in a servant.

A glorious dawn came blushing over the sea as I hurried to the appointed spot. Arrived there—a slightly indented cove on the line of beach—no boat, no Mary Fanshawe, no Charles Hibbert could I see. I rubbed my eyes, and presently observed a note stuck in the cleft of a stick standing upright in the sand:

"My dear boy—all is fair in love and war. Mary unaccountably prefers me to you. Strange, but true. I think you had better lose no time in getting back to the barracks, or the consequences may be serious. Do not think I shall prove ungrateful for the treasure, in a double sense, which you have been the means of conferring upon me. Adieu, dear old boy. Mary and I shall often think of you."

"Yours faithfully,

CHARLES HIBBERT."

Indignation—rage—shame supplied me with momentary energy. I climbed to the summit of a ragged cliff overlooking the ocean, and saw that the boat containing the traitor and traitress was already at least a league at sea, and that Mary and her lover would in a few minutes be taken on board the steamer. Seeing me, they both rose in the boat, Hibbert waving his hat, Mary Fanshawe her handkerchief. Confusion!

I felt, however, amidst all my fury, that if I wished to live, if only for vengeance, I had not a moment to lose. I slid down the cliff and was hurrying at my best speed towards Mrs. Hibbert's, when, at a turn in the path, I found myself suddenly in the midst of at least a dozen Jews, Isaacs and his son foaming with rage, amongst them.

"That is he! that is the villain! Stop him!" screamed Isaacs. "Where is Mary? where are the jewels—the diamonds—the rubies? Give them to me, or I will strangle you—stamp you in the mud. Give them to me now, this moment!"

"Yes, yes; this moment!" howled Benjamin. "And where is my wife that was to be? Where is Mary? Tell me, or I will have your blood!"

I broke away and ran on at my top speed, followed like a fox by the hungriest of packs, and all giving tongue furiously. I saw that it was all over with me, and made for the nearest *corps-de-garde*. "These men are pursuing and abusing me. I know not why. It cannot concern them that I am not in uniform."

"He has stolen five hundred thousand francs in jewels," screamed Isaacs. "He has stolen my wife," howled Benjamin. The other Jews joined in chorus. It was a complete Babel.

"The situation is a very serious one," said Captain Grignan, who had hastened from Oran directly he heard of what had befallen me. "Mrs. Hibbert is in despair. We have interested Colonel Contrai in your favor, and he is now gone to see Lamoriciere. But I doubt that anything can be done. It is sad, very sad. To die in the field is nothing, but this—and the fine fellow's eyes overflowed with tears. "The court-martial is appointed to take place to-morrow—a mere formality."

The court-martial, presided over by Colonel Poiton, was constituted, and the merely formal proceedings were about to commence, when the roll of a drum and the presenting of arms was heard outside.

"The General Lamoriciere!"

The members of the court rose at the entrance of the General, who held some open papers in his hand.

"Sous-Lieutenant Bertie," (this was the name in which I had enlisted,) said Lamoriciere, in his brusque tone, "Sous-Lieutenant Bertie's term of enlistment for six years expired the very day previous to that when he attempted to leave Algeria. He was then, consequently, no longer a soldier of France. He is discharged! Let the secretary record the finding and the reason for it." The General threw the papers on the table and passed out.

In England once more; as poor, nay, poorer than when I left. When passing through London, I bethought me of inquiring if any letters had arrived there to my address during the last six years, as before leaving Durham for the last time, I had requested several friends, if they had anything of importance to communicate, to write to me at the post office at the West End, to be left till called for. The clerk, a very obliging person, strange to say, listened patiently to my explanation; said it would require some time to make a search extending over six years, but he would do so, and let me know the result on the morrow.

I called, and he placed four letters in my hand, all from the same person. Was I awake? had I lost my senses? A rich, aged, miserly relative, with whom, however, I had been always a sort of a favorite, was dead, and had bequeathed me the whole of his wealth! Again, Emily Whitborne was still Emily Whitborne. Some quarrel had taken place between her and Mr. Pemberton, in consequence of my assault upon that gentleman; the match was at once broken off, and it was thought Miss Whitborne would never be married.

I felt choked—dizzy—going mad; and but for the timely assistance of a police officer, who thought I was tipsy, should have fallen on the pavement.

The winter of life was past; summer was come, and in due season came the singing of birds—tiniest and prettiest of warblers, to whom Emily and I are never tired of listening.—*English Magazine.*

F U N I A N A .

"The mortality among Byron's mistresses," said the late Lady A., is really alarming. I think he generally buries, in verse, a first love every fortnight." "Madam," replied Curran, "mistresses are not so mortal. The fact is, my lord weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public."

A CERTAIN physician was so fond of administering medicine that, seeing all the vials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on the table, he said: "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

A PERSON who dined in company with Dr. Johnson endeavored to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at everything he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent "ha! ha! ha!" becoming intolerable: "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend."

A GENTLEMAN talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees: "Why, yes, sir," says the man; "please to consider that they have nothing else to do."

LAMB and Coleridge were talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, when he was beginning his career in the Church, and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his usual tone, when he paused, and said: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" said Lamb.

A CERTAIN Lord Mayor, hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, asked if he died the first time or the second?

A CREDITOR, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. "That's a beautiful mare you are on!" said Sheridan. "Do you think so?" "Yes, indeed! how does she trot?" The creditor, highly flattered, put her in full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

"I NEVER was ruined but twice," said a wit; "once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I gained one."

THE late Judge C. one day had occasion to examine a witness who stammered very much in delivering his testimony. "I believe," said his lordship, "you are a very great rogue." "Not so great a rogue as you, my lord—t-t-take me to be."

A COUNTRYMAN took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

DURING a recent representation of *King Lear* at a metropolitan theatre, an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. manager! Sir! Alter the play! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way. Give us something funny, or I'll summon you, sir!"

"Tom," said a colonel to one of his men, "how can so good and brave a soldier as you get drunk so often?" "Colonel," replied he, "how can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for sixpence a day?"

THEODORE HOOK being in company, where he said something humorous in rhyme to every person present, on Mr. Winter, the late Solicitor of Taxes, being announced, made the following impromptu:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,

I advise you to give him whatever he axes;

I advise you give it without any slumery,

For though his name's Winter his actions are summary."

TOM bought a gallon of gin to take home; and by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it!"

A GENTLEMAN playing at piquet, was much teased by a looker-on who was short-sighted, and having a very long nose, greatly incommoded the player. To get rid of the annoyance, the player took out his handkerchief, and applied it to the nose of his officious neighbor. "Ah! sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but I really took it for my own."

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THERE is nothing remarkable to record this week. The note of preparation for another struggle appears to be sounding along the sea-board. Sherman has his mind firmly fixed Charlestonwards, and Grant, in spite of the mud, has no thought of going into winter quarters. The army of Lee before Petersburg is reported in the despatches as being reinforced by Breckinridge's troops and a portion of the forces which retreated from Savannah, which is not likely, since Charleston demands more immediate attention.

January 1.—Richmond papers state that the Union troops shelled out the rebel lines between Dunlap's and Petersburg, on the 28th.

A report from North Carolina, through a rebel source, gives information that the Home Guard of that State, sent to meet the Union raiders at Bulfield, refused to cross the State line.

Gen. Kilpatrick returned safely to Savannah, after a successful raid to Altamaha bridge, on the Albany and Gulf railroad. He destroyed a great portion of the road. Ten locomotives and a large number of cars are shut up between Albany and the Altamaha river.

Gov. Vance of North Carolina is exceedingly nervous about the defence of his State, and calls upon everybody that "can fire a gun behind breastworks with a blanket," to go to Wilmington.

January 2.—From the Army of the Potomac, a despatch states that an attack was made by the rebels on our picket line, between Forts Howard and Wadsworth. Three hundred rebels charged without warning and drove our troops within their entrenchments, killing two, wounding three and capturing thirty. They then appropriated all the knapsacks and blankets they could find on the picket posts, and skedaddled.

Nearly all the steam-transports of the expeditionary fleet under command of Gen. Butler, which sailed from Fortress Monroe returned to that port in safety.

The latest news from Mobile reports Gen. Granger at Franklin Creek, Miss., three miles from Mobile, having met little opposition. The rebels are blockading with all their might the water front of the city. A force from Pensacola, under Gen. McKean, is said to be moving on Blakely, Baldwin county, 24 miles from Mobile. It is strongly argued that Granger's operations involve the speedy fall of that city.

Recruiting is very brisk and successful. "Returns received at the Provost-Marshal General's Bureau show that the number of men raised by recruiting is larger than at any period during the year."

The siege of Richmond progresses, according to the *Herald* correspondent. "Fifty picked men are now in command of Farrow's Island, in the James, near Dutch Gap. The rebels have been driven by this party from an important point opposite the Hawlett House Battery. Among the results accomplished by the movement is the destruction of the pontoon boats used by the rebels. Activity continues within the rebel lines. The troops which evacuated Savannah are doubtless on their way to reinforce Lee, as are also those of Breckinridge; so we may look for a hostile movement by Lee soon."

Early has withdrawn the greater portion of his forces far up the Shenandoah Valley. He has fallen back with his infantry to Waynesboro. His cavalry are operating on both sides of the Blue Ridge.

Late rebel papers contain accounts of a movement of North Carolina and Texas Unionists for the purpose of restoring their States to their proper position in the Union.

A force of about ten thousand, including the Second Maine Cavalry, First Florida Cavalry, and Fourteenth New York Cavalry, with three regiments colored infantry and two pieces artillery, under command of Colonel Robinson of the colored infantry, left for a raid into Alabama on the 13th, to sever the communication by telegraph and railroad at Pollard, and destroy such property and stores as might be found there. The Government property, commissary stores, ordnance, etc., with the buildings were destroyed. Two thousand stands of arms were captured. The railroad was also destroyed by our troops before the expedition returned.

The *Times'* Washington special despatch says it has authority for stating that the cotton captured at Savannah will be taken and sold by Government.

A private letter from the Federal fleet says that refugees from Charleston and other ports of South Carolina state that all the inhabitants who could do so have removed into the country. Great distress prevails, and scarcely any flour and other necessities can be obtained at any prices. Sherman's success occasions general alarm.

January 4.—According to the *World's* Beaufort correspondent, great preparations are being made by Sherman to resume offensive operations. A portion of Dahlgren's fleet is engaged removing obstructions from the Savannah river. Foster's army is still at Broad River landing, covering the Charleston and Savannah railroad. Hardee's army is reported to have been brought to a stand, and would probably be obliged to surrender. A fleet of ironclads had reached the harbor of Charleston, and would co-operate with Sherman in an attack on that city.

Sherman issued orders regulating the duties and obligations of the citizens of Savannah. A public meeting of the inhabitants was held in which resolutions were adopted, accepting the "situation" and submitting to the National authority. They claim the privilege of United States citizens. Hundreds have taken the oath of allegiance.

The Peace Resolutions offered in the North Carolina Legislature, according to the *Richmond Sentinel*, were defeated in the Senate by 19 to 21, under a motion to take them from the table.

The fleet before Wilmington encountered a violent gale. It is represented to have been the most terrible that has occurred for years. The ships of the Union rode out the storm in safety.

Strong efforts are still being made to give Lee the Military Dictatorship of the Southern Confederacy.

Deserters from the rebel army have taken possession of the North Carolina mountains, and expelled the rebel citizens. They defy the rebel authorities.

LOCAL MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

New Year happening on Sunday, 'twas voted it should "take in" Monday; two days thus giving, to satiety, the spico (well-named) of life, variety: prayer and present, sermon and ball, outpourings of grace—free drinks for all; the poorest could hear of the "loaves and the fishes," while all were enriched by their neighbors' kind wishes; no plan ever heard of under the sun worked better than keeping two New Year's in one.

Petitions are in circulation asking the Board of Supervisors to appoint 38 policemen in addition to the present force, (62.) 8,000 signatures have been obtained.

Wm. Farrell was arrested on Monday, charged with counterfeiting; \$7,500 in bogus coin and \$500 in altered greenbacks were found in his possession. The police have been watching him for some time, and think it a clear case.

Six tons of fish are sold in this city daily.

Several hundred colored people of this city, assisted by delegations from other towns, celebrated the Emancipation anniversary by a procession, oration and poem.

The receipts of the Police Court, for December, were \$3,316; for the year, \$42,755 75, an excess of \$15,000 over any previous year.

Proposals will be received by the Treasurer until April 6th, for the surrender of City and County Slip Bonds to the amount of \$15,000.

W. E. Robertson, one of the agents in exposing the alleged Hayes piracy case, was attacked on Market street, Sunday night last. One man attempted to stab him, when Robertson gave the fellow a telling blow; a confederate fired two shots; Robertson returned the compliment, lodging a ball, he thinks, in the would-be assassin. Robertson was arrested on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon, but was released on his recognizance, with Col. James as surety.

On Saturday evening last, a man was shot in the leg, at a saloon on the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he carried in his pocket, inflicting a severe flesh wound.

Silas Gartwright was arrested for forcibly entering the cabin of a Government schooner at Cowell's wharf, and stealing a pistol.

Patrick McCabe was convicted of beating his sister in a most brutal manner. He forfeited his bail (\$20,) and a bench warrant was issued for his re-arrest.

A boat containing three men—Herman Paulding, David Miller and F. Nelson—capsized near Goat Island, Saturday. The party were rescued by J. Kohler, who resides on the island.

The Stock and Exchange Board donated \$300, to be divided equally between the Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums for the purpose of providing a substantial New Year's dinner.

Michael Callahan, a discharged soldier, fell overboard from the steamer *Senator*, Monday night, and was drowned. The body has been recovered.

Mrs. Blake, while suffering from *delirium tremens*, jumped from the Oregon street wharf. She was rescued by officer O'Daley, whose interference she resented with such vigor that his shirt was in shreds by the time he had her safely housed.

F. E. Hogg, E. A. Swain, John Hiddle, T. J. Grady, J. L. Black, R. R. Lyon and Joshua Higgins, arrested on board the steamer *Salvador*, off Panama, on charge of taking passage on that vessel for the purpose of seizing and converting her into a rebel pirate, were brought into port by the *Saginaw*, and taken to Alcatraz, where they are now confined.

A young son of Harris Wood was brought before Judge Sawyer, Wednesday, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, having been taken from the whaleship *Vineyard*, on board of which he had been "Shanghaied." He was restored to his parents.

The Treasurer of the California Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission remitted, January 3d, to New York, \$12,000 in gold coin, making \$67,000 in coin and \$7,592 in currency forwarded since September 1, 1864.

Miss E. A. Shaw, a teacher in the Denman school, was knocked down and dangerously injured by a runaway horse, on Clay street, Wednesday.

S. C. Simmons, who was Comptroller of the Pnoble of San Francisco, under the Ayuntamiento, during the years 1849 and 1850, died recently.

The Board of Education has elected as teachers, Sextus Shearer, jr., Miss Nellie J. Baldwin, Annie M. Hueks, M. J. Norton, H. E. McBride, H. Minerva Gates, Helen L. Weaver, Hannah Cooke, J. D. Littlefield, Mary F. Smith, E. N. Campbell, Lydia Derby, Philena Sawyer and E. M. Shaw.

A fire, doubtless from an accidental cause, occurred in a brick building, No. 38 California street, Thursday. The first floor of the building was occupied as a wholesale paint and oil store by J. R. Kelly, whose loss is probably covered by insurance. C. L. Taylor & Co., sash and blind makers, had their business office in the second floor; most of their books, office furniture, etc., were destroyed. In attempting to smother the flames, one of Mr. Kelly's workmen narrowly escaped being burned to death; his clothes caught fire, and he was obliged to jump into a tank—"taking water" to good purpose.

Two of the principals in the bogus Richmond-taken-again "Extra" case having been held for trial, the newsboy accessories have been discharged.

A. M. Kenaday has retired from *THE CALIFORNIAN*. The firm now consists of P. J. Thomas, A. A. Stickney and John Collier.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Leidesdorff Grant, 35,000 acres situated in Sacramento county, has been confirmed and patented to the executors of the estate of the late Capt. Folsom.

A late decision of the Supreme Court affirms the validity of the law of last winter in aid of the Pacific Railroad, and that the State must pay the interest in gold coin, for twenty years, on \$1,500,000 of the bonds issued.

A detachment of 122 men, under Capt. Berry, arrived at Sacramento, a few days since, from Salt Lake. Their term of service has nearly expired.

John Housala, a native of Finland, was carried through the Franklin tunnel at Michigan Bluff, Cal., Dec. 20th, by a rush of mud and water. His remains were found, Dec. 28th, five miles below the tunnel, shockingly mutilated.

A little son of John Dollarhide, of Yolo county, was kicked by a horse, recently, and so severely injured that his recovery is doubtful.

A "Sabbath Convention" was held at Sacramento, Jan. 4th. Delegates were present from various parts of California.

The Grass Valley *Union* says, a few days since, some miners prospecting in the neighborhood of Bald Mountain, between Orr's ranch and Auburn, struck a very rich "pocket" of quartz, from which they obtained upwards of \$5,000 in a few hours.

The Napa and Vallejo railway is progressing finely. A contract has been let for grading and laying the ties on four miles of the road, and building a bridge over Napa river, for \$28,000.

An orange tree, sixteen feet high, in Folsom, has on it a crop of about 400 oranges. It blooms and blossoms through the entire summer and fall.

Jessie Lester, a cyprian of Virginia, Nevada, was shot in the shoulder, by some unknown enemy, a few days since.

The Sacramento *Union* appeared on Monday in a new dress, and, as usual on New Year's day, with a vast amount of tabular and statistical information relative to the events of the past year. The *Union* is an honor to the State.

A lady living near Healdsburg underwent an operation recently worthy of note, namely, the removal of a large tumor and four gallons of liquid. She had been suffering for several years from a disease which resulted in abdominal dropsy.

William Stone was garoted in Sacramento a few days since. The scoundrels got but little for their pains. Garoting is becoming quite fashionable in the Capital City this winter—biennial sessions now, you know.

The Crescent Quartz Mining Company, in Indian Valley, Plumas county, has declared a dividend of \$50 per share, the Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company \$75 per foot, and the Belcher, Baldwin and Abernethie Mining Companies each \$8 per share.

Spring Creek mill, Shasta county, Cal., cleaned up, lately, after a run of five days, with eight stamps, sixteen pounds of amalgam, worth \$96 per pound—a little over \$300 per day.

A CERTAIN Scotchman, who is not a member of any temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, drily answered: "To tell you the truth, Mr. —, I canna' say I'm very fond of rum; for if I take more than six tumblers, it's very apt to give me a headache."

Why does a fat dog not meditate? Because he is not a thin cur.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charrriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

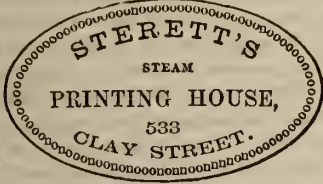
WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for inhibiting "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the concourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—Six pounds White Granulated Sugar, \$1; nine pounds Cooking Sugar, \$1; seven pounds Cooking Raisins, \$1; six-pound boxes Raisins, \$1; six pounds Currants, \$1; eight pounds new Dried Apples, \$1; seven pounds Prunes, \$1; seven pounds California Dried Peaches, \$1; four pounds Green Coffee, \$1; nine pounds Rice, \$1. TEAS—Oolong, 75 cents per pound; Family Mixture, 75 cents; Mandarin Oolong, \$1; strong and fine-flavored Breakfast Tea, \$1; new crop Japan Tea, 90 cents; very choice Green Teas, \$1. Fresh Ground Coffee, for family use, 35 cents; Babbitt's pure Cream Tartar, 60 cents; Saleratus, 12 1/2 cents; Preston & Merrill's Yeast Powder, 25 cents per box; McMurray's Oysters, 40 cents; and numerous other articles cheap for cash, at HASKELL'S NEW MAMMOTH TEA STORE, fronting on Market and Sutter streets, three doors below the Metropolitan Market. Open every evening till further notice.

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Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

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Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

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will manufacture a stylo of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

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We will continue to manufacture

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE reduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or floor gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration, particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave discs, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and discs, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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"MAZEPPA" AT ASTLEY'S.

LADY GODIVA'S far outdone,
And peeping Tom an arrant duffer:
Menken ontstrips them both in one,
At Astley's, now the Opera Buffer.
Poor ballet-girls! of what avail
Your pirouettes, once so refreshing?
You'll be compelled to take leg bail,
Unless you throw aside the fleshing.
Art long has ruled with tyrant sway,
On Nature may we prove dependent;
The cry, "Old Clothes," has had its day—
No clothes is now in the ascendant.

[London Orchestra.]

ECONOMY.

I THINK women have had enough said to them on the score of economy. Half of them spend their best days now in trying to grind twenty-five cents into a dollar, or in making painful efforts to save twenty-five cents out of a dollar—and it contracts their minds, sharpens their features, and pinches in unnaturally soul and body.

Judgment and common sense should always regulate expenditure according to the means, but it is certainly better to learn how to increase one's income than constantly and narrowly to calculate how to always live within it. Nations become wealthy by the development of their resources, not by holding and refusing to complete them.

Not that I would counsel women who are wives and mothers to seek outside employment for the sake of adding to the general income. A woman at the head of a house has full as much upon her hands as she can attend to, but she should employ her daughters; she should bring them up to assist either in the work of the house, and thus save the hire and waste of servants, or else to earn the money they require for their own use in some other way. If fate kept them single, they would then be independent; if, on the contrary, they married, they would have had a training which would fit them for good wives and mothers in their turn.

What women want to have hammered into their foolish heads is not how to economize, but how to make money, and the seemingly obvious fact that there is no more disgrace in earning money than there is in spending it.

A penny saved is a penny earned, says the old proverb, but it is better to earn two pennies than to work as hard trying to save one.

The developments of science and mechanism make it easier to earn money now than formerly. And why, instead of still trying to live on as little, should we not enjoy the increased comforts and luxuries it brings? Sewing girls can earn six dollars on the machine, where they formerly earned three by hand, and are so much better off, or would be if we had no war, and greenbacks were as good as gold.

It is a money-making age. We have gold fields, oil fields, cotton fields, and wheat fields, not to speak of the gold to be found in a tub of golden butter; and why may not women expand their wings a little and see if for them the earth will not yield up some of its treasures? They have been cramped and restricted long enough; give them a chance to acquire means of their own, to get rid of their puny cares and enjoy life in profusion.

I don't believe the Creator ever intended us to be niggardly; it is not by the twenty-five cents' worth that he sends his rain or his sunshine; he does not stop to count the blades of grass, or the leaves on the trees, or the icicles and snow-flakes which make up a grand winter panorama; and I don't believe that he sent us into this beautiful world to wear ourselves thin and ugly by pinching, and contriving, and planning, and saving. Else why has he scattered wealth on every hand so profusely? and why made it the instinct in all ages to reward good deeds with wealth and honors, and bad ones with final poverty and disgrace.

It is a good thing to know how to use economy when it is needful; but it is better to have the will and power to give out of one's abundance to others. The habit of economy does not tend to make people liberal; it tends to selfishness, and those who have practiced it from necessity in their earlier years, find that it grows upon them until it becomes the most despicable meanness later in life, and when the first necessity no longer exists.—"Jennie June," in the *New York Leader*.

AN EDITOR AT PEACE.—An exchange paper in a complimentary notice of an editor gone "to that bourne" etc., thus sums up the blessings which follow his rest:

"Are we not glad, also, that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demagogue to promulgate. There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited, not a clasp of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in heaven."

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHOICE OF PAPERS FOR ROOMS.—Many elegant patterns are displayed on colored grounds; the effect may please in one room which in another will be displeasing, yet the cause will be inexplicable; light, more or less, will account for the difference. Colored grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In a compact city this is an essential matter of consideration; even in the country the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colors fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a colored ground; for the same reason, the doors and other wood-work should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colors. Another failure in effect—little suspected in the choice of colors, even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent—is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even where sparingly introduced, as, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white, (as in large concert rooms,) it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is unsatisfactory; and a room with blue-grounded paper and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similarly decorated with buff or "flesh" color which would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, would, if blue, swallow up the light of several gas jets, and then not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh, or pink and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colors around them; and blue is trying; white with a hint of blush, or tint of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint, "picked in" with pale slate to correspond. Rooms hung with or painted scarlet are rich, but very dismal, and invariably look less than if adorned with a light tint. They require, also, to be illuminated more, and much earlier in the evening than those with pale colors. Towards dusk scarlet appears black; let any person doubting this try the fact, by wearing a scarlet cloak or shawl, and look at it as the shades of twilight advance. Yellow, and buff, and pink, can be scarcely better discriminated by candle-light than can blue and green.

DUMAS COMINO.—Alexander Dumas, it is said, intends soon to make a visit to the United States, and will probably write his "experiences" in a book. Our people may relish a little fresh gossip regarding the novelist's habits, personal appearance, etc.; we, therefore, make room for the following paragraph from a recent Paris letter to the *Boston Transcript*: "Dumas is an astonishing worker. He writes twelve hours a day—never sees his manuscript till it comes to him from the printer. He writes a plain, round, readable hand—rarely makes an erasure or an interlineation. His copyrights are worth to him from forty to sixty thousand dollars a year, yet he is always in debt, and borrowing with one hand from all that will lend, while, with the other, he bestows liberally on poor artists and Bohemians generally. He never pays any debts, and keeps no accounts. He has been arrested several times. His creditors at one time had his copyrights for nearly a year, until he was obliged to pay for them. During this time, of course, he lived by borrowing. He pays his cook, however. It is doubtful if he would do even this if he could help it; but in this case the claims of his stomach are equal to the motions of conscience in ordinary men. He lives at Bagheim, about eight miles from Paris, where he gives charming breakfast parties to his literary friends. He is excessively vain, aud, of course, fond of display. He has nearly completed a novel, *St. Félicé*, which is being published as a *feuilleton*, in the *Journal La Presse*, for which he is paid at the enormous rate of one centime—the tenth part of a sou or cent—a letter, which amounts to eight or ten cents a line.

THE NUNNERY CENSOR.—I had been denounced before another Abbess as a reader of mundane literature, or that irrelevant to ecclesiastical subjects. A spy having informed her, I was caught *en flagrant délit*, by the Superior, with the book in my hand. "What good book is this you are reading, my daughter? Let me look at it!" said she. There being no time to conceal it, I was obliged to hand it to her, not without a lively disquietude concerning my justification of such a possession. The Abbess put on her spectacles, and having read the title of it, restored me the closed book, saying—"The *Memoirs of St. Helena*. Ah! the Life of St. Constantine's mother! How they are perpetually calumniating this poor, poor girl!" It was a "Memorial of St. Helena," and a little later I satisfied myself that the eminent Superior of San Gregorio was entirely innocent of the name and fame of Napoleon the Great!—*Memoirs of an ex-Benedictine Nun*.

RICHARD HILDRETH.—We observe with the greatest regret a statement that Richard Hildreth, the historian, who was appointed in 1861 Consul to Trieste, is hopelessly ill with a softening of the brain.

Mr. Hildreth is one of the quiet, patient, persistent, and efficient workmen, who do less for their own fame than that of others. He belongs to that great body of unrecognized students and authors who supply the hard-earned material upon which others build, like the coral insects, who invisibly construct the reefs upon which islands rise, in whose foliage the most brilliant birds soar and sing.

His history of the United States, from the settlement of the country down to 1821, fills six volumes, and is a monument of faithful labor and extensive research. It traces with clearness the steadily-progressive development of the great controversy which has now ended in civil war, and is a body of political information quite unsurpassed. It is none the less valuable that Mr. Hildreth is a Federalist of the Hamiltonian school, for recent events show beyond question that Hamilton was not altogether wrong in his estimate of the tendency of our system. The work has few graces of style; but it is clear and concise and honest, and is indispensable to the student of American history.

Other works of Mr. Hildreth reveal the same qualities of accuracy and thoroughness, and his long fidelity to the principles which brought the Administration into power four years ago was properly recognized by his consular appointment. We had hoped that his labors might be suspended and his health established in the soft Adriatic air. But if the news be true, Mr. Hildreth is another of the learned and exhausted scholars by whose melancholy fate all hard workers with the brain should be warned.—*Harpers' Weekly*.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC BABY.—The following appears in the last number of the *British Journal* of October 30th: "Some time since my wife was engaged preparing albumen paper in the silver bath, and in a moment of abstraction pressed two of her fingers on her forehead, being at about that time to add another olive branch to the family. Soon after the birth of the baby we were surprised and annoyed at noticing that the child when in a strong light, exhibited two distinct impressions similar to the silver stains before fixing; and the strangest part of the matter is that these disappear as night comes on and reappear as daylight arrives. I have not yet attempted to tone and fix these said stains; and, although at present serving as a sort of antiometer to me, will prove a sad disfigurement to my daughter's appearance in daylight, and we much regret they were not impressed in some less conspicuous place. I am, etc., the Father of the Photographic Baby." The editor adds: "Were the writer of the foregoing not known to us, we should have thrown aside his letter as an impudent hoax; but as we know him well as an excellent photographer, a good citizen, and as being little addicted to joking, we give his communication a place in our journal and leave those more competent than ourselves to explain the strange phenomenon, which we believe to be faithfully recorded by our correspondent."

WHAT TO DO IF THE CLOTHES TAKE FIRE.—Perhaps three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woollen fabric—if none is at hand, take any woollen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boldly to the person, make a motion of clapping in the arms, most about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next moment immerse the burnt part in sweet oil. Next get some common flour, and put it on the burn, about an inch in thickness, and if possible, put the patient to bed. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

GOT.—The word *got* is often used superfluously and incorrectly in familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "Lend me a shilling," you say, "I've got no money," you simply say what you do not mean. Omit the *got*, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a cold" is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but if you merely wish to say, as you probably do, that you are suffering under a cold, "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here *got* is an interloper, for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to town to-morrow." Here *got* is redundant and incorrect. "I have to go" expresses the idea.

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THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salubrious and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

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GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State. Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post,
Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the
Masonic Hall.

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We have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
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The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to
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RADICAL CURE OF
Rupture by the application of
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and compressing pressure, by
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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to
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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

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FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE
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Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and
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most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT.

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First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate
like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use
every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the
house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon
give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their
reputation for efficacy, mildness, and absolute certainty of
operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PUR-
GATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Constiveness,
Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys,
in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a Gen-
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Fever and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration,
so common in this climate, they have not their equals
among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed accord-
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style, they produce

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Office at CRANE & BRIGHAN'S

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WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the
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munity at large, that he has established
himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has
taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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lar attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious
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years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will
capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.
Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold,
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CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons
desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can
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tracting still continued.

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WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

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at the East, and which to be appreciated only re-
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made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam
or joint, combining great strength and beauty with
absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste,
while the coloring of the gums and the interior of
the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection.
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Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufac-
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Supported by Miss CHAPMAN, Mr. CATHCART, and Mr. EVERETT, previous to their final departure from California by the steamer on the 24 of February.

On MONDAY Evening, January 9th, 1865.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE!

Shylock, Mr. KEAN. - Portia, Mrs. KEAN.

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LOUIS XI!

King Louis, Mr. Kean, - Martha, Mrs. Kean

WEDNESDAY - January 11th

KING LEAR!

King Lear, Mr. Kean, - The Fool, Mrs. Kean

Thursday - January 12th

THE STRANGER!

The Stranger, Mr. Kean, - Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Kean

Friday - January 13th

Mr. COPPIN will make his LAST APPEARANCE BUT TWO in CALIFORNIA.

Seats can be secured three days in advance at the Box Office.

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MAMMOTH SACRED CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN

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On Sunday Evening, January 8th, 1865.

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MISS JENNY KEMPTON,

SIGNOR BIANCHI,

MR. W. J. HILL,

MONS. CHARLES,

MR. JOHN GREGG,

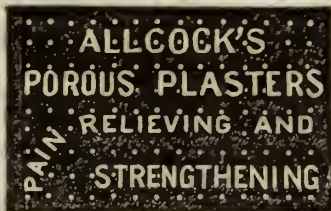
MR. DEHAGA,

MR. WUNDERLICH,

Are engaged for this occasion, with a GRAND CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Doors open at half-past 7 o'clock; concert to commence at eight.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Family Circle and Gallery, 50 cents. ja7



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

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TO HOUSEKEEPERS, HEADS OF FAMILIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Which have all been purchased for cash, and will be sold at a very slight advance over COST.

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THIRD WEEK OF THE

Grand Roman Hippodrome,

—AND—

MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

—OF—

THE GRAND

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HURDLE RACING!

STEEPLE CHASING!

ROMAN RACING!

Every evening at half past 7 o'clock, and To-day (SATURDAY AFTERNOON) at 2 o'clock.

Family Circle and Promenade.....50 cents.
Parquet.....25 cents.
Reserved Chairs.....One Dollar.

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On this (Saturday) Evening, January 7th,

FAREWELL BENEFIT

—OF—

Mrs. Emily Jordan!

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MR. FRANK LAWLOR,

MR. FRANK MAYO,

MRS. H. A. PERRY,

MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS,

And all the Legitimate Company, will appear,

In the Sensation Play of

Aurora Floyd!

THE REASON WHY

EVERYBODY USES

THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP,

OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effectual.

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No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally. Manufacturing, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco. ja7-3m

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ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS, MME. MIEL and MISS FLORENCE JAMES.

This new French and English Educational Establishment WILL OPEN for Boarding and Day Pupils, On MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1865.

Apply for prospectuses, admission, etc., at Prof. MIEL'S residence, No. 41 South Park. no26

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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

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Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. de3-3m

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of JANUARY, 1865:

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From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

de24

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorf sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

JANUARY 11th!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

VIA NICARAGUA!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY - - - - - COMMANDER

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

On WEDNESDAY, - - - - - JANUARY 11th

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 Tons, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasures at the lowest rates.

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PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF

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Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. ja7-4f

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S

PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. McIntire, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Browsers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILLATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Elderly & Wickman, Ship Chauders; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

Manufactured by

J. E. JORGENSEN,

No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,

Who will give all information about them. del7-2m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

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COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

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Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.

Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.

English Potted Meats.

Anelovy and Shrimp Paste.

Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.

Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.

English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.

English Soups, assorted.

Pate de Foie Gras.

French Truffles and Mushrooms.

Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.

Spiced Oysters.

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English and American Bloaters.

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Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.

Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

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Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

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The Californian

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A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II, No. 7.
OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 14, 1865.

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, December 13th, 1864.

A FAT man in London, named Banting, has reduced his size by a system of diet—to that of a Bantam probably—and given the result of his system in a pamphlet, which has sold to the amount of 70,000 copies there. It has been seized upon with that despairing avidity which characterizes the fat. Two fat men have experimented upon their adiposity in this city. One of them is an old "public functionary," Mr. Cook, the leader of the orchestra in Burton's theatre, some years ago, and now a desultory musician. He was so big that his body appeared like a sack of meal, with no innate power of movement; he could only half turn his head towards his players to indicate an *andante* or *allegro* strain. He has eaten down his eighty pounds of ponderosity in a few weeks, and now only weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds. The other instance is that of a military man, who was all girth and glory. He now exhibits as a trophy his loose waistcoat, which he wears with its original dimensions, to show how thin he has become. He complains of a loose skin, but no doubt its remedy is in Banting. There are some disagreeable features in the system; no whisky is allowed, but brandy is. Who can afford to drink brandy in America? Champagne is allowed, but who can drink it here, except when the hour after midnight arrives, when the pulse of every man who is awake beats to the tune of "Go it while you're young," and "green seal" is ordered with a mind oblivious to the coming bill? Milk is prohibited, all malt liquors, all sugary and mucilaginous articles; in short, Banting, like all theorists, don't allow much of anything that one generally wants.

I am looking hopefully forward for the genius to rise up and clothe the skeletons—who live with bones, nerves, but who have no flesh. Reasoning from Banting, I might expect complete indulgence from his rival benefactor, but I know too well what the principle of change and improvement is. The thin will be compelled to practice as much self-denial as the thick.

Would you like to have a Fashion article? Thinking one might be desired. I looked over magazines, and read up the subject. The sum total of my reading is that "*passementerie* asserts itself in new and pretty forms continually. Zealous in your behalf, I even went to my dressmaker's, who employs fifteen girls to help her break her promises about sending things home. All the satisfaction I obtained from her was the information "that prices was awful; that ladies would distract her with wanting things 'matched,' that she had to go all over New York to get the 'right shades,' and that sleeves were all made the same." Commend me to the

rooms of the mantuamaker and the milliner for the display of the weakest traits of my sex. The long discussion I listened to the other day between two young ladies in deep mourning and an ancient milliner, who through the whole of it kept a bonnet perched on her fist, which she turned round and round, has given me a deep longing for Zimmerman. Let me escape from the women who argue on flowers, feathers and "bugles;" let me fly from her who looks between two glasses to get the effect of the crown and side trimmings, and who says with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," "If I were Mrs. Crowningshaft, I could not be seen in such a hat as she wore to church last Sunday." May I depart forever from the obsequious, weary milliner who repeats, "Ladies' tastes differs," and "that shade of velvet is worn very much; it is a nelegent blue."

I renounce fashion articles.

To show, however, that I am not exempt from the enjoyment which pertains to dress, I will mention the excellence of that custom now honored in the observance of skirmishing among "remnants" at the larger shops instead of charging at the display of whole pieces on the various counters. There are "remnants" of everything for sale at present, from a yard and seven eighths of York mills, to thirteen yards of the most expensive silk strapped on a board, as if its own cost had driven it mad. I bought a remnant of silk at Stewart's for twenty-two dollars, and by an effort of skill tortured it into a dress, which is a monument of human ingenuity, and passes off in society as a whole regular pattern. I also purchased a remnant of cassimere, if that is the masculine way of spelling it, of the finest quality, for three dollars and fifty cents, and constructed a basque out of it, and though I came to grief when I arrived at the sleeves, for there was not enough for sleeves, my friends consider it a triumph, provided I keep my arms close to my sides and do not betray where it is pieced.

Shall I now approach the weather? Can I, as a newspaper correspondent, do as much justice to the subject as the one who writes of the present season thus: "Yesterday chilling puffs of wind and gray skies, threatened a too abundant supply of that peculiar abomination of New York called slush?"

It is very cold this morning. Last night I put two paper knives and newspaper wads in the window sash to keep out the wind, but the wind would come in. The curtains are in a tremor this morning and my apartment is so cold this moment that I am obliged to leave my writing now and then to go and warm my hands over the fire. Several people have been in, who took seats all of a dither, and informed me that the "wind was piercing;" that "it is the coldest day we have had;" and that "winter has set in in good earnest." They have said also, "Haden't you better go out and try it?" "Guess you sit too much and write, don't you?"

Frozen pigs ride about now by the hundreds: horses slip by their fore feet and their hind feet, in every street; and the animal called the "ashman," is careless with his garbage, and leaves celery tops, potato skins and cinders before our front doors. It is, in fact, winter weather. As Shakspeare hath it:

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom hears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo;

To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

Each season makes the country poetical for the poet's use, but who can turn the city into verse? When Cowper said that God made the country and man made the town, he did a better thing than when he wrote that dreadful hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Hood must have agreed with Cowper's *bon mot*; his poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," is a protest against what man has made the city. What a *Suspira de Profundis* those verses are! If God's throne is not reached by such means, will the prayers of the Church of England ever avail?

Since we hear that General Grant has "Lee by the throat,"

the substitutes are running away from him, in the belief, probably, that there is no need of their services. They have taken the money paid them by those whose opinion is that discretion is the better part of valor, and acted upon the same principle. Some of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac have no more than thirty men. Brave substitutes, you teach us that when we have a draft again, we must go ourselves. Alas, and alas!

Has the President's Message been telegraphed to you? You will perceive, if it has, that he did not quote from his own speech made in reference to President Polk's Message, which had no intimation of the end of the Mexican war, whereat Mr. Lincoln waxed wrathful. May we be allowed to mention that in President Lincoln's late Message there is nothing said of the end of the present war?

E. D. B. S.

A D I E U.

A D I E U! adieu!

Oh, fond and true
And faithful hearted!
Doth not our friendship seem
As leaves that on a stream
Together started?
Awhile, 'neath cloud or sun,
We floated on as one,
And then—were parted.

O Land of Hearts!

No friend departs
From thy still bowers;
Days fall from time away
As fragrant leaves decay
From summer flowers;
And years of perfect bliss,
Precious as Love's first kiss,
Seem hut as hours.

O Reaper dumb!

When thou shalt come
In life's fall-weather,
To reap the ripened grain,
To mow the grassy plain
And strip the heather;
I pray, amid your sheaves
Bind these two parted leaves
For aye together.

EMILIE LAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 14th, 1865.

ADVICE is not so commonly thrown away as is imagined. We seek it in difficulties. But, in common speech, we are apt to confound it with *admonition*; as when a friend reminds one that drink is prejudicial to the health, etc. We do not care to be told of that which we know better than the good man that admonishes. M. sent to his friend L., who is no water drinker, a twopenny tract against the use of fermented liquors. L. acknowledged the obligation, as far as to *two pence*. Penotier's advice was the safest, after all:

"I advised him"—

But I must tell you. The dear good-meaning, no-thinking creature had been dumfounding a company of us with a detail of inextricable difficulties, in which the circumstances of an acquaintance of his were involved. No clue of light offered itself. He grew more and more misty as he proceeded. We pitied his friend, and thought—

"God help the man so rapt in Error's endless maze!"

when, suddenly brightening up his placid countenance, like one that had found out a riddle, and looked to have the solution admired:

"At last," said he, "I advised him"—

Here he paused, and here we were again interminably thrown back. By no possible guess could any of us aim at the drift of the meaning he was about to be delivered of.

"I advised him," he repeated, "to have some *advice* upon the subject."

A general approbation followed; and it was unanimously agreed that, under all the circumstances of the case, no sounder or more judicious counsel could have been given.—Charles Lamb.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat,
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I pondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet,
I heard the words—How sweet! how sweet!
Had then the Fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well;
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?
(Walter Savage Landor.)

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

THE CAFE DE FOY.

* * * I fell into these reflections the last night I spent at the Café de Foy. It was the Café de Foy's last night. Next day the auctioneer sang its requiem, which the Carthusian monks may use instead of "Brother, thou shalt surely die!" Would not "Going! going! gone!" uttered solemnly, in a deep bass, be a stern reminder of the swiftness with which our shadow is fading on the wall? I liked that old Café with its quaint walls and quiet ways. There was not a bit of gilding in the whole room. The decoration was a red ground with carved wood painted white. It wore a sedate, aristocratic, old family look which pleased me. The effect of this look was increased by the gentle light which a discreet number of lamps threw over the saloon. There was none of that impertinent attempt to rival the sun which every café on the boulevards makes from six o'clock till midnight. It is true the lamps were gas burners whose introduction was said to have been a great mistake of the proprietor. Thirty customers quitted him the evening the oil lamps were disused. They were his best customers, children of old customers whose tribute to the till of the café was something hereditary. They preferred the quiet light of the lamps to the light of the gas which, modest as it was, seemed garish by the older-fashioned light. These gentlemen lost something of themselves—some portion of their past life—when the oil lamps disappeared.

Other customers dropped off when beer was admitted among the refreshments of the café. You may smile on, until you learn the reason. Beer brings after it an inferior class of people, who lowered the tone of the café. It was no longer the chapel-of-ease to drawing-rooms. It became a portico to the public squares. I believe it was not until the northern invasion in 1855, when over the Rhene and the Danube poured forth tribes of the curious to visit the World's Fair held that year, that the master of the café consented to serve beer. The diapason of the café was soon lowered, for Tom, Dick and Harry went there to slack their thirst. The establishment of so many clubs likewise dealt a sensible blow to the café. In older times the Café de Foy was a sort of club, but as the democratic tide rose and filled cafés and restaurants, clubs for the sake of ease deserted the cafés and founded the modern institution which bears their name and whose portal no one may cross until after a formal election. Nevertheless there must be in an immense Capital a great many people of gentle birth and decayed fortunes who would be unable to bear the expense of a club. Those would take refuge in a café snited with their tastes. But the manager of the Café de Foy somehow managed to lose those customers too; and as his establishment was not brilliant enough for other tastes, nothing remained for him but to close his doors. I regret it. In its later days even, it was to my taste the most agreeable café in Paris. The coffee was better there than anywhere else; the brandy was excellent. So much for its post-prandial *demi-tasse*. I have occasionally breakfasted there, and found its coffee-with-milk, its bread and butter unsurpassed here, and its meat as good as you get anywhere. To be sure the service was not so stylish as at the Café Anglais or at Vachette's, but then the "Total" of the bill didn't wear crinoline, (it does at the other two places,) and my present purse is too small to allow anything of such volume to effect entrance. His orgate was almost as thick as you can get it at Swann's English apothecary shop and almost as good as the latter's.

It was, too, invested with historical interest. It was founded in 1749 by a retired military man, Mons. de Foy, in the block of houses on the Rue de Richelieu, which looked on the garden of the Palais Royal. About 1774 Mons. de Foy sold it to a man named Jousseureau, who had just married a beautiful woman. The Duke of Orleans (Egalité) heard of her extraordinary beauty and determined to see her. He entered the café one evening and took an ice. Her beauty made such an impression on him that he repeated his visit. Madame Jousseureau sought private audience of the Duke and proved herself so agreeable as to win from His Royal Highness license authorising her husband to sell refreshments and ices in the great horse-chestnut avenue of the Palais Royal, on whose site the Galerie Montpensier is built. When this gallery or arcade was built in 1792, Madame Jousseureau obtained the rooms where the Café de Foy stood until the auc-

tioner destroyed it. It was the first café opened in the Palais Royal. It was upon one of its tables that Camille Desmoulins stood the eve of the taking of the Bastille and harangued the people; after his speech he broke a green twig from a tree in the garden of the Palais Royal, called the people to arms and led them to the Bastille—so the death-warrant of that celebrated citadel may be said to have been signed and sealed in that café! That café was the favorite rendezvous of Joseph Vernet, the famous painter of sea pieces, and of Carle Vernet ("son of a king and father of a king—never a king," as he often described himself, alluding to his father, Joseph, and his son, Horace,) and of Horace Vernet. Here Carle's inveterate punning made the whole saloon ring with laughter. Cambaceres lived during the Empire in the Palais Royal. You remember what a glutton he was. After dinner he walked around the arcades of the Palais Royal to facilitate his digestion. As he passed in front of the Café de Foy a waiter would bring out a glass of iced water which he would toss off and continue his walk. This glass—Cambaceres's glass as it was called—was long kept at the Café de Foy. One day Alfred de Musset took it into his head to drink absinth in it, and he accidentally broke it. Among the later frequenters of the Café de Foy was an old publisher named Vente, who died as late as 1852. He was the publisher of *Retif de la Bretonne*. When Gerard de Nerval began collecting materials for his sketch of that novelist he applied to Mons. Vente for some information which was insolently refused to the astonished Gerard de Nerval. He soon afterwards read a passage in Retif's Memoirs which explained Mons. Vente's anger. The passage ran: "I could not go to that performance, for I had on this same evening a rendezvous with the wife of the publisher Etnev," which last word is Vente spelt backwards. It was in the Café de Foy that poor Gerard de Nerval went crazy. One night, while sitting at a table reading the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he took off his bottines, threw them at the ceiling and ran out of the café screaming.

ABOUT ACTORS.

* * * Ask me to tell you in one word the characteristic of the actor's life, I should say—Tears. I do not mean of those actors whose nerves, well packed in fat, are like a rich man's drawing-room secured by double windows and list and curtains from every wind that blows. They "sleep o' nights" and never feel gusty passion's agitations. But I mean an actor who aspires to win applause, who feels an audience's coldness as Lymph feel its hisses, whose breast is fired by the fever which attends ambition. Take, for instance, the novice which precedes professional life, whose agony is never so much as suspected by the public. All professions where talents cannot immediately be measured are preceded by this painful novitiate. The shopman earns his bread and meat and clothes and lodging from the day he enlists. If he can read and write and cypher he has all the talents required, and these talents he can exert from the outset. The young lawyer himself may, though less easily, win victuals and clothes by the clerical and collecting duties which are the meanest offices of his profession. But the actor must be able to take a prominent part from the first, he must have a well-stored memory (which is a work of time,) he must have command of voice or he can earn nothing. I say nothing, for what are the earnings of a supernumerary, whose duties are fulfilled by a workman whose day of labor is ended? Take an actor on the English or French stage and bid him tell the story of his novitiate. What a fearful narrative of starved days and half-frozen nights, insolent creditors and mortifying shifts! Each bramble and briar on the roadside (and Heaven knows they abound on the dreary way!) tears away and keeps some bleeding fragment of the heart! You know Rachel's career. I told you Beauvallet's and Mellingue's and Tisserand's. But you may say this is ancient or mediæval history: the world was gentler now, life has grown less cruel. You are mistaken. I'll tell you the story of two actresses here, whose united ages are not thirty-six years, neither of whom, were either your sister, you would consider old enough to leave her mother's side, though he who invited her forth offered a husband's arm for her protection. One of them had a horrid wretch for a mother, who was so unsexed as to sell her daughter (the now applauded Parisian actress,) to a heartless libertine of the provincial town in which they lived. Although the child was only fourteen years old, she was sensible of the ruin which awaited her if her mother's ignoble bargain were executed. She fled from it. Her mother overtook her and in her fury plunged a dagger in her breast. The unnatural mother was tried and sent to the penitentiary for several years. The child of fourteen took in her arms her little sister then four years old and quitted their native town by the first road before them. Where she went she knew not. She slept in the woods or beneath a stack of hay or straw and lived on roots and green leaves. At last, wearied and famishing, she knocked at a door and prayed for charity. As fortune—wasn't it Heaven?—would have it, this house happened to be tenanted by good souls—husband and wife—strolling players. They knew (what a book of lamentations the true story of a strolling player's wife would make!) how bitter were the ingredients of poverty's chalice and they took

pity upon the little female waifs. The eldest strove her best to earn the bread given her, and her sister by aiding every way in the household management. At her leisure hours she would devour the printed plays scattered about the house. At night she would, after patting her sister to sleep, accompany her benefactors to the theatre and follow the play all attention. One day her mistress fell sick. The husband, manager and all the actors were in great distress, for her illness would force them to postpone the play, and a postponed play is a day lost—a serious loss to these children of poverty. The little girl said to her mistress: "I will take your place, madame, if you desire it;" and to show that she would do so, she declaimed the best passages of the part and sang the most brilliant couplets. The manager gave her an engagement at once of 60*f.* a month. She worked hard and slowly made her way up the profession until she obtained an engagement at Paris, where she now earns 15,000*f.* a year. Her little sister, saddened by these early trials, has taken refuge in a convent.

Shall I tell you now the story of the Swedish songstress whose maiden appearance at the Theatre Lyrique is expected with so much interest? Her warmest admirers cast for her a horoscope as brilliant as Jenny Lind's. I am a little sceptical in accepting this nativity for the truth. We have had so many Swedish girls who were to run Jenny Lind's career and whom we found nothing like Jenny Lind except in baptismal certificate, blonde hair and blue eyes, while we were taught to expect from them Jenny Lind's voice and soul. Mile. Nilsson (such is the name of the new candidate for lyric honors) was born in the midst of extreme poverty. When she was six years old her parents—who had taught her to play the violin—placed this instrument in her hand and bade her go from café to wine shop and make sure to bring home a plentiful supply of sous or—woe! So Rachel learned to face the Hydra whose unfamiliar faces have Gorgon's power! The family went with her from village to village, always afoot whether it rained or snowed, often n-hungered, oftener drenched to the skin. Northern are inhospitable skies. One day a gentleman was struck by the deep and exquisite musical sentiment of the little itinerant. His heart was touched by her youth, (she ought to have been gamboling, not laboring) her sex (too precious a jewel to be borne unadorned in tavern halls mid drunken revels) and her rags. He offered to take charge of her musical education. His proposal was accepted. He sent her to Copenhagen. Her astonishing progress confirmed his anticipations. Her professors there engaged her to come to Paris and place herself under the best masters here. She has been here some time under the direction of Mons. Wartel the well-known singing-master, who predicted for her as brilliant a career as anybody has prophesied.

* * * The public cannot divest themselves of the illusion that an actor differs—some how or another—from other men. The public believes, too, that those "idle fellows" are singularly profligate. This is a wrong impression even in this city where certainly there is immorality enough and where the genius of the French people rather encourages immorality. There are classes of actresses here who are extremely licentious; but these women cannot be called actresses. They resort to the stage because it is the best advertisement of their beauty and charms. They do not live by the stage. They know their dramatic career cannot extend beyond their youth. Earnest actors and actresses lead as quiet lives here as if they were retired tradesmen of Newton. Mons. and Mme. Gueymard leave the opera every night in their carriage for Neuilly where they live, and when there is no performance they stick to their chimney as close as any couple you ever saw. Caroline Duprez lives with her father and brethren in an old-fashioned, patriarchal way. Mons. Regnier drives at once from the French Comedy to his beautiful villa at Neuilly and is only too glad to reach his pillow. He, too, sticks at home when the theatre does not summon him to Paris. The brilliant Mons. Delaunay leaves his comfortable, happy home and charming wife and children as rarely as his engagements permit. Mons. Mellingue lives at Belleville, surrounded by his numerous family, and, if he has no engagement at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, does not come to town once in six months. Mons. Geoffroy is accused of being fond of his studio (for he is an excellent painter as well as actor)—so I might go through the Dramatic Directory and show you how domestic all our good actors are. But could I destroy the illusions which possess audiences? No. Then let me keep my peace. * * *

I forgot in speaking of Listz to mention how he received his rank of Commander. When he paid his last visit here he was commanded to play at the Tuileries. After he had executed his pieces, the French Emperor said to the Master of Ceremonies, "Give him a gold snuff-box with my cypher in diamonds." The Master of Ceremonies replied: "Sir, that will never do for an artist of Listz's talents. He will regard it as a slight." The French Emperor replied: "Very well, then. Go tell him he is promoted a step in the Legion of Honor." It was not then known that Listz was grand officer in the Legion of Honor, and it is said the French Emperor was sensibly vexed when he found he had made a mere instrumental performer a commander in the Legion of Honor. Listz was in the South of France a few days since. He came on a visit to his widower son-in-law, Mons. Olivier, the well-known deputy.—"Spiridion's" *Paris Letters in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

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Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice, kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance."

HE HAD A COLD!

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THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

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de17 3m All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order.

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THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

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Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. McIntosh, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

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And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Guiverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

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It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of hailing winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

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It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

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It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

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It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandelers; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

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No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,
Who will give all information about them.
de17 3m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

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FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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jy2

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff; vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—If served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. LOEWEY, Clerk.
Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.
By G. C. LUTCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delsny, Plaintiff's Attorney.
de24 3m

TWO PICTURES FROM THE WAR.

ALL through the wearying summer day,
The blaze of heat, the dusty road,
Our toiling columns stretch away,
Sore burdened with the knapsack's load—
And winding o'er the rugged hills
Bright waves of steel roll hallowing on,
Till War's stern, solemn splendor fills
Dark valleys from the world withdrawn.

Day wanes apace: the failing feet
Have respite from the toilsome track,
Uncounted eyes in slumber sweet
Close round the welcome bivouac.
The picket skirts the distant wood,
And from the far-off summits glow
Dim warnings in the solitude,
Tho' watch-fires of a crafty foe,

To-morrow's dawn may bring the strife,
The shock of battle; yet the sleep
That chains this throbbing tide of life
Is like a spell, so wild and deep.
Dreams soothe each stormy, turbulent breast,
The happy past returns again,
Joy sits within the heart, a guest
To banish thence corroding pain.

God guard and keep them! O'er the hills,
Far reaching to their Northern homes,
My yearning aspiration thrills,
And on the haunted night-wind comes
The whisper of a porch rose-twined,
A graveled walk, an open door,
A lattice sweetly jessamin'd—
A shadow falling on the floor!

Sad woman's eyes; and bearded lips
Beside the bivouac murmur low,
As if the dream had found eclipse
In sympathy's deep overflow.
The drowsy clock ticks by the wall
To count the listless hours away—
While rings afar the thrilling call
Of bugles sounding for the fray.

Sweet childish faces gather round,
Sweet infant voices fill the room,
As ever greets her ear the sound
Of childish plaint: "When will he come?"
And she, with marble lip and cheek,
Turns shuddering from the shadowed floor
To stifle words she may not speak—
"Perhaps he comes to us no more!"

AN OBSOLETE INSTITUTION.

THERE is an old, old sound—not the lubricious oyster so called, but another old sound—which, eminently successful in its time as a waker of men and maid servants, has long since become a thing of the past, from which it sometimes dreamily reverberates still, but only as a waker of memories.

I hardly need say that I allude to the sound of the street-door knocker.

If you perambulate any of our fashionable avenues, or deviate from them into their brown-stone tributaries on the right hand or on the left, you will be in an excellent position for observing that none of our modern hall-doors are provided with that romantic old institution, the knocker. Our modern hall-doors are none the more cheerful for that. They have a solemn, not to say sarcophagous expression now, these black walnut slabs, with their polished silver plates and handles that are so suggestive of the undertaker and his "puking done here." You toll a passing bell as you enter these dismal portals, and when they have closed upon you, you half fancy that the man with the screw-driver has thrown himself upon the funeral plank, and is going to upholster you down behind it forever.

It may be that I am prejudiced; it may be that early associations warp the mind; but for me there is a character, an individuality, belonging to the old hall-door knocker that can never attach itself to the hall-door bell. If you would be persuaded of this, take your staff and your scrip now, and your sandal shoon, and make a pilgrimage into the Greenwich district of old New York city. In some of the tortuous windings of this guttery Alsatia, there yet flourishes the green old knocker, clinging, like the faithful ivy, to its weather-beaten oak. I am acquainted with a knocker there, which sticks out at right angles from the door, as if anxious to meet the hand of the comer half way. It has not lain down to rest for many a year—nor to rust. The house to which it belongs is a cobwebby one, apparently of greater age than respectability; a house of many stories, I have no doubt, as that eager old knocker could tell us if it only knew the spirit alphabet, and could communicate its experience to us by raps. There are knockers that glower at you from old doors there, and knockers that smile; and on one door, where there is a bell as well as a knocker, I have noticed that the latter wears a haughty expression of disdain, as if he and the bell did not pull well together.

In the days when the good old knocker flourished, the family could tell by his flourish whom to expect. The milkman (he uttered milk, then, and no yell) had a knock of his own, to have counterfeited which would have been a misdemeanor punishable by maid-servant and broom. The single knock of the postman brought blood to the face, fire to the eye, retrogression to the hoots, hope to the heart, and sundry other things to various localities, according to circumstances connected with the inner life. There was the dainty knock of the swell—of which, taking it in connection with the well-gloved hand that gave it, it would not be too much to say that it resembled the bleat of a lavender kid. The double-knock of the footman had probably a duplex *equivocal* of its own, mystic as the enigma of the money-lender's three golden balls. At any rate it had the effect of an *open sesame* of great power; for not only would the door fly open to its thunder, but the neighboring windows would also rattle up in their grooves, and out from them would pop the heads of families, all red-hot to festoon with adjectives of malignity the name of the bloated aristocrat who dared to have a carriage visitor in their street. The dun was known by his knock as surely as the porker is by his grunt; and when the family physician's *rat-tat* shivered mildly upon the sonorous timber, all the little children jumped up from the floor, and put out their little tongues ready for his hebdomadal inspection.

These were the diversions of the good old knocker. The door-bell that could evoke such emotions is yet nathing.

And here I must incidentally allude to another diversion intimately connected with the door-knocker, albeit one in which that interesting-excrecence had only a passive part. I refer to its deprehension in the dead of the night by surreptitious hands.

Not very many years have elapsed since the chase of the innocuous door-knocker was reckoned among the sports to be legitimately cultivated by the young aspirant for athletic honors. As a healthful and economical recreation, this kind of exercise had its advantages. No retinue of horsemen and hounds was required for its pursuit, nor was it necessary either to inaugurate the sport by the winding of a hunter's horn, or to defer its pleasures for the meteorological conditions of a southerly breeze and a cloudy sky. The cover of night was the only cover in which the game lay, and the dangers of its pursuits were in proportion to the size and vigilance of the policeman popularly, though sometimes erroneously, supposed to be lurking round the corner. As the Indian brave is honored according to the number of grizzly bear's toe-nails depending from his manly nasal cartilage, so was the knocker-hunter distinguished among his compeers in proportion to the quantity of his portal trophies. I knew a man upon whom forty brass knockers had conferred a reputation for life—and yet he died not worth a rap.

There is a chord in some hearts that, like John the footman, or Brigetina the parlor maid, must sometimes fly responsive to the door-knocker. Some such old fiddle-string breathes an æolian strain for me whenever I pass by a particular hall-door in an obscure slum of the city. The door is painted of a dingy green, and upon it there grows a great iron knocker, the hinge-plate of which is cast in the form of a lion's head. The relic reminds me of what happened in a minor city once, when Campobello and another, with myself, sallied out one night, to settle accounts with a scurrilous and pestilent slanderer, whose door-knocker one of the party had vowed to the demon of revenge. Alas, for the arrangements that are human! When we arrived at his door, no knocker discerned we on that hang-dog plank. Forewarned by some foul spy, the scurrilous person had taken in his knocker for the night. Not thus to be thwarted, however, we resolved to turn our attention to the Mayor of that minor city, whose crime consisted of being brother-in-law to the scurrilous person who had taken in his knocker for the night. The door of the Mayor was painted of a dingy green, and upon it there grew a great iron knocker, the hinge-plate of which was cast in the form of a lion's head. You see the association? A twist from the facile elbow of Campobello, a wrench, and a griud, and no tooth ever came cleaner from its native gum than did that door-knocker from the plank upon which it so long had been a fawning parasite. Disastrous would it have been for the police of that one-horse city (their force was three, and what would have been the odds?) had they then made their appearance upon the scene. They forebore to do so, and we were walking triumphantly away when, lo! from a dark archway leaps forth the bounding Mayor—a man of vast size and obesity—and is about to collar Campobello, when he is felled to his mother-mind by a well-planted left-hander from that famous young gladiator. The ground was yet vibrating to his fall as we reached the end of the street—a small hut majestic procession. And I will record, briefly, how, on the following day, one who bore some personal resemblance to Campobello was arrested for the net, and cast ignominiously into a dungeon that occasionally did duty for a cow-shed, if I remember rightly. How he was ultimately admitted to hail, and subsequently tried for the offence—Campobello all the while watching closely the trial, ready to declare himself should the jury be adverse. How an *alibi* was proved, and

the accused man restored in triumph to his high position in society; and how he eventually brought an action against the discomfited proprietor of the knocker for false arrest and imprisonment, and mulcted him in moneys that were paid in gold.

So much for the blessed memories of the hall-door knocker. It is nearly an obsolete institution now, but its warnings were many.—Charles Dawson Shanly in the N. Y. "Leader."

"STUMPY BROWN."

THE following incidents, which are perfectly true, and some, though not all, of which may be verified by a reference to the county newspaper of the period, form a singular passage in the history of crime in England, and cannot be exceeded, we think, in any other. They are derived chiefly from the writer's father, who was personally connected with some of the events recorded in the latter portion of the narrative:

"About forty years since there lived in the town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a short, sharp-featured, wiry little man, who apparently had no occupation, but professed to be a farm-laborer, and really got his living principally by poaching. His proper name was Richard Brown, but the townsfolk of Woodbridge, from some fancy or other, probably on account of his short stature, had changed the Richard into Stumpy, and by that name he was always known. Every one was afraid of Stumpy Brown; he lived in the outskirts of the town on the Martlesome road, and rarely troubled himself to converse much with his neighbors. When he did, it was generally to dispose of a hare, or game of some description, which he nearly always had in stock. His dress, in addition to the knee-breeches of the period, and the usually bright-colored vest, was a long brown coat of very shabby appearance, and a loose felt hat, which he wore over his forehead, while his cold, gray eyes glanced malignantly from under its brim. No one could say any harm of Brown, beyond that he was a surly, ill-conditioned sort of fellow, who shunned his neighbors, and was a known poacher, but yet there were suspicions and rumors abroad about him, which, if true, would have brought him to the gallows.

"Some few years before the time of which I speak, three murders had occurred at various intervals in the neighborhood of Woodbridge, which, considering the nature and size of the town, was a very startling circumstance. Of none of these was the perpetrator known. An officer of a regiment quartered in Woodbridge had been drinking in the Red Lion public-house on the Martlesome Road; he had been seen and recognized here; on the following morning he was found in a ditch near by, his throat cut, and his pockets empty. The captain of a Norwegian trading-vessel, then lying in the port, after he had been missing for ten days, was found in a putrescent condition at the bottom of the river tied up in a sack, without the least clue as to where or by whom he had been murdered. Lastly, a farmer of the name of Aighton, whose property was in the neighborhood, was known to have gone into Woodbridge on the market day; he did not return home in the evening, but on the following morning his body was found in a barn by the side of the road behind the town, which it was necessary for him to traverse on his way back. His head had been hattered in, apparently by some blunt instrument, and his pocket rifled. More attention appears to have been excited by this murder than the two former cases. The officers and the captain were strangers in the town, and with regard to the Norwegian skipper's case, it was the general opinion that some of the vessel's crew were connected with the matter. But in this instance, the victim was no stranger. Farmer Aighton was well-known and respected in Woodbridge, and had been seen and spoken to by many of his friends on the very day of his assassination. The inquest was held as in the two other cases, but no evidence was adduced as to the author of the crime.

"Justice appears to have been tardy in those times, at any rate in that quarter of the world; now-a-days it would indeed astonish us should three undiscovered murders spread their dark shadows of suspicion and fear over a single small town within the course of ten years. Although no evidence had been brought before the authorities, tending to inculcate any individual with the murder of Aighton, yet the finger of suspicion, as directed by the good people of Woodbridge, pointed to Stumpy Brown. He was known to have poached on the farmer's grounds, and had been prosecuted by him, and threatened with a second summons. Stumpy was a sour-mothed fellow, and had been heard to say that he would 'do for' any person who interfered with what he considered his privileges, and in consequence of this, many farmers and neighbors had refrained from prosecuting Brown, absolutely through fear. Hence it was thought not improbable that Stumpy Brown had murdered Farmer Aighton to prevent him executing his threat of a second summons. Time passed on, and people forgot their suspicions concerning Brown. When I was a boy in the town, about forty years since, Stumpy was regarded by the more sensible folks as a character, a queer, sulky old fellow, but no credit was given to the rumors of his being a murderer. "I was apprenticed to a doctor in the town, and being fond

of fishing and shooting whenever I could steal the time, managed to make the acquaintance of old Brown, who always knew where a hare was, or an old pike. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and many a summer's evening have I spent with him fishing in the river. One evening I remember well walking with him at the back of the town. I never gave the least credence to the reports about Stumpy, and therefore had no hesitation in referring to the murder.

"Ah," said I, pointing to a part of the road, "that's where they murdered Aighton, isn't it?"

"Brown started a little, and said: 'I wish, sir, you wouldn't talk on them sort of things that arn't pleasant. I never heerd much about it, never heerd much. I suppose that be the place, as they say so, but my opinion is that that's farther along, not that I should know about it.'

"I often heard him muttering to himself, and once found him staring into Kyson Dock in a very intent manner. I startled him by my appearance, and he said: 'That's deep down there, sir, very deep. That would easily drown a man, especially if he wur tied up.' And then he laughed.

"I recall these circumstances now, but at the time I thought nothing of them. Towards the end of the year 1830, the small-pox broke out in Woodbridge with great violence, as it did in many towns of East Anglia at that period. All the help and care that could be obtained were required for the hundreds of patients who were daily carried off by this terrible disease. My master and I had the greater part of the work to do. A pest-house was established, and the individuals appointed to take charge of it, to receive the patients, and superintend the nursing, were Stumpy Brown and his wife.

"Old Mrs. Brown, whom I have not yet mentioned, had been wedded to Stumpy forty years, and I always considered her an honest old woman. When the pest broke out, Stumpy and his wife were getting old folks, the marks of sixty winters' wear being upon them. I, however, found Brown an excellent assistant at the pest-house, as he seemed to possess a very great amount of *sang froid* in dealing with dead bodies, which is a valuable quality. Although, as we before said, among the educated of the townspeople, no more was thought of the rumor that Brown had murdered Aighton, yet the lower classes still feared him.

"Mrs. Brown had all along shared the same dislike as her husband. It was said that she had the 'evil eye,' that she was a witch, and various other disagreeable things. When, therefore, the doctor placed my old acquaintance Brown and his wife in charge of the pest-house, it was not wonderful that many of the poor were afraid of going there, and tried hard to be allowed to remain in their own homes. A Mrs. Fitch, whose husband was smitten with the disease, and was to be sent to the pest-house, begged hard that he should not go. 'He knows, sir, that of Brown that 'ood hang 'im,' she said, 'and that's sartin he'll never come out alive.' But of course no heed could be paid to this, and Fitch went. In two days he became much worse, and said he should like to see the clergyman before he died. The doctor passed with me on our regular round, and I despatched Brown for the curate of the parish. Fitch would last another day, we both thought, and, leaving him with Mrs. Brown, went into the next ward. When the clergyman came, Fitch was dead. I went up to study in London after the epidemic had passed away, and forgot Stumpy Brown and Woodbridge until the following facts were narrated to me about seven years afterwards:

"It appeared that a man of the name of Green was charged at Woodbridge with burglary. This man I knew was an old companion of Brown's, and seemed always to have a sort of very mysterious connection with them. When awaiting his trial, he wrote to Brown that unless he came and swore to an *alibi* for him, he would 'let him (Brown) kuow.' Brown did not come forward, and accordingly when in prison Green turned king's evidence, and implicated old Stumpy in the murder of farmer Aighton. It was nearly thirty years since the murder occurred, and Brown was now a feeble old man. Whether it was on account of his old age, and the time which had elapsed since the murder, or whether in default of evidence, I cannot say, but Brown, who was tried at Bury Assizes, was convicted of aggravated manslaughter only, and sentenced to penal servitude for the remainder of his days. The ship in which he was to have gone to Botany Bay was one of the last convict transports which left England. It was wrecked in the Channel off Boulogne, and all on board were drowned. Then one of the mysterious murders was explained in the person of my old acquaintance, and expiated.

"Mrs. Brown did not long survive her husband. As she lay on her death-bed she said to the doctor, 'I should like to speak to some one before I go.' The clergyman was sent for, but when he came the old woman raised herself in her bed and said, 'That's no use in your coming here, that's no good you can do me. It's the magistrate I want.' After this, she relapsed for some time, and with her last energy said, 'I ha' got summut to tell yer afore I die. Stumpy's gone, and so shall I be soon, so that don't matter. You know the officer as was murdered and robbed close by the Martlesome Lion?—I and Stumpy ha' done that. [A pause.] Yer know the cap'tain

what was found in a sack?—I and Stumpy put 'im in. We drugged 'im first, and then took his money and sewed 'im up. Fitch saw Stumpy put 'im in the river, but he dursen't tell, 'cause Stumpy said he'd do the same for him if he did. When you sent for the clergyman when Fitch was a-dying, Stumpy says to me, says he, 'He's a going to blab, you best stop 'im.' I knowed what he meant, and so I stuck the pillow on his face, after you were gone. He went off quite easy and naterel-like, and he hadn't long to live anyways. That's all about Fitch. [Another pause.] Stumpy killed owld Aighton 'cause he prosecuted 'im, and that war'n't likely he would stand that. Stumpy's drowned, so yer can't git him, and I ain't fur off dying. I can die more quiet-like, now I have loosed my mind. That's getting that cold now, I feel as if that were a kind o' smothering me. Oh! Lord! And thus the old woman died. No great publicity was given to Mrs. Brown's confession, and to many the Woodbridge murders are still a mystery."

SCENE ON A STEAMER.

[HORACE SMITH, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, pictures the following amusing scene as occurring on board an English steamer among rich people going to France.]

"BLESS my heart! Mrs. Suet here! Ah, Mrs. Hog-gins, how d'ye do? Dear me! Mrs. Sweetbread, and Mrs. Cleaver, too! Why, we shall have the whole of Whitechapel on board presently. I believe," said the voluble dame, looking round with a gracious and comprehensive smile, "I believe we are all butcher's ladies."

"I believe we are no such a thing, ma'am," cried a corpulent female with an oleaginous face, while, trying to turn up her pug-nose, which, however, was kept tolerably steady by a tripple chin, she waddled away to another part of the vessel.

"Well, I'm sure! Marry come up! Hoity, toity!" burst from the coterie with which she had disclaimed carnifical affinity; "here's airs for you!" "And her veil's only bobbinet lace," cried one. "And them fine car-rings is only gilt, I warrant ye," said another.

"Well, I do declare, there's neighbor Croak, the undertaker, with his long, woe-begone phiz; it gives one quite the blue-devils to look at him. I say, Croak, who is that stuck-up fat thing that just left us?"

"Don't you know her?" inquired Croak, in a whisper. "Why, that's Mrs. Dip, the great tallow-chandler's lady, of Norton Falgate."

"Well, suppose she is, she needn't turn her nose up at us; if we were to call upon her on melting-day, we might have something to turn up our noses at, I fancy, ha, ha, ha! Lauk! how serious you look; she isn't a friend of yours, is she?"

"I never laughs at any body," replied the prudent Mr. Croak, "for in our line every body's liable to become a customer. Your poor brother Joe, ma'am, made a very pretty corpse. I dare say, when he was settling off on that water-party, as we may be now, he little thought he was to be drowned, and who knows what may happen to us this very day?"

"La! Mr. Croak, you're quite shocking: worse than a screech-owl; I wonder you could join a party of pleasure."

"Pleasure, indeed!" cried Croak, with a sardonic grin, followed by a groan; "brother Tom lies dead at Calais, and one wouldn't give the job to strangers, you know, being in one's own line."

"Is poor Tom gone at last? You used to call him Silly Tom, didn't you?"

"No," said Croak, surlily, "I always called him Tom Fool."

"Well, but he has left you and George something, hasn't he?"

"Yes," replied the undertaker, giving his lower jaw a still more lugubrious expression, "he has bequeathed to one of us the payment of his debts, and to the other the care of his children."

"Well, well, Mr. Croak, it ought, at all events, to make you happy, that you've now got a fair excuse for being miserable."

"I'll take your bundle, young gentleman," said the ship's steward, addressing a youth by my side, who, I found was Mrs. Cleaver's son, and whose sallow complexion, spindle legs, lank hair, squinting eyes, and look of impudent cunning, proclaimed him, at the same time, a genuine of the City.

"No but you von't though," said the young Cockney, holding his bundle behind him; "I understands trap; I'm up to snuff and a pinch above it; I'm not to be diddled in that there way. I suppose you thought mother and I was going to pay a crown apiece for our dinner; but we don't stand no nonsense, for I've got a cold beefsteak and inguns in this here 'ankerchief, and that, with a glass of brandy and vater cold, aront sugar, is vat I call a prime spread."

"Bravo, Dick!" said the delighted mother, winking at her son; "if they can take you it, I give them leave. As I hope to be saved, here's Mr. Smart, the tanner!" Well, now we shall have some fun."

"Ladies," cried the facetious Mr. Smart, sliding forward

his foot, and making a bow of mock ceremony, "your most hydrostatic and humble-enn-tumble!"

"There you go, Mr. Smart, as droll as ever, always beginning the conversation with 'a repartee. Did you hear that, Mrs. S.? That was a good one, wasn't it, Mrs. H.?"

"That there tower, mother," said Dick, with a sagacious nod, "was built by William the Conqueror; I vonder why they stuck hoyster shells all over it."

"I suppose," cried Mr. Smart, "to show that he astonished the natives in more ways than one—ha! ha! ha!"

Dick laughed, though he didn't know why; and, pulling up his neckcloth, proceeded to give his mother a lesson in English history:

"It vas his dad, you know, that vas called Villiam Rufus, on account of his black 'airs, and vas shot by a well-directed harrow, vich vent right through 'is 'art—"

"Aud fell at Harrow on the Hill," cried Mr. Smart, "whence it took its name—ha! ha! ha!"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Cleaver, but your son has picked up a little of the Cockney pronunciation."

"Not more, sir, than a young man should have, who means to live all his life in the city. He went to a very good school."

"And master vasn't a coxcomb," added Dick, "about his Wees and Haitches."

RULES IN MAKING PRESENTS.

IF the present is to be very exquisite indeed, and no mortification will be mixed up with the receipt of it, out of pure inability to make an equal one, or from any other cause, the rule has often been laid down. It should be something useful, beautiful, costly, and rare. It is generally an elegance, however, to omit the costliness. The rarity is the great point; because riches themselves cannot always command it, and the peculiarity of the compliment is the greater. Rare present to a rare person.

If you are rich, it is a good rule in general to make a rich present; that is to say, one equal, or at least not dishonorable, to your means: otherwise you set your riches above your friendship and generosity; which is a mean mistake.

Among equals, it is a good rule not to exceed the equality of resources; otherwise there is a chance of giving greater mortification than pleasure, unless to a mean mind; and it does not become a generous one to care for having advantages over a mind like that.

But a rich man may make a present far richer than can be made him in return, provided the receiver be as generous and understanding as he, and knows that there will be no mistake on either side. In this case, an opportunity of giving himself great delight is afforded to the rich man; and he can only have or bestow it under those circumstances.

On the other hand, a poor man, if he is generous, and understood to be so, may make the very poorest of presents, and give it an exquisite value; for his heart and his understanding will accompany it; and the very daring to send his straw will show that he has a spirit above his means, and such as could bestow and enrich the costliest present. But the certainty of his being thus generous, and having this spirit, must be very great. It would be the miserablest and most despicable of all mistakes, and in all probability the most self-betraying too, to send a poor present under a shabby pretence.

With no sort of presents must there be pretence. People must not say (and say falsely) that they could get no other, or that they could afford no better; nor must they affect to think better of the present than it is worth; nor, above all, keep asking about it after it is given—how you like it, whether you find it useful, etc.

It is often better to give no present at all than one beneath your means—always, should there be a misgiving on the side of the bestower.

One present in the course of a life is generosity from some: from others, it is but a sacrifice made to avoid giving more.

To receive a present handsomely and in a right spirit, even when you have none to give in return, is to give one in return.

We must not send presents to strangers (except of a very common and trifling nature, and not without some sort of warrant even then), unless we are sure of our own right and good motives in sending it, and of the right and inclination, too, which they would have to permit themselves to receive it: otherwise we pay both parties a very ill compliment, and such as no modest and honorable spirit on either side would venture upon. There might, it is true, be a state of society in which such ventures would not be quite so hardy: and it is possible, meanwhile, that a very young and enthusiastic nature, in its ignorance of the perplexities that at present beset the world, might here and there hazard it: but probably a good deal of self-love would be mixed up with the proceeding. The only possible exception would be in the case of a great and rare genius, which had a right to make laws to itself, and to suppose that its notice was acquaintanceship sufficient.—From "The Seer," by Leigh Hunt.

AARON BURR said law was whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A VERY OLD STORY.

MRS. BURFIELD was a pale-faced and pinched-looking person, hollow-cheeked and spare of figure, who in these latter days would have inspired a stranger with the idea that she was a rigid disciplinarian of the school founded by Mr. Banting. She looked as if all saccharine and fatty elements had been carefully excluded from her food; and yet, on the other hand, she had none of the muscular energy which might be supposed to result from a carnivorous habit. She was a depressing kind of woman, with thin locks of whity-brown hair dangling upon each side of her thin face, and thin garments hanging limply upon her scanty figure, and a thin voice. There was something in Mrs. Burfield's appearance which called up vague images of drizzly days, and patterns, and washing done at home, and a man in the passage clamorous for a water rate, and all the most unpleasant associations of poverty.

She was a woman who prefaced every sentence she uttered with a sigh. She sighed as she admitted to Mr. Tredethlyn that her name was Burfield, as if even that fact were in some manner affliction. She sighed as she told him, apologetically, that the house was full of lodgers, so she must ask him to step down into the little sitting-room below stairs. And yet, as she subsisted by the letting of lodgings, the crowded state of her house should have been a cause for rejoicing.

Francis had some slight difficulty in conveying his long legs down the narrow little staircase, in which there was a break-neck corner, whence awkward maid-servants were wont to precipitate themselves head-long in company with an avalanche of tea-things; but he managed to find his way down somehow or other, and was ushered into a little faded-looking under-ground parlor, where all the furniture seemed to have undergone a prolonged course of Bantling, and where the evidence of children's habitation was untidily visible in every direction. The children were all at school, however, Mrs. Burfield told Francis, with another sigh; though, as she added directly afterwards that they drove her next door to ravaging madness when they were at home, that fact need scarcely have depressed her.

"I had a governess for them some time back," she said, unconsciously approaching the subject of Mr. Tredethlyn's business with her, "and the young person was very useful to me in many ways; but things have been so dull, and lodgers so uncertain, and so close as to rent and kitchen fire, and such like, that I couldn't afford to engage another young person, if I could have found any one as reasonable and as willing as her, which wasn't likely."

Here Mrs. Burfield sighed again, and to her surprise found herself echoed by her visitor.

"It is about that person, the governess, that I have come to inquire," said Francis. "I have reason to believe, I may say that I am almost sure, she is my cousin—very near and very dear to me. Pray tell me all you can about her. I am a rich man, and I am looking for my cousin, who has a better claim than I have to the money that has lately come to me. Pray tell me everything—you shall not find me ungrateful. I will make it well worth your while to help me in this matter."

It might be supposed that Mrs. Burfield, being ground into the very dust by the iron heel of poverty, would brighten a little on hearing this promising speech; but she did nothing of the kind, she only sighed rather more plaintively than usual, and remarked somewhat irrelevantly that her boys were beginning to grow up now, and the boots they knocked out, and the way they wore their things at the knees and elbows, were something awful.

"Tell me all you can about my cousin, urged Mr. Tredethlyn. "Ah, you don't know how long I have been away from England, and how eager I am to find that poor desolate girl. Pray tell me all you know, and quickly."

"It's a long story," said Mrs. Burfield, in the very words used by the grocer—"it's a long story, and goodness knows the rights or the wrongs of it; but if you are her cousin—and you are, I suppose—"

"I do not think there can be any doubt of it," Francis Tredethlyn answered, eagerly, "I do not think there can be any doubt that the person of whom I have heard this morning was my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"The young person to whom I alluded called herself Susan Turner."

"Yes, yes. It is only natural she should change her name. She left her home because she had been very much persecuted there. She was no doubt afraid of being taken back, and was anxious to hide herself under a false name."

"If I had known that she had come to me under a false name, never would she have slept a night in this house," exclaimed Mrs. Burfield, with something between a sigh and a shudder.

"She was a good and honest girl, under whatever name she came to you," answered Francis Tredethlyn, "but pray tell me the story."

But Mrs. Burfield could not immediately comply with this request; she had to go into the kitchen first, to see that "the girl" was basting some mutton that was being roasted for a very fastidious "front parlor," who had a rooted objection to baked meats; and then she had to go out into a little area, in which the window looked out, and to hold parley with some person above, who dropped her down divers loaves, and disputed with her as to a certain "twopenny German," which had been had, or had not been had, on the previous Tuesday. At last, however, she was able to seat herself opposite poor Francis, and to begin her story, from the narration of which she seemed to derive a dismal kind of enjoyment.

"It's close upon seven years since my poor dear husband died," Mrs. Burfield began, and for some little time Francis Tredethlyn was afraid that she was going to favor him with a sketch of her own personal history, rather than that story which he was so eager to know. "It's close upon seven years, seven years of toil and trouble for me, and up to that time I'd never known what it was to want for anything, in a moderate way. He was managing clerk in an insurance office, sir, and was as fine a looking man as you need wish to see; but he was taken—sudden—and I was left alone to provide for four young children. Well, sir, I tried one thing and another, but being genteelly brought up, things seemed to go harder with me than they go with some people; and at last an uncle, on my mother's side, who is very wealthy, and lately retired from the patent chimney-pot business, gave me enough to buy a little furniture, and start fresh down here. 'It's been a hard life, sir, but I shouldn't have so much minded that if it hadn't been for the children; I couldn't bear to see them running wild upon the shore, or playing with vulgar, dirty children on the waste ground; so, a little better than four years ago, I thought I'd try if I couldn't get a person to take care of them, who'd be a kind-of governess to them, and would give me a helping hand with the house when my lodgings were full, and wouldn't want above a few pounds a year, just to get herself a new gown once in a way, and so on. Well, sir, I inquired for such a person, but for! you might just as well inquire for anything you wanted on Robinson Crusoe's island as at Coltonslough, unless it's Queen's taxes and poor rates, and you can have plenty of them without asking. So at last some one says to me—I think it was Mr. Sanders at the post-office,—'Why don't you advertise in the Times, Mrs. Burfield? it'll cost you a trifle, but you're sure to get what you want.' So the long and the short of it was, I did advertise for a genteel person who would undertake to teach young children, and, make herself generally useful, in consideration of a comfortable home and a honorarium of ten pounds per annum. Mr. Sanders advised me to put it in the light of a honorarium, as he said it looked more that way. A young person from the country preferred, I stated in the advertisement, for the things that lodgers from London bring down with their luggage, and then turn round upon you and object to the bedding, had quite set me against Londoners. Well, sir, I got a good many answers, but the best written letter was signed Susan Turner. So I wrote to Miss Turner—the address was at a little coffee-house near the Great Western terminus—and I told her that if she liked to come down to Coltonslough for an interview, I would pay her expenses one way. Well, she came, and I found her a very pleasant-spoken, respectable-looking young person, and I took to her at first sight to that degree, that I allowed her to come to me without references, she being at variance, as she told me, with her relations in the country."

"She came to you at once, then?"

"Yes, she stayed with me there and then, not caring to go back to London, the strangeness of which frightened her, she said; and she had no luggage, except a little bit of a carpet bag, full of things, which she sent for next day; and then by-and-by the truth came out, that she'd run away from home. But she had a couple of sovereigns, and she went out and bought herself a few more things, and made herself as neat and comfortable as she could. She didn't make much secret of how she'd left her home, poor girl. Her father had wanted her to marry against her own wishes, she said, and in her fear of him she had run away."

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

"Well, sir," sighed Mrs. Burfield, "we got on very comfortably for some months. I never met a young person more kind or more willing. The children took to her as if she'd been their own sister, and she was altogether the steadiest, most industrious young person. Things had gone pretty comfortable with me that season, and in the autumn, quite late, going on for November, when people don't expect to see a single lodger in all Coltonslough, what should I hear, one afternoon, but the wheels of a fly, and a tremendous double knock at my door; and who should I see when I opened it, but a tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who walked straight into my parlor,

and took the rooms, off-hand, and without so much as inquiring what the terms would be, which, considering the haggling and beating down I'd been accustomed to in the very best part of the season, seemed almost like a dream."

Mrs. Burfield had warmed with her subject, and had refrained for some time from the relief of a sigh; but she paused now to indulge herself in a very heavy one, and then, after a general disquisition upon the sorrows of a lodging-house keeper, went on:

"He really was one of the handsomest, easiest-spoken gentlemen I ever met with, and he seemed to take away one's breath almost. He had such a dashing kind of way with him, that, if you'd have shut your eyes, you'd almost have fancied him on horseback, galloping away for dear life. He seemed all upon the prance, as it were, if I may use the observation. 'Now I dare say you'll want references,' he said, 'and if so, I can't give you any without putting myself to more trouble than I care about. But you can have some rent in advance, if that'll do, and I've no end of luggage, if that'll do.' And then he flung himself into one of the arm-chairs, and burst out laughing when it creaked and groaned, as it were, under him; for lodgers have no more feeling for an unprotected female's furniture than if they was so many Ojibway Indians, and I can't deny that the parlor chairs were uncertain; but I didn't mind the strange gentleman making game of them, somehow, for he had such a pleasant way with him, and showed his white teeth, and looked so handsome, that he seemed quite to brighten up the place."

"Well," he said, presently, "can you guess why I came to Coltonslough in the month of November?" And of course I told him no, I couldn't, not having the pleasure of being acquainted with him. Upon which he burst out laughing again. 'I came here,' he said, 'because I was told Coltonslough was about the dullest place upon the surface of the earth, and I mean to stay here till after Christmas. So you may tell the man outside to bring in my luggage, and look sharp about it.' Upon which the flyman brought in a couple of big portmantaus, and a gun-case and a hat-box, and two of the heaviest trunks that ever came into my passage. 'Books, ma'am, books, every one of them, and all as heavy as lead,' said the young gentleman, as the corners of the boxes went scratching and bumping upon the paper—and the way lodgers' boxes do scratch and bump an unprotected female's paper is something awful. But for all that I wasn't sorry to see plenty of luggage, though the books might have been brickbats, neatly packed in hay, as has been known to happen in this very terrace. 'Well, ma'am,' says the gentleman, when his luggage had all been brought in and the flyman paid, 'now I can settle down comfortably. Do I look as if I'd been plucked, do you think, ma'am?' he asked, looking at me very hard, and sticking his hands deep down in his pockets, which was one of those ways of his that I venture to call prancing. I didn't quite catch his meaning, but I thought he alluded to something unpleasant, so I said, 'No, indeed, I should think not.' 'But I have, ma'am,' he answered, looking at me in a measuring sort of a way, as if I'd been a five-barred gate, and he was just going to fly clean over me; and that measuring look of his was another of his galloping ways. 'But I have been plucked, ma'am,' he said, 'as clean as any fowl that they ever send you home from the poulterer's. I'm a featherless biped, ma'am. So I've come down to Coltonslough, being, as I understand, the dullest hole upon the earth's crust, and I mean to go in a perisher.' A 'perisher' was his expression. 'And I mean to read like old boots, so you may let your servant light me a fire, ma'am, and get me some chops; for I suppose I must resign myself to an existence sustained upon chops so long as I'm at Coltonslough.'"

Once more Mrs. Burfield stopped to take breath. Francis Tredethlyn listened in silence, with a moody frown upon his face. Already he hated this man, of whose share in his cousin's history he was yet ignorant. He felt as we feel sometimes at a play, when we see the villain first appear upon the stage, and know he is a villain, yet do not know what his special crime is to be.

"Well, sir, of all the pleasant lodgers that ever darkened a widow's doors, the plucked young gentleman was the pleasantest. He got up early, and went to his books and papers as soon as he was dressed, and had chops and strong green tea for breakfast; and he sat at his books all day, till it was too dark for him to sit any longer, and then he went and strolled up and down the Esplanade, smoking for an hour or so, and then he came in and had more chops, cold brandy and water, for his dinner, except when I took the liberty of roasting him a fowl, or getting some other little nicety, just by way of variety; and then, after dinner, he went to his books and papers again, and sat up till very late, reading and writing and drinking strong green tea."

"But my cousin Susan," cried Francis. He was getting impatient under this minute description of the lodger's habits. "What has all this to do with my cousin?"

"I'm coming to that," Mrs. Burfield answered, with a sigh that was more profound than usual. "You see, sir, it happened at this time, being the end of the season, and Coltonslough as empty as it could be, it happened that we were with-

out a servant, so myself and Susan Turner took it in turns to wait upon the young gentleman. Not that I ever asked her to do anything that you can call menial, but she'd take him up his tea, and clear away his dinner things, and light his candles for him, and such like; and knowing her to be a respectable young woman, I didn't keep that sharp watch over her that some folks might have done. If she stopped ten minutes or so in his room, talking to him, I usen't to think anything about it—you can hear almost every sound in these houses, and it was quite pleasant to hear her soft voice and his laugh ringing out every now and then. He wasn't the sort of gentleman you could suspect of any harm, he had such a happy kind of way with him, as if he was good friends with himself and all the world. He lent Susan books—books of poetry, with all sorts of pencil-writing upon the edges of them; and I used sometimes to fancy Susan cared more for the pencil writing than she did for the poetry itself, she'd sit and pore over it so when the children were gone to bed, and we were alone in this room. Sometimes the plucked young gentleman would come down here of an evening to fetch himself another candle, or to tell us that he'd let his fire out, or something of that kind, for he wasn't a bit proud; and then, instead of going back directly, he'd sit down, and make himself as much at home as if he had lived among us all his life; and, oh dear me, sir, how he would talk! all about books and poetry, and the foreign places he'd seen, and plays, and music, and writers, and actors and singers. He seemed to know everything in the world. So you see, one way and another, he saw a good deal of Susan, for I found out afterwards, from the children, that when he went out in the dusk to smoke his cigar he generally contrived to meet her, and then he'd walk with her and the children till it was time for them to go in-doors. She was a good girl, and she wasn't the girl to throw herself in his way. If they were much together it was because he followed her. I might have known the meaning of his sitting in this room for hours together of a night, but he had such a natural way of doing everything that it threw one off one's guard, somehow."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Francis Tredethlyn, between his clenched teeth. "But you haven't told me his name. I want to know his name."

"He'd been with us more than a fortnight before ever I asked him what his name was, and then somehow or other the question came up, and he said his name was Lesley—Robert Lesley; but somehow looking back upon it afterwards, it seemed to me as if he hesitated a little before he said the name. Well, things went on as comfortable as possible for more than two months, and then he went away, taking all his luggage with him, and paying me very liberal for everything he'd had, besides half-a-crown apiece to the children, which at that time of year came very welcome, and of course I took it from them immediately to go towards their new boots. He went away; and as I thought, somehow, he'd had a kind of a liking for Susan, and Susan for him, I half expected the poor girl would fret a little when he was gone; but she didn't, and looking at her sometimes as she sat at work opposite to me, I used to fancy there was a kind of happy smile like upon her face. She'd been with me six months by this time, and I paid her the little trifle that was due, and what did she do next day but go out and spend ever so much in toys and such like for the children; which, as I told her, was very wrong, considering how badly off she was for clothes. But she made no answer, except to look at me with the same smile I'd seen so often on her face since Mr. Lesley had gone."

"Poor girl—poor, helpless, innocent girl!"

The dark frown melted into a softer expression as Francis Tredethlyn muttered these few broken words. He was no longer thinking of the stranger—the nameless villain of this common story. He was thinking of his cousin Susan's innocent face, with the smile of girlish trustfulness upon it.

"One day, when Mr. Lesley had been gone a little better than three weeks, a letter came for Susan—I'd need to notice it, for it was the first she'd had since she'd been with me. She ran up stairs directly she heard the postman's knock, and took the letter from him with her own hands, and stopped to read it in the passage. She was putting it in her pocket as she came back into this room, and her cheeks were flushed as bright as two red roses, but she didn't say a word about the letter. All that afternoon she seemed in a kind of flutter, and every now and then she would come all over in a tremble, and drop her work in her lap. She was making some pinafores for the boys, and I said to her, 'Susan, what ever is the matter?' but she turned it off somehow, and nothing more was said until after tea, when the children were safe out of the way, and we were sitting alone together. Then I never did see anybody so restless as she was, laying her work down and taking it up again, and fetching a book—one of the books he'd left with her—and opening and shutting it, and then pretending to read, but all in the same restless way; till at last she came suddenly behind my chair, and flung her arms round my neck, and began to sob fit to break her poor loving heart. And it was ever so long before she could get calm enough to say anything; but at last she cried out, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, I'm afraid I'm very ungrateful; you've been so good

to me, and we've been so happy together.' And so we had; though I do not think, poor tender-hearted dear, she'd gone through as much on account of the taxes as if she'd been the householder instead of me. 'I'm going to leave you, Mrs. Burfield,' she said; 'I'm going to leave you and the children that love me so dearly. I'm going away to be married to Mr. Lesley. I'm to go by the first train to-morrow morning, and he's to meet me at the station, and at eleven o'clock we're to be married.'

"You may guess how she took my breath away when she told me this. But I said, 'Oh, my dear, you can't mean to do anything so mad as go alone to meet Mr. Lesley, who is little better than a stranger to you.' 'A stranger!' she cried out, 'my darling Robert a stranger! Oh, if you only knew how noble he is, and how much he is to give up to marry a poor girl like me!' And then she went on about him as if he'd been something better than a human creature; and having always found him so much the gentleman myself, and so open-hearted and frank in all his ways, I could scarcely do otherwise than believe her. But still I urged her all I could against trusting him. 'Don't go my dear,' I said; 'or, if you must go let me go with you.' But she blushed very red, and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, the marriage is to be a secret, and I promised Robert again and again that I wouldn't say a word about it to you or any living creature. Only you've been so good to me, and I couldn't bear to go away without telling you the whole truth.' And upon this I begged her still harder not to go away; I told her no good ever came out of secret marriages, and that there was generally something underhand and false at the bottom of them that brought about all kinds of trouble and suffering afterwards. And I told her how Mr. Burfield married me publicly in St. Pancras' Church, and would have his two sisters—one in pink and one in blue—besides the Miss Parkinses, his first cousins, who were sweetly dressed in green and salmon, to walk after me to the altar. But it was no more use talking to Susan than if she'd been a stone statue, though she sat herself on the little hassock at my feet, and kept crying one minute and smiling the next and talking about her darling Robert, and kissing me till I almost thought her brain was turned. It was no use talking. 'I love him so dearly,' she said, 'and I know how noble and generous he is.' And that was her only argument; and long before daylight the next morning she went away by the early train; and though my heart seemed bleeding for her, I couldn't kiss her when she said good-by, and I couldn't go to the station to see her off. 'No, Susan,' I said, 'if you must go, you must, and I've no power to keep you back, but I'll not take any part in your going.' But I stood at my window to see her go away, and I shall never forget the dark, drizzly morning, with streaks of grey like on one side of the sky, and white, sickly-looking stars on the other, and Susan walking across the waste ground all alone, with the rain driving at her, and the wind beating at her, and a bit of a shabby carpet bag in her hand. It seemed so dreadful to think she was going to be married like that."

"But she *did* go away?" cried Francis. "She must have come back to you then, for the letter with the Coltonsloough postmark reached her father less than eighteen months ago."

"I am coming to that," answered Mrs. Burfield. "It's about eighteen months ago that she came back to me, looking, oh! so changed, so broken down, that I hadn't the heart to ask her any questions. I could see that all had gone wrong, and I could guess pretty well what kind of wrong it was. She wanted to lodge with me, she said, and would pay me for her lodgings. I could see that she wore a wedding ring on her finger, but she had no other jewelry whatever. She was dressed in black—black silk that had once been very handsome, but which was rusty and shabby then. The first night she came to me she sat up very late writing, and in the morning she went out with a letter in her hand. She was with me more than two months, but that was the last time I ever saw her write. She used to be fond of reading; but now she never took up a book, though Mr. Lesley had left a good many of his books in the little chiffonier in the parlor, thinking to come back, as he told me. She used to be fond of the children; but now she never noticed them, and after a little while they seemed to shrink away from her, as if she was strange to them somehow. For hours and days together she used to sit in the bow-window, watching the road from the station, as if she expected some one. At dusk she would go out and walk upon the Esplanade, just at the time that he used to walk with his cigar. It was the dull season, and there was no one to notice her. At last, about the middle of May, when the visitors began to come to Coltonsloough, she told me one day that she must leave me. I said, 'Was it on account of the lodgings?' because she knew I used to raise the rent at that time of year, and I thought that might be the cause of her wanting to go. But she said, 'Oh, no, no.' She had only had one purpose in stopping so long, and that was in the hope of seeing some one, or getting an answer to a letter she had written, and now there was no longer any hope of that. So I couldn't persuade her to stay any longer, do what I would, and she went away. She had friends in London, she

told me, who had promised to put her in the way of getting her own living somehow or other. I kissed her this time willingly enough, poor child, and I went with her, to the station, and I thought her pale face looked almost like a ghost's as she waved her hand to me from the carriage window."

"You're a good woman!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn, half crushing Mrs. Burfield's skinny hand in his strong fingers. "You're a good woman, and you did your best to befriend that poor girl."

Mrs. Burfield sighed, and wiped her eyes with the corner of a rusty black silk apron. The world had been very hard for her; but there was a gentle, womanly haven somewhere in her breast, and Susan Tredethlyn had taken shelter there.

She'd been gone a little over six weeks, when an old gentleman came one morning, and asked to see a girl called Susan. That's how he put it. He was very stern-looking, and he threw me all in a tremble, somehow, with his ways; but I asked him down here, and then, little by little, he made me tell him pretty nearly all I've told you. I couldn't keep anything back from him; he put his questions so fierce and sudden; and every time I hesitated ever so little, he accused me of prevaricating with him, and trying to deceive him. I could see his eyes glaring at me like coals of fire, and his face turned of a bluish white, so that I was almost frightened he'd drop down in a fit. But when he'd got all the story out of me, he stood up as straight and stern as if he'd been only twenty years old, and said: 'No man of my name ever knew what disgrace was until to-day, and may the heaviest curse that ever fell upon a woman's head come down upon my shameful daughter.' He stretched up his two hands—and I shall never forget him as he stood there with his white hair, and the bluish white of his face, and the dreadful glare in his eyes. Then he put on his hat and walked out of the house, taking no more notice of me than if I'd been a stock or a stone. I heard the front door bang to after him, and I ran up-stairs to the parlor window, and saw him walking away towards the station; and that's the last I saw of him."

"Can you remember upon what day this occurred?"

"Yes, I can; for I'd had the parlor lodgers leave me the day before. It was the 29th of June."

The 29th of June! and on the 30th, Oliver Tredethlyn had executed that will which made Francis master of thirty thousand a year. The young man knew now why his uncle had left him a great fortune, and found it still more difficult to feel very grateful to his benefactor.

There was a long pause, during which vengeful thoughts had their full way in the breast of Francis Tredethlyn.

"Can you tell me nothing more of this man," he said presently—"this scoundrel, who called himself Robert Lesley?"

Mrs. Burfield only answered by a hopeless shake of her head.

"He left some books, you say. Was there none among them that would give any clue to who or what he was?"

Again Mrs. Burfield shook her head.

"You're welcome to look at the books," she said; "there's plenty of pencil writing in them, but no name or address—only initials."

She knelt down before a little chiffonier in a corner by the fireplace, and took out a few volumes, some handsomely, some shabbily bound, and placed them before Francis Tredethlyn.

Upon the handsomely bound books the initials "R. L." appeared in a gilded monogram. Four of the volumes were German translations of some recondite classics; but there was a fifth upon which Mr. Tredethlyn fastened eagerly. It was a small flat volume, bound in sheepskin, and fastened with a brass lock—a very superior kind of lock. On the cover was written the one word "Journal."

"Let me have this book," he said, "I'll give you a hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Burfield's mouth opened with a spasmodic action, and for once in her life she forgot to sigh.

"A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred—two, if you like. Haven't I told you that I'm a rich man? and you've been kind to my cousin. I'll give you the money as a free gift, for the matter of that; but I must have this book. It's a journal, a book in which a man writes a history of his own life. An officer I knew in Van Diemen's Land used to write such a history by fits and starts. How do I know what this may tell me about my cousin? Let me have it. I know the book isn't yours; but there can be no such thing as honor or faith to be kept with such a man as that. Let me have the book."

There was a good deal more said upon the matter, but the end of it was that Francis Tredethlyn went back to London with the sheepskin-covered volume in his pocket; and Mrs. Burfield, retiring to rest after a heavy supper of cold meat and cucumber, dreamt that she had inherited a million of money from one of the Coltonsloough tax-collectors.

(To be continued.)

Some men are so far-sighted, they look through and beyond objects, and swear they are not.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14 1865.

OPENING OF THE ART UNION.

ONE of the pleasantest reunions that San Francisco has witnessed in many a long day occurred on Thursday evening last, the occasion being the opening of the "Art Union." For several weeks it had been bruited about that some such thing was in contemplation, and finally came mysterious rumors that it was in progress. Gentlemen renowned for their wealth and the liberality with which they dispense it were seen in conclave, others renowned for taste, and always willing to furnish that important element to further the development of any worthy enterprise if others would furnish the money, held converse together—it was evident that something was in the wind. And by-and-by it came out that we of California had an Art Union of our own; that the possibility of the establishment of an institution for the encouragement of native talent and the exhibition of exotic genius had got beyond being even a probability, being a fixed fact—so much so that invitations were issued to a select few to be present at the opening.

With commendable judgment the Committee located their Gallery in a central portion of the city; with excellent taste it was fitted up with precise adaptation to the purpose for which it was intended. The carpet that covers the floor is the envy of housewives who yield to the seduction of its harmonious colors, the seats are so comfortable and so well arranged that people knowing nothing about art and caring less will gladly rush in and pay twenty-five cents *per caput* for the privilege of sitting down in them, and the light is so arranged as to exhibit the pictures to the best advantage. Our sprightly cotemporary, the *Alta*, asserts that "the light comes in the day from the skylight above and at night from numerous gas burners shaded from view;" but in at least the latter portion of the sentence it falls into serious error—right so far as the skylight is concerned, it is fatally wrong in asserting that the gas burners are shaded from view, as they are plainly visible to the naked eye. We trust that our cotemporary, in a subsequent issue, will correct this mistake, to which we mildly call its attention.

On the opening evening to which we refer, a goodly number of the *cognoscenti*, the *dilettanti*, and the *literati* of the town were present. Not only was the Gallery opened, but a number of bottles were opened as well, agreeably interspersing the excellent studies in oil with most admirable studies in wine. (For the benefit of those not posted in art matters, we will here state that a "study in oil" has nothing to do with prospecting for petroleum, being something of an entirely different color.) We have indicated that an entertainment was offered, and that substantial sandwiches and cold turkey were offered for the edification of connoisseurs as well as the painted game and fruit and flowers that hung upon the walls. So it was. And those present at these social affairs have probably noticed that when corks are drawn the lightness of those useful compressors and repressors of fluids seems to enter into the conversation and spirits, and sometimes into the heads, of the convivial guests. The present occasion proved no exception to the general rule. Notwithstanding his name, which would plainly point him out as born to be President of some Dashaway association, Captain Vandewater insisted on a general filling of glasses, and, going back on a previous declaration that no speeches were intended or would be allowed, proceeded to make the first one himself. His remarks had at least the merit of brevity, as he pinned the effort down to proposing a toast to the success of the Art Union, introducing Mr. R. C. Rogers as the arch expounder of the association and its objects, indulging his unconquerable *penchant* for a joke by informing the company that that gentleman, from his nautical—not naughty—experience in early youth, would probably favor them with a marine view of the subject. Mr. Rogers, after explaining with much clarity of diction the circumstances which led to the formation of the association, proceeded to read an extract from an address published with the catalogue, which probably embodied his views and represented them fully, he being the author. Subsequently other speeches were had, D. C. McRuer indulging in a little rehearsal preparatory to taking his seat in that Congress to which he is elected; S. P. Dewey lending the encouragement of his voice to the enterprise and not saying a

word about Ophir. John S. Hittell, Col. Warren and others coming to the rack in response to the call of the company. Among the "others," Mr. Avery issued an extra bulletin in a very prompt and neat way; the only one, in fact, of the whole crowd that made no speech being Mr. Nisbet, who wilfully and persistently refused. The utmost cordiality and good feeling prevailed at table, the only wonder being that an exhibition of paintings should so bewilder people as to make it difficult for them to find their late keys that night and oblivious of events the next morning.

The Gallery opened with one hundred and twenty-eight pictures, these the property of artists or contributed by gentlemen who take an interest in the enterprise. Space and time both fail us to enumerate all works which deserve mention, obliging us to confine ourselves simply to those which occur to us at the present moment, reserving further particularizing for another article. Shasta and the Yo Semite valley found representation at the hands of our native artists, pictures from their easels adorning the walls on all sides; that such scenery as California furnishes will produce good painters may be accepted as a foregone conclusion, for the process is as certain as that by which notable events create historians. The best of Butman's pictures in the present collection seems a view of Mount Shasta; it exhibits more the merits of his style, and fewer of its defects than do all the others combined. Virgil Williams, besides one or two very clever pictures of native scenery, has a portrait of a lady, done in an undertone which not every artist would dare to attempt, and so well done as to excite very general admiration. Deuny furnishes local marine views which should find purchasers. Hill has some landscapes on exhibition which are much better than his portraits. Brookes seems to make game and fruit his specialty, furnishing a curlew on which one of the Trustees drew a bead, or rather his check at sight. These pictures of dead game are called "still life," so that by a parity of reasoning it would seem that live game should be called "stirring death." Perry contributes a "Grandmother's Tale," an excellent little picture, which is much admired. Shaw's portraits are the best, by any native artist, in the Gallery. Of the foreign pictures we are loth to speak, for once launched upon the theme it were almost impossible to stop. "Waste Not, Want Not" is a charming picture, painted by Amberg and owned by William Norris. The management of color is so delicate that it forms an excellent study; "A Penny too Little," by Hahn, and belonging to the same owner, is also very good. "Sheep and Donkey," by Verboeckhoven, belonging to Wm. Hooper, is excellent; the donkey looks as though he might bray if he dared but avail himself of the critic's privilege. "Autumn," by H. G. Wilde, owned by George H. Howard, is an excellent picture, notwithstanding that the colors at first glance seem too bright to one who has forgotten in this changeless climate the tints of autumn leaves at home. "The Grandmother's Pet," by Moeselagen, also owned by Mr. Howard, attracts attention from the charm of its composition as well as by the manner of its execution. A "Moonlight," by Jacobson, owned by Mr. Norris, is remarkable in effect. A view from the Shenandoah Valley, by W. L. Sontag, is admirably done, showing in wood, water and sky, the beauty that fair valley possessed before contending armies trampled it under their marching feet and reddened the ground with drops which could never be mistaken for the crimson of autumn leaves. "The Fisher Boy," by Freeman, belonging to George H. Howard, is an excellent piece of painting, the head and face being particularly well painted.

A penitent "Magdalene," said to be an original by Guido Cagnacci, owned by R. J. Vandewater, strikingly illustrates the criticism which says "we have Magdalenes who look as if they never could have sinned, and others who look as if they never could have repented." This is of the latter kind; we have the indispensable attribute of the alabaster box; that perpetual *memento mori*, the skull; the uplifted eye, and the loose hair—but the face is "loose" too, and not only loose but coarse, reminding one somewhat of the women one sees of mornings in the Police Courts. But the form is luxuriant and modelled in a masterly manner, while the flesh—the most difficult part perhaps of all the painter is called upon to attempt—is decidedly that of a live breathing sinner. Another excellent example of figure painting is shown in "Christ appearing to Peter on the Appian way," down as an Annihil Caracci and owned by J. N. Olney. The advanced right leg seems stepping out from the canvas, and the weight of the cross is plainly to be read in the expressive face. The gallery of R. B. Woodward contributes several pleasing pictures, but space fails us to enumerate farther; the collection forms a theme to which we shall often recur. But we cannot leave the subject without mentioning a "Cat's Head" in water colors by Wandersford, so natural that not a mouse has ventured to run across the floor since it was placed.

All this while we have neglected to state the location of the Gallery. It will be found in the second story of Jones, Wool & Sutherland's building, 312 Montgomery street; admittance to it can be gained by the payment of two bits, and nothing is charged for letting people out. Thrown open to the public on Thursday evening the attendance rivaled that of the

Keans, showing, perhaps, that to the multitude art is stranger than anything that ever Kotzebue wrote. The following are the officers of the association: President, Gov. F. F. Low; Treasurer, W. C. Ralston; Secretary, L. F. Ireland. Trustees, George H. Howard, R. C. Rogers, M. Cheesman, Maj. R. W. Kirkham, U. S. Army, William Norris, R. J. Vandewater, L. Cohen, R. B. Woodward, C. T. Meader, M. H. Ball, C. Brooks, Doctor V. J. Fourgeaud, A. H. Houston. Executive Committee, Robert C. Rogers, G. H. Howard, R. J. Vandewater, William Norris, C. W. Brooks. Examining Committee, Doctor V. J. Fourgeaud, M. Cheesman, William Hooper, S. W. Shaw, Virgil Williams. The Californian Art Union may now be considered as fairly lannehed upon the flood tide of prosperity and success, and we trust that it will bear our deserving artists on to fame and fortune.

THAT PUZZLE.—We have received a number of "answers" to the mathematical puzzle published last week; certainly the solution is easy enough, but nevertheless it has puzzled a number of very clever people. Of the various communications sent in we publish the following as telling the story in fewest words. But isn't our correspondent unnecessarily severe in the remarks with which he prefaces his explanations?

"The mathematical puzzle which you mention is a nice one for juveniles. Every properly trained business man understands the principle upon which averages are calculated, and at once sees that the average price of 30 apples sold for 10 cents and 30 apples for 15 cents, is not two cents for five apples, but nearly two cents and one mill for five apples. The demonstration is simple: Place in separate piles the two lots of apples; those which are sold for 10 cents on the right hand, and those which are sold for 15 cents on the left. Now take from the right-hand pile three apples, and from the left-hand pile two apples, and repeat the operation ten times; you will find that the right-hand pile is exhausted, and that in the left there are remaining ten apples; and that for the thirty apples on the right, 10 cents have been received, and 10 cents for twenty apples from the left pile. If the sale of the ten remaining apples be continued at the same rate, five apples for 2 cents, the ten apples will produce 4 cents; making, in all 14 cents for the left-hand pile instead of 15 cents. To produce 15 cents for the pile, the last ten apples must be sold at four for 2 cents, the same as the twenty other apples of that pile, or a half-cent apiece."

The steamer *Sacramento* yesterday took a number of gentlemen away from our shores, who will be much missed. Mr. William R. Garrison has gone back to the land of greenbacks, yielding to the fatal fascination of a currency which can be carried in one's pockets without jingling. If he has carried the wealth away with him that he deserves to enjoy, he is a triple millionaire. His friend, of a name so uncommon that he is always delicately alluded to in print as Mr. Charles Sm—h, accompanied him; whether he has gone to find out who Bella Donna is, or to rescue some lightly-clad Andromeda chained to some Isthmus rock from the grasp of some Panama monster, we are not exactly informed, but in either errand we wish him success. Capt. George Butler has gone East to consult the original dictionary-makers as to the precise meaning of the word "avid," a word lately used in *THE CALIFORNIAN*, and wrongfully, as he thought, though he willingly paid ten dollars to be convinced to the contrary. The report that he has gone to see why his Uncle Ben was shelved is untrue.

IN THE WRONG BOX.—A letter directed to somebody at San José was dropped into *THE CALIFORNIAN*'s box (placed at the foot of the stairs to receive communications and save correspondents the trouble of coming up,) one day last week. It has since been forwarded through the proper medium, but we mention the circumstance to show that intelligent messengers are occasionally met with. The mistake would have been a more natural one had this been the *Evening Post* office, or even that of the *Daily Mail*.

We inadvertently omitted, last week, to chronicle the birth of the *Clipper*, a sporting paper; the *New Age*, an Odd Fellows' journal, and *Puck*, an illustrated comic weekly. *Puck* and the *Clipper* are said to be edited by a gentleman connected with the *News Letter*, author of the pungent and sometimes rather personal little items given as the utterances of the "Town Crier." We extend a cordial welcome to the new publications, and hope the great public will do likewise.

THE Fourth Brigade Ball, given at the Pavilion in Sacramento, on Monday evening last, for the purpose of establishing a military library, was well attended. The *Union* says: "At about midnight a fine supper was served up in the lower story." We infer that the dancing took place down in the upper story.

AN exchange, mentioning the fact that a large number of sheep had died from scarcity of food, on the *Honcut*, states that one of the farmers in that locality "fed his sheep, and thus prevented them from starving." Happy thought.

H E L I U S .

GREAT sun, that with exaltant step doth tread
The measureless heavens, and trail
O'er hill and slope and vale
Thy flowing raiment, loosed in mazy fold
Of ruby-tint, and bright and burnished gold,
And amber pale,

In what far region of the Universe
Is chronicled thy birth?
When did the startled Earth,
New fashioned from dull chaos, at thy spark
Leap from the dubious confines of the dark,
In light and mirth?

Wert thou among the glories of the East?
And do the lights that pave
The sea-wastes, as they lave
The walls of thy birth-chamber quicken thee
With life? Is there thy tomb beyond the sea,
And rosy wave?

All-glorious monarch of the roving worlds!
We call thee Master! Lo!
A petty-world may grow
To opulence, and thou canst wither it
With one fierce glance, and on thy brow is writ
In flaming glow

The ripe magnificence of regal power;
Yet, if thy light first fell
From heaven, or glared from hell;
From what vague shore thou may'st lift the gloom
In all thy wanderings—what is thy doom,
We cannot tell.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 14th, 1865.

D R A M A T I C M E N T I O N .

THE Keans have held possession of the Opera House during the week, with the exception of Friday evening, when they surrendered the stage to Mr. Coppin. Crowded houses have been the rule and seats for late comers the exceptions. The engagement opened on Monday evening with *The Merchant of Venice*, Mrs. Kean playing "Portia" to her husband's "Shylock." Great as is our admiration for that lady's talent, we cannot forbear remarking that the character is scarcely suitable to the years and figure of Mrs. Kean, excellently well as it would have fitted Ellen Tree. The unities seem violated when a young and impassioned lover kneels at the feet of a woman old enough to be his mother, and the sense of incongruity which is born seriously mars the interest of the performance. Nor is Shylock Mr. Kean's best impersonation. On Tuesday evening, *Louis the XI.* was given; on Wednesday, *King Lear*; on Thursday, *The Stranger*; and this evening *Richard III.* fills the bills. "Louis the XI." is decidedly Mr. Kean's best character; as the peevish, suspicious, cowardly and treacherous old King, clinging to life by a thread and dreading its severance, he holds the very mirror up to nature. In all Shakspearian plays, his reading is excellent, and he seems to have a thorough conception of the characters, interpreting the meaning of the mighty master with delicacy and finish. It is to be regretted, however, that he carries himself so completely into everything that he plays, reminding one by every tone and gesture that Kean is before us and not the creation of the dramatist. Seeing him one evening in *The Merchant of Venice* and the next in *Macbeth*, the impression conveyed is that Shylock has simply stepped from the stage to lay aside his gabardine and reappear in the plaid of the ambitious Scotsman. The earnestness which he breathes into all of his impersonations is wonderful, and the studied care with which even the smallest detail is filled up should stand as a pattern to actors for all time. In common hands the Shakspearian drama is apt to drag tediously along, to the weariness of auditors; but in the present instance it progresses with a commendable life and rapidity, the time consumed between acts being so reduced that the curtain scarcely touches the stage in falling before it is rung up again and the play goes on without vexatious interruptions. Time is short for those who wish to see these eminent artists, as they leave to fill an Eastern engagement in the steamer of the 3d prox., and, delightful as California is, it is scarcely likely that they will ever return to these shores. To have not seen the Keans when so golden an opportunity offered, would cause the young men of the present day to feel in a certain degree humbled in the presence of his grandchildren. As they cannot be prevailed to stay with us, we wish that Manager Maguire, as the next best thing, would make overtures to Mr. Cathcart. We look some day to see this young actor occupying a high rank in the profession.

Last evening, according to announcement, Mr. Coppin appeared in three pieces—if levity were pardonable in these critical columns, and a joke were not liable to misconstruction, we would remark that he is large enough to admit of that subdivision—in *The Hypocrite*, *The Happiest Day of My Life*, and as "Cupid," in the burlesque of that name. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Mr. Coppin's rank as

a comedian, (and we have that vivid memory of Burton in our mind that it provokes us to hear comparisons instituted between them turning to the advantage of the former,) there can be no doubt about his comicality in a Cupid's dress. *Cupid* was cleverly localized for the occasion by the author of *My Assessments*, who is doing considerable in a dramatic way, lately.

Mrs. Emily Jordan's benefit, on Saturday evening last, was about as well attended as it could be, as many being present as the house could hold. The beneficiary never looked better, dressed better, nor played better than she did on that occasion—possibly she was moved to a somewhat extra exertion by the desire of leaving a favorable impression with her friends. Mr. Lawlor, too, as "John Mellish," acquitted himself admirably; we predict a "hit" for him in that character at the East. Mr. Frank Mayo, we venture to say, never did so execrable a thing before as his "Capt. Prodder," and we hope never will again. To say that it was bad would be to sacrifice truth to friendship—it was abominable. He dressed the character as a common sailor, wearing a tarpaulin hat which even a fore-castle hand would be ashamed to be seen with on shore, and not satisfied with this murder of the character, gagged it still further by the introduction of an immense quid of tobacco into his mouth, which he chewed in a style that made his face resemble the "gate" of a sawmill. Capt. Prodder, according to the story, was in tolerably good circumstances, and if not a gentleman was certainly an approach to one—particular mention is made of the new and shining clothes in which he invested himself when he went to call on his "sister Eliza's child." Where Mr. Mayo got his idea of a merchant captain's dress and manners from, we are at a loss to imagine, and how he came to interpret the character in the way that he did we cannot conceive. Generally we have remarked him for his good taste in such matters, consequently this sudden bathos took us, in common with his other friends, entirely by surprise. His "Armand," in *Camille*, on the occasion of Madam Clare's debut, was not only fine, but under the circumstances it was wonderful, and his "Ruy Gomez" in *Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady* is something to be proud of. We hope he will never do anything like that Prodder part of his again.

Matilda Heron, who is under engagement to Mr. Maguire, left New York on the 3d inst., and will probably arrive here about the 29th of the month. The Keans take their departure on the 3d of February, and Miss Heron will commence her engagement as soon as sufficiently rested from the fatigues of her voyage. Then we shall have a "Camille" that will indeed be worth witnessing, for in her hands the character can well challenge criticism. We observe by the Eastern papers that Miss Heron lately produced a play of her own, *The Mysteries of the Temple of Paris*, in Boston. A newspaper notice says of it: "The play is one of much interest, is crammed with incidents of a dramatic nature, and the situations are very striking." "Crammed" is good. We are yet uninformed whether Miss Heron will make her first appearance in this production of her own, or in the Dumas drama, with which her name has become inseparably associated. One comes and another goes; Miss Heron's advent upon our stage will be looked for with interest, and that her engagement will prove a success seems secured in advance.

Another Sacred Concert will be given at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening. The best talent of the city has been enlisted in these Sunday evening reunions; but strange to say, they do not draw as they should. We would advise the public to support sacred music better of Sunday evenings, or the chances are that Mr. Maguire will treat them to a little banjo music by way of change. For the popular taste must be gratified.

THE Hippodrome at the Mechanics' Pavilion has really got the public on the hip, drawing better now, as the merits and novelty of the performances become more generally known, than it did during its first week. Several novelties have been inaugurated of late. Monkey racing affords a deal of fun, which is greatly heightened by the serious decorum and trepidation of the monkey riders, as they go circling around on the flying horses; Jocko makes no willing jockey. A number of the best native vaqueros have been engaged to show the remarkable skill and precision with which, while riding at full speed, they throw the lasso. The afternoon performances last Saturday drew an audience of over two thousand ladies and children within the Pavilion's inclosure. Encouraged by this success, Saturday afternoon performances will be continued until further notice.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.—Miss M. Lammond, late Principal of the well-known "Young Ladies' Seminary" at Benicia, has recently purchased the interest of Mrs. Swedenstierna in the "Institute for Young Ladies" on Silver street, near Third, and has just inaugurated the first half-yearly term with most flattering success. This Institution, under the acknowledged ability, energy, and care of the lady principal, aided by an efficient corps of assistants, promises to take front rank in the educational colleges of our state.

N E W B O O K S .

MORE books from Roman! In *Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux*, by Charles Francis Hall, we have an entertaining narrative of adventure. The author spent two years and more in and about the arctic seas; hunting and fishing with the natives, and even eating raw seal-meat with them. In the course of his explorations he found traces of the Frobisher expeditions, and he has a confident hope of being able to find further particulars concerning the fate of Franklin and his men. For he tells us in his preface that by the time the book is in the reader's hands he will again be climbing about among icebergs and slipping over the snow of the polar regions. The work is profusely illustrated. Conscientiously we cannot commend the author's style, but his book abounds with that interest which always attaches to a story of little known regions told by one "who has been there."

Hymns of the Ages is a collection of the grand religious poems that echo down the aisles of years. The book is a beautiful one and the arrangement of the contents is admirable. A better present for one's mother could not be chosen.

"Orpheus C. Kerr" neglectful for the moment of the interests of the "Mackerel Brigade" has published a book of poems—*The Palace Beautiful*. Orpheus touches the harp gracefully, and his verses are sweet and tender in expression, but we regret that he suffered himself to be persuaded into the cheap and wretched illustrations that accompany them. A blank page would set off a poem better than such meaningless pictures as the one that smiles upon "Aspasia"—and murders while it smiles.

The Queen of the County is by the author of *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*; an Englishwoman, she dedicates the book to her "literary sisters in America." This from a nation that has given us little for the past three years but pirates and abuse is so courteous that our heart warms to the authoress and we consent to praise the book without reading it, recommending everyone to read it, "mortal long" though it be—400 octavo pages.

Of *The old Merchants of New York*, by "Walter Barrett, clerk," we have a third series. Originally the papers which compose the book appeared in the *New York Leader*, their publication being interrupted by the death of the author. The reader will perhaps recognize in "Walter Barrett, clerk," Joseph Scoville, otherwise "Manhattan" long a correspondent of one of the London papers and author of a novel—*Marion*—which was published and very generally denounced some time last year. The present book, being mainly of local interest, will scarcely find a very large sale outside of New York.

Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Monastic Orders as represented in the Fine Arts*, is a companion volume to the two beautiful little blue and gold books which found mention last week. As the title would indicate, the authoress designs to interpret those works of art which the churches and galleries of Europe and private collections have made familiar as objects of taste, while they remain unappreciated as subjects of thought. Now that we have an Art Union among us, containing undoubted originals by celebrated masters, these works of Mrs. Jameson's will doubtless find a ready sale. Roman probably had the Art Union in View when he brought them out.

We have a valuable book for the student—and indeed are not all readers students?—in *The Correlation and Conservation of Forces*, a series of expositions by eminent professors, with biographical notices of the chief promoters of the new views, by Edward L. Youmans, M. D.

The Patriot Boy by the Rev. P. C. Headley, furnishes the life of Gen. O. M. Mitchell, and is one of a series of lives of modern American heroes for boys and young men. The object is a good one, and this go-thou-and-do-like-wise series may have beneficial results.

THE Annual Election for officers of the Mercantile Library Association will take place on Monday next. There are two tickets in the field, the usual "Regular" and "Opposition," both of which exhibit names well known on the Bialto and Forum. We advise all parties interested to vote early, and, as there is no penalty attached to the act, to be sure and vote often. The successful candidates, whoever they may chance to be, will find their position full of honors and labors, but without even the shadow of emolument; for which reason they have, in advance, a share of that sympathy which is always bestowed on the members of our City Boards of Education and Supervisors.

Captain Franklin Haven, of Gen. McDowell's staff, has been appointed Lieutenant Colonel Second Regiment C. V., and also has been commissioned by the War Department Judge Advocate for the Pacific coast.

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.—Our lady readers will find a full resume of this controversy and exhibit of the present position of all parties concerned, on the thirteenth page.

The Sacramento Bee has recently entered upon its ninth volume, with every appearance of enjoying the success which it merits.

AN OLD LETTER.

[As an example of "the sensational in literature," the following story, which we find in the columns of a New York Sunday paper, will suffice for all time. It matters not that the story has neither point nor moral; tears and blood abound, and, as the heroine naively remarks to her father, when all is done, "we are very wretched." We scarcely see how the story has escaped dramatization, for we seriously assure the reader that it is not a burlesque.]

ONE evening Admiral Ducachet sat on the quarter-deck of his vessel, *La Victorieuse*, gazing with his glass on the boat from his ship that was coming with the rapidity of twelve experienced oarsmen from Port Kingston, in Jamaica. He was waiting for letters from France from his family, from all who were dear to him, and these letters must have been lying for him some months; and as he watched the approaching boat, he pictured to himself the house from which those letters had been written.

He saw his beautiful young wife, his wife of six years, the mother of his child, his little daughter, but just born when he had left, now over four years of age. He saw them in the quiet luxurious home he had provided for them on the coast of Brittany, and he wondered what his child had grown like, and his heart yearned for one look of that wife, one kiss from her lips, one low whisper that should say, "Husband, I love you." Now the boats near the shore, the boatswain jumps on deck, the mail-bag in his hand, and with the usual ceremonial, the Admiral has received his European mail. He opens it. There are letters from his lawyers, letters from his friends, letters from the government, but from his wife none. She has not written, but here is a bulky packet from his lawyer, his friend, the man to whom he has confided his interests. How foolish! Of course her letter is within his. He opens it; he recognizes his wife's hand-writing, and breaks the seal. The men who chanced to be looking at their commander, saw him pass his hand over his eyes and turn away; then the Admiral folded his letters, gathered them up, and descended to his state-room. There, sitting before the table, his face buried in his hands, they would have seen their commander weep like any woman, sobbing with sobs that seemed to rend his breast. She had written, yes, his Henrietta had written; but from her death-bed; written to him a last adieu, bequeathed to him with the last words of a dying mother, her child, her only beloved child—the only trace of their union on earth—her little Estelle.

A few hours later the Admiral had found the courage to read his other letters. There he had all the details of her death; there she had told him that Estelle, his child, was safe with him, and that like the last moments of a saint had been the last moments of his wife.

For many days the Admiral was quiet and reserved, then at last he recovered himself, and, to all appearances, his usual manner. Never did he confide to any one his sorrow, but sailed on the far-distant cruise to which he had received government orders, an able and a popular commander as he had always been. Admiral Ducachet continued in active service at his own request for over ten years. At last he returns to France, at last he is on the road to Bordeaux, and the gray bronzed soldier pauses at the threshold of his home.

"Henriette," he murmurs, "Henriette, my own, my beloved, that I should return and find you not; but our child!"

In another moment the Admiral holds in his arms all that is left of the wife of his youth and love, his Henriette—Estelle; all that he had to link him with human affections—all that could call him to earth from that grand mistress over whom he held command—the ocean.

He pressed his child to his heart; then putting her from him he gazed on her, and as those deep blue eyes, misty with tears, gazed on him from beneath their dark lashes, his heart beat at the remembrance of the day when first she, who was dead and gone, had said to him, "I love you." Scarcely could he refrain from falling at her feet. His child—his child; a creature all his own—a heart pure from all love but his. If idolatry were ever felt for one human being to another, this father felt it for his daughter; and if it were a sin in the eyes of heaven, the Admiral was guilty of that sin, and of the penalty it entailed.

Admiral Ducachet was rich; his wife had been rich; he established his daughter in a chateau near Bordeaux, with every luxury. Her first slave was her father; she reigned supreme; her very whims assumed to him the aspect of imperial decrees, and the Admiral was happier trotting on his horse to Bordeaux to gratify some whim of Estelle's than he had ever been in boarding an enemy, and when he laid at her feet the object she had desired, he was prouder than when he had laid at the foot of the throne the flags taken at the risk of his life's blood in battle.

When Estelle reached her seventeenth year, Monsieur Folgar, his lawyer, and the friend who had closed Henriette's eyes, almost gave the Admiral a fit of apoplexy by insinuating to him that it was necessary Estelle should be married.

Part with his daughter! Have another share her love? It was impossible. He would speak to his daughter. After all she might not desire to marry. She might love him so much that that love would satisfy her.

"Stella," said he one day, "Stella, my own love, you know that men are sailors and soldiers, and God help them, lawyers and physicians; but that women have but one career in life, that is to get married. Now, Estelle, Folgar says you are to get married—at least that you ought, and that you desire to. Is it so?"

"I don't know," replied Mademoiselle Estelle, tossing her head on high, "I really don't know. It depends on who the husband is."

"Well, if there must be a husband, he shall be of the very best kind we can get him—young, handsome, agreeable, good tempered—" "And a sailor?"

"A sailor!" exclaimed the admiral, "Really a sailor!"

"Why, do you think your daughter would marry any one but a sailor?"

Admiral Ducachet clasped his child to his bosom. Then he had but one regret in the world, that was that Estelle had not been a boy; for then she would have been a sailor, and to him a sailor was something more than a man. His emotion over, the admiral looked at Estelle. She seemed almost as much affected as himself.

"Why, child, are you sorry not to have been able to be a sailor?"

"No," replied Estelle, laughing, "but I know you would have preferred my being a boy; but as that cannot now be changed, why all I can do is to give you a sailor for a son."

"We will find him," exclaimed the admiral; "we will take the best and handsomest officer in the navy."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Estelle, "I think I have found him."

"Found him! Who is he?—what is his rank?—what is the name of the ship?"

"Never mind, father, I know."

"But had I not better know, also?"

"It is not at all necessary. When the time comes you shall know all."

"Then you know all about him?" "Certainly."

"Upon my word, I thought young ladies—"

"There are exceptional cases, admiral," said Estelle, "and I am one. I chose to choose my own husband."

"So you shall, my child! And he must be all right just because he is a sailor."

"And you will wait," said Estelle.

"Patiently," said the admiral.

That night, when the admiral retired to his room, he took from an old chest a small case covered with leather, looking old and worn, but having in letters still bright on its lid the name of Henriette.

The admiral gazed at it for some minutes with emotion. It was his wife's jewel-case. He remembered the day he had given it her. He remembered how often he had seen her open it to put in some present of his; and her young, cheerful voice thanking him with playful words, seemed to float around him.

He had never opened it since his return; but now his child must have her mother's diamonds; he knew these were a necessary appendage to all weddings, and the admiral, averse as he had been, was now eager for the marriage.

"Of course they must be reset," said he; "let us see."

He opened the lid and looked in it. Over the smaller red and green cases of the various sets he saw packages of old letters neatly tied together. The poor admiral smiled, and a tear fell on the old yellow paper.

"Poor Henriette! she treasured every line I wrote."

Then the admiral mechanically took a letter from the package he held in his hand, and opened it. The next moment, with a stifled cry, he fell into the nearest seat, pale, and his powerful frame tremblingly, utterly helpless.

The next morning Estelle waited in vain for her father; the breakfast signal had been twice given, but the Admiral had not appeared. She went beneath his window and gave him the boatswain's whistle he had taught her and he loved to hear. No reply came. Half in anger, half in alarm, she hurried up the stairs, she knocked at the door, and presently she heard his heavy step across the room.

"Ah! he is well," said she, and as the door opened she rushed forward to throw herself into her father's arms, but he roughly pushed her away.

"I shall not come to breakfast," said he, "I desire not to be disturbed—leave me."

Estelle gazed at her father with wonder. What had happened; had he suddenly lost his senses; was he ill?"

"Father," said she, "are you well?"

"Quite well, and desire to be troubled with no needless questions." Estelle turned away, and rushing to her room burst into a passion of tears.

From that day all was changed; the Admiral avoided Estelle as much as he could, and when he was near her treated her with coldness, almost with hatred, refusing her caresses, and bidding her, if with sorrowful tenderness she sought to win him back, to leave him alone.

Deep was the agony the young girl endured, for she loved her father devotedly; her only parent, the being she had been taught to reverence during all the long years of her childhood.

At length there seemed to come a change; but Estelle trembled as she thought what now it might lead to. The officer to whom she had alluded when her father had proposed that she should marry was now in Bordeaux. He had been the companion of her life, a ward, also, of M. Folgar's, her guardian, and their love had grown with them. Pledged to each other in heart if not in word were they, and Estelle had often thought with delight on the congenial companion she would give her father in his son-in-law—her sailor lover. Now, how should she announce his arrival? But M. Folgar, her father's friend, solved this difficulty.

"Estelle," said he, one day, "Reymon is coming to-day to see your father." "The Admiral?"

"Yes; I see by your expression that he has not changed his manner towards you."

"No; and I am miserable."

"Perhaps your marriage may make some change, for the Admiral wishes this marriage to take place as soon as possible."

"Ah!" exclaimed Estelle, bursting into tears, "he wants to get rid of me, to send me from him."

Monsieur Folgar turned away. That morning the Admiral had said to him:

"I must get this girl out of my house: the sight of her revives each hour my anger and my indignation; she has no right here—" "Ah! Admiral."

"Folgar, you have read those letters; he loved her mother even when I married her; he loved her afterwards within a few days of her death; the last letter dated—I was deceived by both. Estelle is not my child."

"There is no proof."

"None, but I feel, and her letters would condemn her in all but a court of law; now, let the girl go away from me; let me never see her again."

That day the Admiral sat in his study, when the servant announced Lieutenant Reymon.

Cold were the first salutations. He was to be Estelle's husband; the Admiral already hated him as belonging to her.

"You love my daughter?" "With my whole soul." "You ask her hand in marriage?" "I do."

"She will have her mother's dowry as hers, two hundred thousand francs; from me she has nothing to expect."

"I ask nothing; I am rich, and have even a title, but dropped it when I entered the service, as a vain distinction. My father was the Marquis de Bressieres."

"Then," exclaimed the Admiral starting up, "he was a villain and a traitor!" "Sir! What do you mean?"

"I speak distinctly to you; he was a villain and a traitor, and if his son has any blood in his veins he will avenge the insult I thus put upon his memory. Ah! young man, you do not know how I have yearned to find some one living on whom to avenge my wrongs, for I have cursed him in his grave for dying and robbing me of my revenge."

"You shall not wait for it long," said the young lieutenant; "you shall hear from me to-day."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Admiral, as he was gone; "a double revenge is this, for Estelle, his child, too, will be as wretched as I am; poor Estelle! but no, I will show no signs of weakness."

The next morning the Admiral, leaving his home at day-break, repaired to a small wood about a mile distant. There already his second, with Reymon and his friend, awaited him.

Silently and quickly were the preliminaries accomplished, and in a few moments the wood echoed forth the sound of firearms. Both fired, but only one fell; it was Reymon.

The Admiral, with the generous instincts of his nature, bent over his victim. It needed no surgeon to tell him that the wound was mortal.

"Admiral," said the young man, "my father is avenged."

I know not his offence, but he gave me this letter to give to you on the day of my marriage with your daughter."

"With my daughter?"

"Yes; he had watched us as children, and seen the dawning of our love; on his death-bed he bade me ask to obtain Estelle's hand; bade me have no other wife. Now that is over; Admiral, give me your hand."

The Admiral knelt beside him. Oh, Heaven! de Bressieres had desired this alliance then; Estelle was his own, his true legitimate child, the child of his blood. Bitter tears fell on the dying face, growing pale and gray beneath his eyes, and soon within his arms lay a clay-cold corpse.

On the blood-red turf after they had borne the body away, did the Admiral read that letter—a message from the grave.

They were innocent; his young wife—her love had been deep, but it had been pure; both had struggled, and both had conquered and died faithful to their marriage vows.

Estelle was his child, but now what had he done? He hurried to his home; the tidings had already reached Estelle. He knelt before; he held out his hands towards her; he dared not clasp her to his heart. But Estelle fell on his bosom.

"Father," said she, amid the deep sobs, "we are very wretched."

Once again Admiral Ducachet is on the ocean, far away in the Polar seas, never again to return to France. All he loves sleeps under a white marble stone in the garden of the dead at Nice.

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

NEWS "over the wires" comes slowly and is without especial interest, owing to the chronic indefiniteness which of late prevails among telegraph newsmen. The blood-current, however, has ceased its flow, the sacrifices to the war-god have been fewer, and there are even hopes that the dawn of peace is about to break upon us, after the long dark night. Rumors follow each other in quick succession: Peace Commissioners are appointed by the rebels; a prominent Peace Democrat has gone to Richmond, with the approval of the President; Montgomery Blair is also in the rebel capital. Neither of the latter appear to act in an official capacity. It will be a happy day for the nation when peace comes again.

January 7.—Taylor the rebel guerilla, has commenced a raid into Kentucky. He occupied Owensburg, Haysville, Cloverport and Anderson, and conscripted several of the citizens. The steamers leaving Owensburg for New Albany were fired into. They stopped the trains, robbed the passengers and burned the cars.

The expedition under Grierson which was sent out by Dana on the 21st ult., has been successful. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad had been struck five miles below Corinth and utterly destroyed to below Okolona. 29 bridges, a great deal of trestle work, 32 cars, 300 army wagons and 4,000 carbines were destroyed. Gen. Grierson had orders to destroy the road as far as Meridian, and, if possible, release our prisoners at Casamaba. Among prisoners captured are one Colonel, one Lieut.-Colonel, twenty-five line officers, and a number of our men who, to escape the horrible treatment as Federal prisoners at Andersonville, had joined the rebel army.

January 8.—Sherman, having crossed the river in safety, is reported to be moving on Grahamsville.

Gen. Thomas has been made a Major General in the regular army, vice Fremont resigned, dating from his victory over Hood. Similar nominations for Meade and Sheridan have been sent to the Senate.

There is nothing new to report on the lines in front of Petersburg.

The *Herald's* Newbern letter gives additional particulars of the Roanoke River expedition. The gunboats *Otsego* and *Birch* were sunk by torpedoes. The river was found full of them, and seventy-five were taken up in a distance of twenty-five miles. Sometimes eight or nine were found stretched across the river in a single line.

The *Commercial's* Washington special despatch says that Horace Greeley is there, urgent and persistent in his demand for peace, predicating a speedy termination of the war.

Rumors are prevalent that Sherman has communicated to the President that the Georgian State authorities have applied to come back into the Union, and that Secretary Stanton's visit to Savannah is doubtless in connection with this subject.

January 9.—Hood is reported to have taken across the Tennessee river from 25,000 to 28,000 men. Forrest abandoned 150 wagons on the north side last Friday. Lyon, with 800 men, passed through McMinnville, capturing a company of Tennessee cavalry.

Strenuous efforts are still being made by North Carolina to secure an "honorable peace." Resolutions have been introduced opposing the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, imprisonment and conscription, the surrender of State officers, and in support of the State negotiations for peace. A majority of the Committee on the resolutions to initiate negotiations for an honorable peace, report that while every effort is being made to strengthen our armies, they should be accompanied by some manifestation of an effort to secure an honorable peace.

The *Times'* correspondent says the investigation of the fiasco in the mine explosion in front of Petersburg has closed and the verdict will show a divided responsibility, falling upon Burnside, Meade, and the general who led the assault; nor does General Grant hold himself entirely blameless, especially in permitting the selection of the officer who led the assault to be made by lot.

A Union officer, writing from the rebel prison at Columbia, S. C., says that many officers are escaping, fifteen getting away in one day. The rations to the prisoners consist of corn-meal and sorghum molasses.

Gen. Butler has been removed by the President from the position of Commander of the Army of the James and the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and ordered to report at Lowell, Mass. Gen. Ord was placed temporarily in the important position.

The elder Blair has gone on a peace mission to Richmond. He is not officially authorized. The Richmond papers speak of his objects contemptuously.

Rumors from Richmond give us the information that the rebel capital is being mined, preparatory to an evacuation and a final blowing up.

Fort Smith, Arkansas, advices to the 27th of December, state that Lieut. Wilcox, of the Chickasaw battalion, had an interview with Gen. Thayer on the 6th, under a flag of truce.

The reported object of the visit was to negotiate terms of the surrender of his battalion to the Union forces. The remnant of Price's army were at Bozzy depot, Red River.

January 10.—Richmond papers of Monday contain a telegram from Charleston stating that a portion of Sherman's forces have occupied Grahamsville, S. C., 35 miles north of Savannah.

Gen. Thomas moved up the Tennessee on the 4th, with 6 gunboats and 60 transports, towards Eastport. The remnant of Hood's army is reported as going into winter quarters at Corinth.

Jan. 11.—Gen. Singleton of Illinois, according to the correspondent of the *World*, is on his way to Richmond on a peace mission, with the approval of President Lincoln. It is stated that Singleton has received instructions which contain three vital propositions, 1st. An amnesty to all; 2d. "The Constitution as it is and the Union as it was;" and, 3d. The abolition of slavery.

Rebel Peace Commissioners were also appointed in a secret session of the rebel Congress, consisting of Vice President Stephens, Judge White of Georgia, Messrs. Boyce and Orr, of South Carolina, Rives of Virginia, and Smith and Singleton of Mississippi.

January 12.—Deserters from the rebel army state that Lee's forces have gone into winter quarters at Hickford, on the Weldon railroad.

The steamer *C. C. Collins*, from Port Royal the 7th, reports that part of Sherman's army had arrived at Beaufort by water.

From Richmond papers we gather the following: The Richmond *Sentinel* of the 6th says that Sherman is doubtless moving on Branchville, S. C.

The *Examiner* says despatches from Hardee reports the enemy before Hardeeville, but with no indications of an immediate attack.

The *Chronicle* comments on affairs in Savannah by warning Georgians against submission, and says it is treasonable.

Governor Magrath of South Carolina has issued a proclamation calling on all free white men between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to come to the defence of Charleston, willing if they will, but forcibly if necessary.

The Richmond *Examiner* suggests the hanging of certain merchants of Wilmington, who refused to take Confederate money while our (Federal) fleet was before that city.

The Richmond *Enquirer* reports a skirmish on the Spring Place road near Dalton, Georgia, in which the rebels captured seventy prisoners, seventeen horses and forty or fifty stand of arms. No date is given.

The Mobile *Register* reports that a steamer, powerfully armed, has just been completed at that city, and has taken her place in the harbor.

The Mobile *Tribune* learns that on the 10th a party of Yankee raiders, numbering thirteen hundred, reached West Pascagoula, and were embarked on launches. They destroyed several ferries, but did no other damage.

The pirate Semmes met with an enthusiastic reception at Mobile.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The *Camanche* will make her trial trip on the bay during the coming week.

The body of a man was washed ashore, Wednesday, five miles from the Cliff House. It could not be identified.

The Court of Inquiry in the case of Capt. Thomas C. Sullivan, charged with corrupt dealings in office, entirely acquits the accused. Gen. McDowell has approved the finding.

Frank Hartley, a resident of Third street, near Mission, fell while passing up Clay street, opposite the Plaza, Jan. 11th, causing a fracture of the collar-bone.

The city authorities have renewed the offer of \$200 reward for the arrest of incendiaries; \$1,000 is offered by the Insurance Companies. There ought to be money in the business at such prices, for there is no lack of materials to work on.

Leon Prudon, one of the founders of Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, died from the breaking of an internal abscess, on Sunday last. His funeral was attended by nearly the entire department.

The bounties due the Seventh Regiment are being paid at the Presidio. An order for the payment of Quartermaster's checks in this Department to the amount of \$1,000,000 is expected soon.

The Californian Art Union (second story of Jones, Woolf & Sutherland's building, 312 Montgomery street) was opened to invited guests, Wednesday evening, and to the public on Thursday. As the "big editor" was invited, "Items" (who learns that interesting fact precisely at this juncture,) refers the reader to the eighth page for details.

A sure-enough pirate has been captured in our waters at last. At different times during the past year quantities of wood have disappeared from landings on the bay; on Sunday night last a piratical craft was discovered lying at the wharf at Refugio, loading with wood. On being discovered, she hoisted sail to escape, but was soon overtaken, and found to be without name or papers. A man named Muir was on board, as captain and crew, who stated that the vessel was the *Marguerite*, of Oakland; the wood had, meanwhile, been

thrown overboard, and the skipper averred that his craft was not the one seen at the landing—he was "not himself at all," and didn't want to be. Muir is under arrest—his schooner nearly under water, leaking badly. No naval promotions are expected, as the credit of the capture is due Citizen Fernandez, of Pinola Landing, the owner of the floating wood.

John Hill, an English cook, about forty years of age, was found dead in his bed at the St. Lawrence House, Wednesday night. He had probably died suddenly from heart disease.

Company B, Native California Battalion, Capt. Le Gros, passed through the city Thursday, having been ordered to San Juan. With their fine horses, glistening lances, and fierce moustaches, they looked the "conquer-or-perish" soldiery to perfection, and will doubtless give a good account of themselves whenever their fighting qualities are tested.

The Market Street Railroad is being extended along the line of Valencia to John street.

Dr. George F. Woodward has been elected Physician to the Fire Department, vice Henry M. Gray, deceased.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The San Andreas *Register* says there are as many miners profitably employed in that section of the State as at any time since 1849.

A child of J. B. Wilson fell into the Mokelumne river, a few days ago, and was drowned.

Thomas Hankey, a miner, was shot fatally at the Mount Oro claim in Morris Ravine, Cal., recently. Carr, a former partner of deceased, charged with the murder, has been arrested and held to answer.

Superintendent Wiley denies the statement of Philanthropist Beeson that the Indians in this State are without food, and that Indian affairs generally are mismanaged.

Many of the thieves who have been very industrious in Napa county lately have been arrested.

Fine specimens of cinnabar have been taken from the vicinity of the American mine, says the Santa Rosa *Democrat*, and claims are rapidly being located.

Frank Dusy, of Snellings, says the *Mariposa Gazette*, has discovered and located a petroleum spring on the eastern slope of the Coast Range, forty miles from Firebaugh's Ferry. As the oil is said to be good and the source abundant, it is gratifying to be able to give the locality with such particularity.

Edward Hadsell killed his father-in-law, C. N. Winkson, at Drytown, Cal., Jan. 9th. He had been refused permission to see his children, who with their mother resided with Winkson. Hadsell was arrested; while in custody, a brother-in-law, fired four shots at him without effect.

In the case of Bawland vs. Morley, the Supreme Court on the 6th inst. reversed the decision of Judge Bondurant, of Mariposa, and again affirmed the validity of the Specific Contract Act.

Seventy cans of petroleum in a crude state were shipped to San Francisco from an oil well lately discovered near Buena Vista Lake, Tulare county.

Four Chinamen lately robbed several stores near West Point and Sandy Gulch, Calaveras county. They took eighty pairs of boots from one store.

Mr. Carrigan, while at work in a tunnel (300 feet below the surface) leading from the shaft of the Oneida mine, Amador county, on the 6th inst., was killed by a caving in of the tunnel.

B. B. Redding, of Sacramento, has been appointed by the Governor a Trustee of the State Library in place of Dr. J. F. Morse, resigned.

The U. S. steamer *Wateree* is expected at Sacramento today, (14th.) Her draught is nine feet.

John W. Quick was severely injured by the caving in of his mining claim at Bolt's Hill, recently. His partner sluiced him out, and found that his collar-bone and shoulder-blade were broken; he had also received internal injuries.

A marble ledge of great value has discovered recently near Columbia, Cal. The marble is beautifully traced by black, green and pink veins; it readily takes a fine polish.

On the 7th inst. a band of Indians robbed the mail and express three miles east of Julesburg, Colorado Territory, and also attacked a party in charge of a mule train, killing one man and wounding another. Troops started at once in pursuit, and drove the red-skins some distance, when the latter were reinforced and the soldiers retreated. The Indians then destroyed the furniture and telegraphic materials and set fire to the buildings at the stage station, when the troops, in company with a citizen volunteer force, made a successful charge upon the savages. In the running fight which ensued, 35 Indians (including their Chief) and 19 soldiers and citizens were killed.

In the Sacramento District Court La Forest Wilson has been found guilty of manslaughter.

Wiley Fulghur was drowned near Collinsville, Cal., recently, by the capsizing of a boat.

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE

WAR!

THE FIRST GUN!

(October 5th, 1864.)

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

TWO FIRST PREMIUMS

AWARDED TO

GROVER & BAKER,

AT THE

Oregon State Fair,

JUST CLOSED AT SALEM,

FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINES

—AND—

BEST MACHINE WORK!

OVER THE

Wheeler & Wilson,

FLORENCE,

And all other Machines on Exhibition!

(October 6.)

The Florence Sewing Machine

—AND—

Work done on the FLORENCE have taken all the First Premiums awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine work at the Fairs of California in 1864.

Read the report of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute:

THE FLORENCE.—We have given this new Sewing Machine a careful and minute examination. Its simple and finished mechanical construction, and the obvious adaptability of each part to its work, has been to us an interesting study. It differs essentially from other Sewing Machines, having many new and peculiar features. It makes four kinds of stitch, each alike on both sides of the fabric, has a reversible feed motion, and sews any thickness of goods without change of tension. We consider the "FLORENCE" a decided improvement in sewing mechanism.

COMMITTEE.

S. O. BRIGHAM, Pioneer Sewing Machine Agent on the Pacific Coast, and five years San Francisco agent for the Grover & Baker Machine.

O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California.

A. F. HITCHCOCK, Practical Machinist, eleven years in the employ of the Grover & Baker Co., the past five years as adjuster in their San Francisco office.

MRS C. M. BLAIN.
MRS A. J. TURNER,
MRS H. ROSEKRANS.

(October 10.)

AN UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

The Agent of a certain Sewing Machine evidently intends, by humbug and deception, to foist his wares upon the public, instead of endeavoring by the merit of the article (if it possesses any) to attain an honorable position among those so well and favorably known. He advertises thus:

"The FLORENCE Machine, and work done on the FLORENCE, have taken ALL THE FIRST PREMIUMS awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine Work at the Fairs of California in 1864."

That the ambiguity of the insinuation contained above may deceive no one, we would say that ALL the Fairs in California in 1864, at which ANY premium has been awarded, is ONE—the Mechanics', just closed, whose official Report reads thus:

'Sewing Machines.—Premium to the Florence, no competition.'

This is the OVERWHELMING success which has attended the FLORENCE Machine at "ALL the Fairs in California in 1864."

And again the Report reads thus:

"Machine Sewing.—Premium to Mrs. Nancy Barton."

As the FLORENCE Machine claims the first premium on Machine Work, and we do not "see it in that light," we publish the following from Mrs. Barton:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1864.

The Machine Sewing for which I received the First Premium at the Mechanics' Institute Fair was executed on the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, which style I have had in constant use for five or six years, and consider superior to all others.

MRS. NANCY BARTON.

So the FLORENCE Machine, with NO COMPETITION, did obtain a Premium on the Machine, and DID NOT obtain ANY Premium on Machine Work as claimed. Even the "Card" published as a COMMITTEE REPORT loses in a slight degree its importance, as follows:

Extract from the signatures on "Committee Report," published by the FLORENCE Agent.

"O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more SEWING MACHINE Committees than any other person in California."

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

Mr. Wheeler writes thus:

* * * A gentleman called at my office at a time when I was exceedingly busy, and asked me to append my name to a report which he held in his hand on Sewing Machines, then exhibiting at the "Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute" in this city. I said, "I have no knowledge of being on a Committee, and have made no examination."

He informed me that as the FLORENCE was the only Machine on exhibition, and had no competition, an examination was unnecessary. I then wrote my name and he left.

I WOULD NOT have served on a Committee or signed any report had there been any competition, for the reason that my family have used the GROVER & BAKER Machine for several years, and would be unwilling to change it for any other.

I do not remember having ever served on a Committee or signed a report on Sewing Machines before. The statement that I have "served on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California" is therefore untrue and wholly unauthorized. O. C. WHEELER.

San Francisco, October 7th, 1864.

Thus the advertisement of the FLORENCE agent from first to last, is a humbug, and nothing else.

The only Fair on the Pacific Coast where the FLORENCE Machine has been exhibited in competition for a Premium against others was at the Oregon State Fair, in September, where it was essentially defeated, and two First Premiums awarded GROVER & BAKER for best Sewing Machine and Machine Sewing.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(October 19.)

REPLY TO

THE UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

CARD OF R. G. BROWN.

A new Sewing Machine, recently introduced on this Coast, having taken all the honors awarded to Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work by the Fairs of California in 1864, an agent for one of the old established Machines, evidently worried, endeavors by ridicule and the charge of humbug to hide from the eyes of the public the magnitude of the victories achieved by this new comer.

The FLORENCE and the Work done on the FLORENCE, have taken five First Premiums instead of one, as would be inferred from the statement of the agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, and no greater triumph could be desired for the FLORENCE than the fact that it had "no competition" at a Fair like the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute just closed, held, too, in San Francisco, where nearly every description of Sewing Machine in the known world is represented.

If Mrs. Nancy Barton intends in her note to claim the Premium on Machine Sewing at the late Mechanics' Fair, she has made a great mistake, as the Premium was awarded to work done on the FLORENCE.

The "Sun Bonnet" on which she took a Premium was classed with Fancy Needlework, and was not examined by the Committee on Sewing Machine Work.

From Mr. O. C. Wheeler's statement some have incorrectly inferred that his signature was obtained by some party interested in or connected with the FLORENCE. The Committee were chosen in the usual manner, and we supposed Mr. Wheeler, as one of them, did his duty properly. If his time would not admit of this, it would have been more satisfactory to all concerned had he declined to serve.

From the above, which we are prepared to substantiate to the letter, it will be seen that the FLORENCE advertisement, which the Grover & Baker agent calls an unmitigated humbug was true in every particular, excepting the statement that Mr. Wheeler had been on other Sewing Machine Committees. His connection with the State Fairs as Secretary making it necessary for him to have much to do with Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Committee reports, led to this very natural mistake; while the notice of the Grover & Baker agent, to which he gives so appropriate a heading, contains many misstatements and ambiguously worded "Curds" that are liable to be misconstrued.

SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent Florence Sewing Machines,
111 Montgomery Street, S. F.

(October 22.)

THOSE

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUMS

AGAIN!

The "Reply" of the Agent of the FLORENCE Machine is fluent with such aspiring words as "Triumphs," "Victories," "Honors," and the like, which, as applied to any events in the history of that Machine, are simply ridiculous.

The "magnitude" of the "victories" attained by the FLORENCE is apparent to none but himself. Show them up, Mr. Hill; give the public an opportunity of realizing the vastness of "all the honors" conferred in so lavish a manner.

Show them if you can, and name any premium your Machine has ever received at any Fair over any first, second, or third-class machine in existence!

Perhaps it was an "honor" to exhibit against the GROVER & BAKER Machine at the Oregon State Fair, just closed, where Two First Premiums were awarded the GROVER & BAKER over the FLORENCE. Will Mr. Hill name any first premium his Machine has ever received for Sewing Machine work in competition with others?

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

The unequivocal "triumph" of the Florence Machine at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and its single specimen of sewing at the Stockton Fair—without competition in either case—is certainly tremendous. "A contented mind is a continual feast." As you say you desire no greater triumph for the Florence than the fact that it had no competition at the Mechanics' Fair, allow us to congratulate you on so readily attaining your desires. All the honors of this bloodless "Victory" undoubtedly are yours, and, as we do not deny it, we trust your laurels may rest easily on your triumphant brow.

Your complete satisfaction in such a result, where there was no competition, and by the rules of the Society the Exhibitors were allowed to select their own Committees, will be more fully appreciated by a sympathizing public in consideration of the immense risk and great danger in which you stood of being defeated (?) by your selected Committee of interested friends and owners of the Florence Machine. Advertise your single-handed "Victories," proclaim your undivided "Honors"—make much of your one-sided "Triumphs," unquelled in their overwhelming (?) "magnitude," but until you can strengthen them by a conquest over some third, second, or first-class Machine, they will be but as sound and fury—signifying nothing.

The Grover & Baker is the only First Premium Sewing Machine, having received every First Premium awarded any Sewing Machines when in competition, in 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(December 28.)

THE GREAT

SEWING MACHINE WAR!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

—AT THE—

Oregon State Fair!

THE COMMITTEE DECIDE

—IN—

Favor of the Florence!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE!

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY
FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!

—AT THE—

FAIRS

HELD ON THE PACIFIC COAST

In 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company claim

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

he First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employe of the Grover & Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Multnomah, ss.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Linn, ss.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substantiated in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX.
Committee.

The FLORENCE Machines are for sale by

I. L. Polhemus.....190 J street, Sacramento
Geo. Vincent.....Stockton
F. Terstegge & Co.....Marysville
T. Fogg.....Oroville
J. R. Cleaves.....Placerville
R. B. Handy.....Yreka
P. Reichling & Schland.....Mokelumne Hill
Mrs C. Grove.....Santa Cruz
Henry Jackson.....Watsonville
Geo. Gillis.....Carson City, Nevada
J. L. Parrish & Co.....Portland, Oregon
N. O. Parrish.....Salem, Or.
Mrs C. Monell.....Dallas, Or.
M. Wollheim.....Guaymas, Mex

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
1414-1m No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco,

THREE PICTURES.

There is a form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known beechen tree,
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,
Waiting for me.

There is the sweet voice with cadence deep,
Of one that singeth our babe asleep,
And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
Waiting for me.

Long since those locks are laid in the clay,
Long since that voice has passed away,
On earth no more to be;
But still in the spirit world afar,
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me.

JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND.

THE London Times is, of course, the first power among the journals of England. It is owned by a person named Walter; its leading editor at present is a Mr. Delaine, whose connection with the "Thunderer" extends over many years. Mr. Dament is also an editor. Its literary editor is Samuel Lucas, who is also the editor of *Once a Week*. Mr. Davidson is the Times' dramatic critic. Many of the Times' leaders are written by Palmerstonian members of Parliament. The paper pays splendid prices, and has the best talent upon its columns. Gladstone, the first statesman in England, frequently contributes leading articles. The circulation of the Times is about 40,000 copies. The Daily Telegraph, with a circulation of 120,000 daily, leads every newspaper in the world. It sells for one penny; the Times for three pence. Advertisements in the Times cost from three shillings to three shillings sixpence a line. The longer the advertisement the more expensive per line. The Times will not spoil its typographical appearance by inserting long advertisements except at a prodigious remuneration. The Times establishment does not mail copies to subscribers. Smith & Son, the great news agents of the United Kingdom, buy the papers and receive subscribers; they take upwards of 20,000 papers daily. Sometimes the paper comes out with double supplements—twenty-four pages in all; but an opinion exists here that the Mogul of journals must soon reduce its price or die a slow death. Three pence is six cents, and the Times costs thirty-six cents a week, or nearly nineteen dollars a year; whereas, the Star, the Standard, etc., cost but sixpence per week, and are more sprightly. The Times publishes a bedquilt, or something as thick and heavy, thrice a week, called the Evening Mail, and this sells for six pence. The Telegraph is owned by Mr. Levy, a Hebrew of Fleet street. It is in the Liberal interest, like the Times, and is equally inimical to the Federal cause. The leading Tory papers are the Herald and Standard, owned by the same firm. The former has a circulation of 4,000 copies or less, and sells for four pence; the latter has 30,000, and sells for a penny. The Morning Star, (called John Bright's paper,) is the leading Radical and pro-Federal organ. It has stood with America through disaster and victory. It has sold largely in Manchester and Birmingham, and has a circulation, (morning and evening,) of 20,000 copies. The Daily News is sadly off, with a circulation of perhaps 5,000. It sells for three pence. The Post is the Ministerial organ, and the favorite club-house paper. Its policy is always that of the Government, and the Times takes its tone from the Post. It sells for four pence, and is edited by a Mr. Boothrick. The Morning Advertiser, supported by publicans, (i. e., the London Liquor League,) has a large circulation, perhaps 20,000. The Globe is a five penny paper, of no consequence, though the Times befriends it and copies its leaders. There are some suburban papers of fair circulation, of which you never hear in America, as the Clerkenwell News, of North London, which sells for a half-penny, and has a circulation of 18,000 copies.

The first of the news-weeklies is Lloyd's Penny Paper, circulating half a million, and issuing three editions, on Friday, Saturday and Sundays, respectively. It is edited by Blanchard Jerrold, son of the late Douglas Jerrold. Its influence with the laboring poor is very great. It is a paper of sixty columns. Lloyd is immensely wealthy. His establishment covers four acres of ground. He recently gave £3,000 to the Lancashire Distress Fund—nearly equal to Lord Derby's subscription. The weekly Times, (not the daily,) the weekly Reynolds', and the News of the World, (not the illustrated,) circulate respectively two hundred thousand, one hundred thousand, and one hundred and fifty thousand. Reynolds' has three publications, all of them profitable. He is the author of a series of trashy stories. His income is rated at £14,000, or \$70,000 per annum. A magazine of Cobb and Robinson literature, called the American Scrap Book, is also published in London, and is immensely successful. So with Beadle's Dime Novels. Mr. Pierce Egan is the first of the English novelette writers, and the architect of the London Journal

The London Journal is the first of the cheap sensation papers, circulating upward of 300,000 copies weekly; John Gilbert condescends to illustrate it, and Mr. Pierce Egan is its story writer. The distinctively Sunday press is led by the Newsman, 150,000 circulation, and the Despatch, 40,000. The latter is the ablest, and one of its editors, Mr. Bayle Bernard, is an American. There are no Sunday newspapers in any of the other great cities of the United Kingdom. The leading paper in London is the tri-weekly Scotsman, 15,000. There are 1,400 daily, weekly and monthly publications in the United Kingdom, one-half of which emanate from London. The sporting papers lead off with Bell's Life, 60,000 weekly, at sixpence per copy, although the Sporting Life published 500,000 on the occasion of the recent fight. There are some queer publications here which have enormous sales, as Bradshaw's Guides—seven in number—of which the six-penny one circulates 200,000 copies. The Directory of London enumerates 5,600 streets, and is a book of 2,500 pages.

MADEMOISELLE MAUPIN.

ONE of the most singular and remarkable women of a peculiar type was Mlle. Maupin, born 1763, and who was married against her will at an early age. She fell in love, during the absence of her husband, with the fencing-master Seranne, and fled with him to Marseilles, when she was obliged to follow the theatre for a living, and where she soon became a great favorite with the public. Her lover instructed her in the art of fencing, and she soon displayed such a skill in this art, that she surpassed her master, and was able to challenge the most expert professors. A singular circumstance forced her to leave Marseilles. A young girl from one of the first families in the city fell in love with her, and rejected every other connection. The young girl was sent to the convent, in which Mademoiselle Maupin, also, entered as a novice, and where she lived with the young girl until she commenced to feel weary in her solitary confinement. She then plotted to elope with her companion. A nun had just been buried. Mademoiselle Maupin dug up the corpse at night, placed it in the bed of her friend, made a fire under the bed, and fled unnoticed at the moment when the convent was consumed by the flames. Her crime, however, was discovered; she was separated from her victim, (which proceeding, by the way, cost the lives of two policemen,) and placed her before a court. She was condemned to be burned, but fled, after having bribed the judge, and the execution was done in contumacious only. She now wore male attire for several years, and led a very restless life, until she came to Paris, where she made her debut as "Pallas," in the opera of Cardinus, but under a different name. She was very handsome; and from the beginning, the public was in her favor, the more so as she combined with her beauty talents of a varied nature.

She could not read a note of music, but her astonishing memory supplied the defect. Of the intemperate violence of her criminal loves and her wonderful ability in handling arms, things are told which seem almost incredible. Her colleague once offended her. She dressed herself, as usual, in male attire, seized him on the Place des Victoires, and belabored him with an immense club in such a merciless manner, that the poor devil remained insensible in the square. As trophies of victory, she took his watch and snuff-box. As Dumesnil told, during rehearsal, of this adventure the next morning, (talking a la Falstaff of robbers and murderers,) she listened to him patiently, until he had finished his story. She then explained the whole matter, and as a proof of the truth gave him back the watch and snuff-box. Another colleague, Thevenard, received for a moral sermon, which he delivered to her on her conduct, such a tremendous slap, that he fell his full length on the floor of the theatre, and for some time hid himself from the revenge of the Amazon. She manifested up to her death a singular passion for beautiful women and girls, and this passion gave rise frequently to the most ludicrous scenes. She was challenged by the husbands of three married women, with whom she kept up a desperate flirtation at a masquerade ball; they were all three wounded so severely that she had to leave Paris. In Brussels, she became the mistress of the Duke of Bavaria, who, however, being disgusted with her violence, left her. She returned again to Paris, gathered around once more all her lovers, even her first husband, and the fencing master Seranne, and then retired into a convent, where she died.

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.—The following extraordinary affair has caused great excitement in the town and neighborhood of Havre: As a sportsman named Lemonnier was out shooting in a small wood not far from the cemetery of St. Adresse, he found the dead body of an old woman wrapped up in a shroud. He immediately informed the authorities, and the body was recognized as that of a Mme. Allain, aged eighty-two, buried at St. Adresse on the 24th ult. It was at first supposed that the corpse had been disinterred for the purpose of stealing any jewelry that might have been buried with it, but a closer examination having shown that the corpse had been deprived of the skin, and that the chest

and abdomen had been cut open, it was concluded that some believer in witchcraft had taken the skin and fat to use as charms in his incantations. It appears that a belief in the magical virtues of human remains is prevalent in that neighborhood, for only a few months since a young mason dug up a body in the same cemetery, cut off one hand and burned it to ashes, which he mixed with gunpowder, in the belief that he should then be able to shoot game without his gun making any report to attract the notice of the garde champetre.

FASCINATING ADONIS.—A good story is told of a chap in North Carolina, who went the entire figure in the way of courting all the girls who would have him, without asking for any of them to die off, as the law directs. After having married his thirteenth, some of his first loves came down upon him, and had him lodged in jail. But a person so fond of liberty, and who could get into Hymen's noose with such ease, found little difficulty in getting out of the "jug;" and the next news of him he was running at large with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was soon recognized by a gentleman, who, anxious to get the reward, invited him to his house, desired him to sit down—called his wife to chat with him, as an inducement to detain him there—while he made some excuse for leaving him a few moments, and started for a constable to arrest the runaway. What was the poor man's astonishment, on returning with the constable to find the gay Lothario—taking advantage of his short absence—had absconded with his wife. This made the fellow's stock of wives on hand fourteen.

KEEPING ONE'S WORD.—Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing bitterly over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home. Then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said: "But yee can mend it, can't yee?" Sir William smilingly explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to his family: "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

THE UTILITY OF MELANCHOLY.—Melancholy is the stock in trade which novelists have always resorted to, when in search of something which could be woven into a tissue of out-and-out sentiment. What trees are to the landscape-painter, are melancholy yonths to the romancer. Miserable men are always in great demand in fictitious life. Here is thrown in a dismal night; there, a ghostly lane; here a moss-encrusted ruin; there, a ballroom with lights and music and the timed fall of the dancers' feet. Yet the picture is incomplete; there is a lack of something to add intensity to the gloom, or something to act as a foil to the sparkle and merriment, and the miserable man fits it exactly, either as deepener or foil. Put him out in the rain of the dismal night, without friends or umbrella, fix him in a statuesque position at the end of the ghostly lane; statue him in the nave of the moss-encrusted ruin with his face buried in his hands; or give him a prominent position in the doorway of the ballroom, with a curl of misanthropy upon his colorless lips, and in his dark smouldering eyes

"—A vital scorn of all,
As if the worst had fallen that could befall."

and your picture is thorough, fervent, and exactly sentimental. He is never out of place; and his dullness never obscures the brighter features of the scene. He is a model of propriety, whether in a bandit's cave or the High Court of Chancery; whether he raises his sonorous wail and bursts into inevitable tears upon the mountain-top, or in the valleys. He is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and his lachrymal existence affords an effective undertone in fictions of every style and character. Heroines invariably cleave to misanthropes; and superior capacities for the tear-duct, and a broken heart and an embittered existence, are sufficient excuses for the elopements of heiresses with their possessors. No one can doubt the propriety of a Gretna Green marriage with a youth who has been thoroughly used up in the school of misfortune. Who, then, shall say that misery is not useful in some capacity?

WHAT is the difference between a settler in the far West and a city-thief? One tills the clearing, and the other goes in for clearing the till.

A PREACHER'S word should be law only when it is gospel.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,



Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES, adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENHURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of SUPERIOR CARRIAGES, ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

oc15 316 California street, San Francisco.

ATKINS MASSEY,

UNDERTAKER,
(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.
Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City
de3 tf and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC
BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.

de17 3m

\$2,000 REWARD

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the inventor,

CHRETIEN PEISTER,

oc15-tf No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
ju25

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went traveling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post,
Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the
aolic Hall.
oc29-3m

CARPETS.

We have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON

—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.
no12

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empressing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupils of Charrière of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinery of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street.
de3

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,
Sporting Emporium.

418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office.)
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,
AND
Importers of all Classes
OF
SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carabines on the Pacific Coast, viz., Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breach-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.
We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breach-loading Rifle.
oc3-3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,
And 122 J street, Sacramento.
de3-3m

H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. ju30-3.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my25 Leidesdorff 44 street, San Francisco.

B. P. MOORE & CO.,



FURNITURE.

WAREHOUSES: SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SANSOME
oc15-3m and PINE STREETS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY
MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purgative of the Blood. For Colic, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAN'S
no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door.
de10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!

E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued.
de3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,



ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price.
jul8

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING

HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates. BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.



W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
Engravers and Electrotypers,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay street.

oc8-3m

CALIFORNIA

Home Insurance Company,

Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

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OFFICE—Nos. 224 and 226 CALIFORNIA STREET.

B. F. LOWE, President.

JOHN G. PARKER, Jr., Secretary. no5 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alcock & Co.
WM. H. TILLINGHAUST, Agent.
au10 3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Kelly & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,

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New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
jy2

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

MEMBERS' REGULAR UNION TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.
G W BELL, Assayer,
FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
C. WOLCOTT BROOKS, of Charles W Brooks & Co.
FOR RECORDING SECRETARY.
DAVID WILDER, U. S. Sanitary Commission
FOR CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
H S HOMANS, Notary Public and Ins. Agent
FOR TREASURER.
J G CLARK, Teller, Bank of California
TRUSTEES.
J H WILDES, United States Surveyor General's office
J W COX, of Cox, Willcutt & Co
A T GREEN, with William P Taffe,
GEORGE HEWSTON, Physician
F L CASTLE, of Castle Brothers,
A M EBBETS, Coal Merchant
F D KELLOGG, of L B Benchley & Co
C R BOND, Secretary Fireman's Fund Ins Company
DANIEL ROGERS, Attorney at Law.

Election—Monday, January 16th, 1865.
Polls open from 9 A M to 5 P M, and from 6 to 8 P M.

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE.
In prosecuting those names for your suffrages at the coming election, the Committee feel confident that from their well-known standing in the community, and as members of this Association, they will receive your approval and support.
Convinced of the policy of renominating some of the present Board of Officers, in order that the incoming one may proceed without the hindrance incident to an entirely new administration, the Committee have placed upon the above ticket three candidates, whose experience in the machinery of its business, knowledge of the necessities of the Association, and assiduity in your interests during the past year, will, we believe, present an additional claim to your favor.

WM. M. NOYES,
H. B. WILLIAMS,
ALBERT MILLER,
WM. N. ARTHUR,
SAML. HUBBARD. } Committee.

Jan 14

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

OPPOSITION MEMBERS' UNION TICKET!

FOR PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM H L BARNES, of Casserly & Barnes,
FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
C A McNULTY, Examiner of Customs, U S Appraiser's,
FOR RECORDING SECRETARY.
EDWARD POLHEMUS, with Alsop & Co,
FOR CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
JOHN K ORR, of Orr & Atkins,
FOR TREASURER.
L S PEASE, with Parrott & Co,
FOR TRUSTEES.
F W LEONARD, Capitalist,
J H WILDES, U S Surveyor-General's office.
WILLIAM W DODGE, of Dodge & Phillips.
THOMAS R HAYES, of Main & Winchester.
JAMES S HUTCHINSON, with Sather & Co.
A D GRIMWOOD, Clerk 15th Dist. Court.
W M PIERSON, of Haight & Pierson.
A F C ENGERT, of Jones & Co.
J G PARKER, Jr., Sec'y Cal Home Ins Co.

The Election will be held at the rooms of the Library on MONDAY, January 16th, 1865. Polls open from 9 A M to 5 P M, and from 6 to 8 P M. Jan 14

THE CALIFORNIA ART UNION, OVER THE STORE OF JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND.

No. 312 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Is Now Open,

And will continue to receive Visitors DAILY from 10 A M until 10 P M.

Terms of membership - Five Dollars
Single Admission - Twenty-five cents
Jan 14-15

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietor and Manager

Sacred Concert!

THE THIRD SUNDAY NIGHT
GRAND SACRED CONCERT
WILL BE GIVEN
On Sunday Evening, January 15th, 1865.

For which all the best VOCAL SOLO TALENT of the city is engaged, with

A FULL CHORUS OF SELECTED VOICES

—AND—

A Grand Orchestra!

Conductor, Mr. GEORGE T. EVANS

A NEW AND SPLENDID PROGRAMME, in active rehearsal, will be presented on this occasion.

Doors open at half-past 7 o'clock; concert to commence at eight.

Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Family Circle and Gallery, 50 cents. Jan 14

LOST OR MISLAID—A small Parcel, containing WAMPUM, or HUIA SHELLS. The finder will receive a suitable reward and oblige the owner, by leaving it at Messrs A. ROMAN & CO's Bookstore, 417 and 419 Montgomery street. Jan 14

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MARY'S VALENTINE.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine.

KATY'S VALENTINE.

Among the many fair and bright,
My fancy early singled thee;
Then bend on me thine eyes of light,
And all my love shall flow to thee.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.

Yes, I'm happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within thy gentle eyes.

ALLIE'S VALENTINE.

May'st thou live in joy forever!
Naught from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be many, cares be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue;
And Heaven's richest blessings shine,
Ever on both thee and thine.

NETTIE'S VALENTINE.

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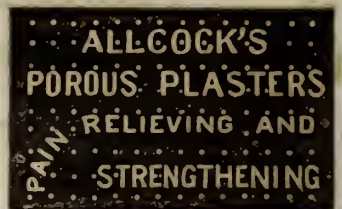
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OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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BETTER THAN PETROLEUM—A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

PETROLEUM has been playfully denominated the *huile of Fortune*. Certain it is that every one is endeavoring to turn it. Pennsylvania led off some time since, the farmers dipping deeply into any hole where it was supposed that oil abounded—it was on account of their greasy fingers, probably, that the rebel raiders came to slip through them so easily. And Pennsylvania is not alone in its possession of Petroleum. A friend of mine who resides in Cattaraugus county, New York—a county that heretofore has produced nothing but cows and cheese—writes me that "discoveries" have been made there, and that people are boring the ground and each other with excellent prospects of eventual success in finding something, if they only hold to the search long enough.

Even to this coast the excitement has penetrated. Oil shares have supplanted mining ones in the market—perhaps because they go down the popular throat so much easier. Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, has acquired a sudden notoriety. Discoveries have been made in its vicinity, and the inhabitants now go wandering about with oil cans in their hands, instead of the harps they should carry, to justify the nomenclature of their town. Of an oil ranch sold to an enterprising person or parson of this city for \$23,000, the half was immediately resold for \$50,000—more than twice what the whole property cost—and that half again was speedily resold in New York for \$100,000, to be since organized into a joint stock company upon a basis which makes that half interest represent \$400,000. This is the claim of which the Eastern papers inform us that the shares, immediately upon being put into the market, rose from their par value of \$1,000 to \$500 premium.

The interior papers come to us laden with remarkable developments. In one case, a number of men running a tunnel to tap their ledge well below the surface, were driven out by a rush of oil into their works. One of the number who thought the alarm when first given was simply a piece of oily-gammon, and made no immediate effort at escape, was overtaken by the billows of oil, which of course rolled noiselessly along, and perished miserably. His body when recovered was so saturated with the inflammable fluid that combustion ensued upon its exposure to the pure air of an upper level, burning brightly for some hours like a paraffine candle. Several learned pundits who examined the phenomena critically came to the conclusion that the burning was accelerated and assisted by the fact that he was a wick-ed man. A friend of mine, however, recently ordained, who has charge of a small parish just on the edge of Oakland, remarks that this only furnishes another instance of how the most inveterate sinner may become a shining light at last. The assessor of the county where the sad event occurred, a gentleman whose income is very much dependent upon the growth of the population of his district,

takes a practical view of the affair, and says, in a private note to the writer of this article, that as no incremation of inhabitants has occurred within the past five years, cremation might as well begin. It will gratify those who take an interest in bereaved families to know that the ashes of the unfortunate man were gathered together in an urn and forwarded by express to his wife and children, by whom they were eventually sold to a soapboiler, the old lady remarking as she concluded the negotiation that the husband and father never earned anything for the support of the family until he himself was urned. The joke was a bad one on the part even of a woman who had met with a great disappointment in business, but perhaps it should be pardoned in view of the afflicting circumstances under which it was uttered.

But enough of generalizing; it would have been better, peradventure, had I come to the remarkable discovery which it is the purpose of this paper to set forth, in the beginning.

Foresceing the excitement which plainly enough was to be engendered by this new source of wealth, and inferring that if oil were found in the interior, no adequate reason could be offered why it should not be found in this city or its vicinity. I commenced researches and experiments. For a few days, indeed for many days, I met with no success at all; by accident at dinner one day I struck oil in a salad, which promised to afford satisfactory results, but inquiry of the landlady disclosed the fact that it was olive oil, and everybody knows that petroleum is of a delicate straw color. Let me here remark that the butter of boarding-houses occasionally deluded me, by its remarkable resemblance in both smell and color to the object of my search, but it was never found on the table in a quantity which would justify one in supposing that the "lead" whence it came was either a very permanent or extensive one.

One day I happened to be strolling out in the neighborhood of the Mission; aside from the probability of finding oil there, I consider it a good thing to go to the Mission occasionally, for it sobers the mind and brings one by its solemn suggestions out from the frivolous habit of thought and levity of conduct, which a residence in the city is very apt to inspire and foster. For it is only on going out there that one comes to realize how sweet are the uses of adversity and how cheap rent is, if one only consent to live in out-of-the-way places and raise poultry for the market, and japonicas and sunflowers for bouquets.

But this is a digression; as we were remarking, one day I happened to be strolling along in the neighborhood of the Mission, thinking much of many things, but principally of the difficulty in this world of buying things upon credit without paying up old debts, and wondering if there be not, beyond the moon, a bright and blissful sphere, where book accounts are held of no account whatever in law, and where creditors are compelled to black the boots and do other mean and menial offices for people who are so unfortunate as to be indebted to them, when my eye encountered a hole in the ground, not large, but deep.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment I cried: It is well! The remark was perhaps a hasty one, but I could not curb my emotions at the sight.

Leaning my head over the aperture I smelt something fishy, and by dropping down pebbles convinced myself that something was there. A muffled splash was heard, something like that of the doughnut when dropped into the lard wherein it is to be cooked—by and by the reader will see how I philosophically account for these sounds, in the light of my present knowledge. From the time which the pebbles occupied in falling, I concluded that the well I had found must be about one thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet in depth—either that figure or very near to it. After carefully concealing the hole by putting up a large board above it, marked RAILROAD CROSSING—LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE WHEN THE BELL RINGS, I returned to town, deferring exploration of this newly-discovered hole until the holidays came round. When Christmas day was over I renewed my work.

Provided with a rope of several thousand feet in length, a windlass and a lass to wind it up, several sperm candles, a legal tinder and steel which somebody stole from the Sub Treasury, a pack of cards, the last municipal report containing faithful but not pretty pictures of the Supervisors, the Art Union catalogue, and a fine tooth comb, I reached the mouth of my well about dusk, and prepared to descend, confident that I should find truth at the bottom. Now I never felt fear in my life, perhaps because I have always made a practice of getting out from the way immediately that it occurred to me that there was any danger, but if I here confess that at this critical moment, suspended over that yawning chasm and plainly distinguishing a suffocating smell that would have led the unscientific man to suspect a deposit or stratum of dead cats at the bottom, I did experience a momentary tremor, let not the reader blame me, but consider how he himself would have felt in a similar fix. The young lady who was the companion of my rash adventure—not the great experimentalizer, Friar Bacon, himself, ever indulged in a rasher—began to pay out the rope with a rapid but firm hand, and I soon was going down, down, into the terrible shaft. When perhaps a third or a half of the perilous descent had been accomplished, the young lady above leaned over the edge of the aperture and remarked that I never was so low in her estimation before, adding that an easier way of going to Greece no one could plan. The exertion was too much for her; the line slipped from her fingers, and I was precipitated to the bottom with a rapidity which for several moments deprived me of breath. On recovering myself, I found myself floating like one of those cork tapers formerly used in sick chambers, on a perfect sea of oil, smooth to the touch but not pleasant to the taste. Striking vigorously out, and striking oil at every stroke, I soon gained the shore. A moment's examination disclosed the fact that my lines had indeed fallen in profitable if not pleasant places. It was not petroleum I had discovered, but Cod Liver Oil! of a purity and strength never before seen in market!! It was some time before I was sufficiently master of myself to shout to the mistress of my heart above and acquaint her with my wonderful discovery; neither was I able at the moment to fully appreciate its value. Here was the salvation of millions of lungs; here was what should mend human bellows until the crack of doom, making for me that fortune of which I had often dreamed but never very confidently expected. It was only necessary to get a pump, or a pair of pumps, raise the oil to the surface, and bottle it. Once bottled the process was easy; I would have agents in all the interior towns, sending packages to every home in the land, by express, marked, in the large roman hand of my handsome friend, John Kelly, c. o. d.—by such means no losses could occur in business and . . . but I anticipate. An examination of the ground soon satisfied me of how this wonderful deposit occurred. The bank above had been a fishing bank in a primeval period and the livers of the cod were thrown down this sink, where they sunk. Indeed, finding many sounds lying there still, in a perfect state of preservation, I did not long hesitate in determining that they were the "sounds" already mentioned, which I heard when leaning over the brink of the well.

My explorations are not yet finished; indeed I might say that they are scarcely yet commenced, though at the present moment I am actively engaged in conducting them. In fact, the only difficulty which attends my present enterprise is the difficulty of getting out—and a similar annoyance after getting into a good thing has been my experience before. Once in for it, one hates to back out, but I should like to find a friend who would take a few feet off my hands; for I have assessments to pay, and the young woman above, who lowered me down, must be provided for—oil does not calm the agitated waves of her temper if her wardrobe is not provided for. This is written from the depths of the well, and floated to the upper air by a fish's bladder, from which I have improvised a balloon. This is very much like a Petroleum adventure—who will help me out—or jump in and suffer with me.

INIGO.

THE TWO FURROWS.

THE spring-time came—but not with mirth—
The banner of our trust,
And with it the best hopes of earth,
Were trailing in the dust.

The farmer saw the shame from far,
And stopped his plough afield:
"Not the blade of peace but the brand of war
This arm of mine must wield.

"When traitor hands that flag would stain,
Their homes let women keep;
Until its stars burn bright again,
Let others sow and reap."

The farmer sighed—"A lifetime long
The plough has been my trust;
And sure it were an ardent wrong
To leave it now to rust."

With ready strength the farmer tore
The iron from the wood,
And to the village smith he bore
That ploughshare stout and good.

The blacksmith's arms were bare and brown,
The bellows wheezed and roared;
The farmer flung his ploughshare down—
"Now forge me out a sword!"

And then a merry, merry chime
The sounding anvil rung—
Good sooth, it was a nobler rhyme
Than ever poet sung.

The blacksmith wrought with skill that day,
The blade was keen and bright;
And now where thickest is the fray
The farmer leads the fight.

Not as of old that blade he sways
To break the meadow's sleep,
But through the rebel ranks he lays
A furrow broad and deep.

The farmer's face is burned and brown,
But light is on his brow;
Right well he wots what blessings crown
The furrow of the Plough.

"But better is to-day's success"—
Thus ran the farmer's word—
"For nations yet unborn shall bless
This furrow of the Sword."

[C. H. Webb, in "Lyrics of Loyalty."]

CADER IDRIS—THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I AM an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darksome web of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new springtime comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as now, a gray-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who begin the world. Talglyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-beaten masonry looks old enough to be coeval with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The Hall—the name of which I have slightly altered—was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. I was his friend and guest; indeed, we were distantly related, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid. I often fancy that she stands beside me as I sit in my elbow-chair, brooding over the past, over the golden sands that ran out so early, and in a strain of faintly audible music, or in the sigh of the summer wind, I fondly dream that I hear the voice of Ellen. Forgive me, reader! I will wander from the point no more, but briefly tell how I won and lost her.

Rambling through Wales during the summer of the preceding year, sketching and fishing, and seeking all the benefit which the pure air and exercise could confer on a constitution somewhat impaired by study and hard work at the bar, a singular whim possessed me. This was no other than to seek out some remote connections of my mother's, who were known to dwell peaceably on their hereditary acres somewhere in the Principality, but between whom and my immediate relatives no intercourse had taken place for at least a generation. I was shut up by stress of rain in a wretched little inn at Trysilioes, unable to climb mountains, fish, or take sketches, when a letter arrived from the sister to whom I had written for information. At the point where the four closely-written pages—for postage was, in those times, a costly item—were

traversed by what feminine correspondents called "crossings," I found the following sentence: "The name of the family you ask about is Griffith, people with a long pedigree, of course, being Welsh, and I believe with a grand old house and a good property; they live at Talglyn Hall, at the foot of Cader Idris, so if you go that way you can look them up. It was the father of the present squire who quarreled with grandpapa, fifty years ago, and mamma says he behaved *shamefully*, but she has forgotten in what manner—they are, you know, our second cousins," etc.

On such slight events, to all appearances, do our fortunes depend, that this trivial letter may be truly said to have colored my whole future life. I have often tried to speculate on what that life might have been, had my sister delayed writing but a single day more, in which case I should have been gone from the neighborhood before the arrival of her letter. However, the letter came; the information it gave reached me at a critical moment, just as I was about to start with post-horses for a more civilized place. It so happened, too, that I was within a few miles of Cader Idris. I could see the blue peak of the steep mountain, looming gigantic through the rain, even from the little window of the inn parlor in which I had been for three days a prisoner. Talglyn Hall must, therefore, be of easy access. I countermanded the post-chaise: I wrote a note, couched in that diplomatic style on which young men plume themselves, and sent it by a messenger to "Squire Griffith's." Before the long summer day was spent, Mr. Griffith answered the note in person. I found him a capital specimen of the Welsh gentleman—spirited, hospitable, and rather choleric and imperious. But the brighter side of his character was the one most prominent, and that it was which was presented to me. He greeted me with a frank manliness that put my diplomacy to the rout, and insisted on bearing me off straightway to the Hall. I was his cousin, he said, and quite a near relation in a Cambrian point of view, and I must be his guest, in spite of the silly misunderstanding of half a century back. No, no; blood was thicker than water, and he should feel himself insulted if any kinsman came within ten miles of his roof-tree without harboring there. Thus it occurred that I became a visitor at Talglyn Hall.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their younger sister, then scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong love over which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of broken words eked out by glances, and all the petulant changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had plighted me her simple troth. I went honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hoodwinking the world, and even the most guileless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not averse to receiving me as a son-in-law, was not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and wise. For a year Ellen and I were to be separated. I was to work heartily at the bar, as before; the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual retired mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her fate in it. And, if all went well, and we young people continued of the same opinion, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment; how certain that our sentiments would be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may ask their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the bar, where I already possessed a certain footing—more due, I dare say, to circumstance than merit—but I won the consent and approbation of all my relatives to the match. I was not dependent on them or on my profession for support, but Squire Griffith was a great stickler for such matters, and he was not easy until I had induced my mother to write him a letter solemnly abjuring the feud between their parents—the reason of which had been, I believe, a dispute at long whistle—and consenting formally to the marriage. And now the weary waiting was over, the year was out, and I was at Talglyn Hall again to claim my bride. All went smilingly with us. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been courted and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the Squire admitted that never had a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people; they welcomed me cordially among them; they were willing to hail me as a brother, though they *did* grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the light of their home, the darling of them all, for Ellen was both. She had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower,

and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. I was surprised to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridesmaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talglyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny sea and white-sailed pleasure-barks gaily gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreek and storm. Ellen had one fault, if fault be not too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty waywardness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into peevishness, never became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a half playful defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But there were times when Ellen's petulant caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the trunk of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract; slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the ragged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her daredevil young brothers, ventured so close to the most dangerous precipices as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in face of peril; it was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the little lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and none of her relatives had such a store of these weird tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have but too much reason to remember, which has burnt into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh proverb, so old, that it is by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair of Cader Idris will be found mad, dead, or a poet." Tradition relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of prophecy.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the cairn is, just above the cliff? It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dotterils. Beg your pardon, Ellen!"

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and willful heiress, called by her vassals the Lady of Cader Idris, had resolved to undergo this terrible trial in the hopes of becoming imbued with the spirit of poetry. How, being a lady of rare courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her tenants, and the authority of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a world-long watch over buried treasure, and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the terrors of the visible and the viewless. Finally, how she had been found in the morning, stark and dead, seated in the rocky throne on blue Idris, with her long dark hair floating over the stones as she sat in an attitude that mocked life, and with an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of her rebellion against the priest's commands, the church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid in silence and stealth, by the hands of sorrowing kinsmen, under a cairn of loose pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen went to her harp, and sang us first the wild Welsh ditty that some bard had composed in elder days, and then the polished verses which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last notes of the harp and the sweet voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to question its authenticity and to challenge its probability. I remember we all took part, in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Our wishes were, no doubt, to tease, harmlessly, the darling and spoiled child of the household, and also perhaps to atone to ourselves for having been for a time more completely under the spell of romance than we cared to acknowledge. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone down hill. It starts gently, sliding down grassy banks and springing daintily from mound to mound, then leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Our controversy grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had told us one of her favorite tales, one

which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that ripper years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and over-strained, and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

To this I replied, with provoking gravity. "That I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort." Finally, I declared the "Lady of the Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, all but the squire, who was asleep, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming:

"I will show you that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal, that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I."

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and unruffled: she joined in the conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the projects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late picnic to some celebrated point of view, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She sat down, when asked, to harp or piano, but she played but a few bars, and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said in a low tone:

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the artificial flies Herbert was tying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good night," as usual. She took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection, and an under-current of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that glance—the last that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my home from youth to age. And her lips murmured the old trivial phrase, "Good night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was gone. One moment I stood irresolute. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed, but the squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost—forever! What might not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition! it might have altered the whole current of an existence.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a quaint room in one of the wings, close to the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate, the alarm bell hung. I slowly undressed, often drawing aside the curtains, often peering forth through the Elizabethan casement of diamond panes, many of which were darkened by the heavy growth of the ivy without. All was ghostly still in the garden below, where the stiff hedges of clipped holly, the terraces fringed with box-trees and hornbeam, and the broad, old-fashioned walks were white with moonshine. An owl was hooting in the wood, and the mastiff in the court-yard bayed mournfully from time to time, and rattled his chain. The moon was high and bright, but black clouds were sailing across the sky; and as I looked, a sudden glow lit up the horizon, as if a trap door had been opened above some fiery gulf, then vanished as quickly. "There will be a storm to-night," I muttered, as I turned from the window for the last time. I was very ill satisfied with myself, and, as often happens, I perversely chose to justify my own conduct by blaming poor Ellen. "She had no right to be so positive and so petulant," I said to myself. It augured ill for our future happiness that she should resent the idle words so deeply. But in the morning I would speak to her, reason with her—in the morning? We are blind, blind!

My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the letter. A storm there was. I was awakened by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment.

Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of Heaven was full of the giant sound, and the strong stone mansion rooked like a living creature in fear. The blaze of the lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with an incessant lurid red, and between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the hurdling of the hail and rain. An awful night. A night for shipwreck and ruin, and death of travellers on lonely moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples that had mocked at the gales of centuries. A grim, wild night. Presently the thunder died away, all but a sudden growl afar off, and the flashes ceased, and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, and a strange dream I had. I dreamed of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terraces of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No. It had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair, and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghostly sight of things unspeakable, while its fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then the thunder bellowed over head, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming diadem, blazing, red and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solitary form, alone amid the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind, swept over the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and dismal pageants trooped by amid the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one last glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face. The face of a young girl—of Ellen—but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heat-drops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth. The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I awoke in the golden, brilliant morning; the sky was blue, the birds were singing gayly, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and fairer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for her wilful conduct of the preceding evening, but would be very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The Squire was there, with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the lazy one," said her father, "Owen, send up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say, that the maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all.

"She must be ill!" cried Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily, leaving the room.

Soon she, too, came back, to say that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out," said Herbert. "The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads on to the terrace by the greenhouse, and then there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense," said the Squire, knitting his brows, "that door has been locked these fifty years, and the key lost, too. I'll go myself. I'm afraid she is ill."

We all went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing-place.

"I am afraid, sir," said the lady's maid, half crying, "something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something painful shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door, the squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply.

Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort, dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless—empty.

"She has gone out, after all!" cried Herbert, running to the old oratory, and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible. Yet on tracking further we found on the terrace a bow of riband, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by

its owner, and all recognized it as Ellen's—on the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be mad, my poor, poor child," groaned the Squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way."

Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night—the strange resolve latent in Ellen's face as she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is," I cried aloud. "I know it but too well. She is on the mountain, on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accursed cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the Squire. "Cader Idris, how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She is there," cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist, "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I, fool that I was, have slept while she was perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's dear love be quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were hurrying to the foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the slippery shale and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and water-course, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, a few feet of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realized. There, in the rock-hewn chair, in her muslin dress and mantle of gay plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead. Her long fair hair half hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly clasped together. I clasped her to my breast: I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and on it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen. And I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her, forever. Since that day the world has been a prison to me.

THE NOVELIST A PHYSICIAN.—Some ten years ago Alexandre Dumas published a large novel, serially, in a political journal. The heroine was represented as a person suffering from consumption, the first stage of which was already passed.

Her perspiration, cough, irritability and moodiness, by turns gay and melancholy, the poetic flights of her imagination; in short, the whole category of phthisis were portrayed with that golden pen which the celebrated novelist still so defiantly holds.

One morning, as he was about to conclude his work, a distinguished person from the court of Louis Philippe called to see the author.

The Marquis de ——— was announced:

"Sir," says the marquis, "is your novel finished?"

"Entirely," was the reply.

"And what becomes of the heroine in the end?"

"You are fond of rare things, Monsieur le Marquis," says the novelist, laughing; "or else you wish to read in Arabian style—beginning at the end."

"I have," replied the visitor, "a more serious motive to justify my curiosity."

"Well, then," says Dumas, "my poor sufferer dies in the last chapter."

"She must recover in that case," said his excellency.

"But the plan has been carried out."

"Then the conclusion must be altered."

"But the *dénouement* is exceedingly striking."

"Another must be found, however, and you may depend upon my gratitude."

Dumas stared with astonishment at the seigneur.

"Why require this of a fictitious person?" said he.

"Because my only daughter suffers the same malady and the same symptoms you have described, and the death of your heroine would be a mortal blow to the *morale* of my poor child, who follows her adventures anxiously in every morning's paper."

The far-famed writer pressed the father's hand. He revised the last part of his novel. The heroine was miraculously cured.

Five years afterwards Dumas met a beautiful lady, of transcendent charms, in the *salon* of M. de Montalivet; she was the marquis's daughter, married, and in the bloom of health.

"She has had four children," said her father, in introducing her.

"And my book four editions," answered the novelist.

ONE of the best dramatic criticism on record is that which Dr. Doran hands down to us as the opinion of a lady after witnessing the rival Romeos—Garrick and Barry. "Had I been Juliet," she said, "to Garrick's Romeo—so ardent and impassioned was he, I should have expected that he would have come up to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo—so tender, so eloquent and so seductive was he, I certainly would have gone down to him."

THE PEACE RUMORS.

UNFORTUNATELY the peace rumors which we spread before our readers last week, have proven of a piece with former ones, ending, not in smoke, but in something even less substantial—the thinnest of air.

It may be that in the use of the word "unfortunately," in the above connection, we suffered ourselves, in deference to the prevalent sentiment, to be betrayed into an expression which scarcely fits the case. For we are not quite sure that our nation is yet ripe for peace, or that a peace patched up in any such hurried manner as the rumored one of last date seemed to be, would prove either profitable or permanent. The packers of that cotton bale, the Constitution, unthinkingly stowed a burning coal away in its centre, which, after smouldering through long years, broke out in the flame and fury of the present rebellion. To simply extinguish the fire, replace the coal in the cotton and bind up the bale again, would be merely to bring back the same death and desolation which now sweeps over the land in a less period of time, for rags once charred are easy of ignition, and this war will make plentiful tinder. Where a cancer exists it is idle, foolish, vain, to talk of surface applications and temporary plasters; down deep to the root of the disease the knife must go, extirpating the sore, before a radical cure can be hoped for or expected.

There are, in fact, no indications of peace at present, nor is there any immediate necessity for one. The rebellion must be conquered, put down so thoroughly and so hopelessly as to give it no hope of a resurrection, before we can hail peace as a blessing. Civil war is deplorable enough, in all conscience. Had the dire evils that follow in its train been properly appreciated in the outset, it is probable that our nation would have been spared its occurrence. But it brings a certain balm with its sweeping wings, enabling us, from the very nettle of the present desolation, to pluck the flower of safety. Nullification has been experimented upon, and disastrously—future States will have the blazing light of the past to warn them before attempting it. Were the war to cease to-day, even with an acknowledgement of the independence of the South, Maine, Maryland, New York, Illinois, would never dream of secession; what remained of the Union would be bound together by clamps of iron, shrunk to their place in the red heat of this fierce war; what remained of the Union would be henceforward and forever a unit, and Republican Government would have been vindicated throughout all history.

We predict that peace will be heralded by news more important than that one of the Blairs has packed up his carpet-bag and started for Richmond, or that Horace Greeley's white hat has been seen bobbing about President Lincoln's ears. The crumbling of Richmond's walls, and the indignant wail of a people incited to a vain and disastrous rebellion by the false and foolish representations of wicked leaders, will be the first harbingers of peace that reach our ears. Peace will work itself out in its own good time, and there is no use in attempting to hasten the process. Grant, Sherman, and Porter, are dealing sturdy blows at the outer walls of the already trembling fabric, and Jefferson Davis is doing us excellent work within—that between them all it must come down is as certain as that the leaves of spring will be shaken from the trees in autumn. Dissatisfaction with its leader the South already is; dissatisfaction with the cause which he represents will follow in natural progression as the next step, and an abandonment of both will be the sure result. Let us patiently wait; a leaven of wondrous power is working in the dough of rebellion, and we can well afford to bide our time.

TO THE EASTERN PRESS.—Taking it for granted that the Atlantic coast has literature enough of its own without appropriating what is Californian, we must request that in copying original articles from this paper they will at least give the customary credit. Our eastern exchanges seldom reach us without bringing, taken bodily from these columns and without a word of acknowledgment, prose articles and poems which in many cases are reprinted by journals here and sometimes the credit given to the Eastern paper in which they are found. "Emilie Lawson" and "Ina," pre-eminently the poetesses of this coast, as well as "Mark Twain," have been frequent sufferers by this practice. The New York *Leader* has done so much in that way that we long to take "Figaro" by the fingers and say to him: "Figaro, you are faulty!"

A MUSICAL JOURNAL.—We notice by a paragraph going the rounds of the press that C. B. Seymour, long the musical and dramatic critic of the New York *Daily Times*, is to become associated in the conduct of a musical journal in that city. An accomplished gentleman, a practiced writer, and an able critic, Mr. Seymour brings every requisite of success to his undertaking. Some years since he established a musical journal in New York, which speedily became known for its reliable musical criticisms and interesting compilations, as well as for the original music which it published. For awhile it flourished, but the bad days came and it went under. We trust that in the present instance Mr. Seymour's success will continue to the end.

NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, December 23d, 1864.

CHRISTMAS Presents on the brain is the raging epidemic. The best families do not hesitate to perambulate our streets with paper parcels and mysterious but affable countenances. So many of these parcels are hid in closets and drawers in every house, that a continuous petard effect is produced in every bosom from the screaming warning of "Don't go there!" Properly enough in this annual overflow of the Gift tide, Noah's Ark is foremost among the toys. The familiar, uneven-legged animals issue from the glued tabernacle under the supervision of Shem and Ham who are dressed in the rigid red and blue night gowns we old ones recollect so well. The army of dancing Jacks is also in motion; ten thousand drums stand ready to be beaten by childish hands for their march—as uncertain a one as the prolonged march of the Jacks who have been on the way to Richmond so long. Indian rubber toys with a pre-Adamite element "vulcanized into their substance," cry to the little child in leggings, and with a little muff tied round its helpless neck, "Buy us, and we'll make you laugh hysterically by day, and dream by night."

With the host of time honored presents comes a legion of elegant sophistications manufactured in the old world which are intended to make the infant a Sardanapalus. I know a little girl of five who has already been demoralized with sets of rosewood and brocade furniture, sets of finely painted china, small scissors, gilt mirrors, and dolls' embroidered wardrobes. This year her mother has in store for her a Yankee cooking stove including a washboiler, in the hope, perhaps, of bringing her tastes back to a primitive simplicity.

The shops this week have been crowded of afternoons. As each day waned, I noticed in my perambulations the shoppers seemed to grow desperate, and, like gamblers, determined to stake their last dollar by sunset. Women are always rude to each other when strangers, and in public. Clerks and counters have witnessed many an ill-bred scene of late. The chintilly veils, the miuk furs, the embroidered balmorals, have hustled each other unmercifully, and the wearers thereof have cut into each others speeches regardless of the rules of politeness. To be fair, I confess I am one of the guilty race. Unabashed as De Foe in the stocks, I asked three times for shilling handkerchiefs in the very teeth of the bloated aristocrats who were turning over those insults to the nose, which consist of a small circle of cambric edged with lace. Like old king Cole, the nose, at this season, is a merry old soul, and calls for goodly squeezes of linen and silk, and, in remote districts, the red white and blue cotton flag known to our ancestors, but now mostly degraded to an office which names it the "bundle handkerchief." To continue with Presents. Like other institutions long established, the system of conferring gifts at Christmas has its objections. The giver is often obliged to bestow where he has no heart for bestowing. Disagreeable relations, deceitful friends, abominable servants, wait to be honored by the custom, and there is no escaping it. Then there is the horror of not being up to the mark in value, and taste, where presents are exchanged between friends of equal means. Fancy the humiliation of receiving a pair of diamond ear-rings in return for a small bronze leather needle-book badly made! How painful, too, is the knowledge which comes to us on Christmas Eve, when our labors are over. With watching and managing, we have contrived to abstract an old friend's old slipper, and have had a new pair made for him. Under the green wood tree we behold a bivouac of slippers, and are informed that "John's wife's sister worked him a pair; also his great aunt, and his nephew's wife; also his fourth cousin who lives at a great distance." You have made a velvet smoking-cap for John, possibly, with a gold tassel—and it is no joke to buy gold tassels now-a-days—and when you present it, his wife says with an indifferent laugh that "John has three that have never been taken out of their first silver paper wrappings." In spite of all this, however, this period of the year is the only genuine holiday time of our people. Thanksgiving is a combination of the pious prig and the gormandizer; Fourth of July is gunpowder, heat fatigue, and an indifferent star and stripe sentiment. But Christmas, with its "Christ child," and its motto of "Peace on earth, good will to man," will always be a happy music in our hearts.

I believe stingy people are moved on this occasion to an extraordinary degree. I do not see any family that is not engaged in the business of preparing gifts. I, myself, somewhat of a lone body, destined to endure the slow perpetual torments of a boarding-house life, am invited to the lighting up of Christmas trees here and there, and to rejoice in the hum of childish voices and the wassail of Christmas punch. Alas! alas! one little voice I heard carolling round the laden branches of the trees of former years, has left me, to sing with the "Christ child," forever; and I have not much heart for the new voices.

The other illustrated magazine, *Our Young Folks*, starts appropriately at this time. The only evidence of bad taste in

it is the placing of the portrait of "Tom Brown" (Hughes) in the frontispiece. It shows an intention on the part of Ticknor & Fields to use up their old plates; there appears to be no other reason for exhibiting the likeness of a writer who has furnished nothing for the magazine. "Tom Brown," by the way, is an author in luck. He is a Colonel of volunteers, and has a place in the war office worth five thousand dollars a year.

While speaking of Christmas and books, it is well enough to note what our publishers have done this year. A legion of the primer style of book has been issued by Sheldon & Co., Hurd & Houghton and others; the primers are dignified by brilliant colors and capital engravings. Our friend, "Jack, the Giant Killer," whom we now need at the head of the National army, has several illustrated biographies. I am sure that if I could have seen the amount of decorated knowledge, when I was young, which is offered to children now, I should be far more wise than I have proved to be from the tuition of my board spelling book, with its obscure, dingy, moral illustrations. Gregory has outdone all publishers in illustrated books. The story of *Little Red Riding Hood*, told in verse by R. H. Stoddard, contains illustrations, printed in colors, which are the most brilliant specimens of the art yet produced. *The Snow Image*, by Hawthorne, is also illustrated, together with *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, *The Boys' Banner Book*, and *Illustrated Book of Songs*. These books have unique, beautiful paper covers, which are attractive to the amount of the prices of the whole books. A couple of capital books of Hurd & Houghton's must not be passed by: *The Frog he would a Wooing Go*, and *Death and Burial of Cock Robin*. The designs are by Stephens, of the late *Vanity Fair* newspaper, and though the idea is taken from that renowned book, *The Comical People of Wirtemberg*, they are executed with so much spirit and cleverness that they fairly rival the original. Giving animals human attributes, and dressing them in human garments, was a happy thought, if the word "happy" can be applied to the grotesque, absurd and impossible. Edmund Sear's well-known *Book of Nonsense* is also imitated in a couple of little books, *Ye Comical Rhymes of Ancient Times*, and *Rumrical Rhymes*. They are printed in red and black letters, and the illustrations are in red and black.

A box system of books has been created within two or three years, each box containing four, six or eight volumes. A writer named "Aunt Fanny" is particularly given to this sort of thing. First we had a box of *Night Caps*, then one of *Mittens*, after that came one of *Socks*, and now a box of *Pop Guns* is discharged at the public. *The Little Blue Hood Books*, consisting of four red bound volumes, make up a nice gift box, and the *Walter Gay* series is another. The books that I have mentioned are children's books, so called; but many of them are above the comprehension of a child. The half of the Christmas books are not touched upon. Ticknor & Fields, Crosby & Nichols, J. E. Tilton and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, all have issues.

Our latest traveller from Britain, Professor Goodwin Smith, has sailed for his native isle. He attached himself to the Loyal League while here exclusively, and, of course, will be able to state all sides fairly when he lectures on the political aspects of our country. He gave a pretty strong proof of his knowledge of American History when he complimented New England, before a Boston audience, for having produced a Patrick Henry and a Washington! It is well, probably, that English tourists should relieve each other in see-sawing us. George Augustus Sala was bumping the ground when he departed from our coast, the other day, at the time when professor Smith was high up in the air of Boston. The only remarkable Indian historian is dead—Mr. Schoolcraft. His productions were authentic, if anything concerning that myth, the "noble savage," may be called authentic. Dryden, by the way, is the man to blame for the misnomer, he has a heroic line which runs this wise:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Longfellow spoiled one of Schoolcraft's stories by turning it into that curious, not over good "Hiawatha."

The Trunpy-Demme case known to all the world, has come to a Germanesque conclusion, that reminds one of "The Sorrows of Werther," which convulsed the world more than any real tragedy ever did. There is an astonishing simplicity in the following letter:

"To Friends and Acquaintances.—The startling intelligence has reached us that, in accordance with a farewell letter, Dr. Hermann Demme and his bride Flora, allied in faithful love, have sought and found a common grave in the depths of the Lake of Geneva. May enmity be struck dumb at this news, but friendship offer silent sympathy to our sorrow.

THE DEMME FAMILY."

If there was more of this *naïveté* in our catastrophes, they would make better materials for the penny-a-liners who are generally compelled to write brutally. E. D. B. S.

A promising quartz ledge from four to nine feet in thickness has been discovered near Alleghany, Sierra county, Cal.

The more we know the less we say. At death a man arrives at immense knowledge, and doesn't open his mouth.

THE TARTAR WHO CAUGHT A TARTAR.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

THERE'S trouble in Hungary, now, alas!

There's trouble on every hand;
For that terrible man,
The Tartar Khan,
Is ravaging over the land!

He is riding forth with his ugly men,
To rob and ravish and slay;
For deeds like those,
You may well suppose,
Are quite in the Tartar-way.

And now he comes, that terrible chief,
To a mansion grand and old:
And he peers about,
Within and without,
And what do his eyes behold?

A thousand cattle in fold and field,
And sheep all over the plain,
And noble steeds,
Of rarest breeds,
And beautiful crops of grain.

But finer still is the hoarded wealth
That his ravished eyes behold,
In silver plate
Of wondrous weight,
And jewels of pearl and gold!

A nobleman owns this fine estate:
And when the robber he sees,
'Tis not very queer
He quakes with fear,
And trembles a bit in the knees!

He quakes in fear of his precious life,
And scarce suppressing a groan,
"Good Tartar," says he,
"Whatever you see
Be pleased to reckon your own!"

The Khan looked round in a leisurely way
As one who is puzzled to choose;
When, cocking his ear,
He chanced to hear
The creak of feminine shoes!

The Tartar smiled a villainous smile,
When, like a lily in bloom,
A lady fair
With golden hair,
Came gliding into the room!

The robber stared with amorous eyes;
Was ever so winning a face!
And long he gazed
As one amazed
To see such beauty and grace!

A moment more, and the lawless man
Had seized his struggling prey,
Without remorse,
And—taking horse—
He bore the lady away!

"Now, Heaven be praised!" the nobleman cried,
"For many a mercy to me!
I bow me still
Unto his will.
God pity the Tartar!" said he.

[From a new book of Poems, "Clever Stories of Many Nations, rendered into Rhyme," by John G. Saxe.]

Too FUNNY.—The *Mercury* of last week says: "Speaking of funny things, just read 'The Course of True Love,' etc., on the third page of to-day's *Mercury*." It is a funny thing, indeed; written by Mark Twain, and paid for and published in THE CALIFORNIAN, the article, after going the rounds of the Eastern press is republished here without a word of credit to either. Did it not occur to us that the mistake may be an honest one, we would remark that in this instance the name of "Mercury" suggests itself as being peculiarly appropriate.

ANSWERED.—A correspondent of the *Bulletin* writes to it on Tuesday evening, making inquiry relative to an article in a previous issue, headed, "Where is the Leak?" Had he but waited a day, his curiosity would have been gratified, for that paper in its issue of Wednesday introduces a sub-head in its New York letter as follows: "THE CANADIAN AUTHORITIES EATING THE LEEK."

Mrs. Grantley, who has lately been giving dramatic readings through Nevada, will make her *début* in Knowles' drama of *The Wife*, at the Opera House, in the interregnum between the conclusion of the Keans' engagement and the commencement of the Heron's—who is already on the wing. The lady bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne in face and figure, and if the likeness extend to dramatic ability, a triumph may confidently be anticipated for her.

PETROLEUM PICKINGS.—A gentleman especially familiar with Shakspeare, and who has probably been "taking liberties" with stock in some of the various oil wells or petroleum speculations, strings together the following pungent quotations as germane to his present feelings. He is of opinion that a petroleum mine is peculiarly a "mine of well-th," and declares that the new oil-garchy thus introduced into our social system beats the old-style aristocracy "oil hollow." He insists that a "sinking fund" is necessary to go into the business, and that petroleum is the real *huile* of fortune. Then he affects to quote from Byron:

The oils of Greece! the oils of Greece!

After which he thus Shakspearianizes a *la* Weller:

SHAKSPEARE ON PETROLEUM.

A well-disposed person on his first introduction:

I am glad to see you well.—*Hamlet*.

The discoverer exclaims:

I have a device to make oil well.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

A disappointed purchaser:

This is not so well as I looked for.—*Love's Labor Lost*.

Selling stocks:

None so bad but well may be reported.—*Henry VIII*.

An owner of an unprofitable well:

I am not so well as I should be.—*Cymbeline*.Well or ill, I am bound to thee.—*Ibid*.One that loved not wisely, but two wells.—*Othello*.

Leaving the business:

Well, peace be with you.—*Romeo and Juliet*.I know thee, well enough.—*King Lear*.

A lady speculator:

She's a wondrous fat marriage.—*Comedy of Errors*.I'll do! I'll do! I'll do!—*Macbeth*.

A lucky speculator:

Well contented.—*Ibid*.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,

'Tis just the fashion.—*As You Like It*.I say, by soeery be got this *isle*.—*Tempest*.This *isle* is full of noises.—*Ibid*.

I like thee well,

And will employ thee in some service presently.

[*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth, b-oil and bubble.—*Macbeth*.

A STRANGE STORY.—A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without notarial vouching, but still as indorsed by being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily *bravards*. A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy, and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he has had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and placing the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said, "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would like to hide it, while he replied, "Madame, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." The curious gathered round while he continued: "This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful solvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a *souvenir*. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

HE FORGOT SOMETHING.—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin aforesaid. "Yes," I gave it to her," was the innocent reply, "and she said if you wasn't a nat'ral fool, you wouldn't come Monday morning, when everybody was washing!" At this juncture, mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Verisoph, the visitor, bolted. "What does the man mean?" inquired mamma, "I dunno," replied bub, "guess he's forgot sumthin."

THE TWO P's.—The *Weekly Dispatch*, in zeal for our reformation, invites us not to spell "developed" with more than one p. Appreciating the kindness of the motive, and the classic grace with which it is pleaded in our neighbor's columns, we must decline to comply with his request. We require other authority than that of Webster or Worcester, ere we give way to the practice of abolishing summarily the double consonant in the participle of a verb that terminates with one consonant. Webster, at our elbow, it is to be remarked, spells the verb without the vowel e at the end, though this latter fantasy is also creeping into use. This is our distinction. The woodman who lops the boughs is lopping, though the hills which slope are sloping. The birds thereon may be hopping about, and we meanwhile hoping that we are correct. The peacock that struts is strutting, not strutting. Instances of the difference are plenteous; but we don't care to be dinning the subject into our readers, lest it spoil their pleasure in dining.—*N. Y. Albion*.

ORIGIN OF THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."—When Manutius the elder set up in business, at Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil" who helped the mysterious bibliofactor along, and some of the ignorant persons believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Aldus, to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young imp to the poorer classes. Upon the occasion he made a very characteristic speech: "Let it be known in Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

"DOMESTIC RECEIPTS IN FULL."—Tew serve up cowcumber—pick them when the dew is on 'em neatly, slice them thin, add salt and let them stand for 60 minits, pepper them freely, add good sharp vinegar, and then—raise the window carefully and throw them out.

Tew make watermelons the old-fashioned wa—steal them by moonlight, and eat them in the next lot.

Lobsters want tew be boiled whole till they are ded, pour ice cream over them, send for the doctor, eat them before going tew bed, tell yure friends the next da that ye have been threatened with an attack of the—rebels.

Tew kure hams—bathe them in Hostettir's bitters.

Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself.

GRANTLEY BERKELEY is thus mentioned in a London letter to the *New York Times*: "That octogenarian dandy, Hon. Grantley Berkeley, whose sporting visit to the Western States a few years ago brought him into notice in this country, has just published an autobiography which gives a curious insight into the habits and associations of the British aristocracy. In its earliest pages he does not scruple to let his readers know that his mother was a petty tradesman's daughter, and that she was his father's mistress, under the name of Miss Tudor. From his description it would appear that she was vulgar and unfeeling, and that his father, by his brutality, was worthy of matching with her. The facts related in connection with his duel with Dr. Maginn exhibit in a still more shameless light the character of the writer. He does his utmost to show that Maginn was a coward, and that Mr. Fraser had instigated him to shoot his opponent under threat of arrest for debt if he failed."

"ONE might—one now and then can," says John Foster in his Diary, "throw one's whole soul through one's eyes in a single glance." Great men, especially great commanders, generally possess this remarkable power, which, like every other bodily or spiritual faculty, becomes all the stronger from its frequent use. "In the eyes of certain persons there is something sublime, which beams and exacts reverence. This sublimity is the concealed power of raising themselves above others, which is not the wretched effect of constraint, but primitive essence. Each one finds himself obliged to submit to this secret power, without knowing why, as he perceives that look, implanted by nature to inspire reverence, shining in the eye. Those who possess this natural sovereign essence rule as lords or lions among men by native privilege, with heart and tongue conquering all."

AN elephant and bull fight took place lately at Saragossa, Spain. The elephant was walking quietly about the arena when the first bull was released, and rushed at it with all his might. The elephant received his antagonist with great coolness, and threw him down with the utmost ease. The bull rose again and made two more attacks, which the elephant repented by killing him with a thrust of his tusks. The conqueror did not seem in the least excited, but quietly drank some water offered by his keeper, and ate several ears of Indian corn. A second bull was then released, and, in a few minutes, suffered the same fate as the first.

THOSE who think awry will not be likely to act straightly.

TO ———.

THE broken moon lay in the autumn sky,
And I lay at thy feet;
You bent above me; in the silence I
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke; my soul was full of trembling fears
At what my words would bring:
You raised your face, your eyes were full of tears,
As the sweet eyes of Spring.

You kissed me then, I worshipped at thy feet
Upon the shadowy sod.
O fool, I loved thee! loved thee, lovely cheat!
Better than Fame or God.

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss:
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels,
'Mid Trade's tumultuous jars;
And where to awe-struck wilds the Night reveals
Her hollow gulfs of stars.

Before your window, as before a shrine,
I've knelt 'mong dew-soaked flowers,
While distant music-bells, with voices fine,
Measured the midnight hours.

There came a fearful moment: I was pale,
You wept, and never spoke,
But clung around me as the woodhine frail
Clings, pleading, round an oak.

Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul,
And flung thee from myself;
I spurned thy love as 't were a rich man's dole—
It was my only wealth.

I spurned thee! I, who loved thee, could have died,
That hoped to call thee "wife,"
And bear thee, gently smiling at my side,
Through all the shocks of life!

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;
I'll meet thee not in Life, nor in the spheres
Made visible by Death. [Alexander Smith.]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A MODERN GENTLEMAN'S DIARY.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN went back to the hotel in Convent Garden with the little sheepskin-covered volume appertaining to the gentleman who called himself Robert Lesley safely bestowed in his pocket. He went straight back to the hotel, ate his simple dinner, drew the candles near him, and then, taking up a poker from the hearth, made short work of the lock under which the stranger had kept his secrets. All thought of those sunny gardeus and drawing-rooms at Twickenham, the glancing river, the woody background, faded out of his mind for a time, and gave place to one settled purpose—the discovery of his missing cousin's destroyer.

Yes, her destroyer! He had only been able to read Mrs. Burfield's story in one fashion. The solitary departure in the chill light of a winter's morning, the haste and secrecy, the lonely return long afterwards—these things seemed to the young man to point only to one conclusion. The simple Cornish girl's faith had been betrayed by the man she had so implicitly trusted.

In the little volume before him Francis Tredethlyn hoped to find some further clue to that sad history. He seemed to take a savage pleasure in punishing the neat brazen lock, which he shattered with a couple of vigorous blows from the handle of the poker.

"I wonder whether, when a man's a villain, he writes that down?" thought Mr. Tredethlyn. "I can't fancy a scoundrel putting the truth about himself even on paper; and if the truth isn't here, I can't see how the book will help me. And yet there must be secrets in it too, or he'd never have had such a lock as this. Mr. Lowther used to throw his journal about anywhere, and I don't think he ever did anything that was particularly worth writing down."

The Cornishman began to turn over the volume very slowly, looking at the pages cautiously, almost as if he expected to see some venomous creature crawl out from between the leaves. The first twenty pages of the book were filled with the records of a college life, in which brief memoranda of study were interspersed with boating slang and turf calculations. The

name of a certain Rosa, of the "King's Head," appeared very often in these earlier pages; and there were little epigrams about Rosa, bespeaking the easy-going morality of a Rochester or a Sedley, rather than the pure sentiments of a Tennyson or a Longfellow. Altogether there was a reckless, swaggering manner about the book, which very well corresponded with Mrs. Burfield's description of the prancing stranger.

But the volume had no interest for Francis Tredethlyn until he came to the twentieth page, where the name of Coltonslough figured for the first time:

"November 8.—The abomination of desolation, and just the place for a fellow that wants to read hard and be delivered from the society of his fellow-creatures! Arrived yesterday afternoon; found civil landlady, stereotyped sea-side accommodation; decrepit easy-chair, slippery horse-hair cushions; no window curtains to speak of, and a great deal of unnecessary drapery festooned about a rickety tent bedstead: wash-handstand one size too large for a doll, and fifty sizes too small for any civilized being; shells and shepherdesses on the mantelpieces, and any amount of blown-glass decanters on the sideboard. Dined on chops, which were fried, soddened in their own grease. Must speak to the landlady to-morrow, and insist on gridiron. The woman who would fry chops would think nothing of human sacrifices. A girl waited upon me, a good deal younger than Rosa, and I think prettier—but we have changed all that, so I didn't take particular notice of her. Read hard till after one, and write this before retiring to my couch—flock, and lumpy—for I dug my knuckles into the counterpane while examining the apartment.

"November 9.—The girl, who is infinitely superior to Rosa, brought me my breakfast. More chops, not fried, but soddened in relic of the dark ages entitled Dutch oven, for lincured; and underdone French rolls. Why, O provincial baker, always underdone? What grudge dost thou bear against thy fellow-man that thou seekest insidiously to undermine his constitution with thy clammy bread-stuffs? Girl, infinitely prettier than Rosa, cleared away breakfast. Very shy, and only answers polite inquiries in monosyllables. Asked if she was a relation of woman of house. No, no relation, nursery governess to children. Comes from some remote district in the west of England; evidently objects to be precise as to locality. Heard her go down kitchen stairs with tea-things, and did not hear her reascending them. Conclude that the nursery is somewhere in the cellarage. Read hard all day. Smoke and stroll in the evening. Landlady waited on me at dinner. Dismal change, after monosyllabic girl, recalling Death's head at Egyptian banquets, but not crowned with flowers. More reading after dinner, brandy and water, cold and now to bed. Have ordered mattress to be put over flock. Sleeping on knobby surface all very well now and then, but not for a permanence. Menu: To keep my eye upon Lord Paisley's *Blazing Tom*, for the Craven meeting.

"November 12.—No diary yesterday or the day before. Read with German crib—wonderful fellows those Germans for first-class translations of classic fogies. Wrote to H. C. to put a pony on *Blazing Tom*. Walked on the esplanade in the afternoon, and made the acquaintance of monosyllabic Cornish girl, infinitely prettier than Rosa. Yes, I succeeded in breaking the ice, with considerable trouble, for I never did see anything feminine so shy and lightened as this brown-eyed Cornish girl. 'Her eye's dark charn,' etc. Well, there is something of the gazelle in her eyes, something shrinking and fawn-like. I could fancy the white doo of what's-its-name looking as she looked at me yesterday.

"I went out for my smoke and stroll rather earlier than I had intended. I saw the Cornish girl and three uncouth children in rusty leather boots, wending their way across the piece of waste ground which forms the delicious prospect before my window. A nice, cool, gray afternoon, with a low yellow streak on the western horizon; a gray sea, melting into a gray sky, with only just that one golden streak glimmering along the edge of the waters; the sort of afternoon that reminds one of Tennyson's poetry. So I lighted my cigar and went out for a stroll. Perhaps I followed the monosyllabic girl. What do I know? as that amiable French uisancee, who is perpetually quoted in newspaper leaders, remarked. Enough that I went, found the Cornish girl, very shabbily dressed, but unutterably pretty, strolling listlessly up and down the paved walk beside the sea. They call it sea, but O for the roaring breakers of the Atlantic, or the long hoarse roar of the waves, as the German Ocean surges on broad yellow sands yonder, far away in the north!

"And so, having lighted my cigar, I strolled up and down the esplanade. Of course I began to talk to the children. If children have any use in this world, which I have been frequently inclined to doubt, surely it must be in this matter of serving as a means of introduction to pretty nurse-maids. The children and I were intimate no time; the presuming little imps became, of course, obnoxiously familiar; and, like all go-betweens, were very difficult to shake off when done with. But I got the Cornish girl to talk at last. She is not stupid, only shy; and she told me a good deal, in a pretty, simple, girlish way, about her native county, always keeping clear of all precise allusion to locality, by-the-by. She is

very pretty—I had almost written lovely, but that adjective can only be applied to a high-bred beauty. She is extremely pretty, and that white doe of Rhylston (isn't it?) look in her eyes haunted me all last night while I was reading. Yes, it was very pleasant, that stroll upon the esplanade. I threw away my first cigar, and forgot to light another, though she would have allowed me to smoke, I dare say. It was very pleasant, that cool gray sea, and the yellow streak fading in the west, and the flat gray shore, and the generally Tennysonian aspect of everything. It was very much better than the 'King's Arms,' and a lot of fellows drinking no end of Bass and chaffing Rosa. I don't suppose this Cornish girl knows what chaff means. I almost shudder when I think of Rosa, with her big, round, black eyes, and the sticky little curls upon her forehead, and the tartan neck ribbons, and great yellow ear-rings. And Oxonians have married Rosa before my time, and have deservedly gone to the dogs thereupon. But fifty thousand is your figure, my dear Robert, fifty thousand, well sounded, and no separate use and maintenance humbug either. Something in the commercial widow line, I suppose you will have to put up with, my poor Bob, but no greedy old parent to interfere with the disposal of the money. The widow, or the orphan, if a fifty thousand pounder, is the sort of article for you, dear child.

"November 13.—She brought me my breakfast this morning—(what, is she *she* already? Alas, poor Rosa!)—and I got her to pour out my tea. I couldn't detain her long: she was so very busy, she said, and seemed painfully anxious to get away. I made her talk a little. She has a nice low voice—'an excellent thing,' etc.? Now Rosa had a vixenish way of speaking that always jarred upon me, even when I was deepest down that pit into which the fair barmaid's admirers cast themselves. She—the Cornish girl—is what people call a genteel young person, with white hands and a slim waist, and a nice way of doing her hair and putting on her collars and cuffs. Her name is Susan Turner, by-the-by, and the children call her Susie. Could anything sound more pastoral? Susie. The name of Rosa was always so painfully suggestive of nigger melodies. Another cool gray afternoon, and another yellow line across the sky, so I went out for my smoke at the same time as yesterday. She was on the esplanade with the children. She instructs them in arithmetic, writing, and elementary smatterings of history, geography, and grammar, after dinner, and then brings them out for a walk till tea-time, after which they 'retire to rest,' as the novelists have it, not without considerable rebellious scuffling in the passage and on the stairs. That is the order of the day. In the morning, I suspect, she is housemaid, parlor-maid, needlewoman, or anything else that my landlady's necessities oblige her to be. But she is always equally neat and pretty, and if she were only provided with that trifling little matter of fifty thousand or so in the elegant simplicity of the three per cents., I should be decidedly inclined to fall in love with her. Does one ever fall in love with the fifty thousand pounder, by-the-by? I rather think not. She, Susie, was not quite so shy this afternoon, and we talked a good deal. I offered to lend her some books. I offered to lend Rosa books once, when I was in the lowest depths of spooneyism, and was unhappy about her grammar—those dreadful, superfluous 'whiches,' and intolerable 'as hows!'—but Rosa rejected my literature as dry rubbish that gave her the horrors. I had lent her the *Bride of Lammermoor*. My little Susie won't turn up that innocent nose of hers at any sentimental story, I'll be bound. I found an odd volume of Byron, containing 'Parasina' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' and a lot of the *To Thyraz* business.

"N. B.—I find that I've called her my little Susie! Pretty well, as I've been only a week in the place. Am I going down into another pit, I wonder—a deeper abyss than that into which Rosa casts her victims? Poor, pretty, fawn-eyed little darling! Take care of yourself, my dear Robert. Poor, friendless Susie! She couldn't well be *worse off* under any circumstances than she is in this place, that's one blessing: the drudge of a mistress who is herself a slave in the bondage of poverty. I went down to the kitchen yesterday to get a fresh supply of coals—these people are ready to fall down and worship me because I am not proud, as they put it, but there are numerous orders of pride, I think—and I saw their dinner. Such a poor bone of mutton. Poor little Susie! how she would open her eyes at sight of the Richmond and Greenwich banquets that I have seen given to persons as inferior to herself as—Hyperion to the other person;—what a frightful hindrance to original composition is that abominable habit of hackneyed quotation!—the great newspaper mill going round three hundred and thirteen times a year, and only one little limited stock of quotations for all the leader writers.

"November 16.—Sunday, and a wet day; saw Susan start for church in the morning with prayer-books and children; strolled out with umbrella a little after twelve; found church; unpleasant new building, smelling of damp stucco, and looking like an edifice of soddened brown paper; waited in the porch, patient as that young idiot in Arthur Pendennis's poem, until my lady came out, and conducted her home in tri-

umph under my umbrella, while the awkward squad of children brought up the rear under cover of the maternal gingham; she was obliged to take my arm, and as the walk from the church is rather a long one, we got alarmingly intimate; when I say alarmingly intimate, I mean that she has taken to blushing when I speak to her. That's the worst of these fawn-like girls, they will blush! And when they're pretty, the blushes are so bewitching. And when they don't happen to have fifty thousand or so, what is a fellow to do? Take to his heels, replies the stern moralist, who has sown his own wild oats twenty years ago, and is envious of the young scatterers of to-day. I came to Coltonslough to read, and come what may, I shall stay there till it's time to go back to St. B. In the mean time, Susan is a brown-eyed angel, an angel who leads the life of a low-bred drudge, and for whom any possible change of circumstances *must* be a change for the better.

"Of course I questioned her about the sermon as we walked home. Take an interest in sermons, and women will believe in you though you were the veriest scoundrel that ever admired Voltaire and considered the 'Pucelle' his *chef d'œuvre*. What a little Puritan she is! she has been to church twice every Sunday ever since she can remember, she told me, and to Sunday school, and to all kinds of examinations in the Vicar's parlor. I don't suppose *she* would have floundered as I did, and come to grief over some of the questions those old fogies at Oxford asked me about Biblical history; she knows all about Saul, and David, and Jonathan, and those everlasting wars with the Philistines, I dare say; she is very pretty, lovely—yes, lovely, although *not* high-bred. I sometimes fancy, though, that she must have decent blood in her veins. I never saw a prettier little hand upon my arm than that which rested there to-day, as I brought her home from church. If I were—something utterly different from what I am, I would get my degree, go in for a country curacy, and little Susie should be my wife. But *noblesse oblige*: which very elastic aphorism means, in my case, that I must marry a rich woman, and hold my own in my native county whenever the reigning potentate is polite enough to retire to the dusky shades whither all earthly sovereigns must go.

"Poor little Susan! pretty little Susan! When I am a county magnate, laying down the law at the head of my table in the great dining-room at the hall, shall I look back and think of these days, and smile at myself, remembering that I could be so foolish as to go out on a wet Sunday to escort a little nursemaid along a damp clay road?

"Read hard all the afternoon; dined on an elderly fowl flavored with Dutch oven, a bird that must have known Coltonslough when the first bow-windowed house was a damp brick-work skeleton, grim and open to the howling of the winds. Read for some time after dinner, and let my fire out. Went down-stairs to hunt up matches and firewood, and found my landlady and Susan sitting opposite to each other at a little table with one tallow candle, reading pious compositions of an evangelical tendency. They both seemed glad to see me, so I stopped and talked to them. Susan had read the 'Prisoner of Chillon'; she read it last night, and cried over it 'fearful,' my landlady informed me; so we were able to talk about the poem, and I read two or three of the fugitive pieces aloud. I used to be rather great at the debating club at O—, and I gave the 'Thyrsas' and 'Day of my Destiny' is very strong. I could see the tears shining in Susan's eyes before I'd finished. I used to recite poetry to Rosa sometimes, when I'd been taking too much Bass, and we stood in the moonlit porch at the 'King's Arms,' with the river, and the willows, and the towing-path all of a shimmer in the silvery light; but one is apt to get tired of reciting sentimental poetry to a young person who cries, 'Lor, how funny!' at the close of some passionate verse. I remember thundering out that grand anathema of Tom Moore's against the Prince Regent, 'Go, deceiver, go!' and my Rosa asked me, naively, what the gentleman had done that the other gentleman should use such bad language to him. No, Rosa, your strong point was not intellect. In the matter of sticky curls and large black eyes you are unsurpassed, but the sentimental element in your nature may be represented by zero.

"November 30.—More blanks in my journal. I said we were growing alarmingly intimate; such an intimacy is alarming to a fellow who came to Coltonslough bent on devoting himself to Aristotle and Aristophanes, Æschylus and Euripides, and all that sort of people. Have been reading 'The Clouds' all this morning, but found a strange undercurrent of Susan Turner pervading that classic satire; and I mean to go in and win this time; those fellows at St. Boniface sha'n't be able to laugh at my discomfiture a second time. Why were women created for the trouble and confusion of the superior sex? I thought I should be so safe at Coltonslough, remote from Rosa, the Delilah of my youth; and lo! here is another Delilah, a thousand times more dangerous; a shy, brown-eyed Omphale, for whose sake any intellectual Hercules on this earth would meekly hold the distaff. She is so pretty; and all those modest, shrinking ways have such an unspeakable fascination after a long course of Rosa's sharp repartees, all redolent of the bar and the beer engines. I can never disso-

ciate Rosa from the smell of malt liquors and ardent spirits, with just a faint suspicion of lemons and stale pork pie. But there must be something extraordinary about *this* girl, for her vulgar surroundings do not seem to vulgarize her. I don't mean that she is one of nature's duchesses, or any humbug of that sort. I have no belief in nature's nobility, and to my mind a duchess is a person who has been cradled in Belgravia, whose long clothes were flounced with *point d'Aleçon*, and to whom the wrong side of Temple Bar would be as strange as the centre of Africa. I should by no means care to see my little Susie in a London drawing-room; but I can fancy her domiciled in some rustic cottage in the lake district, a patient Wordsworthian little handmaiden, waiting upon and worshipping her husband, and getting him cosy breakfasts, with silvery trout broiled to perfection, and mushrooms newly gathered from the neighboring plains. If I were only an embryo curate, with neither expectations nor ambitious desires, I scarcely think that I could find a better wife than this simple gazelle-eyed maiden; but—Oh, that terrible monosyllable! The history of all the world seems made up of buts and ifs.

"My afternoon stroll upon the esplanade has grown into an established thing. Sixpence judiciously bestowed upon the children despatches those young abominations scurrying over the waste ground to an emporium which they call 'the shop,' whence they return after an interval, embrowned and sticky with the traces of gingerbread and barley-sugar. In the mean while, Susan and I are alone on that dreary esplanade. What is it Byron says about youth, and solitude, and the sea? Well, that sort of thing is rather a dangerous combination, and I begin to think that if I want to redeem my character at St. B., I shall be obliged to take myself and my books away from Coltonslough. Breathes there the wretch with soul so dead,' who could sit in that dingy parlor, coaching himself in the classics, while one of the prettiest girls in all the British dominions is walking up and down the esplanade opposite his window, and thinking of him? Yes, she thinks of me, and expects me when that yellow streak begins to glimmer in the west. I have seen her head turned towards my window, and then I pitch my friend Sophocles into the remotest corner, and go out for my afternoon stroll.

(To be continued.)

MACAIRE AND THE DOG.—A gentleman named Macaire, officer of the body-guard of Charles V., king of France, entertained a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. Julius Scaliger, who tells the story, does not mention whether the dog was tied or muzzled, or in what manner the assassin got the deed accomplished without its interference. But, be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if any thing could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. Scaliger says, that these cries were inexpressibly touching. Those who heard them dug into the ground at the spot, and found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself, from this time forth, to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He made Macaire and the dog be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of a hole or recess, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The

combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leapt actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. It is usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the Chateau of Montargis.

A SPARTAN MARRIAGE.—Many of the laws of Lycurgus, in connection with this subject, would undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the fair sex of modern times. The time for marriage was fixed by statute—that of the man at about 30 or 35 years; that of the lady at about twenty, or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution, and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to old age. "Why should I give you place," cried the young man to the old unmarried gentleman, "when you have no child to give me place when I am old?" No marriage portions were given to any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no tax whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. Every marriage was preceded by a betrothal, as in other Greek cities, but the marriage itself was performed by the young Spartan carrying off his bride by pretended abduction, and for some time afterward the wife continued to reside with her own family, and only met her husband on stated occasions. This extraordinary way of spending the honeymoon was first introduced by Lycurgus to prevent the husband from wasting too much of his time in his wife's society during the first years of their marriage; and in order to economize the bride's charms, it was customary for her bridesmaid to cut off all her hair on the wedding day, so that for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years—a very good and commendable plan, which we recommend to the wives of the present day.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.—Seneca says of himself, that by the mere efforts of his natural memory he was able to repeat two thousand words upon once hearing them, each in its order, though they had no dependence or connection with each other. After which he mentioned a friend of his, Pontius Prato, who retained in his memory all the orations he had ever spoken and never found his memory fail him, even in a single word. He also mentioned Cynæas, ambassador to the Romans from King Pyrrhus, who in one day so well learned the names of his spectators, that the next day he saluted the whole Senate, and all the populace assembled, each by his name. Pliny says that Cyrus knew every soldier in his army by name; and L. Scipio all the people of Rome. Herr Von Nieublin, the celebrated German scholar, was once a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen, in which capacity he gave proof of the miraculous power of memory by restoring, from recollection alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger which had been lost by fraud or accident.

SOMETHING ABOUT A STEAMBOAT MAN.—The meanness of some of our merchant princes has passed into a proverb, and that of a certain great steamboat man, celebrated also for his taste for fast horses and Hudson and Harlem Railroad stock, is not only a proverb but an axiom. Some time since this party sent one of his clerks to Aspinwall, and as a reward for faithful service deducted the passage money from his salary. About the same time he donated a splendid steamship to the Government of the United States, after he had made out of said Government a half-million of dollars for the use of the very vessel as a transport, to say nothing of the millions secured for the service of other vessels. Lately the climax has been reached. The Government, it is well known, sends a convoy with each of the California steamships on the Atlantic. The orders invariably given by the owner of the line are for his vessels to wait for their convoy. On the last trip of the *North Star* to this port the gunboat *Augusta*, her convoy, broke down, and Capt. Jones, of the *North Star*, towed her into Port Royal. For this he has been discharged, his crime being the *extra use of said owner's coal* in towing the convoy into port. Ingratitude is said to be the curse of republics, and in this case it seems to apply with startling force. Were it not for the safety of the passengers and specie it would be generally wished that some rebel pirate would gobble up one or more of the said steamboat man's vessels.—N. Y. Correspondence of the *Alta*.

Charles Thompson (colored) was run over and killed on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, Nov. 23d.

It is difficult to make the pot boil with the fire of genius.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

THE DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT—A GLANCE AT HIS LIFE AND SERVICES.

THE march of events is generally so equal that it is rarely distinguished by occurrences which affect the hearts of a whole community. The course of domestic life is daily disturbed by the changes incident to human nature, and yet the current of society is in no manner affected by them. But there are incidents in our national career which reach the bosoms of the whole people—as when the nation loses the life of one whose public services and private worth have endeared him to his countrymen.

The past three years have been years of household grief. During this period death has placed his foot over the threshold of almost every home in the land. And while all of us have been called upon to give up some life we loved, yet there has been no single death that has evoked the sympathy of the whole people. When a hero dies in the line of duty, it is but the accomplishment of his own glory—a sort of personal apotheosis—more to be envied than regretted. If a soldier falls, a robust substitute picks up and shoulders his musket, and all is soon forgotten, except by some loving wife or parent, of whose grief the world knows or cares nothing. It is not so when the statesman lies cold and voiceless, for great men are not easily replaced—these the whole nation mourns; and so it is, that within the past few days the announcement of the death of Edward Everett has elicited universal sorrow. A short review of his life and services will instruct us as to the extent of our bereavement.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794. He entered Harvard when most boys of his years are yet in the accidents, and at the age of seventeen he graduated with the highest honors of his class. At college, with his teachers and co-pupils, he bore a high character for scholarship in one so young; and such was his recognized merit, that, after his graduation, he was retained as tutor. While he held this position he studied divinity. As pastor of Brattle street church he soon became reputable for the force and vigor of his clerical discourses, and amid the duties of his pastoral charge, he found time to write and publish a work, defending Christianity against the attacks of a book on Judaism.

In 1814 he was selected for the chair of Greek literature at Harvard, then recently endowed by the munificence of a Bostonian. With a view to thoroughly prepare himself, he went to Europe, entered the University of Gottingen, and after two years of studies there, visited England, making the acquaintance of many of its most distinguished literary men. He remained abroad five years, sedulously fitting himself for the successful accomplishment of the duties attached to his professorship. On his return he delivered a series of lectures on Grecian archeology and literature, which, at that time, when classical knowledge was far from being so diffused as it is now, had an influence in making for his native State a character for educational privileges superior to any in the country. Contemporary with his efforts to build up a complete system of education, as editor of the *North American Review*, he attempted to create and foster a national spirit—an American spirit; to imbue his countrymen with a reforming and progressive quality that properly belonged to the new era of national development that commenced at the close of the war of 1812. With these laudable and patriotic efforts commences his public character—commences the period when he applied himself to emancipate his countrymen from blind dependence upon Europe, in teaching us the extent and grandeur of our geographical area, the pre-eminence we held in soil, in our unparalleled advantages of inter communication, and our coming physical and intellectual triumphs, if we were but true to ourselves and our opportunities. In pursuance of his plan, he attempted to educate the public by what is called "demonstrative oratory." His first effort was his celebrated discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on "The circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America." These truly patriotic characteristics of Mr. Everett procured him an unsolicited and unanimous nomination to Congress, where he served a decade of years. During his Congressional career he identified himself with every prominent public measure that came before Congress. As a member of the Committee of Foreign

Affairs, he distinguished himself by his report on the Panama Mission. He was the chairman of the Select Committee on the celebrated Cherokee controversy; he was a member of the Bank Investigating Committee; he associated his name and vindicated his talent on the occasion of the well-known French Indemnity Bill, during Jackson's administration. In one word, he gave to his country his labor and his learning. Although he did so much in the Hall of Representatives, yet so methodical and unremitting his industry, that he found time to discuss the philosophy and practical bearing of prominent public measures, both in the columns of reviews and by oral addresses. His faculty of generalization, his logical lucidity of statement, and his varied and great learning, constituted him a great teacher, an eloquent missionary of the political faith he had adopted.

During his gubernatorial term of four years, his administration was directed to the advancement of all measures of general good, in building up and disseminating educational means which all classes could share in; developing the agricultural resources of the State; multiplying railroad facilities and revising the criminal laws—so humanizing and christianizing the poor vagrants from morality and religion, who, under anterior systems, were creatures to punish rather than reform.

In the year 1841 Mr. Everett was appointed to represent his country at the court of St. James. Webster was then Secretary of State. It was a period of great public alarm, when grave international questions were pending that had produced mutual acerbity of feeling, and even the effusion of blood. The Northeastern boundary dispute threatened every day to bring about a collision on the frontier; the *Caroline* had been burnt within our jurisdiction; McLeod had been arrested and was to be tried for an offence involving the forfeiture of his life; the *Creole* had been seized; the right of search claimed and exercised; the northern limits of Oregon disputed, and our fishermen driven by force from the Bay of Fundy. In all these serious questions he was unembarrassed with specific instructions. The Government knew that no one in the country was better informed on all these matters than Mr. Everett, and that to a philosophical mind and temper, he united diplomatic tact, coolness and suavity. Although the settlement of these disputes was ultimately transferred to Washington, yet the elucidation of all the points in controversy, as shown in the despatches of Mr. Everett, was of great assistance to Mr. Webster.

On his return from England, he applied himself to the collection and publication of his orations and speeches, which appeared in 1850, in two volumes, and subsequently he edited the well-known edition of Webster's works. These, with his duties as President of Harvard College, closely occupied him until he was called, in 1852, to the State Department, to succeed the lamented Webster. In this new position he eminently distinguished himself by his reply to France and England on the subject of the tripartite convention, in which he enunciated with great force and authority the policy and mission of the country. While holding this office he was elected by the State of Massachusetts to represent her in the Senate of the United States. The winter he took his seat was marked by the agitation of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, the introduction of which has led to the present attempt to disintegrate and destroy the country. Mr. Everett opposed the bill in an able speech; a few weeks later, in consequence of ill-health, he resigned his position. After some months of quietude he prepared his famous discourse on the character of Washington, which was delivered by him one hundred and twenty-two times for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. This, taken in connection with his contributions to Bonner's paper, realized for the fund in question about \$90,000—an instance of reward and labor that has no parallel, when we look to its pecuniary success, physical stamina and intellectual ability. While he was thus engaged in the effort to acquire for the whole people, in perpetuity, the sacred spot that held the honored remains of him whose highest title is "Father of his Country," and, by making it the common domain, thus centralize and strengthen a feeling of patriotism, this accursed rebellion broke out. It had been the aim of almost every address of Mr. Everett to increase and vivify a national pride in the breasts of all Americans—a pride in our institutions, progress and future, to make us a homogeneous people, and to build up a great national unity. The first gun fired on Sumter aroused him as it aroused all patriots. He saw in it an attempt at national demoralization and disruption—not merely our overthrow as a nation, but an attack on human liberty and the annihilation of the means by which all mankind would finally attain political and social redemption. The threatened calamity involved such awful results, the appliances and force of the Destroyer were so trained and prodigious, that Everett recognized it as the solemn and earnest duty of every lover of his country to exert his whole power to avert or stay the storm. By public addresses and newspaper articles, he tried to awaken the nation to a sense of its great peril—addresses remarkable for their philosophical reason and perspicuity. He disclosed the rebel designs; he united his voice with those of the constitutional authorities in arming and sending troops to

the field; he welcomed with cordial greetings and bounteous provision the bleeding regiments torn by the havoc of battle, and, holding aloft the tattered flags, called for new defenders of our Constitution and homes. By such deeds and eloquent expressions, he aided the solemn work—the work to which he had given himself exclusively and earnestly. And in such a crusade—laboring in such a mission, while yet his powers were strong and vigorous—the true patriot, the accomplished gentleman died.

Mr. Everett was one of the most indefatigable workers in the country, a hard and careful student who prepared in the closet almost every word of his spoken addresses. His memory was so excellently disciplined, that, on the conclusion of a composition, he could repeat every word of it; and this faculty and training were of great advantage to a man whose intellectual fame rests on his speeches and orations. He was a scholar in its fullest sense, one who had explored and cultivated every field of human knowledge. In the classics, in Greek and Latin philology, he had few living superiors, and his critical erudition in mediæval and modern literature was second to none. His composition, its simplicity and lucid construction, its depth and solidity reminded us of

"Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave."

Prescott and Irving excepted, his was the least ornate—the purest style of any American writer. Outside of the research, authority and philosophical structure of his oratory, it was as simple, ingenious and appreciable as freshest talk; and in its adaptiveness to common comprehension, resides his charm of language, and in it we recognize the perfection of style.

The general grief his death has occasioned, the kind and affectionate allusions to his head and heart, everywhere uttered and published, show the extent of our loss, and it teaches us the sad truth, that, one by one, the representative men of our American civilization are disappearing forever from this world. The corruptible part of him has been laid in earth, it rests on that spot from which the beacon fires of the Revolution first agitated and illumined the world. In the years to come thither will go all those who love worth, learning and patriotism, and on his tomb the chaplets will be ever green.

"Such graves as his are Pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales—the Palestines—
The Meccas of the mind."

PORTER AND BUTLER.

IN his official report of the capture of Fort Fisher, Admiral Porter travels slyly out from the path of his direct duty in order to reflect upon Butler, without mentioning that shelved General's name. Complimenting Gen. Terry in an enthusiastic manner, he leaves it for those to whom the despatches are addressed to draw their own inferences. In reference to this officer he says: "He is my beau ideal of a soldier and a General. Our co-operating action has been most cordial, and the result is a victory, which always, I predict, will be ours when the navy and army go hand in hand."

The delicacy of this innuendo of the gallant Admiral's, under the circumstances, we doubt. Fort Fisher was captured, and that fact alone, in view of the previous failure, would have spoken loudly enough had the Admiral given it without comment. As it is, people will somewhat doubt the sincerity of the praise bestowed upon Terry, since it looks so very like a back-cut at Butler.

So far as Butler is concerned, the probability is that he was spoiled by excessive praise in the beginning, and beguiled into believing himself a General when in reality he is nothing of the kind. A sharp, shrewd lawyer, well acquainted with human nature, he possesses administrative ability of a high order, as was evidenced during his regency at New Orleans. Not troubled much with scruples, he hesitated not as to the means to be employed in controlling the people who fell under his rule, and hence they at least came to fear him, if not to love him, the result being that peace and order obtained in New Orleans under his administration. But his military genius, first exhibited in the Big Bethel expedition, never met with any very eminent illustration, being taken by the multitude upon faith in the absence of any direct confirmation. It will be noticed that the civilians who have distinguished themselves in this war have done so simply by their deaths. Banks was accepted with a deal of *éclat* in the first glow of enthusiasm, but the bloom was brushed from his epaulettes by the first serious brush in the Shenandoah Valley; there was a blare of trumpets about Blair at occasional intervals, but he won no substantial laurel to his brow; and so with a long list of citizen generals. War is an art, and soldiers by education and profession are alone competent to lead soldiers; to this plain declaration of sentiment we can only add the hope that the day of lawyers and politicians as military leaders of our armies is forever done.

The next event in the fashionable world is the Ball to be given by Mrs. Gen. McDowell at the Occidental Hotel, on Tuesday evening next. Again the milliners and dress-makers are busy as bees, and ladies are laying their heads together in deliberation of the momentous question: What shall I wear?

DRAMATIC MENTION.

AT the Opera House on Saturday evening last, Mr. Kean as *Richard III.* was echoing the cry that had been loud on all lips throughout the glorious day: "A horse! A horse!! It was wise to ask for only one, as neither love nor money could have procured a pair. On Monday evening the mail of "Macbeth" and the male issue of Banquo's were brought upon the stage. It is in this play that the genius of Mr. Kean most fully vindicates itself; small in stature and possessed of at least an unimposing presence, the very opposite of the stalwart figure which rises in our minds as the true presentment of "Macbeth," speaking in querulous tones instead of a warrior's voice and rolling his r's further than Dunsinane wood was supposed to have travelled in a day, he still delights his audience so that they hang upon his slightest syllables, and bend forward with eager delight over every gesture, almost afraid to applaud lest they break the spell. If this be not a triumph, enhanced by natural disadvantages, show us its equal in the annals of the stage. In this same play the capacity of Mr. Catheart had excellent exemplification. Young and of a good presence, natural and graceful in manner, and possessed of a clear and sonorous voice, his "Maeduff" proved a great and decided hit, winning strongly accented applause and calls before the curtain—to which for some reason he did not respond. Mrs. Kean's "Lady Macbeth" was good, the famous soap and water scene being rendered very impressively. As one of the chief witches Mrs. Perry undertook a rather new line of character, sustaining it with marked ability, though, as a witch, she does not look quite as bewitching as in other costumes.

The Corsican Brothers took possession of the stage on Tuesday evening, and ran its three nights through like the genuine old tramp that it is. For a sensational play we assign to this the very highest rank. A strong plea for spiritualism, and evidently written by a strong believer in quick postal communication between the living and the dead, it is a pity that table-tipping and mysterious rappings had not been at the author's disposal that he might have been enabled to enhance his effects. It would have been difficult, however, to improve upon the plot, and as for the ghostly scenes, they could not have been better seasoned by Pepper's self. Audiences always draw their breaths slowly and bow their heads in a vivid consciousness of a supernatural presence when the pale murdered twin, rising slowly from what seems the solid stage, goes sliding along to the murmur of muffled music, on a concealed tram-way, to his brother's side, disappearing suddenly through a door with noiseless hinges, to become indistinctly visible again in the background, behind a curtain of blue gauze, where the fatal duel in the wood is reproduced by some shadowy *daguerre* with a fidelity which the real art can scarcely rival. It was a happy thought, that of the author, in producing first the weird picture of the duel as shown to the surviving brother, then the scene as it actually occurred, and immediately afterwards a counterfeit of the son and mother in phantom, viewing the same in precisely the same attitudes they occupied in reality when the ghost made his first revelation. So far as the thrilling is concerned, these *Corsican Brothers* can discount all the *Otello's*, *Quadroons* and *Maroons* that have been put upon the stage of late years. Mr. Kean as the two Franchis, is, of course, himself to the life, earnest and impressive, but illustrating his total incapacity for individualizing or clothing a character with anything other than his own physical peculiarities and vocal habits. A word is due to the excellence with which the piece is put upon the stage: Every effect is produced in a manner which leaves little to be suggested, the apparitions, in particular, being engineered with rare skill and dexterity. There is no lagging at any part of the piece, and no crudities; straight on it goes to its termination as though everything worked upon sliding grooves; and this is noticeable in all the pieces in which Mr. Kean appears—we do not know to whom the merit belongs, but credit is certainly due somewhere. Mr. Kean, by the way, first produced *The Corsican Brothers* upon the English stage, and it is his version of the play—more artistic by far than any other—that we have had at Maguire's. For an afterpiece to the *Corsicans* they gave us *The Wonder*—which may be termed a clear case of Ossa upon Pelion, or piling wonder on wonder. It is one of Coleman's best comedies, abounding in incident and situations, and it was capably played throughout; the Kean troupe of course having the principal parts, but the others making as much as possible of the crumbs that fell to their share. Mrs. Kean's *forte* is genteel comedy, and her "Donna Volante" was excellent; Mr. Kean, as "Don Felix," made some of those subtle points which galleries seldom detect and applaud, but which stamp the artist. Catheart, as "Col. Britton," was fair, but his chief merit seems to lie in a different line of character—he is rather too dramatic in style for such parts; Barry, as his Scotch servant, brightened up wonderfully and made a deal of fun—if he would but repair by dental aid the ravages which Time has wrought in his expressive mouth, the pleasantness of his personations would be materially added to. Mr. Hill has proven a very valuable acquisition to the company; always in readiness to take any part that may be assigned him and playing it well

almost without exception, thoroughly reliable, singularly unpretending, and a good singer and dancer, he is rapidly becoming a necessity to the Opera House. Another transplantation from the Academy, Miss Kate Martin, has a vivacity and brusqueness about her that is novel and pleasing. Mrs. Perry fully established her claim to a rank we have before assigned her, as one of the best *soubrettes* of the day: the grace and dash she brought to her "Flora," in this play would make a hit anywhere. Mr. Everett made a very good "Lissardo," indeed, in conjunction with Mrs. Perry and Miss Martin contriving to find the funny-bone of the audience; but his "Chateau Renaud," in *The Corsican Brothers*, was not up to the mark—Mayo would have played it much better. Pierpont Thayer is looming up rapidly as a walking gentleman.

Mr. Coppin was announced to make "his last appearance but one" on Friday evening. As it has become necessary of late to put this paper to press on Friday afternoon in order to get the edition off in season for city circulation on Saturday morning, we obviously cannot speak critically of a performance which we have not witnessed. There is, however, a descent to cheap showman tricks in the advertisements of this gentleman which one would scarcely expect to find in the agent of such artists as the Kears, and which we take this occasion to very sincerely deprecate. Such queries as: "Do you know Jones?" placarded through the columns of newspapers; handbills headed "Conspiracy and Treason," and promising further "astounding revelations" of the "Knights of the Columbian Star," with all manner of "local hits and allusions," savor more of the melodeon style of attracting audiences than that which prevails in the higher walks of the profession. The sacrifice of dignity, however, has its reward, apparently, in full houses, for Friday evening of last week brought to this gentleman nearly as many dollars as the house would hold. That the expectations of the crowd were not fulfilled we know, newspaper notices to the contrary notwithstanding. We must confess to an inability to detect that merit in Mr. Coppin, as a comedian, which other critics—we hope they are honest in their judgements—profess to have discovered. He certainly is destitute of drollery, and his fun is of a very dreary character indeed. If called upon to characterize his style in one word we should do it by simply saying—barren. His acting is precisely that which any portly, good-natured looking man, with confidence sufficient to enable him to go upon the stage and carry him through his part, would furnish. In *Cupid* on the evening to which we refer, he was simply ridiculous without being at all funny. Capering about on the stage in short petticoats with gauze wings on one's shoulders is not a very lofty histrionic flight at best, but if a large man act the *Cupid* and have a nice sense of humor, it can be made very funny indeed; Mark Smith—a stock actor—for instance, would contrive to convulse an audience under such circumstances. To see Burton in such plays as *The Toodles* or *Paul Pry* and then Mr. Coppin! we have not the heart to attempt comparison. Plainly speaking, we think that great injustice has been done to a very worthy gentleman by unmerited praise and unqualified puffery. For it is very certain that if these laudatory "notices" precede him to New York, he will be very judiciously handled by the cautious critics of that city, who were cool occasionally over even Burton, who restrain frenzy and enthusiasm when holding an inquest over Jefferson and Clark, and who up to the present moment have not showered many adjectives about the ears of Owens. They have good comic actors in stock companies East—they are there the rule—and Mr. Coppin's claims will undergo a criticism enhanced in severity by the ill judged efforts of his friends of the Press upon this coast. That the statesman's laurels are his of right we do not doubt, but he is anything but a "capital comedian."

The Sacred Concerts at the Academy of Music have proved such an attraction that we believe Mr. Maguire intends to continue them to infinity. Two doorkeepers have been engaged to keep more people from crowding in than the house will hold, as well as to maintain order during the performance. We do not know whether or not, the manager, moved by this strongly manifested liking on the part of the multitude for Sacred Music, will eventually give Sacred Concerts every night and Saturday afternoons, but he surely has strong inducements to do so in the patronage thus generally given him. It must be excessively pleasant as well as encouraging to that gentleman, to have his efforts towards the development of a high musical taste among the people and their entertainment of Sunday evenings when churches are so crowded that they can't get into them, find this ready response. Why should melodeons flourish? why should free concert saloons where immorality and bad beer are dispensed at the hands of frowzy "waiter girls" be maintained, when a manager has but to inaugurate a season of Opera or a series of Sacred Concerts in order to make his eternal and temporal fortune? It is strange that a depraved taste should be fostered in the way of public entertainments, when an effort in an opposite direction has met with such signal success! Everyone knows that the Sunday evening performances at the Opera House before the pressure of popular sentiment compelled their suppression, were never attended by more

than the house could comfortably hold. But the public having effectually shut up the theatre on Sunday nights—of course the public did it, for does not the public rule in this Democratic country?—mark the change; note the delighted rush of the public to the Academy of Music to listen to sacred music instead of secular tunes and profane plays on that blessed evening. We have but one suggestion to make to Mr. Maguire, and we doubt not that he will attend to it, for he seldom loses a good point. Let him have sermons at the Academy of Sunday evenings as well as sacred music, and we doubt not that the receipts of his house will be materially increased. It is strange, indeed, that this idea had not occurred to the authorities, and that they had not made this sacrifice to the popular sentiment incumbent upon all theatrical managers. If any doubt our statement that the Academy of Music is crowded on Sunday evenings, when sweet and sacred minstrelsy is given—why, let them go and see for themselves.

The Hippodrome still continues an attraction. Not satisfied, however, with what he has, manager Wilson has gone East for more—the more to whom reference is made is no relative of that thoroughly-good fellow, whose surname is James, already with us. They have chariot-racing, and hurdle-racing, and women-racing, monkey-racing, pony-racing, and Roman-racing, and foot-racing to a degree which tempts one to believe that the management have made that notable work, *The Origin of the Races*, a special study. Zoyara still delights people by his riding, though he no longer puzzles them as to his sex, a very general belief having been reached that, if not a man, he at least is not a woman. We started out with the intention of telling what they had at the Pavilion, but it is so much easier to enumerate what they have not that we choose the latter horn of the dilemma—thus, they have nothing that could offend the most fastidious.

A new candidate for the honors and emoluments which California showers upon its *cantatrici*, Mrs. Carrie Matteson, lately of Chicago—made her *début* at Mr. Hartmann's concert on Thursday afternoon. Platt's Hall is not remarkably well adapted for vocal effect, and empty benches are not calculated to add to its acoustic properties; nevertheless, in spite of the severe test to which she was thus subjected, the *débutante* won an immediate and an unqualified success. She is possessed of a full, firm, and flexible voice, well under her control, and carefully cultivated. To use a phrase which will be at once understood, she does not tug with her mouth alone, consequently her execution is without apparent effort, and her audience do not sit in a tremor of apprehension lest she break down in the middle of a note. Her first utterance says plainly: Have no fear for me; sit quietly and give yourselves up to the spell of the music, which I interpret without fatigue! The Chicago journals spoke highly of Mrs. Matteson's musical ability, and she had the disadvantage of being announced as "a splendid contralto." For a wonder she did not disappoint, and to say that she is a splendid contralto is to simply tell the truth. Established as it is on the firm basis of actual merit, Mrs. Matteson need have no fears as to the permanency of her success.

The performances of this afternoon and evening consist, as will be seen by turning to our advertisement columns, of the usual programme at the Hippodrome; at the Opera House of a varied entertainment in the afternoon, the minstrel company appearing in its course, and the Kears in *Hamlet* in the evening. On Sunday evening the usual sacred concert at the Academy of Music will be given; the Kears playing at the Opera House throughout the week as follows: Monday evening, in *Othello*; Tuesday, *Richard II.*; Wednesday, *King John*; and on Saturday evening next in *Louis XI.* Mr. Coppin makes his last appearance on Friday evening.

On Friday next J. H. Warwick, professor of elocution will read, at Platt's Hall, "The Seer," a patriotic poem by Miss Mary W. Richardson, of this city. A lady who is familiar with the poem describes it to us as a "series of beautiful pictures," and the appreciative private circle to whom it has been read, speak favorably of its merits. "Patriotic poems" are no rarity now-a-days, but a really good one, especially if written by a lady, should have the effect of filling Platt's Hall to overflowing. The occasion will be enlivened by patriotic music.

TO BE REGRETTED.—We are sorry to note the nomination, by the Union Convention of Tennessee, of the notorious Parson Brownlow as Governor. A parson without piety, coarse and vulgar in speech, writing and action; the author of diatribes which have few parallels in the language and which fall from a clergyman's lips with singular ill-grace; bringing with him only the doubtful recommendation of rant and rabies in professions of attachment to a Union whose interests have been perilled and retarded by just such followers, to offset palpable profanity and outspoken indecency, could not a better man have been spared to fill so good a place?

For other editorials and paragraphs, and our New York letter, see fourth page.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS TOWN LOTS.

[THE following article was contributed by the late George P. Morris to the New York *Mirror* nearly twenty-five years since. It had point then, but unless we are mistaken in the location of the property described, had the little Frenchman held on to his "town lots," they would have made the Poopoo posterity rich down to a remote generation, as all that portion of Long Island has been filled up and built out, so that now drays rattle where waves rolled when Monsieur Poopoo went out to look at his possessions.]

HOW much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone!" A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realise" by slow and sure degrees, but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which makes or mars them forever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shop-keepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there in all human probability, we would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn everything into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterwards attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Mechanics' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth, and square, and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer; "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer; "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr. H., they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham street, and he determined to buy, and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around: there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"Oui, monsieur; I will give you von hundred dollara-piece, for de lot vid de valuable vatare privelege; c'est ca."

"Only one hundred a-piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall excusez moi if I shall go to votre bureau, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to do lot vid de valuable vatare privelege. Von leetle bird in de hand be vorth two in de tree,

c'est vrai—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell, den, allons."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East-river running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"Mon ami, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, c'est bien, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuable vatare privelege?"

The farmer glanced over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to get into my boat, I will row you out to them!"

"Vat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it, and are now all under water."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again. There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin chez vous, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I sall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, beaucoup de matter. I have been to see de gran lot dat you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, but I do not like it all."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dere is no ground at all—de ground is all vatare."

"Yon joke."

"I do not joke. I nevare joke; je n'entends pas raillerie. Sare, voulez vous have de kindness to give me back de money dat I pay?"

"Certainly not."

"Den vill you be so good as to take de East-river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make you mauvaise affaire—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the land."

"No, sare; but I have trow it away in de rivare!"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver granascal to swindle me out of de l'argent."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman?" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You cheat me out of all de dollar dat I make in Chatham Street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vill go and drown myself, tout de suite, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, miséricorde! je suis abimé. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten tousand leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuable vatare privelege dat is left me a present!"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East-river to the Wallabout, and farmer J—will row him out to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain under water!

ELIANA.

[We make the following extracts from "Table Talk" in *Eliana*, a recently published collection of essays, poems and sayings of Elia, which Talfourd rejected in the preparation of his edition of that author's works. No excuse is necessary for offering our readers this luncheon of Lamb:]

A laxity pervades the popular use of words.

Parson W. is not quite so continent as Diana, yet prettily dissembleth his frailty. Is Parson W., therefore, a hypocrite? I think, not. Where the concealment of a vice is less pernicious than the barefaced publication of it would be, no additional delinquency is incurred in the secrecy. Parson W. is simply an immoral clergyman. But if Parson W. were to be for ever haranguing on the opposite virtue; choosing for his perpetual text, in preference to all other pulpit topics, the remarkable resistance recorded in the 39th of Exodus; [Genesis?] dwelling, moreover, and dilating upon it—then Parson W. might be reasonably suspected of hypocrisy. But Parson W. rarely diverteth into such line of argument, or toucheth it briefly. His ordinary topics are fetched from obedience to the "powers that are," "submission to the civil magistrate in all commands that are not absolutely unlawful;" on which he can delight to expatiate with equal fervor and sincerity.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.

'Tis unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.

Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it—how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call *furniture wives*; as men buy *furniture pictures*, because they suit this or that niche in their dining-parlors.

Your universally cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all cannot have that individual charm which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only perhaps, you know not why. What gained the fair Gunnings titled husbands, who, after all, turned out very sorry wives? Popular repute.

It is a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hard-heartedness, and aversion to a reconciliation, is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way is, perhaps, the wisest. His best-loved daughter made a most imprudent match; in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But, in a casual rencounter, he met her in the streets of Ware—Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? "Ha, Sukey! is it you?" with that benevolent aspect with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel; "come and dine with us on Sunday." Then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, "And, Sukey, do you hear?—bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added, that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?

The vices of some men are magnificent. Compare the amours of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second. The Stuart had mistresses: the Tudor kept wives.

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5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration, particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets San Francisco. de17-5m

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOTSETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

au27

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOTSETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, \$1. Sold by all Druggists.

HOTSETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!



THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOTSETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay San Francisco.

CATHOLIC GIFTS, IN GREAT VARIETY!

Consisting of—

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, CRUCIFIXES,

STATUARY, ENGRAVINGS,

MEDALLIONS, SILVER ROSARIES

And a general assortment of CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

For sale by

MICHAEL FLOOD,

Catholic Bookseller,

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THE REASON WHY

EVERYBODY USES

THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP,
OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effectual.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally. Manufactory, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco. ja7-3m

P. J. WHITE & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO ROUNTREE, BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN..

BUTTER, LARD, HAMS, BACON, PORK,

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR,

And a general assortment of

GROCERIES,

Which are offered at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

NOS. 419 and 421 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery,

San Francisco. de10-1f

Your trade is respectfully solicited.

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between

Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JANUARY, 1865:

JANUARY 23d GOLDEN CITY
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

de24

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

EDDY & FULLER'S

Dancing Academy,

No. 727 Market street, a few doors above Third,

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. ja7-1f

PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

113 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

N. B.—All CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. de3-3m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f

J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Minturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit.

Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandlers; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

Manufactured by J. E. JORGENSEN,

No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,

Who will give all information about them. de17-3m

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,



Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES, adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the

Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE

OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

ja15

316 California street, San Francisco.

ATKINS MASSEY,

UNDERTAKER,

(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,

First house below Kearny street.

Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City

de3-1f

and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEATON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC

BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS offered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the inventor,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

oc15-1f No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my25

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE most important event in our "record," this week is the capture, on Sunday last, of Fort Fisher at the entrance of Cape Fear River, off Wilmington. The first attack, which was made on the 24th of December, was a failure, owing, it is said, to a lack of co-operation between General Butler and Admiral Porter, who respectively commanded the land and naval forces. Butler was removed in consequence. The land force in the second and successful assault was under the command of Gen. Terry, to whom Admiral Porter gives the highest praise for the manner in which he conducted his part of the operation. The Union feeling seems to be growing stronger in Georgia. A Savannah correspondent of the N. Y. Times says that a special messenger left on the 9th inst., with despatches from the authorities of Savannah to Gov. Brown, relative to the return of Georgia to the Union. Alabama is also moving, and a resolution will soon be introduced in the Legislature of that State recommending a return to the Union. And so it goes!

January 13.—There are rumors that at the recent State elections in Georgia the people declared unanimously in favor of a return to the Union; also that Gov. Brown had disbanded the militia, who had returned to their homes. Nearly all the traders in Savannah have taken the oath of allegiance.

Senator Foote was arrested at Ocoquana, by two rebel cavalry men in trying to escape into our lines. The rebel House of Representatives have declared by resolution that Foote should be released from custody.

In the unsuccessful attack on Fort Fisher, 150 rebels under command of Major Reese, surrendered to six Union soldiers, and were marched into the Union lines with their arms shouldered, loaded and capped.

January 14.—An expedition up the Savannah river destroyed ten miles of the South Carolina and Columbia railroad.

The Union Convention of Tennessee passed resolutions declaring slavery forever abolished and prohibited throughout the State, and abrogating the declaration of State independence and the Military League made in 1861 with the Confederate States, and all laws and ordinances made in pursuance of them. Nearly 300 delegates participated in the vote. W. G. Brownlow is the nominee for the next Governor.

An expedition eight miles up the Turt'e river, Ga., destroyed the salt works on the creeks leading into Buffalo Swamp, captured a number of prisoners and liberated 30 refugees. 90 guerrillas were killed and a number of prisoners taken, in another expedition sent from Cape Arnuu to Cherokee Bayou.

The Union forces, about 4,000 strong, according to the Mobile Advertiser, are at Franklin Mills, on Dog river.

January 15.—The rebels, under Gen. Wickham, attack Beverly, Western Virginia, capture 400 prisoners and then retreat towards Lewishurg. The Union troops were taken completely by surprise.

Francis P. Blair (not Montgomery Blair, as erroneously stated in our last "record,") is still in Richmond on his Peace Mission. Nothing as yet has transpired, as to the effect of his interviews with the rebel Executive Officers. The Richmond papers state that his accidental meetings with several of his old acquaintances were characterized with the utmost cordiality on both sides.

Rosser's rebel cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley have gone into winter quarters.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that since the first exploration in the Dutch Gap Canal two more explosions have occurred with good results. The freshet in the James river is rushing through the canal with great rapidity, and promises to accomplish the desired result.

Fort Fisher was captured by assault on the 15th, after seven hours' fighting. The following despatch explains how it was done:

HEADQUARTERS, FEDERAL POINT, N. C., January 15th.—I have the honor to report that Fort Fisher was carried by assault this afternoon and evening, by Gen. Ames' Division, and the Second Brigade, First Division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, gallantly aided by a battalion of marines and seamen from the navy. The assault was preceded by a heavy bombardment from the fleet. The First Brigade of Ames' Division, under Curtis, soon effected a lodgment upon the parapet, but full possession of the works was not obtained until 10 o'clock at night. The behavior of the officers and men was most admirable. All works south of Fisher are now occupied by our troops. We have not less than twelve hundred prisoners, including Gen. Whitney and Col. Lamb, commandant of the fort. I regret to say our loss was severe, especially in officers. I am not yet able to form an estimate of the number of casualties. (Signed) ALFRED TERRY, Brevet Maj.-Gen. commanding the expedition.

The troops under Gen. Terry numbered about 10,000. The pirates Tallahassee and Chickamunga were in the fight, and were driven up the river. Our gunboats went up on Monday morning. The magazine in the fort exploded by accident, on that morning, killing and wounding 300 of our men. The following is the rebel official report of the capture:

HEADQUARTERS, JANUARY 16.—TO SECRETARY SEDDEN.—General Bragg reports that the enemy bombarded Fort Fisher furiously all day yesterday, and at 4 P. M. their infantry advanced to assault, a heavy demonstration at the same time being made against their rear by our troops. At half-past 6, Whiting reports their attack had failed, and the garrison was being strengthened with fresh troops; but at about 10 P. M. the fort was captured with most of its garrison. No further particulars are at this time known.

The Advertiser, in an article on the defenses of Wilmington, says that Fort Fisher has 72 guns, Caswell 87, Johnson 10, St. Philip 9. Other works, estimate, 30. The capture of all these works is now a foregone conclusion. Those south of Fisher are cut off, and must surrender on demand; while those above cannot hope to make a successful resistance against the approach of our fleet and army.

January 16.—Gen. Ord has been placed in command of the Army of the James, vice Butler, removed.

The Richmond Dispatch says that D. H. Hill has gone with Beauregard to Montgomery, Alabama, to communicate with Hood.

Deserters arriving at Knoxville say that Vaughn, with 700 men—all he has left—were at Bristol on the 4th. Breckinridge, with his command, has gone to the Valley of Virginia.

January 17.—In an examination before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, General Butler lifts the veil which has closely covered many disasters and blunders at the front at Petersburg. The testimony produced a profound impression, and a summons was issued for Grant and other high officials.

Pierre Soule has gone to Mexico on a mission for the Confederate States.

January 18.—The Charleston Mercury, in speaking of the condition of the rebel army in South Carolina, gives the most deplorable picture for the cause of the Confederacy. It says that the troops are a herd of stragglers and outlaws, under the command of imbeciles. It adds: "The path we are now travelling is straight to destruction; the result of the next month will bring the Confederacy to the ground, or will restate it in power. Without reform we are doomed."

Gen. Meagher arrived from Chattanooga with several thousand veteran troops, of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, organized as a provisional division of the Army of the Tennessee, and en route to join Sherman at Savannah, via New York.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Bishop Kip has resigned the pastorate of Grace Cathedral.

Flags were displayed at half-mast on many public buildings, on Monday, as a mark of respect to the memory of Edward Everett.

The Board of Trustees of the Home for the Care of the Inebriate have elected the following gentlemen to assist them in their labors: Horatio Stebbins, Royal Fisk, J. A. J. Bohen and A. Seligman.

On the 13th inst., James Irwin, owner of a hog ranch on the San Bruno road, near this city, was shot fatally by Barney Olwell. Failure to pay a small debt at the time promised is all the excuse offered by the murderer, who is in custody.

Barney Gillan, arrested some months ago charged with robbing Lund, a discharged soldier, has been convicted by the County Court. Furley, a co-defendant in the same case, forfeited his bail; a bench-warrant for his arrest was issued.

Caroline Brown (colored) has been awarded \$500 to compensate her for ejection from a car of the Omnibus Railroad Company. Surely the road to fortune—for dusky travellers—is the railroad. Gentlemen conductors, beware of Brownettes.

Pioche, Bayere & Co., a few days since placed on record a mortgage to Abel Guy, upon city property for the sum of \$100,000, bearing interest at the rate of 1½ per cent. per month. The mortgage is given in adjustment of old transactions with French creditors of the house.

Charles Scammon, aged about fifteen years, a son of the Captain of the revenue cutter Shubrick, received a severe wound in his left arm, by the accidental discharge of his gun, on Saturday last, while hunting on Mission Bay.

The anniversary of Washington's Birthday, (Feb. 22d.) will be celebrated by the First Artillery Regiment with a grand ball to be given at Union Hall. As the First and foremost in suitably remembering the occasion, doubtless the regiment and the ball will be duly remembered.

The wreck of the Anne Parry, near the Cliff House, attracts a great many visitors, who, as Mr. Star eloquently observes (in the morning papers), are afforded "an opportunity of estimating the power of sea and waves, and the risks of a sailor's life, by examining the wreck, lying on the beach, near the hotel."

The funeral of Bernard Hagan, late Foreman of Broderick Engine Company, No. 1, was a tribute of affection and respect which will long be remembered. Every member of the company with which he had been connected was present; the other companies were largely represented, who were joined by citizens of almost every nation and faith.

An Irishman whose name has not been ascertained, was found dead on the Bay Side road, Sunday morning. He had been seen in an intoxicated condition the day previous, and was known to be extremely destitute. He "had on dark cloth sack coat, cotton cassimere pants, an old light colored soft felt hat, no vest or cravat;" was about five feet in height, had dark hair and long red beard.

There has been a dissolution of the firm of Austin & Schmitt, Mr. Austin retiring. This announcement will be heard with regret by the great trading public to which Mr. Austin has endeared himself by his engaging manners and his sterling honesty. It is not very likely, however, that he will forsake a field where he can always carry with him a parish of customers, and we look to see him at the head of some other house, soon.

The Alta kindly mentions an unfortunate family named Fanjoy, living in a small house on the top of the sand-hill on the north side of O'Farrell street between Powell and Mason. Fanjoy, a painter by trade, fell from a scaffold, about two years ago; one arm was so badly crushed that it was amputated, and his spine was so much injured that he has been unable to earn anything. Our charitable people are interesting themselves in the matter.

The charges of embezzlement, neglect of duty, etc., against Lieut. George M. Wright, Third Artillery (Regulars) have been sustained by self-admission; he forfeits all pay and allowances, and is dismissed from the service. In the opinion of Gen. McDowell, "the conduct of the accused was not the result of a deliberate plan or the consequence of confirmed depravity, but of an act done under bad influence, while in a state of unnatural excitement."

The mate of the ship John Franklin arrived in this city Wednesday, and reported the total loss of the ship at a small cove ten miles south of Half Moon Bay. The captain, supercargo, and eleven seamen were drowned; the chief mate and seven sailors landed safely. Owing to dense fog, no observation had been obtained for forty-eight hours, and Captain Despeau supposed that he was seventy miles from shore, when, too late, the error was discovered. A heavy surf was breaking on the beach, and the greater part of the cargo came ashore after the ship went to pieces. Charles W. Brooks & Co. were the consignees of the Franklin.

A sad accident happened on Sunday afternoon, resulting in the death of a son of Mr. Wadsworth Porter, of the Fashion Stables. The little fellow was playing with some companions on the corner of Howard and Seventh streets, the locality of the famous Lake Pioche, when by some accident he fell in, drowning before help could reach him, though it was soon afforded. Mr. Porter, with his wife, started for Los Angeles on a pleasure and health trip a few days before, and sadder intelligence could not well be conveyed to them. The boy was staying with Mr. Porter's mother-in-law, Mrs. Mandeville, residing at 413 Dupont street; kind friends came to the assistance of that lady, took the body in charge, and laid it out tenderly. It has been placed in a vault in Lone Mountain, awaiting the parents' return. "George Ellis" was a bright, active boy, about seven years old, and a very general favorite; the parents have much sympathy in their sad and sudden bereavement.

Christian Tedmire, a counterfeiter of dimes and half-dimes, was arrested Thursday morning; he has made full confession of guilt.

A Vocal and Instrumental Concert for the benefit of the Catholic Free Schools of this city will be given at Union Hall, Jan. 26th. The object is of a most deserving character, and our citizens will cheerfully promote it, we doubt not, by their attendance.

Samon Elda, a member of South Park Horse Company, while answering the call of duty at a fire alarm on Folsom street, Thursday evening, suddenly fell and expired.

The trotting match announced for Friday, between Black Bess and George M. Patchen, Jr., was postponed in consequence of the lameness of the mare.

The Camanche did not make her trial-trip on Thursday. Regardless of the pleasure anticipated by the select company invited, a mud-bar had intruded itself, over or out of which the contractors were unable to move the vessel. The trip to Mare Island was postponed for a few days only.

Sunday last having been announced as the last opportunity the public would have to pay their money and investigate the mysterious monitor, the Camanche was visited by several hundred people. Her engines were placed in motion, and all the machinery worked well. It would be a useless repetition to describe the vessel. Those who don't know her owe the San. Com. a quarter (and it is no great stretch of credulity to believe that they will still be allowed to liquidate.) The 42,000-pound Peace Commissioners were objects of special interest. There is no reason to doubt their effectiveness, though they have not yet, we are informed by a cotemporary, been "tested" with powder and ball by the authorities. They had a foundry test before they left New York, but they were found wet on their arrival, and their size does not seem to avail against further indignities.

Prof. Miel's Institute at South Park, (of which the Kindergarten is a peculiar feature, wherein physical development attends on mental culture with good effect,) opened in its new building on Saturday evening last. The building is fifty feet square; the basement is devoted to the Kindergarten for the smaller pupils; on the principal floor is the school-room, parlor, sitting-room, library and music-room; the upper story affords spacious and convenient sleeping apartments. A pleasing incident, on the opening occasion, was the presentation of a beautiful American flag by Misses King and Staples on behalf of the children; the Professor was taken by surprise, but in a neat speech surrendered willingly to his fair captors. Mr. and Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Hanmond entertained the visitors with choice melodies, and the children treated them to a song in French; a poem, written for the occasion by Frank Bret Harte was read by Mr. Wendt. Prof. Miel's institute has about fifty pupils, and is rapidly growing in public confidence and support.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The dwelling of Patrick Hues, in Stockton, was destroyed by fire, Jan. 16th; the family narrowly escaped being burned to death.

Charles Smith has been found guilty of murder in the second degree in killing Michael Madden, in Virginia City, a month ago.

At La Paz, Arizona, flour is sold at \$14 per hundred pounds; first quality bacon, 23c., and Sandwich Island sugar, 20c. to 30c. per pound.

John Chmreh, one of the proprietors of the Virginia Daily Union, has been elected State Printer of Nevada.

The Ophir mine is still flooded with water. The stroke of the pump is being altered from twenty-six inches to six feet.

A Convention of delegates from the various Masonic Lodges in Nevada met in Virginia City, on the 16th, to organize a State Grand Lodge.

Petitions for a post route from Los Angeles, Cal., to Fort Mohave, Arizona, have been sent to the Post Office Department; there is so much necessity for the service that it should be granted at once.

The Marysville Appeal is informed that the farmers of Sutter county are preparing to raise larger grain crops than during any former year—some individuals sowing from 300 to 400 acres.

On the 16th, a collision occurred on the Pacific Railroad near Dry Creek, during the prevalence of a dense fog. Several cars were displaced, but nobody was hurt.

Dr. Cozzens, who some time ago brutally assaulted Mrs. Dr. Ely at her house in Russian River, could not make the plea of insanity avail; he has been found guilty of assault with a deadly weapon.

C. V. Livermore was accidentally killed at Austin, Nevada, a few days ago. He was slaughtering hogs, and, having shot one, threw his revolver on the ground, when it exploded, lodging a ball in his groin.

It is "estimated" that the Buena Vista (Tulare county) Petroleum Company can make their wells yield 250,000 gallons of oil per day, which enormous product may be conducted ninety-two miles to a seaport by means of pipes.

The steamer Young America, (Captain Shallcross), on the 13th inst. ran upon a snag near Hock Farm, on the Feather river, and in a short time sunk to her guards. No lives were lost; the freight was saved. The Swallow takes the place of the Young America in the Sacramento and Marysville trade.

Editors Ridge and Beckett met in Grass Valley a few days since, when, in consequence of previous mutual personalities, Ridge proposed an immediate exchange of "lended matter;" Bennett declined the invitation at that time and place, but intimated a willingness to be amenable to the "code;" whereupon a challenge was given and accepted. These facts we learn from the Nevada Transcript.

Los Angeles county will not be known or unappreciated in future. It has a live, wide-awake newspaper, the Wilmington Journal, edited by Judge Wm. Smith, who evinces an industry and attention to local interests which must prove highly beneficial to his section. The Judge, also, we observe, finds time and space to indulge his classical proclivities. We only wonder that Blackstone is not given a corner.

From the Sonora Democrat of the 14th inst., we learn that Santiago Melino, Pepe Nalle, Isidro Sanchez and Santiago Goday, (Chilenos,) died recently at Italian Bar, soon after drinking wine and eating green pickled beans. Their throats swelled up, causing suffocation, but which article is accountable for the poisoning is uncertain. We should think after partaking of such a mixture, a man would naturally say his prayers. Charles Mesar, a Frenchman, indulged similarly, and "still lives," though shaky.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will be made use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Portmyners, Trunks, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jourdan's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, snags for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the concourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

*y30 1m BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

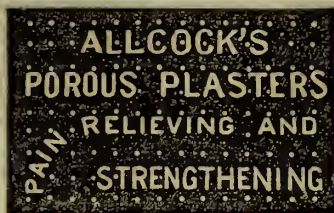
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

STEEL COLLARS

LIGHT AS LINEN, and white as snow, readily cleaned with a damp towel; have been worn both in Europe and the Eastern States in preference to any Collars for the last three years.

For sale by S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway, } San Francisco, Cal
de31 3m

LOST OR MISLAID—A small Parcel, containing WAMPUM, or HUIQUA SHELLS. The finder will receive a suitable reward and oblige the owner, by leaving it at Messrs A. ROMAN & CO's Bookstore, 417 and 419 Montgomery street. Jan 14



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Braudreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco. de17 3m

Sold by all Druggists.

B. P. MOORE & CO.,



FURNITURE.

WAREHOUSES: SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SANSONE
oc15-3m and PINE STREETS.

UNIQUE PRESENTS!

USEFUL,

Instructive and Entertaining!
FINE GOLD SPECTACLES!

—AND—
EYE GLASSES!

Elegant Opera, Marine and Field Glasses.
Album and Stereoscopic Views of California Scenery.

Weed's large Photographs of the Yosemite and Big Trees—size 18x22 inches.

Stereoscopic Views of every part of the World, from \$3 per dozen upwards.

Good Stereoscopes from \$2, upwards.

Photographic Albums in every variety.

25,000 Cartes de Visite of distinguished persons.

Copies of fine paintings, etc.

Album Pictures in oil colors.

Little Red Riding Hood and Robinson Crusoe.

Joseph Rodgers & Son's very superior Table Cutlery, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Scissors.

Fine Draughting Instruments.

N. B.—Catalogues furnished gratuitously on application.

The largest assortment on the coast, for sale low by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
Nos. 317 and 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Pine and California streets,
de10 SAN FRANCISCO.

W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
Engravers and Electrotypers,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay street.

oc8-3m

FASHION LIVERY STABLES!

THE FASHION

LIVERY STABLES of PORTER & COVEY, the Pioneer Proprietors in California, have removed their old Stand on Kearny street to No. 16 SUTTER STREET, between Montgomery and Sansone streets.

The finest teams can be obtained at this establishment all hours of the day and night. de2-1m

CURE YOUR COLD!

SAVE YOUR LUNGS!

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

HAS CURED THOUSANDS!

—AND—

IT WILL CURE YOU!

"A Cough is generally the effect of a cold which has either been improperly treated or entirely neglected. When it proves obstinate, there is always reason to fear the consequences, as this shows a weak state of the lungs, and is often the forerunner of consumption"—*Buchan's Domestic Medicine.*

STOP THAT COUGHING!

Some of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the one destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by its surprising curative powers.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice, kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which, by some injudicious prescription, had been converted into Asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

Keep it in the house—use it freely—give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold, and you will think and speak of it as all do who have become acquainted with its merits.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

de24-1f

MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE

ELECTRIC OIL!

CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Solo Agents,

de24

416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of

time and restores the pearly tint and roseate hue of

youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,

416 and 418 Front street,

de24-1f

San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA,

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

328 MONTGOMERY STREET,

BY

P. J. THOMAS, A. A. STICKNEY, AND JOHN COLLNER.

C. H. WEBB, Editor.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL on the Continent.

Let the people of the mountains and the valleys

BUY THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let every lover of choice literature throughout the States and Territories of the Pacific coast

READ THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let no family be without this paper, which, as an Eastern cotemporary remarks, is creditable to the people who sustain it. Therefore,

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

CALIFORNIAN!

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are \$5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to "THE CALIFORNIAN,"

Office, No. 328 Montgomery street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE

WAR!

THE FIRST GUN!

(October 5th, 1864.)

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

TWO FIRST PREMIUMS

AWARDED TO

GROVER & BAKER,

AT THE

Oregon State Fair,

JUST CLOSED AT SALEM,

FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINES

—AND—

BEST MACHINE WORK!

OVER THE

Wheeler & Wilson,

FLORENCE,

And all other Machines on Exhibition!

(October 6.)

The Florence Sewing Machine

—AND—

Work done on the FLORENCE have taken all the First Premiums awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine work at the Fairs of California in 1864.

Read the report of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute:

THE FLORENCE.—We have given this new Sewing Machine a careful and minute examination. Its simple and finished mechanical construction, and the obvious adaptability of each part to its work, has been to us an interesting study. It differs essentially from other Sewing Machines, having many new and peculiar features. It makes four kinds of stitch, each alike on both sides of the fabric, has a reversible feed motion, and sews any thickness of goods without change of tension. We consider the "FLORENCE" a decided improvement in sewing mechanism.

COMMITTEE.

S. O. BRIGHAM, Pioneer Sewing Machine Agent on the Pacific Coast, and five years San Francisco agent for the Grover & Baker Machine.

O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California.

A. F. HITCHCOCK, Practical Machinist, eleven years in the employ of the Grover & Baker Co., the past five years as adjuster in their San Francisco office.

MRS C. M. BLAIN.
MRS A. J. TURNER,
MRS H. ROSEKRANS.

(October 10.)

AN UNMITIGATED HUMBUN!

The Agent of a certain Sewing Machine evidently intends, by humbug and deception, to foist his wares upon the public, instead of endeavoring by the merit of the article (if it possesses any) to attain an honorable position among those so well and favorably known. He advertises thus:

"The FLORENCE Machine, and work done on the FLORENCE, have taken ALL THE FIRST PREMIUMS awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine Work at the Fairs of California in 1864."

That the ubiquity of the insinuation contained above may deceive no one, we would say that ALL the Fairs in California in 1864, at which ANY premium has been awarded, is ONE—the Mechanics', just closed, whose official Report reads thus:

"Sewing Machines.—Premium to the Florence, no competition." This is the OVERWHELMING success which has attended the FLORENCE Machine at "ALL the Fairs in California in 1864."

And again the Report reads thus:

"Machine Sewing.—Premium to Mrs. Nancy Barton."

As the FLORENCE Machine claims the first premium on Machine Work, and we do not "see it in that light," we publish the following from Mrs. Barton:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1864.

The Machine Sewing for which I received the First Premium at the Mechanics' Institute Fair was executed on the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, which style I have had in constant use for five or six years, and consider superior to all others.

MRS. NANCY BARTON.

So the FLORENCE Machine, with NO COMPETITION, did obtain a Premium on the Machine, and DID NOT obtain ANY Premium on Machine Work as claimed! Even the "Card" published as a COMMITTEE REPORT loses in a slight degree its importance, as follows:

Extract from the signatures on "Committee Report," published by the FLORENCE Agent.

"O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more SEWING MACHINE Committees than any other person in California."

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

Mr. Wheeler writes thus:

"* * * A gentleman called at my office at a time when I was exceedingly busy, and asked me to append my name to a report which he held in his hand on Sewing Machines, then exhibiting at the 'Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute' in this city. I said, 'I have no knowledge of being on a Committee, and have made no examination.' He informed me that as the FLORENCE was the only Machine on exhibition, and had no competition, an examination was unnecessary. I then wrote my name and he left."

I WOULD NOT have served on a Committee or signed any report had there been any competition, for the reason that my family have used the GROVER & BAKER Machine for several years, and would be unwilling to change it for any other.

I do not remember having ever served on a Committee or signed a report on Sewing Machines before. The statement that I have "served on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California" is therefore untrue and wholly unauthorized.

O. C. WHEELER.

San Francisco, October 7th, 1864.

Thus the advertisement of the FLORENCE agent from first to last, is a humbug, and nothing else.

The only Fair on the Pacific Coast where the FLORENCE Machine has been exhibited in competition for a Premium against others was at the Oregon State Fair, in September, where it was essentially defeated, and two First Premiums awarded GROVER & BAKER for best Sewing Machine and Machine Sewing.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(October 19.)

REPLY TO

THE UNMITIGATED HUMBUN!

CARD OF R. G. BROWN.

A new Sewing Machine, recently introduced on this Coast, having taken all the honors awarded to Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work by the Fairs of California in 1864, an agent for one of the old established Machines, evidently worried, endeavors by ridicule and the charge of humbug to hide from the eyes of the public the magnitude of the victories achieved by this new comer.

The FLORENCE and the Work done on the FLORENCE, have taken five First Premiums instead of one, as would be inferred from the statement of the agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, and no greater triumph could be desired for the FLORENCE than the fact that it had "no competition" at a Fair like the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute just closed, held, too, in San Francisco, where nearly every description of Sewing Machine in the known world is represented.

If Mrs. Nancy Barton intends in her note to claim the Premium on Machine Sewing at the late Mechanics' Fair, she has made a great mistake, as the Premium was awarded to work done on the FLORENCE. The "Sun Bonnet" on which she took a Premium was classed with Fancy Needlework, and was not examined by the Committee on Sewing Machine Work.

From Mr. O. C. Wheeler's statement some have incorrectly inferred that his signature was obtained by some party interested in or connected with the FLORENCE. The Committee were chosen in the usual manner, and we supposed Mr. Wheeler, as one of them, did his duty properly. If his time would not admit of this, it would have been more satisfactory to all concerned had he declined to serve.

From the above, which we are prepared to substantiate to the letter, it will be seen that the FLORENCE advertisement, which the Grover & Baker agent calls an unmitigated humbug was true in every particular, excepting the statement that Mr. Wheeler had been on other Sewing Machine Committees. His connection with the State Fairs as Secretary making it necessary for him to have much to do with Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Committee reports, led to this very natural mistake; while the notice of the Grover & Baker agent, to which he gives so appropriate a heading, contains many misstatements and ambiguously worded "Cards" that are liable to be misconstrued.

SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent Florence Sewing Machines,
111 Montgomery Street, S. F.

(October 22.)

THOSE

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUMS

AGAIN!

The "Reply" of the Agent of the FLORENCE Machine is fluent with such aspiring words as "Triumphs," "Victories," "Honors," and the like, which, as applied to any events in the history of that Machine, are simply ridiculous.

The "magnitude" of the "victories" attained by the FLORENCE is apparent to none but himself. "Show them up, Mr. Hill; give the public an opportunity of realizing the vastness of 'all the honors' conferred in so lavish a manner."

Show them if you can, and name any premium your Machine has ever received at any Fair over any first, second, or third-class machine in existence!

Perhaps it was an "honor" to exhibit against the GROVER & BAKER Machine at the Oregon State Fair, just closed, where Two First Premiums were awarded the GROVER & BAKER over the FLORENCE. Will Mr. Hill name any first premium his Machine has ever received for Sewing Machine work in competition with others?

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

The unequivocal "triumph" of the Florence Machine at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and its single specimen of sewing at the Stockton Fair—without competition in either case—is certainly tremendous.

A contented mind is a continual feast. As you say you desire no greater triumph for the Florence than the fact that it had no competition at the Mechanics' Fair, allow us to congratulate you on so readily attaining your desires. All the honors of this bloodless "Victory" undoubtedly are yours, and, as we do not deny it, we trust your laurels may rest easily on your triumphant brow.

Your complete satisfaction in such a result, where there was no competition, and by the rules of the Society the Exhibitors were allowed to select their own Committees, will be more fully appreciated by a sympathizing public in consideration of the immense risk and great danger in which you stood of being defeated (?) by your selected Committee of interested friends and owners of the Florence Machine. Advertise your single-handed "Victories," proclaim your undivided "Honors"—make much of your one-sided "Triumphs," unequalled in their overwhelming (?) "magnitude," but until you can strengthen them by a conquest over some third, second, or first-class Machine, they will be but as sound and fury—signifying nothing.

The Grover & Baker is the only First Premium Sewing Machine, having received every First Premium awarded any Sewing Machines when in competition, in 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(December 28.)

THE GREAT

SEWING MACHINE WAR!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

—AT THE—

Oregon State Fair!

THE COMMITTEE DECIDE

—IN—

Favor of the Florence!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE!

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!

—AT THE—

FAIRS

HELD ON THE PACIFIC COAST

In 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company claim

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

he First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employe of the Grover & Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Multnomah, ss.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Linn, ss.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX.

Committee.

The FLORENCE Machines are for sale by

I. L. Polhemus, 190 J street, Sacramento
Geo. Vincent, Stockton
F. Terstegge & Co., Marysville
T. Fogg, Oroville
J. R. Cleaves, Placerville
R. B. Hundy, Yreka
P. Reichling & Schland, Mokelumne Hill
Mrs. C. Grove, Santa Cruz
Henry Jackson, Watsonville
Geo. Gillis, Carson City, Nevada
J. L. Parrish & Co., Portland, Oregon
N. O. Parrish, Salem, Or.
Mrs. C. Monell, Dallas, Or.
M. Wollheim, Guaymas, Mex.

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco,
Ja14-1m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agents,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

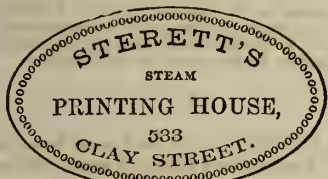
COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING

HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY AND 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates. BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.



CALIFORNIA

Home Insurance Company,

Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

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REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent. au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$750,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

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Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern my25

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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE.

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Constiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House ball door. dc10-3m

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E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

CARPETS.

We have just received and are now opening

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON

—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets. no12

RUPTURE.



Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny,
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. dc3

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

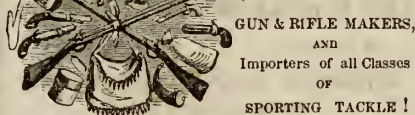
R. LIDDLE & CO.,

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418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office.)

SAN FRANCISCO.



SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Cartridges on the Pacific Coast, viz., Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballard's, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Gun" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. ja8-3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun. A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,
And 122 J street, Sacramento.

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BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3.

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First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

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Wholesale and Retail.

my25 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

ALTA MILLS,

STEVENSON STREET,

Near First street, SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEELAN & CO., Proprietors.

Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Groats, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large; Hominy, Small; Oatmeal, Oat Groats, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order. dc17-3m

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago, I was courting a handsome young girl; Since then I went travelling up country, you know, And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet, Of course she must know very well: Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps— Been searching at every hotel; I've now and then culled out old Schiedam Schnapps Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street, To search for another young girl; And every fine lady I chance for to meet, I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery, To look for my sweet little Belle; And who in the name you think I should see? A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Bello, I've caught you at last; Are you lying, or here in disguise?" And what do you think, my friends, it was? A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State. Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

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GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

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Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

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Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

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Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear, or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

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Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

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40 Broadway, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff; vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. dc24-3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,
COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
WINES AND LIQUORS,

Are prepared to offer great inducements to friends and patrons desiring goods in our line. Our stock consists in part as follows:

Old Government Java, Costa Rica and Rio Coffee.
Powdered, Crushed, Granulated, New
Orleans and Coffee Sugars.
Imperial, Young
Hyson,
English Breakfast
And Comet Oolong Tea. Japan
Tea, the BEST ever Imported to the State.
Expressly for our Family Trade. Genuine New
Orleans Molasses, Golden Syrup, Coal Oil, Choice Isthmus
Butter, Extra Family Flour, Corn Meal, etc., etc., together
with a great variety of

FANCY GROCERIES,
Not usually kept by Grocers. Quality always guaranteed
as represented. Goods delivered at the Wharves and
Railroad Depots Free of Charge. The finest WINES
AND LIQUORS DIRECT FROM BOND.

ENGLISH ALE AND PORTER
For Family or Medicinal use.
BOWEN BROTHERS.
ja21-4f

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
FEBRUARY 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!
SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!
THROUGH IN 21 DAYS!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will
despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, Commander,
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid
Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,
3,500 Tons, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
ja21 Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIA ART UNION,
OVER THE STORE OF
JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,
No. 312 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Is Now Open,

And will continue to receive Visitors DAILY from 10 A M
until 10 P M.

Terms of membership Five Dollars
Single Admission Twenty-five cents
ja14-1f

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
Fine Clothing
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
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OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco
jy30-4f

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Pine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietor and Manager

**THE FOURTH OF THE SUNDAY NIGHT
GRAND
Sacred Concerts!**

WILL BE GIVEN
On Sunday Evening, January 22d, 1865.

At which the following **SPLendid PROGRAMME** will
be performed by the distinguished ARTISTS whose names
are placed therewith, assisted by

A WELL-TRAINED CHORUS OF SELECTED VOICES.

A Grand Orchestra!

PROGRAMME.
PART I.
1—Grand Overture **ROSSINI**
ORCHESTRA.
2—Solo **MR. W. J. HILL**
3—Grand Basso Solo—Sciaratto o in credeir **VERDI**
Mr. DEHAGA AND CHORUS.

4—Solo (Balle) **MISS JENNY KEMPTON**
5 and 6—Grand finale from the Martyrs **DONIZETTI**
Signora BIANCHI, Signor BIANCHI, Mons. CHARLES,
Messrs. GREGG, DEHAGA and HENNECART.

PART II.
1—Overture (Suppe,) **ORCHESTRA**
2—Solo **MISS JENNY KEMPTON**
3—Grand Quator, Grand Dio **VERDI**
Signora BIANCHI, Sig. BIANCHI, Mr. GREGG,
and Mr. DEHAGA.

4—Horn Solo **MR. SCHLOTTE**
5—Grand Hymn of Praise—Peuples Accourez a
Liberte, Words by Lebrun—Music by **ROSSINI**
FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

6—Solo **MR. HILL**
7—Prayer from Moses in Egypt—"Bow down thine
ear, O Lord!" **ROSSINI**
Mrs. CAMERON, Mons. CHARLES, Mr. WUN-
DERLICH AND CHORUS.

8—Finale **ORCHESTRA**
Conductor, **MR. GEORGE T. EVANS**

Doors open at half-past 7 o'clock; concert to commence
at eight.
Admission—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Family Cir-
cle and Gallery, 50 cents. ja14

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON TREASURER.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!
THE DRAMATIC TROUPE

In the Elegant Comedy of
KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Together with **MISS JENNY KEMPTON**, and

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe,

Who will also appear in the
AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, January 21st,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock
FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT

OF THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH ARTISTES,
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean!

Supported by Miss CHAPMAN, Mr. CATHCART, and
Mr. EVERETT, previous to their final departure from Cal-
ifornia by the steamer on the 2d of February.

This Saturday Evening, January 21st, 1865.
These distinguished Artistes will appear in
HAMLET!

MONDAY **January 23d,**
OTHELLO.

Tuesday **24th**
RICHARD II.

Wednesday **25th**
KING JOHN.

Friday Evening **January 27th**
Mr. COPPIN in favorite characters.

Saturday Evening **January 28th**
LOUIS XI!

Seats can be secured three days in advance at the
Box Office.

H. LUCKE,
BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

**FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE
LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.**

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and
their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the
most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

MECHANICS' PAVILION.

FIFTH WEEK OF THE
Grand Roman Hippodrome,

—AND—
MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

—OF—
THE GRAND

EQUESTRIAN ENTERTAINMENT,

Pronounced by the Press and the Public to be the grandest
and most Wonderful ever produced in this country!

CHARIOT RACING!

HURDLE RACING!

STEEPLE CHASING!

ROMAN RACING!

Every evening at half past 7 o'clock, and To-day (SAT-
URDAY AFTERNOON) at 2 o'clock.

The Grand Equestrian Spectacle of
MAZEPPA

is in active preparation and will be produced in a few days.

Family Circle and Promenade 50 cents.
Parquet 25 cents.
Reserved Chairs One Dollar.

CALIFORNIA
Collegiate Institute,
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

64 Silver street, between Second and Third streets.

PRINCIPAL—MISS M. LAMMOND.
ASSISTANTS—Miss M. P. Hastings, Miss De Torrey, Miss
H. E. Martin, Mrs. S. A. Gregory.

FRENCH—Mme. Villimere.
SPANISH—Senor A. Vallejo.

MUSIC—Professor E. Hartman, Piano; Mrs. S. A. Greg-
ory, Piano; Professor J. B. Bentler, Vocal.

OIL PAINTING AND DRAWING—Mr. Frederick A.
Butman.

DANCING—Mons. Galavotti.

The friends and patrons of this Institution, and those
interested in the cause of Education, are cordially invited
to visit during the hours of Recitation, from half past 9
o'clock, A. M. to 3 P. M.
ja14-1m **M. LAMMOND, Principal.**

SOUTH PARK INSTITUTE!
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PRINCIPAL, Prof. C. MIEL.
ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS, MME. MIEL and MISS FLORENCE
JAMES.

This new French and English Educational Estab-
lishment OPENED for Boarding and Day Pupils,
On **MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1865.**

Apply for prospectuses, admission, etc., at Prof. MIEL'S
residence, No. 41 South Park. no26

TO CLOSE THEM OUT!

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

WILL SELL THEIR ENTIRE STOCK

OF
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

AND
HOLIDAY GOODS!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

de31-1f

TO HOUSEKEEPERS,

HEADS OF FAMILIES, ETC., ETC.

F. C. BELDEN,

Has just opened his New Store,

No. 612 SACRAMENTO STREET,

two doors west of Parrott's Banking House, with a care-
fully-selected assortment of

PURE WINES, TEAS, BRANDIES,
FAMILY PRESERVES, CORDIALS, ETC.,

Which have all been purchased for cash, and will be sold
at a very slight advance over COST.

F. C. BELDEN'S long experience and constant attention
to business justifies him in guaranteeing full satisfaction to
all new customers as well as to his old patrons. A simple
trial will be sufficient to prove the superior quality and
very moderate prices of his stock. de24-1m

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MARY'S VALENTINE.
Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine.

KATY'S VALENTINE.
Among the many fair and bright,
My fancy early singled thee;
Then bend on me thine eyes of light,
And all my love shall flow to thee.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.
Yes, I'm happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within thy gentle eyes.

ALLIE'S VALENTINE.
May'st thou live in joy forever!
Naught from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be mine, cares be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue;
And Heaven's richest blessings shine,
Ever on both thee and thine.

NETTIE'S VALENTINE.
Oh, speak not of daisies or rosebuds of Spring,
Or bright pearly dewdrops, or any such thing,
For thy worth and virtues much more do combine,
And gladly I'd take thee for my Valentine.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also
in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with
or without Jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety—
Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes.

SEVENTEEN new and original California
Comics, ye Copperheads, etc.

NEW CALIFORNIA VALENTINE WRITER,
and other kinds, comic and sentimental.

APPLETON'S VALENTINE EXPRESS—with
Eight Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour on
Valentine's Day in every part of the City.

D. E. APPLETON & CO.,
508 Montgomery street, and
630 Market street,
Opposite the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.
Jan 14-4f

WARDS SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to
need any comments. A trial will convince the most
fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway. } San Francisco, Cal.
de31-3m

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE
LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—
First Premium,

—ON—
FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,



Would advise our friends and patrons that we
have a large stock of such

Consisting of
Furniture.

**PARLOR, CHAMBER,
DINING ROOM AND
OFFICE FURNITURE,**

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change
in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES
than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety
extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,
No. 523 Washington street
no12

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
THE SILVER FOR GOLD
A VEIN FOR AND A PLACE WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 9.
OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 28, 1865.

TERMS \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Circumstantial Evidence.
The House of Disaster.
Wit and Humor.
Wit on Tombstones.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XII. (concluded) and Chapter XIII.

POETRY—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

After-Years—By C. W. Stoddard.
The Blind Man and the Elephant.
Second Love.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS:

A Condensation of the Telegraphic War News of the Week.

CITY AND INTERIOR ITEMS:

The News at Home and Abroad in Brief.

NEW BOOKS:

Notices of New Publications.

DRAMATIC MENTION:

The Theatrical and Musical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

OUR readers will notice that the exigencies of short columns and a pressure of advertisements compel a different "make up" of the paper this week, and the omission of several editorials which were in type. To our friends, a better apology than advertisements afford, could not be offered, and others we do not care to please. Certainly the proprietors will not complain, let the occurrence be repeated as often as it may, and the friends of whom we have just spoken, will recognize in it an assurance of the prosperity of the paper. Of this latter, however, no apprehension need be entertained. THE CALIFORNIAN is now a fixed fact, paying its way better, perhaps, than any other weekly in the State. It will be noticed that each number is now cut and stitched; this, of course, entails increased expense, but we are justified in the outlay by the patronage bestowed upon the paper, and it need not be thought that improvement is to stop here. New features will be inaugurated until THE CALIFORNIAN is indeed made what some of its rather too partial friends now claim it to be—the best journal on the continent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE multiplication of new books is marvellous. To keep pace with the literature of the day requires more time than many men have at their disposal as well as more money—for books are not to be bought with paper. Roman & Co., in another column, advertise a small cargo of new books received by the last steamer, besides loading our desk with "editors' copies" to an extent which is almost appalling, when we reflect that they are there for "notice." We are pleased to find a beautiful edition of Præd's *Poems* among them, and this reconciles us to the presence of others to which we do not take so kindly. There are few who can equal Præd in delicate thrumming of the light spiritual guitar; and so great a favorite is he in America that four editions of his works have been here published. The one before us is the most complete of all, indeed the only complete one, being a reprint by Widdetou of Moxon's English edition, edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. It contains many poems never before published, together with a memoir of the author. Præd was an orator and essayist as well as a poet. In Parliament he seems to have been distinguished for the same easy grace of expression and ready wit, which characterize his poems and sparkle in his charades. At the early age of thirty-seven, in the very ripeness of his powers, he died, leaving a record behind him which tempts one to speculate as to what he might have achieved had he lived. The present collection of his works is given to the public, under the authority of his two daughters, Helen Adeline Mackworth and Elizabeth Lilian

Mackworth. It has a steel engraving of the author and in typographical beauty reflects great credit upon the American publisher.

The Queens of Song, a reprint by the Harpers of an English work by Ellen Creathorne Clayton, contains memoirs of some of the most celebrated female vocalists who have performed on the lyric stage from the earliest days of opera to the present time, and a chronological list of all the operas that have been performed in Europe. Commencing with Katherine Tofts and Marguerita de l'Epine, the list runs up the gamut of years and song, bringing us down to Catherine Hayes, and Jenny Lind, ending with Louisa Pyne and Teresa Tietjens. It contains portraits of some of the *cantratrici*, to the fidelity of which we cannot in all instances vouch, though we recognize that of Piccolomini. Of Kate Hayes' experience in California, the book says, "Her success was marvellous; fabulous sums were paid for the choice of seats, and one ticket sold for \$1150." At this rate, we do not marvel to learn that she left a fortune of £16,000 at her death, but we mainly doubt if any other singer will ever get such a price for a ticket in this country again. The work is of course interesting, for the lives of some of these children of song were strangely fitful, eventful, and wayward. Our readers will remember an extract from the story of La Maupin's career, which we published a week or two since, showing how, not content with having love made to her by men, she conceived violent attachments for her own sex, making love to them in masculine attire, fighting duels in their behalf, and in one instance scaling convent walls to carry off the object of her passion. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

The author of *John Drayton* did not find a very taking title for his last work, *The Lost Love*, reprinted by Peterson, for men are about as apt to turn to lost loves as they are to worry themselves over spilled milk. The scene of the story opens in Scotland, occasionally shifting across the channel among the lost arts and h's; as a novel the book would be better were it less wordy and the action more rapid.

Mrs. H. D. Williams, who has once before appeared as authoress in *Voices from the Silent Land*, now gives us voices from a chattering land in *A Year in China*, published by Hurd & Houghton, with an introductory note by William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Bryant says that the author is the wife of our Commissioner at Swatow, and that her accounts of Chinese manners and habits of life bear tokens of the greatest sincerity and conscientiousness. To our thinking, there is a deal of personal detail in them that is not at all interesting and which had much better been avoided. Mrs. Williams, a passenger on the *Jacob Bell*, was captured with that vessel while homeward bound, by the *Florida*, and her description of her experience at the hands of Capt. Maffit would scarcely tempt other ladies to be captured. The accusation of pillage, so often brought by the South against Northern soldiers, is hurled back by Mrs. Williams with a double emphasis, telling us that Lieut. Reed pocketed her spoons and carried off silver and other valuables into the wardroom, while another officer helped himself to fans and "things," and still another put on a hoop skirt and capered about the *Jacob Bell's* deck. Who is black now?

Clever Stories of Many Nations are very well "rendered into rhyme" by John G. Saxe, and the book is very neatly published, with illustrations, by Ticknor & Fields. Mr. Saxe is an easy versifier, and possesses a deep and available fund of humor, though in his contributions to the *New York Ledger* he very often scraped the bed rock pretty nearly. As we are publishing several of these "clever stories" in THE CALIFORNIAN, as well as selections from Præd's poems, our readers will be enabled to judge of their merits for themselves.

The Treasury of Travel and Adventure is published by Appleton & Co., and claims to be "a book for young and old." We apprehend, however, that it will best suit the young. Its scenes are laid in all quarters and corners of the world, and even California is represented, our Geysers getting favorable

mention, and the first discovery of gold and the romance of gold digging coming in for narration and illustration.

"The Country Parson" is out with a new book, of which Ticknor & Fields publish an "author's edition." "The Country Parson" has become pretty well known to both country and city readers through the pages of the *Atlantic*, where most of these essays have already appeared, as well as from the republication by this firm of other collections of his essays. A very dry fellow is this "Country Parson," shrewd and sensible, telling biting truths in a way that causes them to take hold of follies like pincers, and yet forbids people to cry out. His essay "Concerning Veal" will long be remembered, though occasionally we get tired of his concernings, and wish he would strike a new vein of nomenclature for his articles. It is just possible to have too much of a good thing occasionally. The present volume does not strike us as being equal to his former ones, but for all that it is eminently readable and instructive. The illustration which he draws from the Centrifugal Railway, in the paper "Concerning Needless Fears," is excellent, and will be appreciated by all who saw the Centrifugal Railway on exhibition in this city a year or two since.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

WE are this week cut down in this department to a brevity which is indeed but "mention." The Keans have been playing at the Opera House to crowded audiences, during the week. Mrs. Kean took her farewell benefit on Thursday evening in *The Stranger*; Mr. Kean will take his on Tuesday evening next as "Sir Edmund Mortimer" in *The Iron Chest*, and Wednesday evening will be "positively the last appearance these artists will ever make in California." We are glad they came here; sorry they are going; and proud of the fact that they have no reason to complain of California; for their harvest here has been a golden one. Mr. Coppin's "last appearance" was announced for Friday evening, the beneficiary to appear in *The School for Scandal*, *Billy Barlow*, and *Old Phil's Birthday*.

Next week is to be a week of benefits, Frank Mayo giving the public an opportunity to benefit him on Thursday evening. One of the pieces of the occasion will be *The Three Guardsmen*. Mr. Mayo is a San Francisco actor, he has grown up under the watchful and critical eyes of our audiences, and so in a great manner may be regarded as particularly a California institution. He is a most deserving actor, possessed of no ordinary amount of talent, and by judicious study, is certain to acquire eminence in his profession. He goes East to fill an engagement soon, and we hope that this, his farewell benefit, will be in every respect a substantial one. On Saturday evening, that most sparkling of *soubrettes* and vivacious of princes and pages, Mrs. Perry, takes a benefit. That it will be an excellent one, nobody doubts, for she has made many friends of late, by striking an unusually good gait in everything she undertook. The St. Andrew's Society, too, take a benefit at the Hippodrome on Tuesday evening. An excellent entertainment will be given.

Everything goes these winter days, and even our minstrels, the sweet William Birch, the pensive Wambold, the jolly Backus, and other merry piping blackbirds are announced as soon to take wing. But the Heron is announced as in flight for that inevitable dramatic perch, the Opera House stage, and beautifully colored bills about town inform us that her first appearance in California in ten years will be made in the following plays: *Camille*; her own translation and version of *Medea*; *The Queen of the Temple*; *Mathilde*, or *The Lone Chateau*; *Stella*, or *The Patrician's Feud*; *The Belle of the Season*; *Marie de Rohan*, or *The Duel*; and *Geraldine*. The engagement is for three months only. Edwin Booth, too, is announced as coming, and we hope he is, as his coming would compensate for the going of the Keans. Mrs. Grantly will soon make her *début* in the *Wife*. For other dramatic news see advertisements, as at this point space fails us.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDOO FABLE.

IT was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,) That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me!—but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

[John G. Saxe.]

DOCTOR DOBBS AND HIS NAG NOBBS.

[THE power of the extravagant in creating mirth is amply attested by such books as the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen." The following, which we find in an old scrap-book, seems to us as amusing an example of the outrageous as we have ever chanced to light upon.]

DOCTOR Daniel Dobbs, of Doncaster, had a nag that was called *Nobbs*. One day, in the middle of the winter, the doctor having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before it was dark, rode poor *Nobbs* very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the doctor fastened *Nobbs* by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlor, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened that in the morning the doctor's dairy-maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler, and the dairy-maid having been called away to milk her cows, she had carelessly left the door of the brewhouse open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor *Nobbs*, who had been hard rode, and now stood in the cold extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts he got loose from the rail, and repairing to the brewhouse, he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it he fell down dead drunk. The doctor's man coming home, ran into the yard to convey *Nobbs* to the stable; not finding him at the rail, he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground, cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlor, where the doctor was sitting with Mrs. Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor *Nobbs's* decease. The doctor and Mrs. Dobbs were both good-natured people, and of course were much concerned; but as the doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that *Nobbs* should, without delay, be flayed, and that his skin should be taken the next morning to the currier.

The doctor's man accordingly set to work; poor *Nobbs* was dragged to the dunghill, his skin was stripped off, and he was left to be eaten by the hounds. He had not, however, lain long before the novelty of his situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer which he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close by the parlor. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot bowl of brandy punch. No sooner had *Nobbs* whinnyed, than Mrs. Dobbs turned pale, and exclaimed, "Doctor Dobbs! as sure as I live that is *Nobbs's* voice; I know him by his whinny!" "My dear," said the doctor, "it is *Nobbs's* whinny sure enough; but, poor thing, he is dead, and has been flayed." He had hardly said this before *Nobbs* whinnyed again. Up jumps the doctor, takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard; the first thing he saw was *Nobbs* himself without his skin. The doctor summoned all his servants, ordered six sheep to be killed, and clapped their skins upon poor *Nobbs*. To make a long story short, *Nobbs* recovered, and did his work as well as ever. The sheep skins stuck fast, and answered his purpose as well as his own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the wool grew rapidly; and when the shearing season came, the doctor had *Nobbs* sheared. Every year he gave the doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his back, you know, as much as six sheep; and as long as *Nobbs* lived, all the doctor's stockings, and all Mrs. Dobbs' flannel petticoats, were made of his wool.

CONTRABAND MUSEUM IN PARIS.

I HAD caught a bad cold, and just as I lifted up my head to sneeze I saw through one of the windows of the mayor's office, in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious justice, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a kind of doll as large as life. What to think of this I did not know; so I asked the doorkeeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer; and, on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my *cicerone*.

In a huge dusty room scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which have been confiscated from time to time by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling: all unfortunately in complete confusion. Look before you; there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds just two quarts and a half. On the other side are logs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with whole armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with Chinese silks; and just beyond it a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spools of cotton. The colored gentleman who had excited my sympathy so much at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck or Ethiopian *chasseur*, on the footboard of a carriage, fastened by the feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country. One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of oaths and yells, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips. The negro, however, never spoke a word. His good behavior delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow," they cried; "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!" He showed a perfect indifference to their applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the footboard, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you!" Oh, surprise! the shoulders rattled. The officer was bewildered: he sounded the footman all over, and found he was a man of metal, and as full as his skin would hold of the very best contraband liquor. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph. The first night the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture in his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

How many strange stories these inventions of roguery might tell! Only ask that empty mattress that lies there by the stove. That mattress came from Valenciennes. One morning, two citizens left the town, with swords in hand, and seconds by their side. The solemn mournful gait of their companions indicated clearly the deadly character of the promenade, which took place before the eyes of the revenue officers. The angry principals were so anxious to get to work, that they

drew almost as soon as they were beyond the walls. The crossing of their blades, and the clatter of the duel, would easily be noticed from the guard-house. After a desperate contest, the noise ceased. A cry of distress was heard; and if both the contending parties had preserved their honor untouched, the person of one of them could not boast of the same immunity. A wide wound across the forehead, and a scientific thrust into the region of the sternum, which bled profusely, were easily seen. In a moment, a hand-barrow, with the aforesaid mattress upon it, were transformed into a litter, and the procession re-entered the town by the same gate, amidst the sympathies of the guards.

It happened that one of the soldiers had dabbled a little in medicine, and been surgeon's mate in a regiment. He took pity on the wounded man, and followed him home, to offer him his services. This generous behavior won him all hearts in Valenciennes, except those of the seconds, who were at a loss how to get rid of a benefactor whose presence would be so fatal to the success of their daring fraud. At last, the most ingenious of them took the soldier aside, and begged him to wait a few moments in another room, till he got the sick man ready to receive his disinterested physician. The surgeon-soldier readily agreed to this; the friend availed himself of the interval, and whispered in the patient's ear, as he lay on the mattress, "We are lost!"

"*Sacrebleu!* and why?" asked the wounded man.

"Speak lower! one of the custom-house guards wants to dress your wounds."

"My wounds? he shant do it—I want to keep them as they are, and you go and tell him so."

"He won't believe it," was the answer.

"But suppose I don't want to be cured? I presume I am my own master, and besides, I have a reason for it."

"I know that, but the fool will insist on it."

"He may go to the deuce; I'll jump out of the window first."

"Why, you wretch, we shall be ruined."

"What of it? I wish I had really been badly wounded, I give you my word for it."

"Alas! I'm afraid it's the only way to get out of this scrape."

"Much obliged to you."

"If you only would"—

"Well, what?"

"It's time enough yet, perhaps"—

"Well?"

"The wife of Brutus, on a like occasion, inflicted a desperate wound on herself."

"What have I got to do with that?"

"Don't you understand, my dear friend?"

"Ah, horrible! I shudder at the thought. You are so fond of me, that you are very willing to shed my blood"—and the frightened patient raised himself up in bed.

"Come, come, try to be reasonable."

"You are troublesome: do you think I'm going to throw away my life to serve you—think of something else. I should like very much to oblige you—but in such a way—never! I'd die first."

"Only think what it is you object to—only two little wounds—if they only look natural, it's all sufficient. Come, my dear fellow, say you agree to it."

"I tell you again and again, I won't."

"Come, now, be clever, I've an easy hand, and the surgeon will be tired waiting."

"I suppose you think it will be fine fun for me."

"Oh what a fuss you make about a couple of little scratches! If kindness and friendship cannot touch your obstinate heart, let's see what force will do." And thereupon the friend seized his sword; the patient dodged the first blow, leaped to his feet, snatched up the other weapon, and attacked his aggressor furiously. The soldier, hearing the scuffle, rushed into the room, and succeeded, not without trouble, in separating the combatants, when he found, to his great surprise, that it was not the sham patient that needed help, but his friend, till now safe and sound, whom the dying man had pinked just below the thorax.

"I thought," said the soldier, "that these gentlemen were too polite to give me all the trouble of coming for nothing." The wounded man was soon cured, and the mattress, stuffed full of English goods, well repaid the soldier for his medical services.—*From the French.*

THE inventor of chronometer watches was John Harrison, an Englishman, who went to London in 1728 at the age of thirty-five. Parliament having offered a reward of £20,000 for some mode of ascertaining the longitude of a ship at sea, young Harrison, who was a carpenter's son, set to work. He thought when he visited London that he had perfected a work that would do it, but after consulting Graham, the celebrated mathematical instrument maker, he returned to his country house and in seven years returned to London, with the first *chronometer*. He received the reward, after its accuracy had been tested by his son, who made the voyage to Canada in order to verify its correctness.

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE WAR!

THE FIRST GUN!

(October 5th, 1864.)

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

TWO FIRST PREMIUMS
AWARDED TO
GROVER & BAKER,
AT THE
Oregon State Fair,
JUST CLOSED AT SALEM,
FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINES
—AND—
BEST MACHINE WORK!
OVER THE
Wheeler & Wilson,
FLORENCE,
And all other Machines on Exhibition!

The Florence Sewing Machine

Work done on the FLORENCE have taken all the First Premiums awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine work at the Fairs of California in 1864.

Read the report of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute:

THE FLORENCE.—We have given this new Sewing Machine a careful and minute examination. Its simple and finished mechanical construction, and the obvious adaptability of each part to its work, has been to us an interesting study. It differs essentially from other Sewing Machines, having many new and peculiar features. It makes four kinds of stitch, each alike on both sides of the fabric, has a reversible feed motion, and sews any thickness of goods without change of tension. We consider the "FLORENCE" a decided improvement in sewing mechanism.

- COMMITTEE.
- S. O. BRIGHAM, Pioneer Sewing Machine Agent on the Pacific Coast, and five years San Francisco agent for the Grover & Baker Machine.
 - O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California.
 - A. F. HITCHCOCK, Practical Machinist, eleven years in the employ of the Grover & Baker Co., the past five years as adjuster in their San Francisco office.
 - MRS C. M. BLAIN.
 - MRS A. J. TURNER,
 - MRS H. ROSEKRAUS.

AN UNMITIGATED HUMBBUG!

The Agent of a certain Sewing Machine evidently intends, by humbug and deception, to foist his wares upon the public, instead of endeavoring by the merit of the article (if it possesses any) to attain an honorable position among those so well and favorably known. He advertises thus:

"The FLORENCE Machine, and work done on the FLORENCE, have taken ALL THE FIRST PREMIUMS awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine Work at the Fairs of California in 1864."

That the ambiguity of the insinuation contained above may deceive no one, we would say that ALL the Fairs in California in 1864, at which ANY premium has been awarded, is ONE—the Mechanics', just closed, whose official Report reads thus:

"Sewing Machines.—Premium to the Florence, no competition." This is the OVERWHELMING success which has attended the FLORENCE Machine at "ALL the Fairs in California in 1864."

And again the Report reads thus:

"Machine Sewing.—Premium to Mrs. Nancy Barton."

As the FLORENCE Machine claims the first premium on Machine Work, and we do not "see it in that light," we publish the following from Mrs. Barton:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1864.
The Machine Sewing for which I received the First Premium at the Mechanics' Institute Fair was executed on the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, which style I have had in constant use for five or six years, and consider superior to all others.

So the FLORENCE Machine, with NO COMPETITION, did obtain a Premium on the Machine, and DID NOT obtain ANY Premium on Machine Work as claimed. Even the "Card" published as a COMMITTEE REPORT loses in a slight degree its importance, as follows:

Extract from the signatures on "Committee Report," published by the FLORENCE Agent.

"O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more SEWING MACHINE Committees than any other person in California."

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

Mr Wheeler writes thus:

"* * * A gentleman called at my office at a time when I was exceedingly busy, and asked me to append my name to a report which he held in his hand on Sewing Machines, then exhibiting at the 'Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute' in this city. I said, 'I have no knowledge of being on a Committee, and have made no examination.' He informed me that as the FLORENCE was the only Machine on exhibition, and had no competition, an examination was unnecessary. I then wrote my name and he left."

I WOULD NOT have served on a Committee or signed any report had there been any competition, for the reason that my family have used the GROVER & BAKER Machine for several years, and would be unwilling to change it for any other.

I do not remember having ever served on a Committee or signed a report on Sewing Machines before. The statement that I have "served on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California" is therefore untrue and wholly unauthorized.

O. C. WHEELER.
San Francisco, October 7th, 1864.

Thus the advertisement of the FLORENCE agent from first to last, is a humbug, and nothing else.

The only Fair on the Pacific Coast where the FLORENCE Machine has been exhibited in competition for a Premium against others was at the Oregon State Fair, in September, where it was essentially defeated, and two First Premiums awarded GROVER & BAKER for best Sewing Machine and Machine Sewing.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(October 19.)

REPLY TO

THE UNMITIGATED HUMBBUG!

CARD OF R. G. BROWN.

A new Sewing Machine, recently introduced on this Coast, having taken all the honors awarded to Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work by the Fairs of California in 1864, an agent for one of the old established Machines, evidently worried, endeavors by ridicule and the charge of humbug to hide from the eyes of the public the magnitude of the victories achieved by this new comer.

The FLORENCE and the Work done on the FLORENCE, have taken five First Premiums instead of one, as would be inferred from the statement of the agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, and no greater triumph could be desired for the FLORENCE than the fact that it had "no competition" at a Fair like the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute just closed, held, too, in San Francisco, where nearly every description of Sewing Machine in the known world is represented.

If Mrs. Nancy Barton intends in her note to claim the Premium on Machine Sewing at the late Mechanics' Fair, she has made a great mistake, as the Premium was awarded to work done on the FLORENCE.

The "Sun Bonnet" on which she took a Premium was classed with Fancy Needlework, and was not examined by the Committee on Sewing Machine Work.

From Mr. O. C. Wheeler's statement some have incorrectly inferred that his signature was obtained by some party interested in or connected with the FLORENCE. The Committee were chosen in the usual manner, and we supposed Mr. Wheeler, as one of them, did his duty properly. If his time would not admit of this, it would have been more satisfactory to all concerned had he declined to serve.

From the above, which we are prepared to substantiate to the letter, it will be seen that the FLORENCE advertisement, which the Grover & Baker agent calls an unmitigated humbug was true in every particular, excepting the statement that Mr. Wheeler had been on other Sewing Machine Committees. His connection with the State Fairs as Secretary making it necessary for him to have much to do with Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Committee reports, led to this very natural mistake; while the notice of the Grover & Baker agent, to which he gives so appropriate a heading, contains many misstatements and ambiguously worded "Cards" that are liable to be misconstrued.

SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent Florence Sewing Machines,
111 Montgomery Street, S. F.

(October 22.)

THOSE

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUMS AGAIN!

The "Reply" of the Agent of the FLORENCE Machine is fluent with such aspiring words as "Triumphs," "Victories," "Honors," and the like, which, as applied to any events in the history of that Machine, are simply ridiculous.

The "magnitude" of the "victories" attained by the FLORENCE is apparent to none but himself. Show them up, Mr. Hill; give the public an opportunity of realizing the vastness of "all the honors" conferred in so lavish a manner.

Show them if you can, and name any premium your Machine has ever received at any Fair over any first, second, or third-class machine in existence!

Perhaps it was an "honor" to exhibit against the GROVER & BAKER Machine at the Oregon State Fair, just closed, where Two First Premiums were awarded the GROVER & BAKER over the Florence. Will Mr. Hill name any first premium his Machine has ever received for Sewing Machine work in competition with others?

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

The unequivocal "triumph" of the Florence Machine at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and its single specimen of sewing at the Stockton Fair—without competition in either case—is certainly tremendous.

"A contented mind is a continual feast." As you say you desire no greater triumph for the Florence than the fact that it had no competition at the Mechanics' Fair, allow us to congratulate you on so readily attaining your desires. All the honors of this bloodless "Victory" undoubtedly are yours, and, as we do not deny it, we trust your laurels may rest easily on your triumphant brow.

Your complete satisfaction in such a result, where there was no competition, and by the rules of the Society the Exhibitors were allowed to select their own Committees, will be more fully appreciated by a sympathizing public in consideration of the immense risk and great danger in which you stood of being defeated (?) by your selected Committee of interested friends and owners of the Florence Machine. Advertise your single-handed "Victories," proclaim your undivided "Honors"—make much of your one-sided "Triumphs," unequalled in their overwhelming (?) "magnitude," but until you can strengthen them by a conquest over some third, second, or first-class Machine, they will be but as sound and fury—signifying nothing.

The Grover & Baker is the only First Premium Sewing Machine, having received every First Premium awarded any Sewing Machines when in competition, in 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(December 28.)

THE GREAT

SEWING MACHINE WAR!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

—AT THE—

Oregon State Fair!

THE COMMITTEE DECIDE

—IN—

Favor of the Florence!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE!

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!

—AT THE—

FAIRS

HELD ON THE PACIFIC COAST

In 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company claim

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

the First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employe of the Grover & Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Multnomah,

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn,

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX,
Committee.

The FLORENCE Machines are for sale by

- I. L. Polhemus.....190 J street, Sacramento
- Geo. Vincent.....Stockton
- F. Terstegge & Co.....Marysville
- T. Fogg.....Oroville
- J. R. Cleaves.....Placerville
- R. B. Handy.....Yreka
- P. Reichling & Schland.....Mokelumne Hill
- Mrs C. Grove.....Santa Cruz
- Henry Jackson.....Watsonville
- Geo. Gillis.....Carson City, Nevada
- J. L. Parrish & Co.....Portland, Oregon
- N. O. Parrish.....Salem, Or.
- Mrs. C. Monell.....Dallas, Or.
- M. Wollheim.....Guaymas, Mex

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
1014-1m No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

AFTER-YEARS.

CHILDHOOD, the fairest dawning of the day;
The rarest hour, when, as the light appears,
The eyes first open to the wondrous play
Of marvellous beauties, night is far away—
Age is the night of years.

Youth follows childhood, when as higher climbs
The flame of life, the blazing noontide nears;
The heart is joyous, love is full of rhymes
Like merry bells that ring in happy chimes—
Age is the night of years.

Then manhood, glorious in fair array
Of good intentions, never thought of fears
Can penetrate his mail, so is the way
All open to him, and his step is gay—
Age is the night of years.

Lastly the after-twilight of the hours,
And pause reluctant at the vale of tears;
The flickering of the light, the vanished powers,
The failing spirit as the darkness lowers—
Age is the night of years,
The night of years.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 28, 1865.

FINALE OF "THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER LOTS."—Relative to the story of the Poopoo property, published in last week's CALIFORNIAN, a correspondent writes us as follows:

"Do you know the finale of the 'Little Frenchman and his Water Lots?' Pertinax (his real name) went to Paris and died broken hearted, in about 1840. Along in '58 an agent of his heirs found out that that part of Williamsburgh in which his lots were, had grown immensely, and that a large ship building concern was located immediately in the rear of the Frenchman's water front; that they had a number of vessels on the stocks and one large ship ready for launching. He procured an injunction stopping the launch, but concluded to take sixty thousand dollars for the water lots."

We are obliged to "Veritas" for this communication, since it may go far towards easing the minds of those who hold mining shares, petroleum lands, or water lots in this vicinity, of apprehension. The little Frenchman invested, and broke his heart over the purchase. The story of his experiment was written to show the folly of speculators. But in the end the water lots which he deprecated and at which others laughed, made his heirs wealthy. So let not those who hold unprofitable property despair, but put it away on a shelf and bide their time. Probably, many a man who is now groaning over his assessments upon stock which he considers hopelessly bad, may at some time ride in his carriage from the income its monthly dividends will bring him. *Nil Desperandum*, or, in the expressive language of the vernacular, Don't lose your grip!

THE trial trip of the *Cumanche* to Mare Island, on Saturday last, proved a perfect success, notwithstanding the ill luck which befell that vessel in the beginning and seemed destined to attend her to the end. Her engine worked beautifully, driving her through the water even under the disadvantageous circumstances of an ebb tide and a slight head breeze, at an average speed of about six and a half miles an hour. The wharves and the hills about the city were crowded with people, eager to witness the outlines of their protector, and the reverence with which they regarded her was evidenced by the cheers which rent the air, steamers firing salutes, blowing their whistles and dipping their flags in honor as she passed—courtesies which the *Cumanche* returned as a General might the salute of corporals, by a flourish of her flag and a stately bend of her head. While passing the wharves the turret was made to revolve, in order to show how the naval engagements she might possibly be obliged to contract, would be maintained; people involuntarily started as the ominous port-holes, with their grim staring guns were brought to bear upon them. Probably one hundred and fifty guests accompanied the vessel upon this trial trip, doing such ample justice to the excellent lunch provided for the occasion, that there was not even a turkey-bone left. The trip was made without the occurrence of a single accident, the passengers being brought back to this city by the *Shubrick*, which accompanied the *Cumanche* for that purpose, in view of the fact that the vessel was to be turned over to the Government authorities at Mare Island. The contractors, Messrs. Donahue, Ryan and Setor, deserve great praise for the energy and fidelity they have displayed in the speedy and skilful construction of this harbor defence; and Mr. Ryan was enabled to take his departure for the East in the steamer of the following Monday, happy in the consciousness that at last a marine elephant was off his and his fellow contractors' hands, and successfully afloat.

DURING the riots of 1780, most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "No Popery!" Old Grimaldi, the father of the celebrated "Joey," to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his "No Religion!"

GOSSIP.

[THE following essay we take from "The Country Parson's" new book, *Autumn Holidays*. It was not selected with any special reference to this climate, though it does now occur to us that it is quite as well adapted for publication and dissemination in California as in any other part of the world.]

WHO invents the current lies? I suppose a multitude of people give each their little contribution, till the piece of malignant tattle is formed into shape.

There are many people, claiming to be very religious people, who are very willing to repeat a story to the prejudice of some one they know, though they have very little reason to think it true, and having strong suspicions that it is false. There is a lesser number of respectable people, who will positively invent and retell a story to the prejudice of some one they know, being well aware that it is false. In short, most people who repeat ill-natured stories may be arranged in these two classes:

1. People who lie.
2. People who lie, and know they lie.

The intelligent reader is requested to look upon the words which follow, and then he will be informed about a malicious, vulgar, and horribly stupid piece of gossip:

MR. AND MRS. GREEN

ALWAYS

DRESS FOR DINNER.

My friend Mr. Green lately told me, that quite by accident he found that in the little country town where he lives, and of which indeed he is the vicar, it had come to be generally reported that in every bedroom in his house a framed and glazed placard was hung above the mantelpiece, bearing the above inscription. Miss Tarte and Mr. Fatuous had eagerly disseminated the rumor, though it was impossible to say who had originated it. Probably Miss Tarte had one day said to Mr. Fatuous that Mr. Green ought to have such a placard so exhibited, and that some day Mr. Green probably would come to have such a placard so exhibited. A few days afterwards Mr. Fatuous said to Miss Tarte that he supposed Mr. Green must have his placards up by this time. And next day, on the strength of that statement, Miss Tarte told a good many people that the placards were actually up. And the statement was willingly received and eagerly repeated by those persons in that town who are always delighted to have something to tell which shows that any one they know has done something silly or bad. At last a friend of Mr. Green's thought it right he should know what Mr. Fatuous and Miss Tarte were saying. And Mr. Green, who is a resolute person, took means to cut these individuals short. My friend has exactly one spare bedroom in his house, and no one who is not an idiot need be told that no such inscription was ever displayed or ever dreamt of in his establishment. Next Sunday Mr. Green preached a sermon from the text, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor*. And after pointing out that it was unnecessary that the commandment should forbid false witness to the advantage of one's neighbor, inasmuch as nobody was likely ever to bear that, he went on to point out, with great force of argument, that if man or woman habitually told lies to the prejudice of their neighbors, their Christian character might justly be held as an imperfect one, even though they should attend all the week day services and missionary society meetings within several miles. Mr. Fatuous and Miss Tarte complained that this was very unsound doctrine. And Miss Tarte wrote a letter to the *Record*, in which she stated that the vicar habitually preached the doctrines of Bishop Colenso.

One is most unwilling to believe it, yet I am compelled by the logic of facts to think that malice towards all their fellow-creatures is an essential part of the constitution of many people. All the particles of matter, we know, exert on each other a mutual repulsion. Is it so with the atoms that make up human society? Many people dislike a man just because they know nothing about him. And when they come to know something about him, they are sure to dislike him even more. In a simple state of society, if you dislike a man you would knock him on the head. If an Irishman you would shoot him from behind a hedge. The modern civilized means of wreaking your wrath on the man you dislike is different. You repeat tattle to his prejudice. You tell lies about him. This is the weapon of warfare in Christian countries. Two things there are the wise man will not trust, if said by various persons we all know:

1. Anything to their own advantage.
2. Anything to their neighbor's prejudice.

It is a bad sign of human nature, that many men should have so much to say to the prejudice of any one they know. But it is a much worse sign of human nature that many men should hear with delight, and speak with exaggeration, anything to the prejudice of people whom they know nothing about. The man you know may have given you offence. The man of whom you know nothing cannot possibly have done so; and if you hate him, and wish to do him harm, it can only be because you are prepared to hate the average specimen of your race. We all know those who, if they met a fellow-crea-

ture out in the lonely desert, would see in him not a friend but an enemy, and would prepare to shoot him or hamstring him unobserved. For the people I mean prefer to deal their blow unseen. There are those who, as boys at school, would never have a fair fight with a companion, but would secretly give him a malicious poke when unobserved. And such men, I have remarked, carry out the system when they have reached maturity. They will not boldly face the being they hate, but they secretly disseminate falsehoods to his disadvantage.

But it is sad to think that the hasty judgments men form of one another are almost invariably unfavorable ones. It is sad to think that people come to have such malignant feeling towards other people who are quite unknown to them. A short time ago, at a public meeting, Mr. Jones was proposed as a suitable person to be the town beadle. Jones did not want the beadleship, being already in possession of a preferable situation of the same character. When his name was proposed, an old individual rose to oppose him. That was all natural. But this individual was not content to oppose Jones's claims to the beadleship, he positively gnashed his teeth in fury at Jones. He had no command of language, and could but imperfectly express his hatred; but he foamed at the mouth, the veins of his head swelled up, and he trembled in every limb with eager wrath, as he declared that he would never consent to Jones being beadle: that if Jones was appointed beadle he himself (his name was Mr. Curre) would forthwith quit the town, and never again enter it. Curre had never exchanged a word with Jones in all his life; yet he hated Jones, and the mention of Jones's name thus infuriated him, even as a scarlet rag a bull. Poor Curre was not a bad-hearted fellow after all, and at a subsequent period Jones made his acquaintance. Now, one great principle Jones holds by is this, that if any man hate you, it must be in some measure your own fault; you must in some way have given offence to the man. So Jones, who is a very genial and straightforward person, asked Curre to tell him honestly why he had so keenly opposed his appointment to the beadleship, adding that he feared he had given Curre offence in some way or other, though he had never intended it; and Curre, after some hesitation and with a good deal of shame, replied, "Well, the fact is, I could not bear to see you riding such a fine horse, and Mr. Sneakyman told me you paid a hundred and twenty pounds for it." "My friend Curre," was the reply, "I gave just forty for that horse, and how could you believe anything said by Sneakyman?" Curre assured Jones that the reason why he had disliked him was just that he knew so little of him, and that when he came to know him his dislike immediately passed into a real warm and penitent regard. And when Curre died soon after, he left Jones ten thousand pounds. Curre had no relations, so it was all right; and Jones had nineteen children, so it was all right for him too.

Reader, take a large sheet of paper—foolscap paper.

Take a pen. Sit down at a table where there is ink.

Write out a list of all the persons you dislike, adding a brief statement of the reason or reasons why you dislike each of them.

Having written accordingly, ask yourself this question: Am I doing well to be angry with these persons? Have they given me offence to justify this dislike?

And now listen to this prophecy. You will be obliged to confess that they have not. You will feel ashamed of your dislike for them. You will resolve to cease disliking them.

Believe one who has tried. Here on this table is a large foolscap page. Three names did I write down of people I disliked; then I wrote down the cause why I disliked the first, and it looked, being written down, so despicably small, that I felt heartily ashamed. And now, you large page, go into the fire; and with you these dislikes shall perish. At this moment I don't dislike any human being, and if anybody dislikes me I hope he will cease doing so. If ever I gave him offence, I am sorry for it.

Yet I cannot quite agree with Jones in thinking that, in every case where dislike is felt, it is at least in part the fault of the disliked person. In many cases it is: not in all. A retired oilman of large wealth bought a tract of land, and went to reside on it. He found that his parish clergyman drove a handsome carriage, and had a couple of men-servants. The old oilman was infuriated. The clergyman's wife erected a conservatory: the oilman had an epileptic fit. Now all this was entirely the oilman's own fault. A retired officer went to live in a certain rural district. He dined at six o'clock. Several people round, who dined at five, took mortal offence. O for the abolition of white slavery! When will human beings be suffered to do as they please?

I have remarked, too, that most stupid people hate all clever people. I have witnessed a very weak and silly man repeat, with a fatuous and feeble malignity, like a dog without teeth trying to bite, some story to the prejudice of an eminent man in the same profession. And even worse: you may find such a man repeat a story not at all to the disadvantage of the eminent man, under the manifest impression that it is to his disadvantage. I have rarely heard Mr. Snarling say anything with more manifest malignity, than when he said that my friend Smith had bought a fire-proof safe in which to keep his

sermons. Well, was there any harm in that? "Bedwell said he would take nothing under the chancellorship," said Mr. Dunup. Perhaps Bedwell should not have said so; but the fact proved to be that he got the chancellorship.

Clergymen of little piety or ability, and with empty churches, dislike those clergymen whose churches are very full. You may discern this unworthy feeling exhibited in a hundred pitiful, spiteful little ways. I have remarked, too, that the emptier a man's church grows, the higher becomes his doctrine. And flagrant practical neglect of duty is in some cases compensated by violent orthodoxy, the orthodoxy being shown mainly by accusing other people of heterodoxy.

Unworthy people hate those who do a thing better than themselves. An inefficient rector empties his church. He gets a popular curate who fills it. The parishioners present the curate with a piece of plate. Forthwith the rector dismisses the curate. Or perhaps the rector dare not venture on that. He waits till the curate gets a parish of his own; and then he diligently excludes him from the pulpit whence his sermons were so attractive. His old friends shall never see or hear him again, if the rector can prevent it. And further, the rector and his wife disseminate wretched little bits of scandal as to the extravagant sayings and doings of the curate, all exaggerated and mostly invented.

The heroic way of taking gossip is that in which the old Earl Marischals took it, when it was a more serious thing than now. Above the door of each of their castles, there were written on the stone these words:

THEY HAIF SAID :
WHAT SAID THEY?
LAT THEM SAY!

WIT AND HUMOR.

A LADY the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl, "I'm married!"

"WHAT plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

OWEN Moore has run away,
Owing more than he can pay.

"HURRAH! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer, who had succeeded to his father's practice, "I've settled that old Chancery suit at last." "Settled it!" cried the astonished parent, "why I gave you that as an annuity for your life."

CURRAN, hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed, "He'll not change either till he comes back."

"WELL, sir," asked a noisy disputant, "don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "O, yes," replied a listener, "you have—and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines, I'll borrow your jawbone."

AN "old clo'" man condemned to be hanged, was brought to the gallows, and was on the point of being turned off, when a reprieve arrived. When informed of this, it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he stayed to see a fellow-prisoner hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, he waited to see if he could bargain with Mr. Ketch for the other gentleman's clothes.

A LECTURER, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has out-grown it, said: "What do you do when you have out-grown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

WHEN Lord B—— died, a person met an old man who was one of his most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "His loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as his horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? he died without leaving me anything in his will—I, who have dined with him, at his own house, three times a week for thirty years!"

A roon but clever student in the University of Glasgow, was met by one of the Professors, who noticing the scantiness of his academical toga, said, "Mr. —, your gown is very short." It will be long enough, sir, before I get another," replied the student. The answer tickled the Professor greatly, and he went on quietly chuckling to himself, when he met a brother Professor who, noticing his hilarity, inquired what was amusing him so much. "Why, that fellow — said such a funny thing. I asked why his gown was so short, and he said, 'it will be a long time before I get another!'" "There's nothing very funny in that." "Well, no," replied the other, "there is not, after all. But it was the way he said it."

A WOMAN having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bystanders asked him if he was mad—she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, "She was obstinate and contrary in her life, and no doubt she was the same at her death."

WIT ON TOMBSTONES.

A VAST amount of wit is to be gathered from tombstones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, is worthy of himself, simply

Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *strange*.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of Wm. Burton, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Burton holes?

There is something quaint and touching in this epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:

Here I am!

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic, was the subject, and the words—

Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tombstone of a Western editor:

Here lies an editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this one on one of Shakspeare's actors:

Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolm's Enlogy on Cawdor:

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote takes his turn thus:

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some notable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to Butler, the author of Hudibras:

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give,
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread and received but a stone.

This couplet, on a monument to John Gay, the poet, Thackeray's "Little French Abbe," is hardly suited to a Christian church:

Life is jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it.

And what a defiance there is in this, on the monument of that "gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere:"

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward, struck him, and he died.

Sir Thomas Perkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself on which was a sculpture in relief, depicting Death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas. The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:

Here lies the chief, who once threw all,
Thrown by the conquering arm of death,
Who ne'er had given the knight a fall,
But that he found him out of breath.
But boast not, Death! with empty pride,
Thy strength: the day will come when he
Arising, with fresh breath supplied,
Shall vanquish Time, and conquer thee.

Miss Long was a beautiful actress of the last century, so short in stature that she was known as the pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes:

Though long, yet short,
Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a covetous man, and this pasquinading epitaph was put on him:

Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.

The reverse of this is one on Mr. James Worsdale, a very liberal man:

Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf;
A friend to all mankind, but not himself.

We close our list with a pathetic inscription placed by an honest Illinois farmer over the double grave of a span of favorite horses, struck down by lightning, and buried in his front yard:

Peace to their manes.

SOME one being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long known, was not "a little tiresome." "Not at all," replied he, "she was perfectly tiresome."

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

A MODERN GENTLEMAN'S DIARY.

"DECEMBER 10.—Yes; the dismal confession must be written, or the account between R. L. and self closed forever. I am in love—seriously, desperately, unreasonably in love—with a young person whose social status is something between that of a parlor-maid and a nursery governess. Could she be worse off than she is now? Could any turn in the wheel of fortune leave her in a lower place than she now occupies? Scarcely! I don't believe in those dismal histories which the Minerva press was wont to disseminate. Susan is just the sort of girl to fall on her feet. Those shy, sensitive creatures always know how to take care of themselves, and often do remarkably well in life. It's your dashing, high-spirited, strong-minded girl who goes to the bad. Goodness knows I'm not a bad-hearted fellow. I can't look at such a girl as Susan without worrying myself about her future career. There's scarcely any sacrifice I wouldn't make—short of the sacrifice of my own prospects—in order to insure her welfare. Yes, the little stranger, let into my dwelling unawares, has strung his bow and twanged his arrow home to my heart. I am really in love this time. I used to feel savage with those St. B. fellows when they talked nonsense to Rosa; but I think I should annihilate the man who so much as looked at this girl. Yes; I am prepared to make any sacrifice—short of the destruction of my own prospects. Your really rich man or your penniless beggar can afford to make a fool of himself; but I stand just in that middle distance between the golden lands of plenty and the sterile plains of poverty, in which a man must needs be peculiarly circumspect.

"17th.—I have broken the ice at last. What a little Puritan she is! And yet I know that she loves me, with the regular Haidée or Zuleika sort of devotion: would like to kneel at my feet, and offer me tiresome flowers when I was absorbed in the classic fogies, and all that sort of thing. A long interview on the esplanade this afternoon. I beat the ground with the greatest discretion, for it would have been the easiest thing in the world to frighten her. It must be a marriage—a *bona fide* marriage—secret, of course. She won't object to that. But upon the other point I can see she would be inflexible. Those quiet people are always obstinate. Ay di me, my pretty Susie, I fear that you and I must say Good-by. And I am really over head and ears in that dismal pit. I am most absurdly fond of her; that's the worst of it. Yes, we must say Good-by. The catechisms in the rector's parlor and the Sunday-school have done their work, and Susan Turner will be a drudge all her life rather than surrender those ridiculous prejudices which it is the fashion of complaint in the minds of rustic youth. *Addio*, my pretty Susan. I cannot imagine anything more delightful than our quiet walks in the cold gray twilight; I cannot conceive any eyes—out of a Murillo—so beautiful as those brown orbs of yours—obrs is the proper phrase, I think, where a fellow is sentimental—but the price demanded is too heavy. One may buy gold in too dear a market; and ten years hence, with blighted prospects, and half a dozen children, I might grow tired of my white doe of what's-its-name, and I fancy a blue-eyed Greuze—how wonderful that man was in his manipulation of violet-hued pupils swimming in enamelled whiteness!—instead of my Murillo

"20th.—I began to pack my books the day before yesterday, and yet I linger. 'Tell me, my heart, if this be love?' Not much doubt about it, I fear. But only a day or two more, and then—and then good-by, pretty, Puritanical Susan, with your Sunday school morality, and all that innate obstinacy peculiar to quiet women. I shall have forgotten her in six weeks, I dare say. But then that consolatory idea of the future oblivion won't lessen the present anguish of parting. We may forget all about a gigantic triple-pronged carious tooth when we turn our back upon the dentist's torture-chamber, but the pang of extraction is none the less. I shall forget her, and some other eyes will haunt me in my sleep; but there must be a long blank interval of weariness before the Lethean waters can wash away that artless face. I have plumbed her simple mind to its uttermost depths, and have found nothing like deception or pretence. So we must part. I to go forth and do my best at opening the great oyster; she to remain here as my landlady's drudge and companion. Poor little thing! I hope she'll miss me when I go. I shouldn't like to think of her enjoying a flirtation with some new lodger, a city clerk, who would wear ready-made clothes bought somewhere in Shoreditch, and smoke cheap manillas. No, I shouldn't like to fancy her happy when I am gone. It wouldn't

have been pleasant to the Corsair to imagine Medora flirting with mercantile mariners in his absence.

"21st.—I have packed all my books, except a few German eribs. Perhaps it was as well, for my studies had grown very desultory. How can a fellow read hard when there is a pretty girl in the case, and he has been so profound an idiot as to fall in love with her? But 'it is written,' as the followers of the prophet observe, and I must go. I have told Susan. We had a very affecting interview yesterday. How the poor little girl cried! and I hate to see a woman cry; it's so excruciating to the feelings of a good-hearted fellow, and the prettiest woman's nose is apt to get just a *teelle* red, when 'the tears come trickling down, down, down.' Oh, Susan, that I should quote that familiar ballad of Lord Lovell when I write of your sorrow! But I suppose there is something of the *persifleur* in my nature, for I don't often find myself very earnest about anything. And so we walked up and down the esplanade; she crying, and I talking. I flatter myself I talked rather well. There was just that dash of excitement about the business which makes a fellow talk well. But my eloquence was all of no avail; Alfred de Musset, Byron, George Sand, Rousseau, and Thomas Moore, all combined, cannot prevail against the tenets of the Sunday school; and so we are to part, 'in silence and tears, half broken-hearted, to sever,' etc., unless I were prepared to sacrifice my prospects, and put the fatal noose about my neck.

"Bah! it would be too absurd, too utterly preposterous. Such things have been, and have always resulted in pretty much the same way. Your poet Shelley gets expelled from the university because he can't keep his convictions to himself, marries simple rustic maiden, grows tired of her, and falls in love with some one else, whereon rustic maiden drowns herself, whence unspeakable *eslandre* and confusion.

"January 2nd.—No, the thing cannot be done, the sacrifice would be too great. The days of the Minerva press are past. The yellow post-chaise, the lonely country inn, the college friend who is introduced in a surplice, and acts as clergyman—alas! are not these exploded with the dark ages? Were there ever any such marriages, I wonder? or were they only figments of the romancer's brain? At any rate, anything of that kind must be impossible now-a-days. And then a man must be a consummate scoundrel who could devise such a plot. I don't pretend to the Sunday school species of morality; but *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, as Juvenal has it. I am not so bad as that.

"5th.—She is very unhappy; and how hard it seems to leave her to this drudgery and desolation—Coltonslough, and my landlady, and my landlady's children, all the year round! And she is just 'the creature, not too bright or good,' etc.; the very woman, of all others, for a cottage in the lake districts, or a Devonshire fishing village, or any pretty out-of-the-way haven, where a man might take his rest. And yet I must leave her here, baffled entirely by the Sunday school precepts with which her shallow mind has been endowed. I have no time to play the Lovelace, and I don't want such a victory as his. I have had tiresome letters from home. They will expect me to get my degree, and I am free to confess that my reading since I have been at Coltonslough has been the merest moonshine. Decidedly I must leave this place by to-night's express. 'Better to die by sudden shock,' etc.; and as for Susan, it is only a natural chapter in such a girl's history. She will break her heart, and then marry a small tradesman, who will give her a Paisley shawl and a black silk gown to wear on Sundays.

"6th.—Another day, and I am still here. I was awake all last night, thinking of all manner of possibilities, or perhaps impossibilities. The yellow post-chaise and the college friend in a surplice are obsolete absurdities; but how about a marriage before the registrar? Is there anything so very impossible in a marriage before the registrar—which shall not be, say, too binding? Why not a marriage before the registrar, between eight and twelve in the forenoon, with open doors, in the presence of two witnesses, etc., etc.? You walk into an office very much like any other office, and you see an official very much like any other official, and there is a trifling formula, and a little signing and countersigning, and so on, and the business is done. But even about this there would be a good deal of trouble, and the college friend would still be necessary, though not in a surplice—and the witnesses—and the office. Is the game worth the candle? Am I really so desperately in love? And then, again, supposing the game worth the cost of illumination, these sort of games are so apt to be dangerous; and awkward stories crop up against one in after life; with perhaps Chancery suits, and so forth. No, it is too much trouble. It will be better for Susan and I to shake hands, like sensible people, and say Good-by.

"7th.—A very long talk with Susan. I told her that we must part, our roads in life lying separate, and so on. Poor child! her grief was something very terrible. We had wandered out to some lonely ground beyond the esplanade, leaving those abominable children to disport themselves as they pleased. We sat down on a little bank at the edge of a great ploughed field, with the gray sea before us. The poor child sobbed as if her heart would have broken. I am no delib-

erate Lovelace, but I suppose I have in this instance pursued the prey with something of a Mexican trapper's intensity. I never meant to be in earnest; but have been drifted, as it were, by the chances of the situation; and people who let lodgings at dull water-places really should not employ such pretty parlor-maids. Poor, tender-hearted little Susie! I never thought she could have grown so fond of me, or that a little sentimental spouting and a few pretty speeches could have gone so far. I should have been a callous wretch if I had not been touched by her grief; and I was inexpressibly touched; so much so that I flung all good resolutions to swell the general heap of paving material for the halls of Pluto; and told my Susie that there was an alternative for this miserable parting, if she would—trust me—and consent to a marriage before the registrar.

"She will trust me. I explained to her the nature of the ceremony! I proposed, and how all unnecessary publicity and the ruin of my prospects might be avoided thereby. And then the poor little thing burst out with a whole string of romantic protestations.

"Did she want me to sacrifice my prospects? Oh no, no! Did she want to be acknowledged before the world as my wife? No, a thousand times. She knew very well that she was too ignorant and humbly educated to support such an honor. She only wanted to know herself that she was my wife, my own lawful wife, united to me by the laws of heaven and earth.

"The laws of heaven and earth as administered in a registrar's office. I have cast prudence to the winds, and am now committed to the step which I only dreamed of as a possibility last night.

"I have a sort of foreboding that the business will bring me into trouble; but having gone so far now, am I to recede? and then I am really desperately in love with this Cornish girl.

"How is it to be done? These things seem so simple when one contemplates them in a dreamy reverie engendered by tobacco smoke. It will be rather a complicated business, I fear; and the college friend, that is the grand question. Who is to be the convenient college friend? Perhaps I'd better sleep upon it.

"8th.—After a world of serious consideration I can think of no one but my brother. He's a selfish beggar, who'd scarcely wet the tips of his fingers to save an entire ship's crew from drowning; but he owes me money, and ought to go through fire and water to serve me. At any rate, he is not troubled by any scruples or compunctions of the Sunday school order; and then he's a clever fellow, and on the spot. I'll go up to town to-morrow, and sound him about it."

There was no more. The journal ended here, and Francis Tredethlyn sat staring at the last half-page, sorely puzzled as to how he was to read that broken history.

That the lines before him had been written by a heartless profligate he could scarcely doubt, little as he had been accustomed to sit in judgment upon his fellow-men. But he was slow to understand the full measure of the writer's depravity. A more subtle mind than his was required to read the hidden meaning of that carelessly written diary. Francis Tredethlyn only understood that his cousin had fallen into the hands of a selfish worldling, who had been fascinated by her pretty face, but who set his own welfare and his own happiness before all thought of her love or sorrow.

"He meant to marry her," thought the young man; "thank Heaven for that. No matter how secret or clandestine the marriage may have been, it shall be my task to find Susan, and to make that marriage public."

Mr. Tredethlyn went early the next day to Gray's Inn, there to hold solemn consultation with the chief of that firm which had transacted all Oliver Tredethlyn's legal affairs during a period of some forty years.

To Mr. Kursdale, Francis told all that he had been able to discover of his cousin Susan's history; and to the lawyer's hands he confided the manuscript volume surrendered to him by Mrs. Burfield.

"You'll be able to make more out of it than I can, Mr. Kursdale," he said. "Heaven knows I read it carefully; but I can only understand that the man is a scoundrel, and that it was my cousin's evil fortune to love him. I wonder how it is that a simple, innocent country girl always does fall in love with a scoundrel, if he has only got a handsome face and a smooth tongue?"

The next day was Saturday, and Francis Tredethlyn's thoughts were strangely divided between the contemplation of his cousin's unknown wrongs and the expectation of a day in the sunny gardens and drawing-rooms at the Cedars. Late in the evening there came a letter from Mr. Kursdale, the solicitor:

YOURSELF AND ANOTHER.

"DEAR SIR—After a very careful perusal of the MS. volume entrusted to me by you yesterday, I regret to say that I can only come to one conclusion respecting the intentions of the writer.

"I believe that it was this person's design to involve Miss Susan Tredethlyn in a fictitious marriage, which should be in fact no marriage at all.

"A marriage before the Registrar would have been as entirely valid as duly performed, as any religious solemnization.

"I conclude, therefore, that the writer of the MS. diary contemplated a sham ceremony, in the presence of some person falsely representing himself to be the Superintendent Registrar.

"I much fear that your cousin's simplicity would render her likely to be the dupe of any such plot.

"Should you wish to communicate with me further on this subject, I shall be glad to wait upon you at any time you may appoint.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very obediently,

"JAMES KURSDALE."

"A mock marriage!" thought Francis Tredethlyn. "Yes, I understand it all now. There was an insolence in his manner of writing that stung me to the very heart. No honest man ever wrote like that of any woman; no man would write like that of a woman whom he meant to make his wife."

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN spent the bright summer Sunday afternoon and evening at the Cedars. Mr. Hillary generally filled his house with company on the day of rest; and hard-working magnates, and lazy West End loungers, were alike glad to spend their Sabbath amongst the flower-beds and trellised walks, under the shadow of black-spreading cedars, or on the terrace by the river. The merchant's house was only another "Star and Garter," where the *menu* was always irreproachable, and where one escaped that little bugbear so common to the close of all social entertainments, and known by the common name of "Bill." Mr. Tredethlyn found the house full of strangers, and Miss Hillary very difficult of approach. He was not allowed to feel embarrassed, however, for Julia Desmond always happened to be in his neighborhood, and he found her society as charming as on the previous occasion. She was so very handsome, and there was really something so bewildering about her dark eyes and white teeth, and fluent talk upon every possible subject, that the young man—who had never been accustomed to the society of well educated women—may be forgiven if he admired her. He admired her, but not as he admired Maude Hillary. No thrill of half-fearful rapture stirred his pulses as he stood by Julia's side upon the moonlit terrace, looking down at the rippling water, darkened by the tremulous shadows of the trees; but the faintest flutter of Maude's airy flounces stirred his soul like a burst of music.

But she was only a beautiful, far-away creature, who never could have any part in his destiny. He acknowledged this in a half-despairing way, and then resigned himself to look at her only now and then from a distance, and to behold her always surrounded by those elegant amber-whiskered loungers, whose admiration of her loveliness never made them awkward in her presence; who could approach her without suffering from a sudden determination of blood to the head; who could hover near her without trampling half a yard of her lace flounce to destruction under the savage tread of a clumsy foot.

"Those fellows are fit to talk to her," he thought. "They've been brought up to it, I suppose; but I'm better out of her way, for even if she speaks to me I make a fool of myself somehow, and feel as if I couldn't answer her. I get on better with Miss Desmond; she's so kind, and she doesn't seem to mind my being awkward and stupid."

Yes, Miss Desmond was very kind to the simple-hearted Cornishman. So kind is Madame Arachne to a big, blundering, blue-bottle fly that hovers ignorantly about the net she has spread for him. Julia had angled very patiently for the last two years in the great matrimonial fisheries, and had brought several fish to land, only to lose her hook and leave them to gasp and perish on the bank when she discovered their quality. But now, for the first time, she knew she had a prey worthy her skill and patience. She had taken good care to ascertain that Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand a year was no mere figment of a gossip's brain, and she set herself deliberately to work to win this prize so newly offered for competition in the matrimonial markets. Mr. Hillary interested himself in the young man's fortunes, and gave him some advice about the management of some of his uncle Oliver's numerous investments. This, of course, necessitated interviews at the merchant's offices in Moorgate street, and no interview ever came to a close until Francis had received hospitable Mr. Hillary's invitation to "run down" to Twickenham.

The young man seemed always running down to the Cedars. He slept there sometimes, in a pretty chintz-curtained chamber, all rosebuds and maplewood, and from whose jessamine-festooned windows he looked out upon the river—the perpetual river, now shimmering in the moonlight, now twinkling and glancing in the sunshine, but always "a thing of beauty and a joy" for the people who dwell upon its banks.

Yes, he was always riding down to the Cedars. He had departed very little from his simple habits, but he had bought a couple of horses at Tattersall's, such horses as a man who has been used to ride across wild moorland districts without saddle or stirrups from his earliest boyhood knows how to choose. He kept the horses at livery near his hotel, and he

hired a smart young groom to attend to them, and even to ride behind him on occasions.

Miss Hillary grew accustomed to the young man's presence, and greeted him kindly when he came; but then she had so many friends, such enthusiastic female adorers in crisp muslins, who found the millionaire's daughter the dearest darling in the world, and were always eager to pour some new confidence into her willing ears. She had so many friends, so many admirers, that Francis Tredethlyn always found her more or less difficult of approach. And, in the meanwhile, there was Miss Desmond perpetually smiling upon him, and talking to him, and listening to him.

So things went on very pleasantly for Mr. Tredethlyn until one day his eyes were very suddenly opened to a fact that well-nigh overpowered him. He was lounging on the terrace one sunny afternoon, and, for a wonder, Julia Desmond was not by his side. She had been summoned into the midst of a conclave of pretty girls holding solemn discussion with Maude Hillary on the lawn. Francis was looking down at the water, as it was his habit to do, and thinking. He was leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, all amongst the foliage which had been so bright when he had first come to the Cedars, but which was brown and withered now: he was watching the dead leaves slowly drifting in the wind and dropping one by one into the water, and he was thinking of his cousin Susan. Nothing had yet come of his search for her. Perhaps he had left the matter too much in the hands of his lawyers, trusting to their legal acumen for the unravelment of the tangled skein. It may be that he had been a little too much at the Cedars, absorbed in the delights of a new existence. This afternoon, watching the drifting leaves upon the river, the gold and crimson tints of autumn on the woodland and the hill-side, Francis Tredethlyn remembered how the time had slipped by him, and how little nearer he was to the discovery of Susan Tredethlyn's fate than when he had listened to Martha's story in the dreary Cornish grange, and had sworn to go to the end of the world in search of his cousin. There was some feeling of remorse in his mind as he thought of the past three months, the idle days in that luxurious river-side retreat, the billiard-playing and cigar-smoking, the pleasant rides to and fro in the dewy evenings, with genial, gentlemanlike companions, who thought him a good fellow, and very rarely laughed at his ignorant simplicity.

He was roused from his reverie now by one of these young men, Mr. Montagu Somerset, of the War Office, the scion of a noble house, the presumptive heir to nothing a year, and one of the most hopelessly devoted of Maude Hillary's adorers.

"Why, Tredethlyn," exclaimed the young man, without removing a gigantic cigar from between his lips, "how dismally you're staring at that water! It looks as if you were contemplating *felo de se*, b'Jove. What's the row, old boy? and how do you happen to be alone? Where's the *fiancée*?"

"I—I was thinking of some family matters, not very pleasant ones," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, simply.

"But where's the *future*?"

"The what?"

"The *future*—Mrs. Francis Tredethlyn that is to be—the Desmond. Why, has the lovely Julia deserted her Frank? Why, you dear, simple old baby, how you blush! Is it a crime to be in love with a handsome girl? I only wish your young affections had fixed themselves on one of my five sisters—all most amiable girls, but without so much as a spoonful of what our lively neighbors call *potage*."

Francis Tredethlyn stared aghast at the young official.

"Why, you don't suppose—you don't think that I—that Miss Desmond—that—"

"You know those silversmiths on the Boulevards—No, you don't know Paris, by-the-by—Well, dear boy, there are Parisian silversmiths who make a great display in their shop windows by means of a concatenation of table-spoons and a strong flare of gas; but I doubt if in all Paris there was ever such a notorious case of spoons as the present, and I don't blame you, my dear Tredethlyn. If I were not Alexander I would be the other person. If I were not madly and hopelessly in love with blue-eyed Maude, I should fling myself at the feet of dark-eyed Julia; such teeth, and such a generally regal *turnure*, with thirty thousand a year, ought to make a sensation. Frank, I congratulate you! Bless you, my boy, and be happy!" Mr. Somerset wrung his friend's hand with effusion.

"But, my dear Somerset—but, upon my word and honor," cried Mr. Tredethlyn, in extreme terror and perplexity, "Miss Desmond has been very kind to me, and feeling myself out of place here, I've been very grateful for kindness; but, as I am an honest man, not one word has ever passed between us upon any but the commonest subjects, and am sure that neither she nor I have the slightest idea of—"

"Oh, you haven't, eh?" asked Montagu Somerset, taking his cigar from his mouth, and staring at him in a contemplative manner, as he knocked away the ash; "never mind about Miss Desmond; you haven't any idea of making her mistress of yourself and your property, real and personal, eh? You admire her very much, and are very grateful to her being civil

to you, and so on, but you have no idea of making her an offer of marriage?"

"No more than I have of making you such an offer."

"Then, in that case," replied Mr. Somerset, deliberately, "all I have to say is to this effect—look out for squalls; when you are coasting on a shore renowned for its quicksands, you'd better beware of any strange light you may see ahead, for the illumination generally means danger. When you meet with such a girl as the Desmond, don't trifle with her; of course it's very pleasant to ride, and drive, and play billiards, and loiter through a summer month or so with a handsome girl, meaning nothing serious all the time; and it is to be done with impunity, if you're careful in your selection of the young lady. But I don't think Julia Desmond is exactly the sort of girl you should try it on with. There are men in our place, apoplectic old fogies in starched neckcloths and no end of waistcoat, who knew the Desmond's father; he was a south of Ireland man and a notorious duellist. They say Julia inherits his eyes and teeth."

"But you don't mean to say that I've done Miss Desmond any wrong?" cried Francis. "How should I be otherwise than grateful to her when she was kind to me, and set me at my ease somehow, and made me feel a little less like an Ojibbeway Indian suddenly let loose amongst fashionable people? How should I imagine that she would think of me except as—as Miss Hillary thinks of me?" His voice grew low, and an inexpressible change came over his whole manner as he mentioned Maude Hillary's name. "They know my history, and that this time last year I was a private in a foot regiment, with nothing higher to hope for than an extra stripe upon my sleeve."

"Miss Hillary is one person, and Miss Desmond is another," Mr. Somerset replied, with just the least suspicion of *hauteur*. "The lovely Julia's face is her fortune, you know, dear boy. You ask me if you've been wrong; and I tell you frankly, as a gentleman, that I think you have. A man can't be exclusive in his attentions to a woman without other people perceiving the fact, and forming their own conclusions thereupon. I know every one who comes here regards the matter as settled, and I heard Maude say the other day that she thought you a very good fellow—*she* didn't say fellow—and would be delighted to see her dear Julia so pleasantly established."

"Did she say that?" cried Francis, with a dusky blush kindling under his dark skin; "did she speak well of me? And if—if she should think I have done Miss Desmond some kind of wrong by usurping her society and setting people talking about us—if *she* should think me mean or base—"

Montagu Somerset interrupted Mr. Tredethlyn by a long whistle.

"Oh, the wind's in that quarter, is it?" he exclaimed, "you're down in that list; then in that case I've nothing more to say. The river flows at your feet, my dear friend, and I dare say there's a rope for sale somewhere in the villages of Twickenham or Isleworth."

The young man sauntered away leaving Francis with his arms folded on the balustrade, and his face darker than it had been, even when he had thought remorsefully of his missing cousin.

Miss Desmond had not made such very bad use of her time. With consummate tact she had contrived to detain Francis Tredethlyn at her side in all those pleasant walks, and drives, and boating excursions, which made up a great part of life at the Cedars: and it seemed that the young man, of his own option, devoted himself to Colonel Desmond's daughter. Julia had been clever enough to set the simple Cornishman entirely at his ease in her presence, and having done that, all the rest followed naturally enough. It was to Miss Desmond that Francis Tredethlyn confided his opinions upon every subject; it was to Miss Desmond that he applied for enlightenment when his ignorance fenced him about with cloud and darkness, and seemed to shut him out from the people around him. When the visitors at the Cedars were busy in the animated discussion of some new book whose name Francis had never heard, and whose contents would have been utterly beyond his untrained understanding, Julia would explain to him the nature of the volume, simplifying the subject with a dexterity that was all her own, but never humiliating her companion by any display of her own superiority. If art was the subject of discussion, Julia insidiously demonstrated to the Cornishman the merits and demerits of any given picture; so Francis Tredethlyn had been considerably benefited by three months of intimacy with a handsome and accomplished woman, and he began to feel something like a well-disposed Maori who had been admitted into familiar intercourse with a family of friendly settlers.

But all this time, in spite of handsome, dark-eyed Julia's kindness, in spite of all the benefits to be derived from intimate relationship with such agreeable people as the guests who were always to be found at Twickenham, the one charm that had held the young man constant to the Cedars, like some spell-bound knight in a fairy story, who cannot leave an enchanted castle, though he knows that peril and ruin lurk within its walls, the one supreme influence that had taken possession of Francis Tredethlyn had been the presence of

Maude Hillary. From first to last his faith had never wavered, but his devotion had been the servile worship of an idolater, who was prepared to find his divinity hard and merciless. No thought of ever being anything nearer to Maude Hillary than he now was entered the young man's mind. She was beautiful, amiable, loving—for had he not seen her with her father? She was all that was lovely and adorable in womankind; but she was not for him. In her presence his ignorance and awkwardness seemed to weigh him down to the very dust, and yet she was never unkind to him, or supercilious, or insolent. She was only indifferent: but oh the bitterness of her indifference! the anguish of the slavish worshipper who prostrates himself before his idol, and knows all the while that it is stone, and cannot have pity for him! Again and again Francis Tredethlyn had determined that he would come no more to the Cedars. He would call on Mr. Hillary in the City some morning, and thank him for his hospitable kindness; and then he would buy a commission in a cavalry regiment newly ordered for Indian service.

"Why should I be always coming here?" he thought, "They're all very good to me, the young swells. But I feel awkward amongst them still; and even if I could fall into their ways and make myself like them, which I can't, where would be the good? I don't want to be a 'swell'; I should like to be a soldier, with a regiment of glorious fellows to call me Captain; or a farmer, with half a county to ride over, and a thousand sturdy laborers to take wages from me on a Saturday night; or a merchant, like Mr. Hillary, with a small fleet of ships on the high seas. That sort of thing would be life. But to dawdle in a billiard-room, or lounge at Tattersall's, and buy a horse one doesn't want, out of sheer idleness, and sell him at a loss three weeks afterwards, or to go for a yachting excursion off the Isle of Wight, with men to do all the work, and nothing to do one's self except lie on one's back and smoke and drink pale all day long—I can't fancy such a life as that. So why should I come here any more? I can't fall naturally into these people's habits. I think sometimes that I was happier out yonder, brushing the captain's clothes and talking to the convicts. What a fellow that Surly Bill was! By Jove! that man *had* seen life!"

Mr. Tredethlyn, lounging perpetually in the gardens by the river, conscious of his incapability of breaking the spell that bound him, thought, with some touch of envy, of the brilliant career of his late acquaintance, Surly Bill, the briglar. But now the Cornishman had been all at once aroused from the pleasant torpor which had crept upon him in this modern Castle of Indolence. All that was most generous in the young man's nature arose in revolt against the thought that he had wronged Julia Desmond. "It seems so hard that she should have set these people talking about by her kindness to an ignorant fellow like me. It must do a girl harm to have her name bandied about by an idle young fellow like Somerset. And she stands alone in the world, too, with no father or brother to take her part. I ought to have told that fellow to hold his tongue, and I will, too, before I leave this house to-night. But *this* decides me, at any rate. I've been here too much; I'll buy a commission and go out to India, and the lawyers must look after poor little Susie."

(To be continued.)

IN England by means of the telegraph giving the state of the weather at all points, they are able to foretell the weather. Admiral Fitzroy has this duty imposed upon him. He sits in his office near London, and every morning receives detailed telegraphic reports from all prominent points regarding all the meteorological phenomena of the day, and combining them he is enabled to predict with great accuracy the weather for the next day, or for the next few days. This he does and telegraphs his prediction back for the guidance of mariners. Two days before the late gales which were so destructive to shipping on the English coast, the Admiral predicted their appearance from the north; the storm-flag was hoisted, and all precautions taken. Sometimes, of course, he is mistaken, but as a general thing he is surprisingly correct. But that he can do this, is certainly one of the great triumphs of modern meteorological science.

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.—The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as leading "to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilized nations—a change highly important both in moral and physical point of view. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, very seldom drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals. Raynal observes that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality. Tea is so little drunk in Germany, that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea, with "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

CONCERNING A BALL.

[Ladies, who are always interested in everything appertaining to dancing and dresses, will be delighted with the following letter relative to a private entertainment which has suddenly become a topic of public comment. The letter is from one young lady to a friend at a distance, and being kindly permitted the privilege, we publish it *verbatim*, merely omitting the names of the wearers of the toilettes described, it seeming to us bad taste, under the circumstances, to even indicate them by initials. It will be understood that the writer was not writing for publication, and probably only mentioned the dresses of mutual friends, and those which were notable for novelty. If it be found that the French terms used, are in all cases misprinted, it must be remembered that our acquaintance with the language does not extend to toilette technicalities and that a dictionary for the use of people unacquainted with millinery has not yet been published—consequently it is quite possible that our proof reader has been in some instances at fault.]

SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25th, 1865.

MY DEAR LAURA.—Not a word from you since the great black steamer with its ugly pipes—puffing away like those impertinent fellows who don't take their cigars out of their mouths in the presence of ladies but insist on poisoning the clear pure air with their villainous smoke—bore you away from the wharf, and yet I, mindful of my promise, have written you regularly, not omitting the slightest detail that could interest you, and robbing my admirers of much time that otherwise would have been devoted to their entertainment and my own amusement. Oh Laura, Laura! I much fear that New York with its gayeties and pleasures has made you forget "the girl you left behind you," and of whom you carried away countless pictures as well as the choicest tress that her back hair afforded. Now this might be pardonable in a man, who always has a right to forget first loves and last promises, but in one of our sex—a sex which has been praised for its constancy in both prose and poetry since the day when Eve insisted on accompanying Adam in his flight from Eden—this, Laura, is too much, and I wonder at you.

The truth of the matter is, I should wreak a woman's revenge upon you for your neglect by never speaking and much less writing to you again, if there were not a possibility that the mails are at fault—as males very often are—and that the letters directed to me in your pinny boarding-school handwriting have gone straggling off to the Sandwich Islands or to some other out of the way place, where I am confident that no one could read them, however familiar with the English language they might be, without me to act as interpreter—though I am not confident that now even my assistance would avail to unravel the meaning of your closely written and crossed and recrossed manuscript, so long is it since I have had an opportunity of puzzling myself over one of your letters.

If I did not put this charitable interpretation upon your silence I should not write you now; though, after having told you about all the other affairs that have taken place since you left, it would be really unkind of me to disappoint your laudable curiosity in regard to what, beyond question, has proved the most brilliant entertainment ever given in this country. Now be patient, dear, for already I can fancy that your little mouth is rippling with: What was it? who were there? what did they wear? quick, tell me! You know I never could bear to be hurried, and once broke off an engagement merely because the "object of my affections" (that's the word, isn't it?) always stood on the stairs when we were going anywhere calling out, "Quick, Minnie! are you not ready yet?" making me so nervous that I invariably tore my gloves, and once went out into the street with the edge of my *jupe* showing for a full inch below my dress—and that was before they took to looping dresses up expressly to let embroideries be seen.

You know how I love dancing, and you know, too, that I can't help it, for the first note of music sets me wild. It sometimes seems to me that there must be little cords tied to my *bottines*, and that the musicians know this, and cunningly contrive to get hold of them just to amuse themselves with me, for, the very moment that they begin to play, my feet begin to pat the floor, and never stop until the music does. And then do you know it seems somehow as though I was let down from some great height with a suddenness almost amounting to a fall, and I look around, startled, tired and bruised with the feeling that melody has died, never to be revived, with the last cadence that is floating away on the air and that I can never be happy again. It is so positively painful to me that I sometimes wish the winds were always playing waltzes and *galops*, and that we might dance about the house and through the streets instead of walking—I am confident that under such circumstances I should never ride.

Knowing this, you will know the mingled apprehension and delight with which I heard that the wife of the Commanding General of the Department, lately come among us, intended to give a reception which would probably resolve itself into a ball, for we had had so many balls already, and there was such a terrible talk about "hard times" that I thought the season was over, that everything was *aufgespielt*, and there would be no more dancing for me until we meet at Saratoga—where you know you have promised to join me in June. Besides, I did not know either the General or his wife, and

papa belongs to a different party in politics, so it seemed very doubtful whether we would get an invitation or not. As far as I'm concerned, you know I don't know or care much about politics anyway, though as I am always ready to attach myself to any party where music and dancing are expected, I cannot say that I am not moved by party-spirit once and awhile. But even if I were a politician, and a maker of stump speeches besides, I think I should adopt the principle of that charming mutual friend of ours who said that she never let politics interfere with her pleasures—that would be my motto unless I were a real live pelican, with a great ugly pouch under my mouth that made me ashamed to be seen anywhere where every one else hadn't the ugly pouch, too.

So you may imagine my delight when an invitation was received, and papa said I might go and he would accompany me. I asked him if he intended to ride one of the brooms that they carried in the last election, or go in a carriage, and he laughed and said he guessed he'd go in the same wheelbarrow that some one wheeled another McClellan man in from one end of the town to the other. I asked him what I should wear, and he laughed at the idea, for you know he always calls me his little "woman in white," declaring, when we were talking about the late Fancy Ball, of which I wrote you, that he thought I could sustain that character better than any other, as I had rehearsed it at every party I ever attended in my life, as well as when I was a baby. So, white was determined upon; papa wanted me to wear the pearls that uncle gave me at Christmas, but I told him that since the frost flowers had become so valuable that I thought a white rosebud in my hair would be rarer and attract more attention than any other ornament that could be devised, and he let me have my own way—you know he can't help it, for when I am doing just as I want to I contrive to persuade him that it is *he* that wants me to do so and that he is having *his* own way. I think I shall try to manage my husband somewhat in that fashion, if ever I have one, for it must save a great deal of trouble and bother.

The invitations were for nine o'clock "Tuesday evening, the 24th inst.," and we started at ten, for papa says it is worse to be too late than too early. It is only ten minutes' drive from our house to the Occidental Hotel, and we got there in good season, so that when presented to our hostess and host we had time to interchange a few pleasant words with them instead of merely shaking hands and passing on. The whole of the first floor of the hotel had been given up for the occasion, and an usher conducted us down the hall to a small room connected with the ladies' parlor, which latter was the reception room. Here we were announced by the usher, and Mrs. McDowell received us, presenting us to her husband, who stood by her side. The General is such a stately, dignified gentleman, that I felt somewhat afraid of meeting him, for the probabilities were he had heard that our family were rebels and traitors, just because father voted for McClellan, and that he ought to send us to Alcatraz the moment we entered the room; but Mrs. McDowell's pleasant smile and manner reassured me at once, and when she took my hand and presented me to her husband, the General, I felt that neither of them thought that we ought to have no home in California because we once had one in the South. The General recognized papa at once, and said that he met him in Kentucky a great many years ago, long, long before the war broke out, and spent a very pleasant time at his plantation; and during the course of the evening they had quite a talk together about the prospects of peace and the necessity of prudence and discretion in averting outbreaks and civil war out here. Of course I don't understand such things much, but it seems to me that a few years ago Northern and Southern people were good friends enough, and interchanged visits together and thought a good deal of each other, and that neither has changed so much in four years as some people would have us believe. It is very curious to me to hear both parties calling each other thieves and murderers, and everything else that is bad, when a few years ago either of them would have knocked a foreigner down for saying half as much about the other. And I don't see what the newspapers say they are fighting for "Union" for, when in the same breath they declare and maintain and repeat that the people with whom they are fighting are cowards, and robbers, and ought every one to be swept from the face of the earth. I, for my part, think that these newspapers do a great deal of harm, and that if they were kept away from the people on both sides, the war would be ended a great deal sooner than it will be if they are allowed to go on, at both the North and South, persuading the people on both sides that those opposed to them are of a different flesh and blood and are guilty of such enormities that the earth ought to open and swallow them.

You must not think that all this talk took place at the door of the reception room, for we moved on almost immediately, though I noticed that a good many others instead of doing this stood talking in the doorway, blocking it up until papa said they ought to have another usher to pull them away.

The supper was served in one of the halls, shut off from the main one by a rich brocade curtain, the dining room having

been cleared of its tables and fitted up for dancing. There were so many large mirrors in the room that some one said it was evident the General didn't care how many reflections were cast upon his party, and there was a great profusion of flowers, notwithstanding their cost—flowers everywhere, over the mirrors and under them, and festooning the chandeliers, with canary birds hung up in cages at every place, it seemed to me, where there was a chance to hang one. I have already told you that all of the first floor was given up to the occasion, with several dressing-rooms in the story above, so that though there were four or five hundred guests present there was no crowding, but room for all. Indeed the whole thing was conducted in such a manner that it was the very thing it was intended to be, a private entertainment; and one forgot that it was given in a hotel.

Now, as to what was worn I really am very much at a loss how to tell you, for I always give myself so completely up to the illusion of one of these fairy scenes that memory would fail me even if I attempted to take mental notes. Mrs. McDowell, I remember, wore a white tarlatane, with narrow flounces, trimmed with crimson flowers; her coiffure was of crimson flowers. The General was in plain clothes, of course, all the other officers of the army and navy appearing in full uniform, as well as the Foreign Consuls. A lady whose husband holds the "highest (State) office within the gift of the people," wore a canary *moiré* with the richest of black flounces and trimmings, revealing the taste of the French *couturière* in the distribution. All was in harmony, even to the pretty device of the tiny *nœud* that sparkled with its cluster of diamonds so brilliantly upon the shapely throat it encircled—her hair, dressed in "*bouffans*" à l'air de sa figure, was surmounted by a crown of pearls and feathers, the bright *cerise* of the latter enlivening all. I noticed particularly a white satin covered with white crape *bouillonnée*, with now and then a festoon of the finest *chantille*, all rendered most bewitchingly elegant by a tunic of blue *velour épinglé*; this excited the admiration of all who love novelty in ladies' attire. Another lady lately returned from Europe wore light blue silk with white point lace flounce, trimmed *en tablière*, with shawl to correspond; the dress was made more elegant, if possible, by the dignity of the wearer, and on all sides ladies were descending upon the richness of her laces and the magnificence of her attire. More beautiful matrons are seldom seen. Our friend who "never allows politics to interfere with her pleasures" wore a corn-colored taffeta, cut goring and fitting *à merveille*, trimmed with *chantille*, she as usual adopting the style which seems especially to become her. One lady appeared with her hair powdered, looking like a graceful *Marquise* of the old *regime*, attracting much notice. A lady from the distant town of San Jose wore a white *moiré* with two rows of black lace—I'm afraid to tell you what the dress cost, for it would startle you. One of the Consuls' ladies wore a magnificent dress of rose *moiré* flounced *en riche point d'Angleterre*. The wife of our old friend, the present Commanding General's predecessor, wore black velvet, her coiffure of blue velvet and white feathers. One dress pleased me exceedingly; it was of white *moiré antique*, as simple and yet as elegant a toilette as there was in the room. The magnificent lady whom we have so often admired, and of whom you once remarked that a line in *Marco Bozaris* seemed especially written to tempt gentlemen to quote it to her, wore a white *moiré* trimmed with white crape dotted with velvet flowers and sprays, her hair the same, no ornament but her own massive hair, confined with a golden comb. But it is useless to attempt to describe all the toilettes. Never were there seen together in this city so many beautiful women in such costly silks, satins, velvets, laces—tulle, crape, illusion, tarlatane, etc. In colors, red, white and yellow prevailed among the richest dresses, while among the young ladies nearly all the thin fabrics were in white—one dress I remember particularly, it was so fresh and gossamer like, a pure white devoid of ornament; not even a flower or feather ever so tastefully arranged could have added to the costume, but might have diminished the effect of true simplicity. Do not say "That's you, Minnie!" for it isn't.

Now, *ma chère*, if you wish to know what else was worn, and by whom, you must get some one else to tell you, for it was nearly three o'clock last night before we left the ball-room, and I can hardly hold my poor sleepy head up even now. Or, perhaps I'll send you a newspaper, for I suppose the editors will bore friends who were not at the ball until they learn, in a confused way, what everybody wore, that they may publish each costume—wrongly. Taken all in all, the entertainment was the most brilliant one ever given in this community; and my only regret is that you were not there to share the pleasure with me. For if I enjoy dances, you know that your weakness is suppers, and Mr. Iceland certainly achieved a triumph in that department last evening. Remember me to all my old beaux; be honest in dividing them with me when I come on, and believe me

Tout et toujours à toi,

MINNIE.

MANY complain that they are not appreciated properly simply because they are.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

NOTHING of moment this week. The usual rumors fly from east to west. Peace now, war next. Now the South wants peace—again she doesn't; Sherman is marching on Charleston now—again his main army quietly rests on its laurels in Savannah. Now Wilmington is evacuated—again Bragg holds Gen. Terry and his veterans in check. What is a compiler to do? Fortunately, however, the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN stand on the same footing with us that the boy did with the showman—they pay their money, and can take their choice. We simply tell the story to them as the telegraph tells it to us, fondly waiting and hoping like trustful Micahs for something definite to "turn up." If any phenomenon of the kind does occur, the daily press may possibly distance us in spreading the news before the people, but they cannot get ahead of us in the triumphant joy with which the first "something positive" will be put upon "record."

January 19th.—The mildness of Gen. Sherman's policy in Savannah is increasing the Union sentiment in that city. No restriction is placed upon trade, except in cotton and other articles contraband of war. In Southwestern Georgia, nine counties have issued calls for Union meetings.

Deserters from the rebel lines in front of Petersburg report that ninety-five miles of the railroad between Danville and Greensboro' had been destroyed by heavy rains. Every culvert and bridge had been carried away.

Richmond papers state the negroes are fleeing in gangs into the Yankee lines in apprehension of being conscripted into the rebel army.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Whig* comes out openly for reconstruction. It says the interior of North Carolina is filled with deserters and outlaws, and the State militia have thrown away their arms and gone home.

Resolutions of thanks to Admiral Porter and his officers and men, as well as Major General Terry and his officers and men, for their conduct at Fort Fisher, passed the Senate unanimously.

January 21.—Charleston despatches in the Richmond papers, under date of January 15th, give particulars of Sherman's advance towards Charleston. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, with little artillery or baggage, advanced from Beaufort, while Gen. Sherman was moving by railroad with the remainder of his army, artillery, trains, etc. On Saturday the Fourth and Seventh Corps, under Maj.-Gen. Blair, crossed Port-Royal ferry, and with a portion of Foster's command, moved on Pocatolgo. Gen. Howard, commanding that wing of the army, reported on Sunday that the enemy abandoned his strong works in our front during Saturday night. Blair's corps now occupies a strong position across the railroad, covering all the approaches east of Pocatolgo.

The late efforts to create Lee Commander-in-Chief of all the rebel Armies have been successful. The necessary resolution passed both Houses, and a recommendation is made to reinstate Joe Johnston.

A great deal of picket firing took place on the 19th and 20th in front of Petersburg. Result not known.

Gen. Grant received the following despatch from General Terry:

"On the 16th, the enemy blew up Forts Caswell and Campbell, and abandoned them, as well as their works on Smith's Island and those at Smith's and Reeves' Point. Each place was occupied by the navy. The whole number of guns captured amounts to 162. A large number of small arms also fell into our hands, besides quantities of ordnance and commissary stores. Our casualties prove smaller than at first reported. They foot up twelve officers and one hundred and seven men killed; forty-five officers and four hundred and ninety men wounded."

The explosion of the magazine in Fort Fisher was caused by the carelessness of our men, who were indiscreet enough to go into it with lighted cigars and candles. 300 men lost their lives by this casualty. Our gunboats have gone up Cape Fear river, and are shelling the woods on both sides to dislodge the enemy.

The latest from Hood reports him on the way to Corinth. The superseding of Hood by Dick Taylor is announced.

The State Convention, (held in St. Louis,) in Committee of the Whole on the Bill of Rights, on the 20th, unanimously passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this State shall ever remain a member of the American Union, and that all attempts, from whatever source, upon whatever pretext, to dissolve the said Union, or sever the said nation, ought to be resisted with the whole power of the State; that every citizen of this State owes a paramount allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the United States, and no law or ordinance of this State in contravention thereof can have any binding force."

An ordinance has been introduced confiscating the property of rebels engaged in overt acts, and asking Congress to release the claim of the United States to the confiscated rebel property in Missouri to the State.

January 22.—On the night of the 18th, five blockade runners ran into the Old Inlet, North Carolina, and were captured by the Federal gunboats. Porter's fleet is in Cape Fear River.

Great suffering is reported among the rebel soldiers in the

Shenandoah Valley. They are still near Newmarket and Staunton.

January 23.—The *Herald's* Washington special despatch has various rumors concerning Blair's visit to Richmond. One is that Blair brought autograph letters from Davis to Lincoln saying that he was ready to treat for peace, and that a communication from Lincoln has been taken back to Richmond, expressing a willingness to send or receive commissioners. Many well-informed people in Washington look for important results from Blair's second visit to the rebel capital. These, however, are mere rumors. In the absence of official information, we have to take the statements of the Associated Press reporters for what they are worth. There seems to be no good reason for believing that Blair's mission to Richmond was in any way authorized by the President or the Government. The *Times'* Washington correspondent says, "It is now generally understood that Blair did not go in any sense as a representative of Government to Richmond; that he is not authorized to encourage the hope that any overtures for peace will be made or accepted, which look, however remotely, towards a division of the Union; nor is it believed that the rebels are yet prepared to treat on any other terms. Popular sentiment has overruled the desire of the rebel government for peace."

The Richmond editors are beginning to write significantly of Peace. They think that if the South fail, their interest would incline them to submit to the United States rather than to England, France or Maximilian. Their united military forces would then sweep the continent and thus hide their shame, while America would become a colossal power of the world!

Senator Foote refused to be released, and insists upon a trial to show cause for arrest.

In Gen. Grierson's late raid in Mississippi, he marched 400 miles and captured 600 prisoners. He brought in 1,000 contrabands and 1,000 horses, and destroyed 100 miles of railroad. He estimates his loss at less than 100 men.

The *Herald's* Fort Fisher despatches say that the fleet and the land forces commenced on Monday (18th) to move towards Wilmington. On the day the movement commenced, explosions in that direction were heard. It was supposed the rebels were blowing up their fortifications, preparatory to evacuating the town. A large earthwork on the west side of Cape Fear river was occupied by the Union troops, who met with little opposition.

Rebel deserters are continually coming into the Union lines at Newbern.

Forrest is reported to be concentrating his forces at Houston, Miss., with the view of making a raid into Memphis.

January 24.—It is reported that a formidable expedition had left Forts Morgan and Gaines, and proceeded up the East Pascagoula river to take a position in the rear of Mobile. The river was found navigable; it is said that the occupation cannot fail to render the city an easy capture.

January 25.—At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, a rebel fleet of five vessels came down the James to destroy the depots and works at City Point. Our batteries instantly opened fire upon them; one of the vessels was blown up, and two others were so badly damaged as to compel them to retire, accompanied by the other two which escaped damage. It is understood that Vice Admiral Farragut will assume the naval command on the James.

A small body of rebels made their appearance below Woodstock.

Great preparations are making by the Charlestonians to resist the onward march of Sherman.

The Richmond *Despatch* reports that Price had captured Fort Smith, Ark., with a garrison of 2,000 men. It is not official.

J. A. Seddon has resigned the portfolio of the rebel War Department.

The pirate *Shenandoah* is creating havoc among the American merchantmen on the coast of Brazil.

January 26.—Correspondence of the N. Y. *Herald* of the 18th says that the main body of Sherman's army is still at Savannah, but are busy refitting for another march.

The usual sensation Peace rumors come under this date; but there is nothing definite enough to embody them in our "record."

The Raleigh *Progress* of the 20th, states that the Union forces had arrived within 8 miles of Wilmington, and that Gen. Terry, after demanding the surrender of the place, gave Bragg until the 19th to answer. All is confusion in Wilmington. The Richmond papers, however, substantially confess the evacuation of Wilmington.

In relation to the rebel iron-clad demonstration, the *Herald's* City Point despatch says that there were four vessels. One was entirely destroyed, another disabled; the other two were aground and were being fired into directly by our batteries, each shot from Fort Parsons striking them fairly.

Gold fluctuated considerably during the week—varying from 195 to 200, and closed, to the date of the last despatch, at 206.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The San Francisco Hussars on Wednesday presented a magnificent Mexican saddle, with complete trappings, to Major C. H. Seymour, their late captain; the recipient is about to depart for Sinaloa, to superintend the operations of a mining company.

Our Chinese residents, having assisted in celebrating everybody else's big anniversary, were permitted to burn powder and paper, Thursday, in honor of their New Year and of Emperor Tong Gee, who commenced his fourth year's reign on that day. They seemed determined to feel happy, and if noise and smoke prove anything, they were.

The Fire Alarm Telegraph will be in operation by April 1st.

The Annual Ball of the Second Irish Regiment, given at Union Hall, Wednesday evening, was a brilliant affair. The Regimental Band furnished excellent music; every one was pleased, and it was conceded that the Second were second to none in entertaining their friends.

Proposals for building a wharf 475 feet in length, 80 feet in width, at the foot of Howard street, are asked for. Bids will be received until Feb. 4th.

Tuesday morning an attempt was made to burn the hay and feed warehouse of McEwen & Adams, on Stuart street.—the third effort of some enemy or some wretch who hopes to find his profit in the destruction of property in that locality.

The funeral of John J. Despeaux, master, and Robt. S. Owens, supercargo, of the wrecked ship *Sir John Franklin*, took place at Trinity Church, Tuesday. The bodies were placed in a vault at Lone Mountain Cemetery; they are to be sent East soon. Deceased were both from Baltimore.

Judge Sawyer rendered a decree, recently, in favor of the plaintiff in the suit of Henry Dreschfield vs. the City and County of San Francisco, quieting the title to 100-vara lot No. 293 on Eighth and Bryant streets.

The State Guard will give a reception at their Armory, No. 729 Market street, Monday evening, Jan. 30th. There will be literary exercises, farces, fencing, dancing, music by the Glee Club, etc.

Two more Homestead Associations (the "Jefferson Park" and the "City") have been incorporated. There is need of homesteads in this city, if anywhere on earth, as many who are living under the despotic sway of landlords and landladies can attest. From such a class as has grown into picayune wealth and cheap arrogance, Heaven save any family burdened with self-respect and not "on the muscle." No one will make a personal application of this paragraph unless it suits. The class referred to does not include all those who have tenements to rent; many are the acts of kindness and the displays of good breeding and consideration for less fortunate fellow-mortals; but, after all, "there's no place like home," and we have witnessed with pleasure the success of the various well-managed homestead associations of this city.

A meeting was held at the office of Dr. George F. Woodward, Wednesday evening, for the purpose of preparing to give General Sickles (who is to arrive on the steamer due Feb. 6th) a public reception. Jacob Deeth, Dr. Woodward, Harry Lynne, F. O. Wakeman and Dr. Rowell were appointed as a committee to prepare a programme and report to a meeting to be held at the same place Saturday evening, 28th inst.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Mr. Moss was shot at while drawing ale from a cask in his saloon in Healdsburg, recently; a heavy charge of slugs passed his head in unpleasant proximity. The would-be murderer escaped.

Charles Smith, convicted of murder in the second degree, for killing one Madden in Gold Hill, Nevada, was sentenced, Jan. 23d, to twenty-one years in the Penitentiary.

Dayton M. Horner, a farmer, near San Lorenzo, Cal., was found dead, Jan. 23d, having evidently expired from heart disease. The wife of Francis Abel, of Petaluma, died suddenly from the same cause, a few days ago. Scarcely a week passes, of late, that similar cases are not recorded in California.

Daniel A. Hill, who came to California from Massachusetts in 1823, died at his ranch, "La Goleta y Potera," near Santa Barbara, on the 20th inst., in the 68th year of his age.

The Grass Valley *Union* says that twenty-one ledges have been taken up in Grass Valley District since Jan. 1st, many of which look extremely well.

Gov. Low, H. S. Brown, J. W. Winans, Fred. Billings, F. M. Pixley, J. McM. Shafter, J. B. Southard and A. A. Sargent are mentioned by the *Sacramento Bee* as candidates to succeed McDougall as Senator. A few more would give the list an air of variety.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* says of the weather in that locality: "It makes one feel as though Paradise was hovering somewhere near, and that the Garden of Eden would soon present itself with its delicious sweet."

SECOND LOVE.

"L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois : c'est la première. Les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires!"—*La Bruyère.*

How shall he woo her?—Let him stand
Beside her as she sings;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings:
And let him tell her he has heard,
Though sweet the music flow,
A voice whose every whispered word
Was sweeter, long ago.

How shall he woo her?—Let him gaze
In sad and silent trance
On those blue eyes whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance;
And let him tell her, eyes more bright,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
Upon him in his dream.

How shall he woo her?—Let him try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth and sea and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme:
And let him tell her, when he bent
His knee in other years,
He was not half so eloquent—
He could not speak for tears!

How shall he woo her?—Let him bow
Before the shrine in prayer;
And bid the priest pronounce the vow
That hallows passion there:
And let him tell her when she parts
From his unhidden kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away, away! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain;
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toil, I know, is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin;
But souls that lose what his hath lost—
Oh, what have they to win?

[W. M. Præd.]

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THOMAS GEDDELY'S CASE.

THOMAS GEDDELY lived as a waiter with Mrs. Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scutoire was found broken open and robbed, and Thomas Geddely disappearing at the same time, no doubt was entertained as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after a man calling himself James Crow came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence, in carrying goods as a porter. Many accosted him as Thomas Geddely. He declared he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. But this was held as merely a trick to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs. Williams, when he lived with her as waiter.

His mistress was sent for, and in the midst of many people instantly singled him out, called him by his name (Thomas Geddely,) and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her. He was directly hurried before a justice of peace, but on his examination absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he was a vagabond and petty rogue, and Mrs. Williams and another woman swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pleaded not guilty, still denying that he was the person he was taken for: but Mrs. Williams and some others made oath that he was the identical Thomas Geddely who lived with her when she was robbed; and a servant girl deposed that she saw him, on the very morning of the robbery, in the room where the scutoire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. The prisoner, being unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath in affirming that he was not Thomas Geddely, and that his name was James Crow.

And so it proved! Some time after, the true Thomas Geddely, who on robbing his mistress had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and then condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York, for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed.

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and

execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs. Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

THE RECUSANT JURYMAN.

Two men were seen fighting together in a field. One of them was found, soon after, lying dead in that field. Near him lay a pitchfork, which had apparently been the instrument of his death. This pitchfork was known to have belonged to the person who was seen fighting with the deceased, and he was known to have taken it with him only that morning. Being apprehended and brought to trial, and these circumstances appearing in evidence, and it being also found that there had been for some time an enmity between the parties, little doubt was entertained that the prisoner would be convicted, although he strongly persisted in asserting his innocence; but, to the great surprise of the court, the jury, instead of bringing in an immediate and unanimous verdict of guilty, withdrew, and after staying out a considerable time, returned, and informed the court that eleven out of the twelve had been from the first for finding the prisoner guilty, but that one man would not concur in the verdict. Upon this the judge pointed out to the dissentient person the great strength of the evidence, and asked him "How it was possible for him, *all circumstances considered*, to have any doubt as to the guilt of the accused?" But no argument that could be urged either by the judge or the rest of the jury, could persuade that juryman to find the prisoner guilty; so that the rest of the jury were at last obliged to agree to the verdict of acquittal.

This affair remained for some time mysterious; but at length it came out, either by the private acknowledgment of the obstinate juryman to the Judge who tried the cause, (and who is said to have had the curiosity to inquire into the motives of his extraordinary pertinacity,) or by his confession at the point of death, (for the case is related both ways,) that he himself had been the murderer! The accused, indeed, as sworn on the trial, had had a scuffle with the deceased, in which he had dropped his pitchfork, which had been soon after found by the juryman, between whom and the deceased an accidental quarrel arose in the same field, where the deceased continued to work after the departure of the person with whom he was seen to have the affray. In the heat of this quarrel the juryman, had unfortunately stabbed him with that pitchfork, and had then got away totally unsuspected; but finding soon after that the other person had been apprehended on suspicion of being the murderer, and fearing, as the circumstances appeared so strong against him, he had contrived to get upon the jury, as the only way of saving the innocent, without endangering himself.

THE LOST MONEY.

The following remarkable case was communicated to us by the party in whose personal experience it occurred. The narrator had gone from Edinburgh to London to see a son there settled in a respectable situation. Having a week or two of unoccupied time, he resolved, before returning to the north, to visit Paris, and, being ignorant of the French language, made some inquiries for a companion who might act as his interpreter. "It so happened (continues the narrator) that I was intimate in Edinburgh with a Mr. F., a native of France, who I understood, was going to Paris about the same period, but when I left Edinburgh I had no opportunity of making an arrangement with him. One Sunday afternoon, however, while walking in St. James' Park, I met a friend of his, who informed me that he had received a letter from Mr. F., stating that he was to have sailed from Leith on the previous day, and that he would probably be in London on Monday evening, and informed me where I should find him.

I now considered that I could not do better than avail myself of Mr. F.'s knowledge of France, and of the French language, and proceed with him to Paris. I accordingly went and found him at his lodgings on Tuesday. On that occasion, and at different times during the week, we conversed about the proposed jaunt to Paris, and it was finally resolved that on the next Sunday we should sail from London to Calais. It was also arranged, at my suggestion, that in order to prevent disappointment, Mr. F. should come to my inn on the Saturday afternoon, and that we should proceed together to the vessel on the following day.

My son, who had been occupying a bedroom, the entrance to which was through my own apartment, had left it the previous day to be nearer his place of business, and I suggested that Mr. F. should occupy this inner apartment, so that we might be near one another; and to this arrangement Mr. F. at once agreed.

In the course of the Saturday evening we had some conversation relative to the money each of us had in his possession; and Mr. F. showed me how he secured his cash in a concealed part of his dress, where it would not be suspected, in case we should fall in with any of the gentry disposed to peculation. Mr. F. had a parcel of Bank of England notes, to the amount of £95, besides a considerable quantity of gold and silver. The notes he replaced in the pocket, and we soon afterwards went to bed.

Mr. F., having chanced to awake early next morning (about four o'clock, I believe) commenced counting his gold and silver, but did not meddle with his notes, as he believed them to be quite safe in the pocket of his trousers. I was awake by the jingling of the coins, and on learning what he was about, I inquired if all was right, and he answered quite right, and in a short time he went to bed, and again we fell asleep. At six o'clock, a knock was heard at our outer bedroom door, and at last "Boots" entered, and inquired if we were in possession of all our money, and we both assured him we were, for we recollected that we had examined it on the previous evening, when all was right, and Mr. F. had ascertained still more recently that his gold and silver were undisturbed. "Boots," however, insisted that we were in error, and told us that he had that morning found a parcel of bank notes to the amount of £95 (lying in one of the outhouses, near to the place where he cleaned his boots,) which he had put into the possession of his master. On hearing the sum of £95 mentioned, Mr. F. immediately arose, much agitated, knowing that such was the very amount of his notes, but at the same time feeling almost certain that he had the money quite secure. The man, however, went and brought the money from his master, which Mr. F. immediately knew to be his own parcel of notes; but how it could have found its way to the coach-yard, was to us quite incomprehensible.

It soon occurred to me, however, how the circumstance had taken place. I recollected that just before going to bed, I had taken my own boots and Mr. F.'s, and put them outside the door, and it must have happened that Mr. F., in taking off his trousers, which were rather tight, and he being old and stiff, the parcel of notes during the exertion must have fallen out of his pocket, into one of the boots which were lying near him at the time.

This circumstance at the moment afforded me a good deal of amusement, but when I began to reflect upon what the consequences might have been, I was very seriously concerned.

If the circumstance had occurred in the way I have supposed, and I can conceive no other, the boots must have been taken away from the door, and thrown down with others, to the number perhaps of twenty or thirty pairs, in a small outhouse in the stable-yard, where the boots were taken to be cleaned, and as there were at all times of the day a number of hostlers, coachmen, and others, going about, the house being one of the greatest stage-coach establishments in London, the safe return of the money appears almost miraculous; for had the money fallen into the hands of a person less honest than "Boots" himself, it is not probable that the temptation would have overcome any scruples he might have had, the sum being large; and had the person kept it secret, no suspicion could possibly have attached to him.

Now, supposing, what is highly probable, that the money had not been returned, in what a situation should I have been placed! Take into consideration all the circumstances of the case. Knowing that Mr. F. was going to reside some months in France, I must have been presumed to calculate that he would have a considerable sum of money in his custody. Finding out his residence in London, arranging to go with him to France, getting him to come to my lodging and into my own bedroom, introducing the subject regarding the securing of the money, so as to ascertain where it was concealed, would all have appeared as certain proof that I had arisen during the night, and taken possession of the money. It could scarcely have availed me to deny all knowledge of the circumstance, or allege the improbability of my having committed a robbery where it could be so easily detected. Such circumstances have often occurred before, where the desire could not be resisted. Nor could Mr. F. have been blamed had he made application to the public authorities to investigate the matter. What a clear case of circumstantial evidence would any judge or jury have made out against me! At the very least, the loss of reputation for life would have been the ultimate consequence.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—In the *Gentleman's Monthly Magazine*, of which a few numbers were published in London, in 1803, William Freud, one of the editors, gave a fable of the origin of the English language. He said that the poor English, who could do nothing but hiss, petitioned the Devil for a vocabulary. The infernal potentate picked up a variety of folios in all languages, together with swathings of mummies, etc., and boiled them in a caldron, collecting large quantities of the froth, which he sent to the petitioners, who thus got what they wanted. They did not quite get rid of the hissing; and when their benefactor, once in seven years, or thereabouts, pays them a visit, they still entertain him with the old sounds at borough and county elections. But just as the boiling process was nearly finished, the devil was lucky enough to pick up a large quantity of books and papers cheap, the Council of — having just broken up. These were thrown in, but the hard Greek words had not time to boil. The consequence is that when a preacher gets hold of them he might as well be talking Arabic. The language would have been an excellent language if it had not been for the Council alluded to, and the words had been well boiled.

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372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES,
and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
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Of No. 372, Broome street,
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de17-5m

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
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R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
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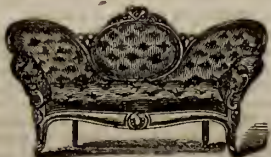
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Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.
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CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.
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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
—TO—
Red Bluff.
ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
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THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.
ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Minturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,
And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit.
Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS
It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

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It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

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It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

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It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

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THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRETIEN PFISTER,
oc15-1f No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.		
9:40	10:20	11:40
FROM THE CITY		
10:00	10:40	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

GREGORY YALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. y2

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

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MR. CHRETIEN PEISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovyn's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist coiffeurs will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the coiffure of ladies.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupit of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Mechanist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, aneurysms for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

RICKS RAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

STEEL COLLARS

LIGHT AS LINEN, and white as snow, readily cleaned with a damp towel; have been worn both in Europe and the Eastern States in preference to any Collars for the last three years.

For sale by S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway, } San Francisco, Cal
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of FEBRUARY, 1865:

FEBRUARY 31	GOLDEN AGE
FEBRUARY 13	CONSTITUTION
FEBRUARY 23	SACRAMENTO

From Folson-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-4f

THE LAST

—OF THE—

SEWING MACHINE

CONTROVERSY!

THE LIE NAILED!

VENTILATION OF

The Gross Mis-statements

—OF THE—

Florence Sewing Machine

AGENT.

Trickery! Knavery!

DECEPTION! LIES!

ARE OF NO AVAIL!!

THE GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE

UNSCATHED!

AND THE MISERABLY IMBECILE AND GROSSLY FALSE STATEMENTS

—OF THE—

Agent of the Florence

SEWING MACHINE

EXPOSED!

Gross fraud upon the Public.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

A few weeks since we advertised the fact that the GROVER & BAKER MACHINE had received the Highest Premium at the Oregon State Fair, and the same result had attended our exhibitions at every State Fair held during the past four years, when in competition with others. This well-known fact was admitted virtually by all Sewing Machine Agents; but, two months afterward, the agent of the Florence machine—a disappointed aspirant to honors which never have and never will be awarded his complicated mass of unreliable and inferior mechanism—comes forward, and in the most audacious manner advertises that there was "A slight mistake about the Premium at the Oregon State Fair, that the Committee decided in favor of the Florence Machine," etc., followed by a card from Mrs. Howe, one of the Committee, to that effect, and apparently substantiated by two other ladies, but not by all of the committee, which was composed of FIVE ladies, and finally published and declares as a "Bogus Report," the genuine and only one, which gave the First Premium to GROVER & BAKER, and insinuates that the President of the Society (Judge Thornton) changed the report.

To all this we simply replied that the statement was FALSE, and that a reply would be given as soon as communication could be had with the proper parties in Oregon. We now propose to give the promised answer, in which it is not our purpose to discuss the means adopted to procure from Mrs. Howe her wonderfully incorrect card, nor in blinding the eyes of two others of the Committee in substantiating it, but simply to give through the President of the Society, and four of the five ladies who composed the Committee, the *direct* to the statement of the Florence machine Agent and his unscrupulous adherents, with a determination that this will be the last time that we shall be inveigled into noticing any emanations from such an unreliable and contemptible source, which seeks, by attacks upon our well-earned and world-wide reputation, to build up for himself and his heretofore unknown and unappreciated compound of complication an otherwise unheard-of fame.

Read the following Tissue of Falshoods published by the Agent of the Florence Sewing Machine.

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing machine Company claim the First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing machine work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing machines and Sewing machine work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employee of the Grover & Baker company;) and after a careful examination of the sewing machines and machine work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the committee to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine, as the best machine for doing all grades of work; and a Premium to the Grover & Baker machine, for Embroidery; and the committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the committee and their final decision.

Signed, MARY A. HOWE,
And indorsed by Mrs. Miller and Griffin, under misapprehension of its object and intent, as appears below.

Read the Further Comments of the Florence Agent.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at

the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society, to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits; and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX,
Committee

AND READ OUR REFUTATION

—OF THIS—

Most Scandalous Outrage

—ON—

TRUTH AND SENSE!

Extracts from an Affidavit in our Possession, from JUDGE J. L. THORNTON, President Oregon S. A. Society:

"I have this day seen an advertisement of the Florence Machine Company, containing an affidavit from Mrs. Mary A. Howe, November 4, 1864. My sense of duty to the Committee on Sewing Machines, appointed at the last State Agricultural Fair, not less than what I owe to myself, constrains me to affirm that this affidavit contains little else than a series of the most shameful untruths. In the first place, it is not true 'that on the fourth' day of November she heard for the first time that the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company claimed the FIRST PREMIUM. She knew it on the twenty-ninth of September. In the second place, it is not true that three, if not all, of the Committee, were selected by a Mr. Johnson, in the employ of the GROVER & BAKER Company. I knew none of the parties personally, or by name, until they came before me as President of the Society. I selected the Committee without even a suggestion from any one connected with the GROVER & BAKER Company, as to whom I should appoint. I do not even know the Mr. Johnson referred to. Mrs. Howe then proceeds to say: 'It was finally decided, and agreed by the ladies present, to award the first premium to the Florence Machine, as the best for doing all kinds of work, and the second premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to Judge Thornton, the President of the Fair, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated.' I do not think it possible for even Mrs. Howe to make another statement more wickedly false. The Hon. Mrs. Delazon Smith, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Knox and Miss Mary Miller, were the Special Committee on Sewing Machines. They came to me to make their report, and requested me to write it for them. They said verbally, (Mrs. Howe included,) that they had determined to award the first premium to the Grover & Baker, and the second premium to the Florence Machine, and assigned as a reason that the Grover & Baker embroidered, while the Florence did not; besides, the latter being more complicated and liable to get out of order, made them less desirable as a family machine. I wrote the Report which appears in their advertisement as a 'Bogus Report,' and after reading it, asked each lady present (including the veracious Mrs. Howe) if it contained an expression of their opinion, as the merits of the respective machines? Each for herself answering in the affirmative. It was then signed by them, and has never since been changed in a line or word. In short, all the material statements of Mrs. Howe are FALSE THROUGHOUT.

(Signed) J. L. THORNTON.
Attested, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk.

STATEMENT OF MRS. DELAZON SMITH,
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,

Whose statement was not taken by the Florence,

as it would not suit their purpose.

"The Committee, after a long consultation, instructed the President, Judge Thornton, to write out a Report, awarding to the Grover & Baker Machine the First Premium and the Second Premium to the Florence Machine. The Report advertised by the Florence Machine Company, as being *bogus* was the genuine Report, as made out, read, and then signed by the four ladies of the Committee then present. The Committee were appointed by Judge Thornton, President of the Society, and not by a Mr. Johnson, as advertised by the agent of the Florence Machine; and further, Mrs. Howe, the person signing the statement advertised as aforesaid, must have understood that the Grover & Baker Machine was to have the First Premium, as she herself told me that the Florence Machine men were quite angry about the award of the First Premium to Grover & Baker, and would not allow the Second Premium Ribbon to be tied to their machine (the Florence.) I was decidedly in favor of awarding the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and was influenced in my decision by the fact that I considered the Florence Machine more complicated, and more liable to get out of order, and I considered the Grover & Baker the most reliable and simple of the two. That it would do all the work the Florence would do, besides being the best for ornamental work. I was solicited by the other

party for a statement of the facts in the case, which I offered to give, but was not accepted, as it was not agreeable to their wishes; and further state that the foregoing is true, anything to the contrary notwithstanding.

(Signed) MARY S. SMITH.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY ANN KNOX,
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,

Whose statement was not taken by the Florence because it would not agree with their misrepresentations.

"Said Committee signed the Report awarding the First Premium to the 'Grover & Baker' Machine, and the Report alleged by the Agent of the Florence as *bogus*, was the *True Report* which was written out by the President, and read by the Committee before signing. The President asked the four ladies of the Committee, then present, if the Report was made out agreeable to their wishes; to which they answered in the affirmative; and the contents of the Report were understood by the ladies, particularly by Mrs. Howe, as she subsequently spoke of the dissatisfaction expressed by the Agent of the Florence Machine; she also stated that though she liked the work of the Florence, still, if she was going to purchase a Machine, she would purchase a Grover & Baker, particularly on account of its ornamental work. Mrs. Griffin also expressed herself in the same manner. I also stated that under no consideration would I sign a Report in favor of giving the Premium to the Florence Machine. I consider it to be a complicated and delicate piece of Machinery, unfit for general use among the people in the country, while the Grover & Baker had proved itself to be perfect in every respect. Mr. Thornton, President of the Society, appointed the Committee. I signed the Report with a full and complete understanding of its contents, and believe the others of the four ladies understood it as well as myself.

(Signed) MRS. ANN S. KNOX.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,

Who was inveigled into signing the Florence Document by False Representations.

"On or about the 15th day of December, Rev. J. L. Parrish, (acting for the Florence Machine), called with a written statement, purporting to have been made by Mrs. Mary A. Howe: the printed statement shown me this day, as having been published in the San Francisco *Alta*, and signed by Mrs. Howe, is not such as was represented at the time, as it contains so many errors that I could not understandingly have signed it. The report which we made at the time, awarded the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second Premium to the Florence; the report which is advertised as being *bogus* is the genuine Report, which we four ladies signed at the time. My intention in making the previous affidavit was simply to state that one of the principal reasons for awarding the premium to GROVER & BAKER's Machine was on account of its embroidery.

(Signed) EMILY C. GRIFFIN.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY MILLER,
Another of the Ladies of the Committee, Who was inveigled, against her views, into signing the Florence document.

In order to place myself right in the controversy regarding the award of the First Premium on Sewing Machines, I would state that I was not present at the time the award was made, but thought the Florence Machine received the premium for sewing, and Grover & Baker's for embroidery, but am willing to state that the Report published as *bogus* is the genuine one. In making my affidavit I simply intended to state my impressions, without swearing to facts, as represented in Mrs. Howe's card.

(Signed) MARY MILLER.

The above is an effectual exhibit of a most clastardly attempt to ROB THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE of fairly earned honors, by the most contemptible series of falshoods, misrepresentations and innuendoes by the Agent of the Florence Machine, who has not dared advertise in Oregon, where the premium in question was obtained, any denial of it; but seeks at this distance, by establishing a controversy, to attract, by time and false impressions, attention to his wares. We drop the foul affair, leaving the public, who may have an interest in the Sewing Machine question, to form their own estimates of the merit of a Sewing Machine which requires bolstering up by such means, in comparison with the

"GROVER & BAKER,"

which, for fifteen years, by actual worth and honorable competition, has fairly earned the reputation of being

THE BEST IN USE.

R. G. BROWN,
Agent Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,
ja28-1t 329 Montgomery street

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.
For sale by V. SQUARZA,
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HEADS OF FAMILIES, ETC., ETC**

F. C. BELDEN,
Has just opened his New Store,
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two doors west of Parrott's Banking House, with a carefully selected assortment of
**PURE WINES, TEAS, BRANDIES,
FAMILY PRESERVES, CORDIALS, ETC.,**
Which have all been purchased for cash, and will be sold at a very slight advance over COST.
F. C. BELDEN'S long experience and constant attention to business justifies him in guaranteeing full satisfaction to all new customers as well as to his old patrons. A simple trial will be sufficient to prove the superior quality and very moderate prices of his stock. ja28-1m

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THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES.

THE
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A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

DR. R. GOODALE'S
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For centuries Catarrh has defied the skill of Physicians and Surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. It is pronounced incurable by the Medical World, and people at large

For over thirty years Dr. Goodale has battled with this fell disease. His TRIUMPH is complete. His Remedy and mode of treatment cures this terrible malady in all its types, forms and stages, with the same uniform certainty that water quenches fire. It is irresistible.

No Violent Syringing of the Head or other mal-practices resorted to.

The Disease cured by a Harmless Fluid inhaled from the Palm of the Hand.

No Exorbitant Fees for Advice. Instruction Free. Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send a stamp for DR. GOODALE'S NEW PAMPHLET ON CATARRH, its perfect mode of treatment, and rapid cure. Information of priceless value. Send or call at once.

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THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL
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The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

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THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

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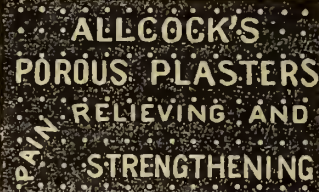
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THE HOUSE OF DISASTER—A STORY.

IN one of the retired corners of Paris there is to be found a house with a very remarkable traditional name, "La Maison de Malheur des Flamands." For centuries the dwelling in question has been familiarly known by this strange appellation. It is now one of the meanest and ugliest structures in the whole of the crowded quarter where it is placed, though it was once one of the finest and richest. The beauties of its elaborately sculptured wood, and its oaken doors, have been defaced and removed by the influence of time, chance, and change. Still, the incidents which connected the mansion with the Flemish people, and gave to it the title of their "House of Disaster," are not yet consigned to oblivion, though they may be known, indeed, to few of those who have the traditional designation most commonly in their mouths.

Michel Watremetz, a native of Flanders, was the occupant of this mansion some centuries ago. Like many other Flemings, he had come to Paris to exercise his trade or profession, which was that of a transcriber or manufacturer of bibles, and he had risen in the course of time to be the most wealthy and famous artisan in that department in the French capital. He had fifteen apprentices or assistants, who labored continually in transcribing copies of the sacred writings, and also in painting them, for the majority of bibles in those days were illuminated, as it was called, or, in other words, illustrated by figures painted on the margins. The copies executed by these assistants were carefully revised by Michel himself, that the text might be preserved in perfect correctness. In this task Watremetz was always aided by his young and pretty daughter Odette, who, whilst her father had the new manuscript copy before him, read aloud from an old and standard transcription, that no forgotten words or mutilated passages might remain unnoticed. Yet Odette herself was often the source and origin of such errors, seeing that, when she was present, the young transcribers were apt not only to make ungainly spots upon the vellum, but also to copy incorrectly the words of the work before them. Though idolized by some of these youths, Odette, however, did not expend a thought on them. The cause was, that she had fixed her whole heart and affection on a stranger, a young German who had come to Paris, and requested work from her father as a transcriber of bibles. In making this request, he had stated one condition necessary to be conceded ere he could accept work from Michel Watremetz. This condition was, that Michel should allow him to work at home in his own lodgings. Michel, knowing the professional skill of the Germans, agreed to the terms of the stranger, who left in the other's hands a massive gold chain by way of security for the vellum which he of course received to work upon.

Gaspard Hautz, as the young German was named, in place of passing the whole of his daily time in toiling like the rest of Michel's operatives, seemed as if he had little else to do but to walk about and enjoy himself like a gentleman of fortune. With his handsome person elegantly attired, he strolled much about the city, viewing its curiosities and wonders. He even came often to the very workshop of Michel Watremetz, and there, seated on the corner of a table, he smiled upon Odette, and murmured in her ear words which were to her a lasting pleasure and a trouble. Every now and then, on making these visits, Gaspard Hautz would carry off some of the apprentices with him to supper, and entertain them gallantly. All this sort of work Master Michel Watremetz noticed, and internally felicitated himself on having in pledge the chain of Gaspard, as the vellum which the latter had got seemed to the Fleming to be decidedly lost. In this conclusion he was far wrong. Scarcely had one month passed away, when Gaspard Hautz arrived one morning with his bible finished. Never had the characters presented such regularity; never had there been fewer errors in any copy. As he counted out his golden crowns, Michel shook his head, and exclaimed, "This bible, young man, was surely never wrought by your hands. A whole year would scarce have sufficed for such a labor in the hands of the most experienced workman, and you bring it complete in a month!" "The work is so certainly mine," said Gaspard, "that I will produce you another ere fifteen days be over." Michel accepted the offer. In fifteen days the young German produced a second bible, not less perfect than the first.

Old Watremetz had found in the first bible but three errors, and in the second he found the very same. But this did not strike Michel with any great surprise, as he knew how apt the hand is to get into a habit of making fixed slips. At the end of a year Gaspard had furnished to Michel thirty bibles, being as much work as thirty other workmen could have executed. On account of this new and every way superior source of supply, Watremetz dismissed several of his ordinary assistants, who in consequence were discontented, and menaced Gaspard with their bitterest vengeance.

After their connection had subsisted for the time mentioned, Michel proposed that Gaspard Hautz should come and reside at his house. Gaspard yielded to this request the more willingly because he loved Odette tenderly and deeply, and because she had acknowledged an equal affection for him in

return. The unsuspecting young German was not aware of the motives of the old Fleming for giving the invitation. Michel had become perfectly assured that Gaspard's bibles were not transcribed by him as they were done by others: he saw that there was a secret—a mystery—and it was to have it in his power to act as a spy on Gaspard, that he brought the latter to stay with him. When that step had been for some time effected, the old Fleming watched Gaspard by night and by day. The young German said always that he wrought while others slept, and, in reality, a lamp was kept continually burning in his chamber. But Watremetz soon discovered this to be a mere feint, by watching at the youth's chamber door. Gaspard was always motionless—in fact, asleep. Not being able to penetrate the mystery notwithstanding all these discoveries, Michel began openly to press the young man for an explanation, till at length Gaspard said: "Well! it is true that there is a secret; a secret which may make the fortune of any man, or perhaps of two men. Give me your daughter Odette's hand, and I will tell you my secret, and we may soon become rich enough to require to sell no more bibles."

Gaspard received the old man's promise, and then told him that a wonderful art had been invented in Germany, which enabled any one to produce bibles and other books with inconceivable rapidity, and that the mobility of the stamps or characters employed permitted the easy correction of any blunders. "I have yet thirty bibles thus made," said Gaspard, "in the keeping of a friend; I may have a hundred whenever I wish them, from the same friend who made the others. Not daring to sell the works myself, because they here punish, as magical, all that they do not comprehend, I applied to you, and became ostensibly a transcriber." Gaspard at the same time told Michel that the name of the fabricator of the bibles was Schœffer, and pointed out the means which had been established for carrying on a correspondence with him, and procuring as many bibles as might be required, at such a price as would leave the second vendors a princely profit.

Michel only consented to the immediate marriage of Gaspard and Odette, on receiving a load of bibles which had been sent for from Schœffer, who lived without the bounds of France. Thus satisfied, old Watremetz gave permission for the celebration of the wedding within eight days. But two or three mornings ere the day came, one of Michel's former apprentices entered his house magnificently dressed, and informed the old Fleming that he—the apprentice—had recently got a handsome fortune by the death of a relation, that his father had just been named "Master of the Merchants," and that he himself had come to place his wealth and hand at the disposal of Odette. The dark shade in Watremetz's composition was avarice. He grew pale at the thought of his being under the necessity of renouncing an alliance with so rich a family—with the son of the chief of the merchants. Almost audibly he cursed the cause of all this, poor Gaspard. "Gaspard!" cried the enriched apprentice, comprehending the truth at once; "what! have I a rival in Gaspard, the wretch who has sold himself to the Evil One, for the power of multiplying manuscripts? The hand of justice hangs over him, and will crush him soon! You, too, were accused of being his accomplice, Michel; happily, through my father's credit, I got the charge against you suppressed; but as for Gaspard, nothing can save him!"

All this, unhappily, proved but too real. Gaspard Hautz was seized and cast into prison, and the charge against him was supported by the workmen of Watremetz. In vain did the poor young German invoke the testimony of Michel: Michel kept an obstinate silence. In vain did Gaspard wish that his own explanation should be heard. The cry of his judge was, "The torture!—confess!" And when subjected to the horrors of the question, poor human nature sank under it, and to ensure a speedy death and the cessation of his agonies, Gaspard Hautz admitted his association with the devil. He was condemned to death, and also to make an *amende honorable*, before his execution, in front of the house of Michel Watremetz, whom he had endeavored, his judges said, to implicate in a matter where the Fleming was perfectly guiltless.

When the day of execution came, Gaspard Hautz was carried to the front of the house of Michel Watremetz, and there the cavalcade stopped. The doomed youth arose from his seat, pale and wasted, with the irons rattling still on his limbs. But in place of making the expected *amende*, which the solemnity of the ceremonial had compelled Michel to appear for the purpose of listening to, Gaspard exclaimed, "I am the victim of treachery and ingratitude, and this thou knowest well, Michel Watremetz, who art here to listen to me, and who strugglest to appear composed. Glad wouldst thou have been had my judges spared thee this last interview. But I am here to say farewell, and to give thee thanks! Woe upon that house," continued Gaspard, raising his hand and pointing to the dwelling of Michel, "woe upon it! I need not say woe upon thee, Michel Watremetz, for it is come already on thee and thine; but woe upon all of thy race who shall enter or dwell beneath that roof, for ever and ever! Now, lead on to the funeral pile!"

Three months afterwards, Michael Watremetz wept and tore

his hair over the tomb of a broken-hearted girl, his daughter, his only daughter. Six months afterwards, a fire destroyed the dwelling and all the effects of Michel Watremetz. The growing insanity or fatuity of the old Fleming was the cause of the fire, and by the same agency he was soon brought to the streets, where he passed the remainder of his days, a beggar and an idiot. The prediction of Gaspard was certainly realized by this and other events that signalized the future history of the house of Michel Watremetz. Being a spot where Flemings loved to abide, in the same manner as we find localities taken up by Jews and by other particular races, the dwelling under notice was repeatedly inhabited by Flemings after the occurrence of the events related. Eloquent Flemings, says the tradition of the neighborhood, came successively to occupy the "Maison de Malheur des Flamands," and of all the eleven not one escaped a sudden and violent end. Some who have paid especial attention to the circumstances can enumerate the various modes in which the doom fell upon the inhabitants of this House of Woe. One perished by assassination, another by the waters of the Seine, a third was broken on the wheel, a fourth died within the walls, of starvation, and so on. One of the last of the unfortunate Flemings who tenanted the house of disaster, was Jean Paul Labadie, a man whose fate was particularly hard, and who lived so recently that his story could have been authenticated but a short time ago by living persons. He was a flourishing man. A large sum of money which he had brought with him from his native Flanders had been embarked by him in trade, which he carried on in "La Maison de Malheur." He married a most beautiful girl, who commonly received the title of the "belle" of the neighborhood. But, soon after his marriage, he was arrested, and thrown in the Bastille. There he lay for twenty years, totally ignorant of the crime for which he was thus punished. At length a great person who chanced to visit his cell was seized with pity, and got Jean Paul liberated, when he learned for the first time the cause of his confinement. A court marquis had seen and admired his wife, and had taken the way related of getting the husband disposed of. Subsequently, Jean Paul had merely lain in prison because the marquis had utterly forgot him.

These stories of misfortune befalling the occupants of the fated house, may be connected or not by our readers, just as they please, with the dying words of Gaspard Hautz. We have our own ideas about the matter, and, no doubt, they will also have theirs. Enough has been said, however, to explain satisfactorily the origin of the name of the Flemings' House of Disaster.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JASMIN.—"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect to be recognized, but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, '*enfin la voilà encore!*' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account than I was thus welcomed than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could, perhaps, explain. He produced several French newspapers in which he pointed out to me an article headed 'Jasmin à Londres,' being a translation of certain notices of himself which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by these means, and he was so delighted on the occasion that he had resolved to learn English in order that he might judge of the translations from his work, which he had been told were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator, and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened, and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long. He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him; she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns as he told all this, and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more. He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems, both charming and full of grace and *naïveté*, and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect, to which he answered impatiently: 'Nonsense!—don't you see they are in tears?' This was unanswerable, and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end, and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered. We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and in the course of it he told me that he had been by some accused of vanity. 'Oh!' he rejoined, '*que voulez vous?* I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, while I let everybody see.'"—*Paris Correspondent of the "Publisher's Circular."*

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HENRY TOMMY, Plaintiff; vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons —if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24-3m

WISTAR'S BALSAM

WILD CHERRY

HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,
With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the medicinal gun of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

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In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both **SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass.** and **JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio**, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK," and "H. WISTAR, M. D."

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Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

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This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

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Salt Rheum Ointment!

POSITIVELY

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

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Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers, Ring Worms,

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TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED.

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DE GRATH'S GENUINE

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CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

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IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and rosy hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

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GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

THE DRAMATIC TROUPE

In the Elegant Comedy of

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT!

Together with MISS JENNY KEMPTON, and

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe,

Who will also appear in the

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, January 28th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock

LAST PERFORMANCES

OF THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH ARTISTES,

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean!

Supported by Miss CHAPMAN, Mr. CATHCART, and Mr. EVERETT, previous to their final departure from California by the steamer on the 31 of February.

This Saturday Evening, January 28th, 1865,

These distinguished Artistes will appear in

LOUIS XI.!

MONDAY January 30th
GRAND SHAKSPEARIAN FESTIVAL
Selections from *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*
As You Like It, and the Comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Tuesday January 31st
FAREWELL BENEFIT of Mr. KEAN.

THE IRON CHEST.
Sir Edward Mortimer Mr. Kean

THE HONEYMOON.
The Duke Mr. Kean | Julian Mrs. Kean

Wednesday February 1st
POSITIVELY the last appearance those GREAT ARTISTES will ever make in California.

HENRY VIII.,

Cardinal Woolsey Mr. Kean | The Queen Mrs. Kean
THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean's party have taken their passage by the Golden Age.

MECHANICS' PAVILION.

Grand Roman Hippodrome,

—AND—

MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT

TENDERED TO THE

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Will take place

On Tuesday Evening, January 31st,

On which occasion will be presented the most entertaining Bill of the season, by the entire Troupe of Artists now performing at this immense institution.

ADMISSION:

Family Circle and Promenade 50 cents.
Parquet 25 cents.
Reserved Chairs One Dollar.

Tickets to be had at the Rooms of the Society, 522 Market street, or of any of the members.

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

FAREWELL BENEFIT

OF

FRANK MAYO!

On Thursday Evening, February 2d, 1865.

The Great Drama of

The Three Guardsmen!

With other Numerous and SELECT ENTERTAINMENTS.

RE-APPEARANCE AT THIS HOUSE OF

MR. HARRY COURTAINE.

For particulars, see Bills of the Day!

BOX BOOK NOW OPEN.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MARY'S VALENTINE.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine.

KATY'S VALENTINE.

Among the many fair and bright,
My fancy early singled thee;
Then bend on me thine eyes of light,
And all my love shall flow to thee.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.

Yes, I'm happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within thy gentle eyes.

ALLIE'S VALENTINE.

May'st thou live in joy forever!
Naught from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be many, cares be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue;
And Heaven's richest blessings shine,
Ever on both thee and thine.

NETTIE'S VALENTINE.

Oh, speak not of daisies or rosebuds of Spring,
Or bright pearly dewdrops, or any such thing,
For thy worth and virtues much more do combine,
And gladly I'd take thee for my Valentine.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with or without Jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety—Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottos.

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EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE!

All are cordially invited to call and examine.

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The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 10.
OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

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The Down Trip of the "Constitution"—By "Pulgers."
Not an "Intercepted Letter."
Hum, the Son of Buz.
"A Little Box for You, sir."
Adventure with a Boa Constrictor.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XIV.

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Dreamland.
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MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOT AN "INTERCEPTED LETTER."

WHAT a dismal, dreary, miserable night is this which closes the twenty-fifth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-five! The rain beats against the window pane in a manner well calculated to recall to one's mind that "little damp spell," which occurred, as we are credibly informed, during the life-time of Noah—an individual who rendered himself famous by the invention of sailing-vessels and wine-biters—and the wind howls through the deserted streets and whistles through each crack and crevice of door and window with that peculiarly mournful sound which never fails to give one the blues, and render those who are of a superstitious turn of mind somewhat nervous about looking over their shoulders.

I have been sitting here in my cosy little room, watching the bright flames dancing and sparkling up the chimney, and wondering what I should do by way of self-amusement. I had thrown by my sewing, leaving my work-basket, as usual, in a most inextricable state of confusion; I had taken up—and laid aside—Robert Browning's *Sordello*, (wish I had brains enough to understand it, but I haven't!) when, as if to keep me from utterly despairing—or was it another verification of the proverb, "Satan finds some mischief still," etc.?—I caught a glimpse of *THE CALIFORNIAN*, and "an idea struck me." I would write that blessed journal a letter!—not an "intercepted letter," but one which I would carefully deposit in *THE CALIFORNIAN*'s contribution box; and by so doing add to the most valuable and interesting contents of that most interesting and valuable paper. Why shouldn't I, since all the Claras, Minnies, Matildas and Bella Donnas seem to have deserted it, of late? So here am I, "an' it please you," to make my best bow before a "Californian" audience.

Now, my dear friends, if there is a perceptible awkwardness in this my first prose contribution—though not, as INIGO might inform you, my first prosy one—you will please lay it to the fact of my being more addicted to rhyme than reason, my pen having been diverted from what it has always considered its legitimate channel, by the recently acquired knowledge that poetry, as a general thing, is only less appreciated than its writers, and not half so readily sold.

Could a sadder comment be made upon the degree of refinement and intellectuality existing in these dis-United States of ours than is contained in the statement of E. D. B. S., your New York correspondent; namely, that Artemus Ward was clearing his three hundred dollars a night by the "show business" in that remarkable city, and that Bryant had lost several hundred by the publication of his *Thirty Poems*? Yet "Such is life!" Genius starves to feast buffoonery; oratorical gems and scientific lectures may be delivered to half-priced and half-filled houses; but thousands will rush to hear a wordy mass of worn-out Joe-Millerisms, bad puns, and worse grammar, from the lips of some masculine humbug, whose chief recommendation is a certain metal of yellowish hue, which he carries, not in his pockets, but in his face.

What wonder that America produces so few good authors,

when such is the encouragement and reward held out to them! I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Europe is a better mother to her children of the lyre and quill—holding them closer to her heart; and though, judging from what is told us of her past method of feeding some of her song-birds, she would not make a very good stepmother, according to the generally accepted test of worthiness in that respected relative, still she is never chary of merited praise; she delights in their successes, and, in conferring honor upon them, remembers the honor reflected by them upon the land which gives them birth. Acting upon the principle that "charity begins at home," she gives from the abundance of her praise first to the bards of her own bosom; while we, I take it, are only too lavish of encomium upon the poets of other lands, and too backward in recognizing the merits of our own. Why is it so? Is America afraid of acknowledging her own intellect, lest it call forth the mocking laugh and jeer of some nation that in its trembling dotage is jealous of her fresh young bloom?

I do not imagine the home-fame of Bryant or Longfellow to be nearly so great as that of Alfred Tennyson. Perhaps you will say, "And justly so;" but I cannot agree with you. Certainly, if the laurel is to be given to that poet who can most dazzle, bewilder and delight by the very gorgeousness and splendor of his imagination and expression, then, indeed, does Alfred Tennyson, as supremely the master of the Beautiful, deserve to wear the crown; but if it is to rest with him who can touch with the rarest, subtlest skill the chords of the human heart, are there not poets in our own land who stand upon equal ground with the poet-laureate of Great Britain?

Yet it is not to be wondered at that our literature is a source of mockery and merriment, when we think with what trash, of the "broad-grin" style, our journals and periodicals are constantly filled, to suit the tawdry and vitiated taste of the public. So much is this the case that it has almost passed into a proverb that the proof of a good paper is its early decease; in which respect they may be said to resemble those good little boys and girls of whom we read in the Sabbath school stories for the improvement of the young—not one of whom ever reaches the age of maturity unless it be by having previously become hopelessly stupid and depraved.

Perhaps of all States in the Union our beautiful California is the most noted—not altogether justly—for its uncultivated taste, so far as literature is concerned. Yet, as in all new countries the rule is muscle before brain, it is to be hoped and believed that she will yet prove as prolific in "poetry and the fine arts" as she has been in tropical fruit and the golden ore. As yet but a pretty babe of some sixteen or eighteen summers, there is hope for her when she attains to her full growth; for if the "spirit of prophecy dwelleth in me," there is a greater and a grander destiny before our young Star of the West than has been attained by any or all of her elder sisters of the Union.

To return for a moment to Bryant's *Thirty Poems*—how few of our citizens, in the perusal of "Waiting at the Gate," but will think sadly and fondly of those death-mute, yet still eloquent lips, from which they first heard the silvery rhythm and flow of those beautiful verses; or who, in renewing their remembrance from the printed page, but will turn sorrowfully away—

"And miss the music of a voice
Earth may not ever hear again."

Am I becoming wearisome? I did not think of giving so long a dissertation on the poeticals; but I am writing for self-amusement to-night, you know, and so jot down whatever is uppermost in my mind. Unfortunately, I seldom attend balls and merry-makings, being a very quiet, stay-at-home little body; in fact, one of those model wives, of which the newspapers are forever preaching, who pass their lives in a most exemplary devotion to the members of their own households; alternating between the bliss of mending husband's stockings, and feeding "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" to a teething baby. So, of course, I cannot give you any dashing description of Mrs. So-and-so's grand *soirée*, neither can I go into

ecstasies over the adornment of the ladies, or embalm the brilliancy and wit of the gentlemen—or rather of their Habanas and champagne. Politics are the forbidden fruit to "us" females, therefore I dare not give expression to any outpourings of patriotism, lest I should be assailed by some of our wise and far-sighted journals as a strong-minded woman, or a Copperhead. Having written this letter at all, is bad enough. I don't know what Jones would say if he knew it, Heaven bless his innocent, unsuspecting soul! It was only the other day he lifted himself up by the hair, *a la* "Mathew Pocket," because I ventured an opinion concerning certain *litterati* of our coast; and very kindly advised me to be less literary and more domestic, puddings rather than poetry being the proper sphere of woman; whereat I meekly bowed my head, and stood abashed and silent in the presence of my lord and master. Perhaps *THE CALIFORNIAN* will be tempted to wish I had taken his advice; but if it doesn't choose to accept my sixty minutes' worth of ink and paper—why, we won't quarrel; nor will it be the first time that its Editor and myself have held contrary opinions concerning my contributions. I feel for the "typos," though, if they should have to "set up" this manuscript; knowing they will utter—"not loud but deep," on beholding the undecipherable chirography. My writing is not very ornamental, that's true—but talented people seldom do write well!

My fire is becoming extinguished, and it is time the lights followed suit. By the way, what a strange fascination there is about a fire! not only "in the eighth," but on the "hearth of home." I never see the sparkling, glowing embers of a real, old-fashioned, grate-ful fire, but I think of that beautiful little Scotch song "Castles in the Air." You like to republish pretty things, sometime—won't you permit me to close my letter by quoting it? Here it is:

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie, bairn, sits pokin' in the aae,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his tonzy curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe,
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowrin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a' down;
Warlds whomling up an' down, bleedin' wi' a flare,
Losh! how he lous, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like many mighty men,
A wee thing mak' us think, a sma' thing mak' us stare—
There are mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is hrent sae braid, oh pray that Daddy Care
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night;
Aulder een than his are glamor'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

Is not that pretty? I think so; and so, I am sure, will many of your readers. Good-night. Remember me when you go to Press.

By the way, how does INIGO succeed in the Cod Liver Oil speculation?
MEG MERRILL.

A CLUB is being formed in Paris, called "The Club of Silence." The rules are that not a word is to be spoken in the club by members or attendants. Eating, drinking, smoking, and reading will be allowed, but nothing else. The attendants are to receive written orders only. It is curious that at the head of this brilliant idea is one of the greatest prattlers in France—namely, Senator Marquis de Boissy.

HUM, THE SON OF BUZ.

[THE following charming story of "Hum, the Son of Buz," we take from *Our Young Folks*—a magazine for the youth of both sexes, lately started by Ticknor & Fields. If the standard adopted in the first number be maintained to the end, the magazine seems destined to prove a certain and permanent success. Roman & Co. are the agents in this city.]

AT Rye Beach, during our summer's vacation, there came, as there always will to seaside visitors, two or three cold, chilly, rainy days—days when the skies that long had not rained a drop seemed suddenly to bethink themselves of their remissness, and to pour down water, not by drops, but by pailfuls. The chilly wind blew and whistled, the water dashed along the ground, and careered in foamy rills along the roadside, and the bushes bent beneath the constant flood. It was plain that there was to be no sea-bathing on such a day, no walks, no rides; and so shivering and drawing our blanket-shawls close about us, we sat down to the window to watch the storm outside. The rose-bushes under the window hung dripping under their load of moisture, each spray shedding a constant shower on the spray below it. On one of these lower sprays, under the perpetual drip, what should we see but a poor little humming-bird, drawn up into the tiniest shivering ball, and clinging with a desperate grasp to his uncomfortable perch. A humming-bird we knew him to be at once, though his feathers were so matted and glued down by the rain that he looked not bigger than a honey bee, and as different as possible from the smart, pert, airy little character that we had so often seen flirting with the flowers. He was evidently a humming-bird in adversity, and whether he ever would hum again looked to us exceedingly doubtful. Immediately, however, we sent out to have him taken in. When the friendly hand seized him, he gave a little, faint, watery squeak, evidently thinking that his last hour was come, and that grim Death was about to carry him off to the land of dead birds. What a time we had reviving him—holding the little wet thing in the warm hollow of our hands, and feeling him shiver and palpitate! His eyes were fast closed; his tiny claws which looked slender as cobwebs, were knotted close to his body, and it was long before one could feel the least motion in them. Finally, to our great joy, we felt a brisk little kick, and then a flutter of wings, and then a determined peck of the beak, which showed that there was some bird left in him yet, and that he meant at any rate to find out where he was.

Unclosing our hands a small space, out popped the little head with a pair of round brilliant eyes. Then we bethought ourselves of feeding him, and forthwith prepared him a stiff glass of sugar and water, a drop of which we held to his bill. After turning his head attentively, like a bird, who knew what he was about and didn't mean to be chaffed, he briskly put out a long, flexible tongue, slightly forked at the end, and licked off the comfortable beverage with great relish. Immediately he was pronounced out of danger by the small humane society which had taken charge of his restoration, and we began to cast about for getting him a settled establishment in our apartment. I gave up my work-box to him as a sleeping-room, and it was medically ordered that he should take a nap. So we filled the box with cotton, and he was formally put to bed with a folded cambric handkerchief round his neck, to keep him from beating his wings. Out of his white wrappings he broke forth green and grave as any judge with his bright round eyes. Like a bird of discretion, he seemed to understand what was being done to him, and resigned himself sensibly to go to sleep.

The box was covered with a sheet of paper perforated with holes for purposes of ventilation; for even humming-birds have a little pair of lungs, and need their own little portion of air to fill them, so that they may make bright scarlet little drops of blood to keep life's fire burning in their tiny bodies.

Our bird's lungs manufactured brilliant blood, as we found out by experience; for in his first nap he contrived to nestle himself into the cotton of which his bed was made, and to get more of it than he needed into his long bill. We pulled it out as carefully as we could, but there came out of his bill two round, bright, scarlet, little drops of blood. Our chief medical authority looked grave, pronounced a probable hemorrhage from the lungs, and gave him over at once. We, less scientific, declared that we had only ent his little tongue by drawing out the filaments of cotton, and that he would do well enough in time—as it afterward appeared he did—for from that time there was no more bleeding. In the course of the second day he began to take short flights about the room, though he seemed to prefer to return to us—perching on our fingers or heads or shoulders, and sometimes choosing to sit in this way for half an hour at a time. "These great giants," he seemed to say to himself, "are not bad people after all; they have a comfortable way with them; how nicely they dried and warmed me! Truly a bird might do worse than to live with them."

So he made up his mind to form a fourth in the little company of three that usually sat and read, worked and stitched, in that apartment, and we christened him, "Hum, the son of Buz." He became an individuality, a character, whose little

doings formed a part of every letter, and some extracts from these will show what some of his little ways were.

"Hum has learned to sit upon my finger and eat his sugar and water out of a tea-spoon with most Christian-like decorum. He has but one weakness—he will occasionally jump into the spoon and sit in his sugar and water, and then appear to wonder where it goes to. His plumage is in rather a drabbed state, owing to these performances. I have sketched him as he sat to-day on a bit of Spiraea which I brought in for him. When absorbed in reflection, he sits with his bill straight up in the air, as I have drawn him. Mr. A—reads Macaulay to us, and you should see the wise air with which, perched on Jenny's thumb, he cocked his head now one side and then the other, apparently listening with most critical attention. His confidence in us seems unbounded; he lets us stroke his head, smooth his feathers, without a flutter; and is never better pleased than sitting, as he has been doing all this while, on my hand, turning up his bill and watching my face with great edification.

"I have just been having a sort of maternal struggle to make him go to bed in his box; but he evidently considers himself sufficiently convalescent to make a stand for his rights as a bird, and so scratched indignantly out of his wrappings, and set himself up to roost on the edge of his box, with an air worthy of a turkey, at the very least. Having brought in a lamp, he has opened his eyes round and wide, and sits cocking his little head at me reflectively."

When the weather cleared away, and the sun came out bright, Hum became entirely well, and seemed resolved to take the measure of his new life with us. Our windows were closed in the lower part of the sash by frames with mosquito gauze, so that the sun and air found free admission, and yet our little rover could not pass out. On the first sunny day he took an exact survey of our apartment from ceiling to floor, humming about, examining every point with his bill—all the crevices, mouldings, each little indentation in the bedposts, each window-pane, each chair and stand; and, as it was a very simply furnished seaside apartment, his scrutiny was soon finished. We wondered, at first, what this was all about; but, on watching him more closely, we found that he was actively engaged in getting his living, by darting out his long tongue hither and thither, and drawing in all the tiny flies and insects which in summer time are to be found in an apartment. In short, we found that, though the nectar of flowers was his dessert, yet he had his roast beef and mutton chop to look after, and that his bright, brilliant blood was not made out of a simple vegetarian diet. Very shrewd and keen he was, too, in measuring the size of insects before he attempted to swallow them. The smallest class were whisked off with lightning speed; but about larger ones he would sometimes wheel and hum for some minutes, darting hither and thither, and surveying them warily; and if satisfied that they could be carried, he would come down with a quick, central dart, which would finish the unfortunate at a snap. The larger flies seemed to irritate him—especially when they intimated to him that his plumage was sugary, by settling on his wings and tail, when he would lay about him spitefully, wielding his bill like a sword. A grasshopper that strayed in, and was sunning himself on the window seat, gave him great discomposure. Hum evidently considered him an intruder, and seemed to long to make a dive at him; but, with characteristic prudence, confined himself to threatening movements, which did not exactly hit. He saw evidently that he could not swallow him whole, and what might ensue from trying him piecemeal he wisely forebore to essay.

Hum had his own favorite places and perches. From the first day he chose for his nightly roost a towel-line which had been drawn across the corner over the wash-stand, where he every night established himself with one claw in the edge of the towel and the other clasping the line, and, ruffling up his feathers till he looked like a little chestnut-bar, he would resign himself to the soundest sleep. He did not tuck his head under his wing, but seemed to sink it down between his shoulders, with his bill almost straight up in the air. One evening, one of us, going to use the towel, jarred the line, and soon after found that Hum had been thrown from his perch, and was hanging head downward fast asleep, still clinging to the line. Another evening, being discomposed by somebody coming to the towel-line after he had settled himself, he fluttered off; but so sleepy that he had not discretion to poise himself again, and was found elinging, like a little bunch of green floss silk, to the mosquito netting of the window.

A day after this we brought in a large green bough, and put it over the looking-glass. Hum noticed it before it had been there five minutes, flew to it, and began a regular survey, perching now here, now there, till he seemed to find a twig that exactly suited him; and after that he roosted there every night. Who does not see in this change all the signs of reflection and reason that are shown by us in thinking over our circumstances, and trying to better them? It seemed to say in so many words: "That towel-line is an unsafe place for a bird; I got frightened, and wake from bad dreams to find myself head downward; so I will find a better roost on this twig."

When our little Jenny one day put on a clean white muslin gown, embellished with red sprigs, Hum flew towards her, and with his bill made instant examination of these new appearances; and one day, being very affectionately disposed, perched himself on her shoulder, and sat some time. On another occasion, while Mr. A—was reading, Hum established himself on the top of his head, just over the middle of his forehead, in the precise place where our young belles have lately worn stuffed humming-birds, making him look as if dressed out for a party. Hum's most favorite perch was the back of the great rocking-chair, which, being covered with a tidy, gave some hold into which he could catch his little claws. There he would sit, balancing himself cleverly if its occupant chose to swing to and fro, and seeming to be listening to the conversation or reading.

Hum had his different moods, like human beings. On cold, cloudy, gray days, he appeared to be somewhat depressed in spirits, hummed less about the room, and sat humped up with his feathers ruffled, looking as much like a bird in a great coat as possible. But on hot, sunny days, every feather sleeked itself down, and his little body looked natty and trim, his head alert, his eyes bright, and it was impossible to come near him, for his agility. Then let mosquitoes and little flies look about them! Hum snapped them up without mercy, and seemed to be all over the ceiling in a moment, and resisted all our efforts at any personal familiarity with a sane alacrity.

Hum had his established institutions in our room, the chief of which was a tumbler with a little sugar and water mixed in it, and a spoon laid across, out of which he helped himself whenever he felt in the mood—sitting on the edge of the tumbler, and dipping his long bill, and lapping with his little forked tongue like a kitten. When he found his spoon accidentally dry, he would stoop over and dip his bill in the water in the tumbler—which caused the prophecy on the part of some of his guardians, that he would fall in some day and be drowned. For which reason it was agreed to keep only an inch in depth of the fluid at the bottom of the tumbler. A wise precaution this proved; for the next morning I was awakened, not by the usual hum over my head, but by a sharp little flutter, and found Mr. Hum beating his wings in the tumbler—having actually tumbled in during his energetic efforts to get his morning coffee before I was awake.

Hum seemed perfectly happy and satisfied in his quarters—but one day, when the door was left open, made a dart out, and so into the open sunshine. Then, to be sure, we thought we had lost him. We took the mosquito netting out of all the windows, and, setting his tumbler of sugar and water in a conspicuous place, went about our usual occupations. We saw him joyous and brisk among the honeysuckles outside the window, and it was gravely predicted that he would return no more. But at dinner-time in came Hum, familiar as possible, and sat down to his spoon as if nothing had happened; instantly we closed our windows, and had him secure once more.

At another time I was going to ride to the Atlantic House, about a mile from my boarding-place. I left all secure, as I supposed, at home. While gathering moss on the walls there, I was surprised by a little green humming-bird flying familiarly right towards my face, and humming above my head. I called out, "Here is Hum's very brother." But, on returning home, I saw that the door of the room was open, and Hum was gone. Now certainly we gave him up for lost. I sat down to painting, and in a few minutes in flew Hum, and settled on the edge of my tumbler in a social, confidential way, which seemed to say, "Oh, you've got back, then." After taking his usual drink of sugar and water, he began to fly about the ceiling as usual, and we gladly shut him in.

When our five weeks at the seaside were up, and it was time to go home, we had great questionings what was to be done with Hum. To get him home with us was our desire—but whoever heard of a humming-bird travelling by railroad? Great were the consultations: a little basket of Indian work was filled up with cambric handkerchiefs, and a bottle of sugar and water provided, and we started with him on a day's journey. When we arrived at night, the first care was to see what had become of Hum, who had not been looked at since we fed him with sugar and water in Boston. We found him alive and well, but so dead asleep that we could not wake him to roost; so we put him to bed on a toilet cushion, and arranged his tumbler for morning. The next day found him alive and humming, exploring the room and pictures, perching now here and now there; but, as the weather was chilly, he sat for the most part of the time in a humped-up state on the tip of a pair of stag's horns. We moved him to a more sunny apartment; but, alas! the equinoctial storm came on, and there was no sun to be had for days. Hum was blue; the pleasant seaside days were over; his room was lonely, the pleasant three that had enlivened the apartment at Rye no longer came in and out; evidently he was lonesome, and gave way to depression. One chilly morning he managed again to fall into his tumbler, and wet himself through; and, notwithstanding warm bathtings and tender nursings, the poor little fellow seemed to get diphtheria, or something quite as bad for humming-birds.

We carried him to a neighboring sunny parlor, where ivy embowers all the walls, and the sun lies all day. There he revived a little, danced up and down, perched on a green spray that was wreathed across the breast of a Psyche, and looked then like a little flitting soul returning to its rest. Towards evening he drooped; and, having been nursed and warmed and cared for, he was put to sleep on a green twig laid on the piano. In that sleep the little head drooped—nodded—fell; and little Hum went where other bright dreams go—to the Land of the Hereafter.

THE LAST

—OF THE—

SEWING MACHINE

CONTROVERSY!

THE LIE NAILED!

VENTILATION OF

The Gross Mis-statements

—OF THE—

Florence Sewing Machine

AGENT.

Trickery! Knavery!

DECEPTION! LIES!

ARE OF NO AVAIL!!

THE GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE

UNSCATHED!

AND THE MISERABLY IMBECILE AND GROSSLY

FALSE STATEMENTS

—OF THE—

Agent of the Florence

SEWING MACHINE

EXPOSED!

Gross fraud upon the Public.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

A few weeks since we advertised the fact that the GROVER & BAKER MACHINE had received the Highest Premium at the Oregon State Fair, and the same result had attended our exhibitions at every State Fair held during the past four years, when in competition with others. This well-known fact was admitted virtually by all Sewing Machine Agents; but, two months afterward, the agent of the Florence machine—a disappointed aspirant to honors which never have and never will be awarded his complicated mass of unreliable and inferior mechanism—comes forward, and in the most audacious manner advertises that there was "A slight mistake about the Premium at the Oregon State Fair, that the Committee decided in favor of the Florence Machine," etc., followed by a card from a Mrs. Howe, one of the Committee, to that effect, and apparently substantiated by two other ladies, but not by all of the committee, which was composed of five ladies, and finally published and declares as a "Bogus Report," the genuine and only one, which gave the First Premium to GROVER & BAKER, and insinuates that the President of the Society (Judge Thornton) changed the report.

To all this we simply replied that the statement was FALSE, and that a reply would be given as soon as communication could be had with the proper parties in Oregon. We now propose to give the promised answer, in which it is not our purpose to discuss the means adopted to procure from Mrs. Howe her wonderfully incorrect card, nor in blinding the eyes of two others of the Committee in substantiating it, but simply to give through the President of the Society, and four of the five ladies who composed the Committee, the direct to the statement of the Florence machine Agent and his unscrupulous adherents, with a determination that this will be the last time that we shall be inveigled into noticing any emanations from such an unreliable and contemptible source, which seeks, by attacks upon our well-earned and world-wide reputation, to build up for himself and his heretofore unknown and unappreciated compound of complication an otherwise unheard-of fame.

Read the following Tissue of Falsehoods published by the Agent of the Florence Sewing Machine.

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing machine Company claim the First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing machine work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing machines and Sewing machine work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employee of the Grover & Baker company,) and after a careful examination of the sewing machines and machine work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the committee to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine, as the best machine for doing all grades of work; and a Premium to the Grover & Baker machine, for Embroidery; and the committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the committee and their final decision.

Signed, MARY A. HOWE, And indorsed by Mrs. Miller and Griffin, under misapprehension of its object and intent, as appears below.

Read the Further Comments of the Florence Agent.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.

We the undersigned, a Committee appointed at

the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society, to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits; and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX,
Committee

AND READ OUR REFUTATION

—OF THIS—

Most Scandalous Outrage

—ON—

TRUTH AND SENSE!

Extracts from an Affidavit in our Possession, from JUDGE J. L. THORNTON, President Oregon S. A. Society:

"I have this day seen an advertisement of the Florence Machine Company, containing an affidavit from Mrs. Mary A. Howe, November 4, 1864. My sense of duty to the Committee on Sewing Machines, appointed at the last State Agricultural Fair, not less than what I owe to myself, constrains me to affirm that this affidavit contains little else than a series of the most shameful untruths. In the first place, it is not true 'that on the fourth' day of November she heard for the first time that the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company claimed the FIRST PREMIUM. She knew it on the twenty-ninth of September. In the second place, it is not true that three, if not all, of the Committee, were selected by a Mr. Johnson, in the employ of the GROVER & BAKER Company. I knew none of the parties personally, or by name, until they came before me as President of the Society. I selected the Committee without even a suggestion from any one connected with the GROVER & BAKER Company, as to whom I should appoint. I do not even know the Mr. Johnson referred to. Mrs. Howe then proceeds to say: 'It was finally decided, and agreed by the ladies present, to award the first premium to the Florence Machine, as the best for doing all kinds of work; and the second premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to Judge Thornton, the President of the Fair, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated.' I do not think it possible for even Mrs. Howe to make another statement more wickedly false. The Hon. Mrs. Delazon Smith, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Knox and Miss Mary Miller, were the Special Committee on Sewing Machines. * * * They came to me to make their report, and requested me to write it for them. They said verbally, (Mrs. Howe included,) that they had determined to award the first premium to the Grover & Baker, and the second premium to the Florence Machine, and assigned as a reason that the Grover & Baker embroidered, while the Florence did not; besides, the latter being more complicated and liable to get out of order, made them less desirable as a family machine. I wrote the Report which appears in their advertisement as a 'Bogus Report,' and after reading it, asked each lady present (including the veracious Mrs. Howe) if it contained an expression of their opinion, as the merits of the respective machines? Each for herself answered in the affirmative. It was then signed by them, and has never since been changed in a line or word. In short, all the material statements of Mrs. Howe are FALSE THROUGHOUT. * * *

(Signed) J. L. THORNTON."
Attested, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk.

STATEMENT OF MRS. DELAZON SMITH,
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,

Whose statement was not taken by the Florence, as it would not suit their purpose.

* * * The Committee, after a long consultation, instructed the President, Judge Thornton, to write out a Report, awarding to the Grover & Baker Machine the First Premium and the Second Premium to the Florence Machine. The Report advertised by the Florence Machine Company, as being *bogus* was the genuine Report, as made out, read, and then signed by the four ladies of the Committee then present. The Committee were appointed by Judge Thornton, President of the Society, and not by a Mr. Johnson, as advertised by the agent of the Florence Machine; and further, Mrs. Howe, the person signing the statement advertised as *aforesaid*, must have understood that the Grover & Baker Machine was to have the First Premium, as she herself told me that the Florence Machine men were quite angry about the award of the First Premium to Grover & Baker, and would not allow the Second Premium Ribbon to be tied to their machine (the Florence.) I was decidedly in favor of awarding the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine * * * and was influenced in my decision by the fact that I considered the Florence Machine more complicated, and more liable to get out of order, * * * and I considered the Grover & Baker the most reliable and simple of the two. That it would do all the work the Florence would do, besides being the best for ornamental work. I was solicited by the other

party for a statement of the facts in the case, which I offered to give, but was not accepted, as it was not agreeable to their wishes; and further state that the foregoing is true, anything to the contrary notwithstanding.

(Signed) MARY S. SMITH.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY ANN KNOX
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,

Whose statement was not taken by the Florence because it would not agree with their misrepresentations.

* * * Said Committee signed the Report awarding the First Premium to the "Grover & Baker" Machine, and the Report alleged by the Agent of the Florence as *Bogus*, was the *True Report* which was written out by the President, and read by the Committee before signing. The President asked the four ladies of the Committee, then present, if the Report was made out agreeable to their wishes; to which they answered in the affirmative; and the contents of the Report were understood by the ladies, particularly by Mrs. Howe, as she subsequently spoke of the dissatisfaction expressed by the Agent of the Florence Machine; she also stated that though she liked the work of the Florence, still, if she was going to purchase a Machine, she would purchase a Grover & Baker, particularly on account of its ornamental work. Mrs. Griffin also expressed herself in the same manner. * * * I also stated that under no consideration would I sign a Report in favor of giving the Premium to the Florence Machine. * * * I consider it to be a complicated and delicate piece of Machinery, unfit for general use among the people in the country, while the Grover & Baker had proved itself to be perfect in every respect. Mr. Thornton, President of the Society, appointed the Committee. I signed the Report with a full and complete understanding of its contents, and believe the others of the four ladies understood it as well as myself.

(Signed) MRS. ANN S. KNOX.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
Another of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Oregon State Fair,
Who was inveigled into signing the Florence Document by False Representations.

* * * * On or about the 15th day of December, Rev. J. L. Parrish, (acting for the Florence Machine,) called with a written statement, purporting to have been made by Mrs. Mary A. Howe; the printed statement shown me this day, as having been published in the San Francisco *Alta*, and signed by Mrs. Howe, is not such as was represented at the time, as it contains many errors that I could not understandingly have signed it. The report which we made at the time, awarded the First Premium to the GROVER & BAKER Machine, and the Second Premium to the Florence; the report which is advertised as being *bogus* is the *genuine Report*, which we four ladies signed at the time. My intention in making the previous affidavit was simply to state that one of the principal reasons for awarding the premium to GROVER & BAKER'S Machine was on account of its embroidery.

(Signed) EMILY C. GRIFFIN.
Sworn, signed and sealed before James Elkins, County Clerk, Linn county.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY MILLER,
Another of the Ladies of the Committee,
Who was inveigled, against her views, into signing the Florence document.

In order to place myself right in the controversy regarding the award of the First Premium on Sewing Machines, I would state that I was not present at the time the award was made, but thought the Florence Machine received the premium for sewing, and GROVER & BAKER'S for embroidery, but am willing to state that the Report published as *bogus* is the *genuine one*. In making my affidavit I simply intended to state my impressions, without swearing to facts, as represented in Mrs. Howe's card.

(Signed) MARY MILLER.

The above is an effectual exhibit of a most dastardly attempt to ROB THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE of fairly earned honors, by the most contemptible series of falsehoods, misrepresentations and innuendoes by the Agent of the Florence Machine, who has not dared advertise in Oregon, where the premium in question was obtained, any denial of it; but seeks at this distance, by establishing a controversy, to attract, by time and false impressions, attention to his wares. We drop the foul affair, leaving the public, who may have an interest in the Sewing Machine question, to form their own estimates of the merit of a Sewing Machine which requires bolstering up by such means, in comparison with the

"GROVER & BAKER,"

which, for fifteen years, by actual worth and honorable competition, has fairly earned the reputation of being

THE BEST IN USE.

R. G. BROWN,
Agent Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,
ja28-11 329 Montgomery street

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SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

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A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

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Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers,
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OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

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And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers vote with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

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and invites attention to its rare merits.

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MINOR EDITORIALS.

THE REASON WHY.—We are in receipt of a courteous communication from a correspondent over the signature of "Don Caesar," expressing surprise that *THE CALIFORNIAN* was so ungallant as to omit all mention of the youthful beauties at a late entertainment, and supplying the want by mentioning a number of names and dresses. In reply, thanking our correspondent for his kindness, we must first remind him that gallantry is scarcely a newspaper staple, though courtesy to ladies is not at all at variance with the profession. "Don Caesar" would scarcely think it necessary to go into a garden and single out each individual rose and rosebud for compliment, telling the color and fragrance of each, when one expression of admiration would answer for all. However, ladies' dress being a matter of general interest—for ladies constitute a very large proportion of the public and our readers—we shall always be happy to print what is worn at each entertainment in town, if any friend posted in that department of literature will furnish the items. In the present instance a great deal has already been written and said on the subject, and if the young ladies for once have been neglected at our hands, certainly they have no reason to complain of the conduct of our contemporaries. In any event, want of space in this issue compels the omission of "Don Caesar's" communication; so, expressing a hope to hear from him again, we rather regretfully lay it on the table—perhaps to find publication next week.

STILL ANOTHER NEW PAPER.—We imagined that the mania for starting new papers had abated, but it seems that it still rages. We have before us a prospectus for the *California Rural Home Journal*, "A Semi-monthly Publication to be devoted to the improvement of Agriculture, Horticulture, Viniculture, Arboriculture, Sheep Husbandry, Farm-Stock, Rural Architecture, Select Literature, Domestic Economy, the Practical Sciences, the Social Circle, Markets, News, etc.," to be published by T. Hart Hyatt & Co., the first number of which is expected to appear about the middle of the present month. We do not pretend to say that there is no room for such a paper among us, but we do mainly doubt whether its publication can be made profitable. Nothing is easier than to start a paper, but few things in life are more difficult than to carry one on, especially where the population is limited and the field already overrun. The rewards of journalism are slower and more uncertain than those which follow the investment of capital in any other business or profession, and the only wonder is that people so eagerly turn to it. Five new papers have been started within a month; that they may all succeed we hope, but money could have been saved had the proprietors bought out some of the papers already established instead. We are sorry to notice that the sprightly little *Puck* failed to put its girdle round our social world once a week, only aspiring now to belt us with fun monthly; but we very much fear that the publication will not prove profitable even then.

SAILED.—Among the many old and distinguished citizens that were whirled away from our shores by the rolling wheels of the outgoing *Golden Age* yesterday, went Col. Joseph Clark, one of the lucky gentlemen who struck the Comstock Ledge and Gold Hill when those famous claims went a-begging. "Joseph" is a name suggestive of pleasant and virtuous memories to biblical students, and, in manner somewhat like, recollections of its present possessor, the friend whose departure we now chronicle, will long remain fragrant in the memory of his many friends. A pleasant voyage and a safe return to Joseph, whether he bring up at an American port or stretch his steps to the confines of other continents. He is possessed of enough "feet" to carry him anywhere he chooses to go, and blessed are the feet-makers.

A RIGHT WORD AT THE RIGHT TIME.—The *Bulletin* has been the first and thus far the only loyal paper in the State which has dared raise a voice to check the insane howl that has been going up on all sides because Mrs. General McDowell chose to entertain her friends. It has spoken the right word in the right place and in a right graceful and manly fashion. We regret that our space will not permit us to copy the article in full, giving it the advantage of our larger circulation. Things are mixed, indeed, in this community, if a lady cannot give a party without its being made a theme of party comment. For once, good *Bulletin*, we can heartily say: Bully for you!

"A CONSTANT reader"—and a lady reader at that—will be glad to know that we receive her "hint" kindly relative to the devotion of "a corner to flowers and such like things," thinking with her that it will prove so admirable a feature and so much commend our paper to the ladies, that we are ready and willing to institute such a Department, give her the charge of it, and publish all the communications on that and similar subjects with which she may favor us—provided, always, that they come within the scope and plan of our paper.

(For the Californian.)

"BROTHER DOC."

HARK! I hear the faint retreat
Of old Ocean's ebbing feet,
And afar the breakers beat
The rugged rock;
Twilight falls, and with its dew
Fall sweet thoughts of home and you,
Soldier! in your coat of blue—
Brother Doc.

In this wreath that memory weaves
Rustle yet the dry corn-leaves
Of the shivering, rattling sheaves
You used to shock;
I shall never see again
Your quick fingers husk the grain,
While you whistle a wild refrain,
Brother Doc.

I can hear the lowing herds,
I can catch the broken words
Of the chattering passage-birds—
A shadowy flock;
Still the rabbit-snare you set,
And the curious pigeon net,
I can see them all, all yet—
Brother Doc.

I can hear the diving note
Trembling in the bullfrog's throat,
When the rushes gave our boat
A crazy shock—
That rickety old hatteau
Which we used to try to row—
But 't would never rightly go,
Brother Doc.

I can see the fire-place yet,
With its shining jambs of jet,
Where the good old neighbors met,
Until the clock
Counted nine, with faithful tongue,
Till the very rafters rung
With its strength of iron lung—
Brother Doc.

The old fire-place is there;
On each side there is a chair—
Back and forth, with thoughtful air,
Slow they rock;
His, a pleasant face and quaint,
Wearing still its youthful paint—
Hers, the pure face of a saint,
Brother Doc.

There, were little lives begun,
And the house was full of fun;
But they severed, one by one,
From the stock;

Now alone with her he sits,
While she prays, and sighs, and knits
One more pair of blue-yeen mitts,
Brother Doc.

They are now a scattered band:
One is where the river Grand
Bends, with breezes soft and bland,
The lily stalk;
Where the prairie's grassy bed
Trembles to the hison's tread,
Where a thousand herds are fed,
Brother Doc.

Where the ice-fields of Mount Hood
Spread in snowy solitude,
Where the giant hoary wood
Time doth mock,
Where the fair Columbia's breast
Glitters in the crimson west,
One has spread his tent to rest,
Brother Doc.

One has laid a weary form,
Safe from every earthly storm,
Where alone can thieving worm
Break the lock;
Safe beyond that shadowy brink,
That our coward spirits shrink,
Waits he for another link,
Brother Doc.

Now, farewell! and if the last—
If through thrilling trumpet-blast,
And the thick shot hailing fast,
Death shall knock,
May an angel pilot thee
Over the mysterious sea
To a heaven of Liberty!—
Brother Doc.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4th, 1865.

EMILIE LAWSON.

A WISE old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable, in all kinds of business—except love-making."

IN THE PORCH.

I.

WE sat in the porch together:
And, under the clasping vine,
Her floating locks were lifted
With every breath of mine.

Down through the verdurous spaces
Rippled the wandering air,
And the scintillant gold of summer
Trembled upon her hair.

Was it a visible blessing?
An aureole of grace?
Oh, foolish fancy, cheated
By the light on a lovely face?

Her eyes are blue as the midnight,
And false as the waveful sea!
And every azure lightning
Is a winged death for me!

II.

So thick in the porch the woodbine
Has spread its leafy roof,
Scarce can a dripping sunbeam
Ruin through its clinging woof.

We sit in its dewy darkness,
And watch, as the wind goes by,
Its leafy break and ripple
Against the far blue sky.

Vainly the sunlight struggles
To crown her shadowy hair;
Yet ever my fond thought fancies
Its golden glimmer there.

Her eyes are blue as the noontide,
And deep as the fathomless sea!
And all their heamy heaven
Is a visible prayer for me!

[Kate Putnam, in the Boston Gazette.]

A LEAF FROM "PODGERS" JOURNAL.

SCENES ON THE DOWN TRIP OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

ON BOARD P. M. S. S. "CONSTITUTION."

THE good ship bearing the above patriotic appellation cast off the ties that bound her to the wharf at San Francisco, and swung off into the stream at 10 A. M., January 4th. The tear-saturated handkerchiefs damp with grief waved to friends ashore, and the boom of the ship's gun, announced that she had commenced her long voyage. With her head pointed seaward she was soon "carrying a bone in her teeth," as the old salts have it, and the foam from the wheels went hissing behind her. As we rounded Telegraph Hill the little *Shubrick* fired a salute in honor of the distinguished political delegation on board, and two heavy guns from Alcatraz responded as a "good-by" to the departing Provost Marshal, Major Van Voast.

On passing Meiggs' wharf it was observed that quite a number of ladies were there, waving their handkerchiefs, and not less than six different gentlemen answered the salute, each supposing himself the fond object of such mute demonstrations of grief. I thought, however, that the Major seemed to wave his handkerchief understandingly, and, from his great eagerness to get on the extreme verge of the deck, concluded that he felt an irresistible desire to annihilate space and get as near as possible. I thought I observed a strong suspicion of a tear trembling on his eyelid, but it *might* have been the wind or the smoke from the cook's galley that produced the phenomenon. There are instances on record where soldiers have "shed" tears, and why not our friend? If he did not, appearances were "agin" him, for he was deeply, darkly and beautifully blue from that moment.

It struck me that San Francisco never looked so charmingly. The hills had just put on their coats of green, and the late rains had washed its face and made it look what it is not—clean. The truth must be told, that we left it with heavy hearts.

On passing Fort Point, Capt. Stewart saluted with two guns, and as the blue smoke from the parapet floated in a fleecy cloud above us we moralized upon its similarity to man's brief existence. He is touched off into the world, and, if he does not flash in the pan, makes a little noise according to his calibre, has his brief day, and floats off in smoke to mingle with the clouds beyond the moon, and be lost in the fog. Scarce had the echo of the two guns died away ere our noble ship made her first "salaam" to the gods and goddesses of the sea. She acknowledged the power of old Ocean by an inclination of her head, with majestic courtesy, and then, in all the pride of strength and beauty, tossed the spray from her bow and inflated her huge lungs for the coming struggle. From the furrowed brows and frowning crests of the waves, it was evident that the winds and waters had been in conflict, and the latter, maddened by their lashings, were foaming with fury. And as the huge wall of water came towering towards

us it roared in its anger till the rocky coast took up the challenge, and sent back with defiant echoes a cloud of spray as high as our mast-head.

Old Neptune, evidently on a "bender," was making things howl; but skill and science set him at naught, and all his naughty efforts to put us under were fruitless. On we plunged, the rollers, as we neared the bar, increasing in height and volume. The Cliff House stood out in bold relief, and we turned our glasses towards Foster, sighing as we thought of his "glasses," and how many times we had looked seaward through them at the passing steamer; now, gazed at in turn through the same medium, I only hope that Foster's "dispensary" had not brought the vision of his friends to a state which made them see several steamers. We sighed, and envied the chap tooling along the beach at a three-minute gait behind one of Porter & Covey's nags. About this time several people had business below, and the upper deck was not at all crowded. Those left had plenty to do in "holding on," so heavily did our good craft begin to pitch.

A bank of fog to the seaward, lifting, we discovered several large craft tossing wildly about on the outer bar, and on closer examination with a glass observed one with topmast gone, and colors Union down in her rigging. At the same moment another ship in close proximity to the former one, set her signal of distress also; a pilot boat near them, tacked towards us, and a man sprang into the rigging with the Union jack in his hand, waving it and shouting. We now observed that both ships were at anchor, one a little astern of the other, but dangerously near. The latter vessel was seemingly a wreck, her yards broken, sails, ropes and rigging flying in every direction, boats gone, stern crushed and cut down, and, worse than all, her rudder carried away. As we approached, the crew were in the lower rigging waving their hats, and shouting, "For God's sake, save us; we are sinking!"

No passenger of the *Constitution* who was on deck will ever forget the scene at that moment. On all sides the ocean was a mass of foam; the huge breakers were rolling down upon us and those two devoted ships in terrific volume, their crests towering up to the topmast heads and tumbling forward in a cloud of spray with hoarse bellowings, each one higher than the preceding, and seemingly bent on engulfing the two maimed ships. With breathless anxiety we watched each successive wave as it came roaring towards us, expecting to see the vessels go down; the suspense was fearful, we saw the ships rise towards the summit, then plunge madly into the vortex, fairly buried in the seething waters which flew in clouds of spray and foam over their mastheads, sweeping decks, crushing and tearing everything before them, in their mad career. The sight was terribly grand, and I doubt if there was a man aboard that did not for once feel his insignificance. Even sundry senators, generals, governors and professors, were awed into silence. Very many faces blanched, and well they might, for such a sight does not fall to common mortals twice in a life time. On every side the deafening reverberations and deep roar of the heavy rollers sounded in our ears forebodingly, while those two ships freighted with human lives were tossed wildly to and fro and fairly buried in the angry waters, while we, although on a staunch ship, well manned with willing hands and hearts, could do nothing to save them. We ran as close as we dared and hailed them: "Ship ahoy! what condition are you in?" How every heart thrilled as the reply came borne upon the white spray: "Our decks are swept, our rudder gone; we are sinking!"

I stood near the Commodore and watched the expression of his face; a child could have read it. I saw his appreciation of their peril, his doubts of being able to do anything, the greatness of the danger to his own ship; and then came the recollection of his own great peril some years since, and the noble efforts of those big-hearted sailors that rescued him from the ill-starred *San Francisco*. Could he desert these poor fellows in their despair, and leave them to their fate? I saw by the sudden settling of his features to an expression of firm, rigid determination that he had made up his mind to do his best, regardless of all dictates of policy, and that he would take the responsibility.

"Ship ahoy! I will try to heave you a line! Stand by!"

A shout, half smothered in spray and sounding as if it came from the depths of the ocean, was borne upon the wind in reply, for at that moment we were looking down upon the ship as she plunged into what seemed a bottomless abyss, the caps of the rollers tumbling in upon her decks and bathing her in a sea of milky foam.

A long light line with a lead weight attached, the inner end made fast to a hawser, was prepared: all this while we had been drifting away from the ship. Steam was now put on, and we ran up as near as we dared to, and threw our line, but it fell short. Again and again the attempt was unsuccessfully repeated, for it was impossible to steer such a long heavy vessel as ours at slow speed in such a fearful sea, rollers striking us first on one bow and then on the other, throwing the huge ship back as if she were a cockle-shell. It was heavy work, but every man was at his post. The old Commodore stood on the paddle-box, giving orders, while relays of men were stationed

along the deck to pass the word to the engineer to "go ahead," "back her," "slow her," etc. Again and again we tried to accomplish our object, first by running ahead and backing down, and then by running up. All this time it was necessary to watch our own ship closely, for if she fell off into the trough of the sea just once, and one of the huge rollers boarded her, as would have been the case, friends to-day might have been looking for relics of us on the beach, and our trunks—of both kinds—would have been dashing against the rocky foundations of the Cliff House. No ship that mortal man ever built could live for one moment in that boiling cauldron, if struck by one of those fearful rollers, in height and volume like so many Telegraph Hills, that came rushing forward at race-horse speed. As it was, we were boarded by the crests only of several, which deluged the main deck, tore up guards, washed cattle into the sea over the rails, and made the vessel tremble and quake like an aspen leaf. The day waned, and still the Commodore persevered, but the sea did not abate, and the officers were worn out with fatigue; the passengers were nearly all deathly sick, doors were slamming, the cabins creaked, groans and lamentations came up from below at every plunge, and from quiet corners floated whispered prayers from lips as white as the foam about us.

We looked for assistance from the city, and at last descried the *Goliath* coming. We hoped she might, from her less size and being easily handled, approach the endangered vessels nearer than we dared to, and get them out of the breakers. We watched the black smoke pouring from her smoke-stack; and when I remembered that she was commanded by that staunch old sea-dog, Gorham, as rough as the bar itself, I felt pretty certain that something would be done. I watched her with my glass as she came out past Fort Point, just where it began to get rough, and saw her take her first good plunge. Something told me that she wavered, but she seemed to gather courage and come on. Presently I saw her rise, and a gentle little "comber" pitch down upon her forward deck. Old Gorham was scared; he turned tail and fled. I thought the vessel turned once and took another look at the breakers, got an ague-fit, and cut for home. I could not but recall Derby's saying of that promising craft when she was in the San Diego trade, and never did what she advertised, "*Goliath*!" She did go in a hurry this time, and before she got far enough out to see anything; the breakers she met being mere buckets of water compared with what she might have seen had she come out to where we were.

At dark we were about to give it up, and backed down as close to the ships we had been trying to aid as we dared, to tell them so. The first officer hailed their deck, "Ship ahoy! We can do nothing for you; we can't get near you with safety, and no boat would live a moment. Try to hold on till daylight and you will get assistance."

I shall not soon forget the tones of despair in the voice that answered: "Do, for God's sake, try once more!"

The officer paused; I saw the struggle and the expression of his face in the moonlight—there was a plaintive tone, almost a wail of despair in the voice, that touched the sympathies of the big-hearted sailor. He essayed to speak and say it was impossible, but suddenly, with energy, his clear voice rang out: "Ay! ay! we will do what we can for you!"

The ships had during this time drifted closer to each other than at any time before; the officer springing for the line coiled up on the stern, sang out: "Stand by there!" and, seemingly nerved by the heroic desire to help them, whirled the lead around his head and sent it with unerring aim plump on to the deck of the wreck. Such a cheer as went up from both vessels! The line was hauled in and the two big hawsers hauled aboard and secured. The next thing was to get up their anchor; it was a long, heavy job, for the surges on it were fearful, and the long scope out to prevent foundering or dragging prolonged the effort to 9 o'clock before they announced, "All ready." Then came the critical moment; the Commodore's idea was to tow the ship inside Fort Point, where she could get assistance. Every care was taken as we started slowly ahead, to taunten the lines easily; slowly she wore around, rolling fearfully, and we were fairly under way when a tremendous roller came booming down upon us—"Look out!"—it was aboard, deluging the decks and ripping up the guards; as our stern rose, down plunged our neighbor, and the immense hawsers snapped like pack-thread.

Again came that plaintive cry: "The hawser has parted!" Every man knew that it was the last effort that could be made, and unwillingly, and with heavy hearts, we bade them "good cheer," and left. One great advantage had been gained for our suffering neighbor; where she lay at first was the very centre and worst place of the entire bar; but our moving her, and the tide setting in, carried her out of the roughest water and into better holding ground, where we trust she rode it out in safety until the sea became a mill-pond, when the *Goliath* would doubtless go to her rescue. We shall watch the papers for tidings of that ship, and trust she is safe. Her consort drifted away inside the worst rollers, and at dark appeared to be riding easily and in comparative safety.

The last sea that broke us from our poor friend played grand smash on our ship, and our battery of heavy guns broke

adrift, but fortunately were secured before they had crashed through the bulwarks and overboard, taking everything in their course. It was time we were off and out of that, and it took two good hours to get out all right, for we had heavy seas and rough navigation.

Many incidents illustrative of the characteristics of individuals occurred during the day. One man, rejoicing in long hair and good clothes, would come on deck occasionally and declaim against the injustice done the passengers by the detention, etc. At last he struck Governor Nye, who had never left the deck a moment, and who was watching events with breathless interest, addressing him thus:

"This is an outrage, sir—a shame, sir—endangering valuable lives to stay around here trying to save those common fellows! What are they in comparison with us?"

The Governor turned upon him with the glare of a tiger: "Why, you infernal puppy, do you pretend to value your worthless life? Do you pretend to put it in the scale against that of any one of those unfortunate fellows? You want the Commodore to desert those poor devils—leave them to perish while we sit down to our comfortable dinner and brandy and water?" (The Governor quoted his greatest weakness, of course.) "You would, would you? I hope this ship may sink and all on board if necessary; it is the Commodore's duty to sink every soul of us in the effort, and I hope to God he never will let up until he has done one or the other. And, moreover, I tell you, sir, I see in his eye he is going to do it, too—you bet!"

The fellow stole away, and the Governor and myself, being fatigued and hungry, retired for a moment to our state-room and looked into the end of a suspicious looking bottle. The genial humor of the Governor was soon restored. He remarked: "I don't know but what I was a little severe on that chap, but how I do hate that breed of dogs!" Just before we left the wreck we saw a rocket and a blue-light sent up, apparently from the Cliff House, which we answered. The pilot-boat, by the by, had filled away, and must have gone inside, as we saw no more of her. How she ever lived in such a boiling cauldron was a mystery to all of us. At times, even when close to us, we could not see her for the foam and spray that engulfed her.

The Commodore says, in all his experience, he never saw the like of the sea we encountered that day, and a man might go to sea five hundred years and not get such another chance at it. As I do not expect to live that number of A. D.'s, I shall give up any hope of the kind. I can't say I "hanker arter" more such, although I would not for a farm have lost the grandeur of such a sight, now that it is over. It will last me the balance of my "natural."

Professor Silliman, being the biggest gun on board, should make a "report" on it, and I think he is busy with one now, as he has been scratching away for dear life every moment. He may be reporting upon the rocks upon which we might have split, along about Foster's back-yard, had our rudder gone adrift or machinery given away. Just fancy the *Constitution* going ashore and all on board perishing at the base of the Cliff House cabbage-garden! Silliman's report would have read: Base salt-ic grave-at-ic py-rat-ic Silli-cat-ic glob-ular hard on the knob-ular and decidedly flint-uloistic with an inclination of 45 easterly towards Foster's bar-room.

"Howsomever," we were not spilled, and bid fair to live to be a great deal of trouble yet to our friends. We passed the Bar—both bars, Foster's and the other—the Governor remarking that it was all right, as he generally stopped at every bar, especially when he travelled with the Nevada delegation, and consequently did not wish to slight this one; he only regretted that Foster's was not accessible.

PODGERS.

[Our readers will rejoice to learn that the two vessels which "Podgers" nearly wrecked himself and his "*Constitution*" in an attempt to aid, came safely into port; and we can only hope that equal good luck has attended the termination of our friend and correspondent's voyage.—ED. CALIFORNIAN.]

THE GIRLS.—A girl is not allowed to be a girl after she is ten years old. If you treat her as though she were one, she will ask you what you mean. If she starts to run across the street, she is brought back to the nursery to listen to a lecture on the propriety of womanhood. Now it seems to me that a girl should be nothing but a girl until she is seventeen. Of course there are proprieties belonging to her sex which it is fitting for her to observe, but it seems to me that, aside from these, she ought to have the utmost latitude. She ought to be encouraged to do much out of doors, to run and exercise in all those ways which are calculated to develop the muscular frame. What is true of boys, in the matter of bodily health, is eminently so of girls. It is all important that woman should be healthy, and well developed. Man votes, writes, does business, etc., but woman is the teacher and the mother of the world; and anything that deteriorates woman is a comprehensive plague on human life itself. Health among women is a thing that every man who is wise and considerate for his race should more earnestly seek and promote.—Ward Beecher.

DREAMLAND.

OUT of the sweet old legends
Beckons a fair white hand,
And silvery, bell-like voices
Tell of an unknown land;

Where magic roses blossom
In the evening's golden light,
And the air is laden with fragrance
From the lilies silver-white.

The trees, with their waving branches,
Murmur a fairy song,
And the brooklet merrily dances
As it ripples and gurgles along.

And tender, enchanting love-songs
Float on the balmy breeze,
And the heart's unspeakable longing
By their music is set at ease.

Would that my steps could reach it,
That happy, flowery strand!
For all my earthly afflictions
Would cease in that fairy land.

Oft in my dreams I see it,
In its glamor bright and fair,
But with daylight's earliest glimmer
It vanishes into air. [From the German.]

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

VERY PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE river was gray and dim in the twilight by this time, for the first half of October was gone, and the dusky shadows gathered early on Mr. Hillary's lawn. Francis Tredethlyn found the gardens deserted when he left the terrace, and walked slowly towards the house, where lights were gleaming in innumerable windows. The young man had only ridden down to Twickenham that morning, and had no special engagement to dine at the Cedars.

"I'll go round to the stables at once," he thought, "and I can call in Moorgate street to-morrow, and tell Mr. Hillary that I think of going abroad. Why should I see her again? The sight of her will only make me foolish, and keep me here in spite of myself."

The lady thus vaguely alluded to was not Miss Desmond; but when Francis Tredethlyn entered Mr. Hillary's house by the first open window that he found on the upper terrace, he found himself in a little study much affected by the ladies of the household, and he came suddenly upon a female figure sitting alone in the dark.

Something like a guilty pang shot through him as he recognized that stately figure, even in the shadowy obscurity of the unlighted room. In the next moment there was a rustling of silk, and Miss Desmond had risen and was facing him in the twilight.

"Yes, it is Mr. Tredethlyn," she said presently. "What have you been doing with yourself all the afternoon? There has been a grand discussion about some amateur theatricals, concerning which Maude Hillary is absolutely bewitched, and we want you to act."

"I think you've got plenty of fellows who'll act better than I can, Miss Desmond, though I did try my hand at the business once in Van Diemen's Land, and I'd be glad to make myself useful in any way that would please Miss Hillary, if it was to dress myself as a footman and carry a tea-tray or a scuttle of coals; but I think I shall be leaving England before the theatricals come off; in point of fact, I think I shall be leaving England directly."

"Leaving England!"

The expression of those two words could scarcely have been more tragical than it was; and yet for once in a way Miss Desmond was not acting. All in a moment she saw the fair edifice which she had schemed to build for herself crumbling into ruin and chaos.

"Leaving England!" she repeated; "you think of leaving England, Mr. Tredethlyn?"

She put her hands to her forehead with a little tragic gesture, and Francis Tredethlyn wished that he had entered the house by any other door or window than that which he had chosen.

Julia's dismay was entirely real; for the disappointment was very bitter to this young lady, who had built up a fair future for herself on the foundation of Francis Tredethlyn's wealth. The grim walls of Castle Desmond, the silver waters of the Shannon, the green hill-sides and lonely valleys, made themselves into a picture that shut out the dusky room, and

then melted into gray blankness. She had meant to do such great things with Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand a year!

The young man stood looking at her in as much embarrassment as if he had been guilty of some wilful deception. He was so entirely simple and true-hearted that no suspicion of Miss Desmond's mercenary views had any place in his mind.

There was a very brief pause, and then Julia murmured, in low, half-broken accents—

"You are really going away?—but why?"

"Oh, Miss Desmond, I scarcely like to tell you why; and yet it's not altogether on that account," answered Francis, vaguely. "There are other reasons. I am not in my right place amongst such people as I meet here. I'm a rough, uneducated fellow, and idleness doesn't suit me. I want to be of some use in the world. Why, I felt myself a better man out yonder, without sixpence in my pocket, than I am to-day, in spite of Oliver Tredethlyn's money. So I mean to buy a commission and go out to India, where there's some fighting to be done."

"You are not telling me the truth, Mr. Tredethlyn. This is not your real reason for running away from the Cedars, as if the house were infected."

"My dear Miss Desmond, I—you have been so kind to me—you have made me feel so much at home here, where, but for you, I must have felt myself so miserably out of place."

"Why should you be out of place amongst these people?" cried Julia, drawing up her head with a proud gesture, "unless," she murmured, in a thoughtful undertone—"unless because these people are so much beneath you."

Miss Desmond had entirely recovered herself by this time. All at once, after sitting a long time at the table, playing her cards with infinite tact and patience—all at once she found herself losing the game, and saw that only the boldest play could help her. But Julia was equal to the situation. The second of December had come upon her very suddenly; but she did not despair of triumphing by a *coup d'état*.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said, looking Francis full in the face, with her eyes and teeth gleaming in the twilight; "why are you going to leave this house? Why do you talk of hurrying away from England?"

"Because—because—I have done you a wrong in absorbing so much of your society, Miss Desmond, and the people here have begun to mix your name with mine. I cannot bear that you, who are so superior to me, should be humiliated by such an association; especially when there is no foundation for their talk," Francis Tredethlyn added, in considerable embarrassment.

"Oh, I understand it all now," answered Julia, with an unutterable bitterness in her tone; "you have been warned against me, Mr. Tredethlyn. I am only a fortune-huntress, and I have been spreading my toils about your innocent footsteps, and it is only by flight that you can save yourself. Oh yes!" she cried, with an ironical laugh, which seemed to express a keener anguish than another woman's wildest sob, "I know how these people talk!"

"Miss Desmond, on my honor—"

"Mr. Tredethlyn, on my honor, I know the world better than you do. If you had devoted yourself to any other woman in this house, to any daughter of that mercantile aristocracy in which Mr. Hillary rules supreme, no sneering comments would have greeted your ear. But what am I—the daughter of the Desmonds of Desmond—amongst these people? What am I but Maude Hillary's dependent and companion? I am poor, and I endure poverty in its most cruel bitterness; for I am poor amongst the vulgar rich. Who can give me credit for sincerity? who dare trust in my friendship? I am a well-bred pauper, a fortune-huntress, an adventuress, a creature whose smiles are to be dreaded, whose society is to be avoided. Oh, Francis Tredethlyn," cried Julia, with a sudden shiver of agony, which would have done credit to a Rachel, "I know so well what has been said to you. Go—go at once. You are wise to accept the warning conveyed in these people's insolent insinuations. Go—there is a gulf between you and me, for you are rich and I am poor. Beware of me even when I seem most sincere. Remember that I am a pauper, and the descendant of paupers—paupers who shed their blood and squandered their fortunes in a losing cause; paupers who died for the love of honor and loyalty, two words that would seem the emptiest sounds to merchants and tradesmen. Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, have pity upon me, and go."

And then Miss Desmond broke down all at once into a burst of hysterical sobbing, and stretching out her hand towards the back of a *prie-Dieu* chair standing near her, tottered as if she would have fallen. She did not fall, however, for before her hand could reach the *prie-Dieu*, Francis Tredethlyn's strong arm was round her.

"Miss Desmond," he cried, "Julia! why do you talk like this? Do you think that any base thought about you ever entered my brain? Fortune-huntress, adventuress—did I ever wrong you in my inmost thoughts by such a name as that?"

"No," answered Julia, softly. "You are too noble; and yet you may have been influenced by others. Why should

you think better of me than others think? Why should not you too despise me?"

Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was still supported by Mr. Tredethlyn's arm. He felt that she was trembling violently. He could just distinguish her handsome profile in the dusk, and the tears glistening upon her dark lashes.

"Despise you, Julia!—you who are so superior to me! Do you forget what I am? Have I not much greater reason to fear your contempt? And you talk of poverty as if that were so deep a suffering, while I am so rich, and care so little for my money. Share it with me, Julia. I'm only a poor waif and stray as it is; but with such a woman as you for my wife I might be of some good in the world. Heaven knows you are welcome to my fortune, Miss Desmond. If you were a man, and my comrade, I would say, Share it with me as my brother and my friend. But you are a woman, and I can only say, Be my wife."

Julia withdrew herself from the supporting arm.

"Ah, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said, in an icy kind of voice, "this is the bitterest insult of all. The Desmonds do not marry for money; they only marry where they are beloved and can love again."

"How can I expect that you can love me?" asked Francis. "Do you think I can forget that I am an ignorant boor, suddenly thrown amongst people whose habits of life, whose very thoughts, are strange to me?"

"And you would marry a woman without so much as asking for her love?"

"I would ask for her friendship and her fidelity. I shouldn't care to exact an uneven bargain, Miss Desmond, and I doubt if I could give much more myself," the young man answered, rather coldly; but at the sound of a stifled sob from Julia he changed his tone all at once. A thousand generous impulses were stirred in him by the aspect of her distress. He was nothing more than a child in the hands of this brilliant young Irish woman.

"Dear Miss Desmond," he cried, "I seem destined to offend and grieve you. If you will share my fortune, if you will accept my best friendship and fidelity, my whole life shall prove to you how much I admire and respect you. If you reject my offer, I can only say—"

But Julia did not allow him to finish the sentence, which she foresaw would be expressive of complete resignation to her adverse decision.

"Oh, Francis," she exclaimed, "you offer me your fortune!" There was something sublime in her contemptuous enunciation of this last word. "You ask me to accept your friendship, when I have been weak and mad enough to love you." She was not Rachel any longer; she was Madame Dorval, all melting tenderness and womanly pathos. She covered her face with her hands, and then, with something between a sob and a shudder, rushed suddenly from the room, and hurried along the dusky staircase and passages to her own apartment.

The candles were lighted on the dressing-table, but there was no intrusive handmaiden to annoy Miss Desmond by her watchful glances, her mute interrogation. Julia looked at her reflection in the glass, and saw herself flushed and triumphant, with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"And my eyes are really wet," she thought; "but then the chance was such a good one, and so nearly lost. What a good, simple-hearted fellow he is! and how happy any reasonable woman might be with him—and thirty thousand a year! Ah, Maude Hillary! it was very pretty, and childish, and nice of you, coming to wake me out of my sleep on your last birthday, to show me the set of diamonds and opals papa had bribed your maid to slip under your pillow before you awoke; but I will show you diamonds before long that shall make you ashamed of that birthday trumpery."

Miss Desmond rolled her black hair into a great smooth knot at the back of her head; and she put on a dress of that fugitive golden yellow, in which there is an artful intermingling of silvery sheen, and which milliners call maize, a bewilderingly beautiful color when seen in conjunction with a handsome brunette. The loungers who dined at the Cedars that evening declared that Julia Desmond had never looked so splendid. Francis Tredethlyn sat by her at dinner, and was near her all the evening; and at night, when he found himself alone in the pretty chintz-curtained chamber that he had so often occupied of late, the young man seated himself by one of the windows, and, pushing open the sash, looked out at the quiet river rippling softly under the stars.

"And she is to be my wife," he thought; "she is very handsome, and I ought to be proud to think that she can care for such a fellow as I. And yet—" His head sank forward on his folded arms, and the image of a beautiful creature smiled before him in all the dazzling brightness of an opium-eater's dream. Francis Tredethlyn gave one long regretful sigh as he raised his head, and looked moodily out at the distant woodland on the other side of the river.

"What can it matter whom I marry?" he asked himself, bitterly; "would she ever think of me if I were to come to this house every day for ten years at a stretch? Why, her dogs are more to her and dearer to her twenty times than I am. And Julia Desmond loves me, and thinks me better than

those fellows with the yellow whiskers, who are always talking of new books and new music. They please *her*, but *Julia* despises them. Am I such a wretch that I cannot be grateful for a sensible woman's affection? I am grateful to her. I am proud to think that she will be my wife. But I wish I was back in Van Diemen's Land, blacking the captain's boots and smoking shag tobacco with Surly Bill the Burglar."

After that dramatic little scene in the twilight study at the Cedars, everything went on velvet. Julia was triumphant; Maude was delighted and sympathetic. What could be more charming or proper than that Julia should marry a man with thirty thousand a year for his fortune? The only hindrance to universal happiness in a very delightful world was the fact that so many people had to do *without* thirty thousand a year, Miss Hillary thought, whenever she gave her mind to the study of political economy.

"And you will be so rich, dear Julia," Maude said, as she kissed her friend; "and if Harecourt and I are very poor—as we must be, unless papa gives his consent by-and-by—you'll take us for a drive in the Park sometimes, won't you? And if you give many parties in the season, I shan't be able to come to them, for you wouldn't like to see me always in the same dress, like those poor people at the union, and I shall be obliged to get a set of black lace flounces, like Reder—you never saw Reder, my last German governess but one—and put them on pink silk one day, and blue the next, and so on; it's very troublesome, and the flounces don't generally come straight, but then it looks as if one had so many dresses. Of course you'll have boxes at *both* houses, Julia, and on the grand tier? and you'll buy a place in the country—and oh, where do you mean to live in town?"

Miss Desmond answered all these eager queries very demurely. Francis would make all arrangements for their future life, she said; he *had* certainly promised her the two opera boxes, and he had made inquiries about the one house that was to be let in Park Lane, and he was anxious to discover her favorite county before taking any steps toward the purchase of an estate.

"But you know he is such a dear good fellow, and has such a knack of guessing all my fancies, that really I never like to suggest anything," Miss Desmond concluded, modestly; but somehow or other, without making any very direct suggestions, Julia had so contrived matters, that in a few weeks her affianced husband had gratified many of the desires that had been smouldering in her breast ever since the earliest dawn of girlhood.

Already the "family jools" of the Desmonds had been consigned to the oblivion of one of Julia's shabbiest trunks, and diamonds now twinkled on Miss Desmond's neck and arms, and gleamed here and there in her black hair when she came down to dinner in her maize silk dress. Her toilette-table was all of a glitter with the rings she drew off her slim fingers when she disrobed at night, before the looking-glass which had so often reflected a gloomy, discontented face, but which now only gave back triumphant smiles.

She was an adventuress, perhaps, and her triumph was an ignoble one; but she was not altogether base. She was prepared to be a good wife to the man whom she had brought to her feet by force of feminine strategy. She did not love Francis Tredethlyn, and, indeed, she seemed to be made of a sterner stuff than that out of which the women who can love are fashioned. She did not love her affianced husband, but she meant to be as faithful and devoted as the most loving wife in Christendom. If she intended to raise herself upon the platform of her husband's wealth, she meant that he should mount with her. Already she had lifted him several stages on the social ladder. From the very first her watchful care had saved him from a hundred small solecisms, and in the more intimate relationship of the last few weeks her refining influence had been almost magical in its effects. The good old blood of the Tredethlyns asserted itself, and Julia found her task an easy one.

"I don't want you to be like those Government clerks, and magazine writers, and embryo Q. C.'s," she said to him sometimes. "I like you to be big, and to be deep-voiced, and—just a little clumsy. The Knights-Templars, and Crusaders, and that sort of people must have been clumsy on account of their armor. I always fancy I hear the clank of spurs when you come into a room; and when you sit in Parliament you must be the soldier's friend, you know, and make great speeches about rations, and court-martial verdicts, and discipline—and all that sort of thing; and I shall come into the ladies' gallery, and strain my eyes by peering at you through that horrible grating. You will look so handsome, with your head thrown a little back, and your hand in your waistcoat."

Now, this kind of talk from a handsome woman, whom he knows to be infinitely his intellectual superior, can scarcely be displeasing to the most strong-minded of men; and, unluckily, Francis Tredethlyn was not very strong-minded. He looked down at his Julia with a sheepish smile, and acknowledged her pretty flatteries in the laziest possible manner; but when he came to the Cedars next morning, he brought with him the biggest emerald-headed serpent that he had been able to find

among the jewellers of the West End, and coiled it about his Julia's wrist. He was grateful to her for all her tender smiles and pleasant speeches—all the more grateful, perhaps, because of that uncomfortable knowledge of the cold void in his own heart, where love for his promised wife should have been. So he brought her all manner of costly tribute in the way of rings and bracelets, and necklaces and head-gear; and he bought her a three-hundred-guinea hunter at Tattersall's, so that she should no longer ride Maude Hillary's horses in the Twickenham lanes. Sometimes, in spite of himself, even when Julia was most agreeable, the thought came upon him that he would only too gladly have given her the whole of his fortune if by such a gift he might have freed himself from the promise that bound him to her.

"But if I were free to-morrow, *she* would not care for me," he thought; "and what would be the use of liberty?"

(Continued in our next.)

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

AT the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched a hunt was set afoot, and Capt. Grant, myself and some attendants were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young buffalo cow, while Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, east by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of doing so a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck projected some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly towards me; and, as he flashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for, ere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange indescribable scuffle ensued.

In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind that this second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Capt. Grant leveling his rifle towards me, while, standing beside and behind him, were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness. As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for, if he refrained, I might possibly escape after the boa released his hold from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces.

Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to fully comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I could have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and the

wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom, so I stared, stared, stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it little by little, little by little, unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly; how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes, watching for the least sign of life in its prey. Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now, a little more, until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk.

Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed, I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was 51 feet 3 inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.—*Capt. Speke's Journal.*

RED HAIR.—"Would you know the process by which jet black hair is transformed into golden hair? For our fair dames of Court and all our lorettes (they rather began it) sacrifice their beautiful black hair as freely as a red head with you sacrifices his earrot. You wish to hear how the metamorphose is obtained? At the appointed hour the candidate for golden honors enter the dressing-room, attired in a long white dressing gown. Her hair floats loosely over her shoulders, unsecured by comb or pin. The 'artist' is there. He begins by seeing that the hair is thoroughly separated; then he, by degrees, pours over the head a phial of some water, (which probably holds in solution corrosive sublimate, or something equally deadly poison,) and he takes hair by hair and saturates it with the water, from one end to the other. This takes two hours. He allows fifteen minutes to elapse, and then he soaks the whole hair in the water; next, he pours another phial of his 'water' upon the hair and kneads the hair with his hands. Another respite of a quarter of an hour is given, which is followed by soaking the head in ice-water, which is succeeded by a new phial of 'water.' These processes take two hours and fifteen minutes more. The 'artist' then takes two tailor's 'gooses,' heated to a high degree of temperature. The chambermaid holds the end of their mistress' hair, and the 'artist' moves backward and forward the 'gooses' within a few inches of the hair until the hair becomes red. This ends the operation, which has lasted five hours, and leaves the lady with red hair, an intolerable headache, jangled nerves, and \$80 less in pocket. I say \$80—not 80 francs, but 400 francs. Felix, the hair-dresser, who invented this operation, is making more money than ever, and before he resorted to this method he was literally coining money. So we go! The city is not changing its appearance and even its names, but the women themselves are undergoing metamorphose. You quit your brunette in the Rue de Cluny, in an old-fashioned house; be absent a few months; you find her living on the same spot, but the street is called the Rue Victor Cousin; the name has been changed, the house has been pulled down, and a vast caravansara erected on its site, and she has become red headed."—*Paris Letter.*

WHAT OUR PARLORS SHOULD BE.—A modern writer says: "Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures which tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith, and charity. Make your living-room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lone waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homesead may come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope, and love. Have no dungeons about your house, no room you never open, no blinds that are always shut."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

COPPIN AND HIS CRITICS.

ACCORDING to a very old saw, indeed, "there is no accounting for tastes;" consequently when a discussion arises respecting the merits of any person, place or thing in which others differ from us, we have only to believe that they do so honestly and acknowledge that they have a right to entertain any opinion they please, we, in the meanwhile, rigidly adhering to our own.

But a piece of taste was exhibited by Mr. Coppin—a comedian of whom we are relieved but whom the unfortunate billows are now compelled to bear—in a speech before the curtain on the occasion of his "last appearance" at Maguire's Opera House on Friday evening of last week, in regard to which we fancy there can be no dispute, and which is very easily "accounted" for. Speaking of his reception by the public and the press, he said that of the former he had nothing to complain, and that the latter had been eminently cordial to him with the exception of "two insignificant sheets." Very few will deny that this speech on the part of Mr. Coppin was in wretched, not to say vulgar, taste, since it by no means follows that because a critic fails to see an actor in a stellar light, or to be governed in the exercise of his vocation by either the social qualities of the man or the self-written and paid-for puffs which his diplomacy or "statesmanship" manages to secure—it by no means follows, we say, that the sheet to which that critic happens to be attached is an "insignificant" one.

As this journal found it necessary to differ from some of its cotemporaries as to the merits of the late departed "well-known Australian actor, manager, litterateur, and legislator," (we quote from the redundant English of a morning cotemporary)—as that gentleman when made the subject of a legitimate and honest criticism chose to take up the gauntlet by remarks which were too pointed to admit of misapplication, and as the cotemporary from whose copious vocabulary we have just quoted, saw fit to also put hand and foot in it, endorsing the pretensions of its protégé by reproducing those remarks in its next morning's issue, we propose to say a few words, which otherwise would have been left unsaid, for the benefit of Mr. Coppin and his critics.

To begin with the beginning: Mr. Coppin landed among us as agent of the Keans—nothing more was known of him. Certain it is that neither as "actor, manager, litterateur, or legislator" had the trump of fame wafted his name to the shores of the Atlantic or the Pacific oceans; perhaps because in his many vocations he illustrated the truth that a Jack-at-all-trades is seldom or never good at any particular one. The first knowledge that was had of either him or his merits was gathered from his own lips, for no reputation preceded him. Had we known in the first instance that the preliminary puffs which filled his sails in this locality were self-blown, he simply paying for the use of bellows, we would sooner have arrived at an appreciation of him. Seeing star notices, however, columns of anecdote and reminiscences of his life from his boyhood up, all loud in his praise, and finding him an apparently well-behaved though not very sprightly gentleman—certainly not one who would even for a moment be suspected of possessing "the knowledge of a Burton, the wit of a Sheridan, and the 'bonhommerie' of a Brougham,"—we were content in the outset to take him upon trust, pending an opportunity to form a judgment of our own as to his pretensions. This soon came. He was "persuaded to appear," and his "Paul Pry" was enough, without the infliction of the remaining programme of the first evening. To our surprise we found a man with a face as expressionless as a dead wall, no flexibility of either voice or feature, and an awkwardness of movement and gesture that was painful without being in the slightest degree comical. We discovered that his resemblance to Burton consisted solely in obesity, his breadth of body and beam being only equalled by the broadness of some of his jokes when he attempted to "make points." A cockney, he dropped his h's all over the stage with a charming disregard of time and place—in short, notwithstanding the most favorable prepossessions, we found nothing to commend in him. Still, we had almost determined to be silent; it was an affair that principally concerned the public, and so long as they chose to be satisfied we were scarcely

called upon to growl. But when, in view of the fulsome praise of him and his performances, in which his "friends of the press"—for courtesy's sake we will say his "critics"—thought fit to indulge, a cry of disappointment and a complaint of being swindled began to go up from the public throat, we then thought it our duty to speak of his merits honestly, thus washing our hands of any complicity in the cheat. We did so, the result being that we encountered the distinguished disfavor of Mr. Coppin—for which we did not care one penny; and the unkind comment of his supporters among our cotemporaries—for which we care still less.

So much for Mr. Coppin. Now a word as to his "critics," and we have done. It is fair to suppose that, in our judgment of the gentleman, we were honest; the old cry of "not advertising with you" cannot very well be raised, since his performances, and those of the Keans, were always advertised in THE CALIFORNIAN. Personally we rather liked him; but in questions of art personal relations should not be suffered to dictate. Judging of a picture, we do not care whether the artist is a pleasant fellow or not; certainly, the fact that he has been congressman, litterateur or clergyman, should no more be taken into account and placed to the credit of anything from his case than should the fortuitous circumstances of his having been soap-boiler or cabbage-vender be scored to its demerit. With the social qualities or the moral character of author, artist, or actor, the critic has nothing to do—his province is to judge them by their books, their pictures, or their acting, alone. Certainly against Mr. Coppin we entertained no prejudice; and, though he did not approach us, after the appearance of our criticism, with that cordiality which characterized his manner before, we did not dream that he considered himself an "ill-used man," until he betrayed it by the tone of his remarks on the occasion of his last appearance—of this tone we judge from the meagre report of the morning cotemporary already referred to; had they not been there reported we should probably never have heard of them, not being present on the evening in question; though, if there were any performance of that comedian's which it were likely that we could be tempted to attend, it would certainly be his last one. Our motives in the criticism which inspired Mr. Coppin's remarks seem open to no misconstruction, for certainly they were kindly enough to the statesman and the gentleman, if not positively complimentary to the actor.

Now for the other "critics." The supposed author of the scree from which we have several times quoted in the course of this article—though it has been stated to us that it was written by Mr. Coppin's self—not very long since was accused by one of our managers in broad daylight, and in the open street, of venality—branded with having been in constant pay, and with having received amounts which showed upon the treasurer's books, for lending the aid of his pen in the interest of the theatre, which that manager represented—and he neither denied nor resented the charge. The like has never befallen any one connected in any capacity whatever with THE CALIFORNIAN—and we have a very distinct impression that it never will. Of an evening journal, which made rather favorable mention, the critic of which we are bound to believe, is honest in his opinions, and who is certainly above the reach of bribery, it is almost sufficient to say that he is a fellow-countryman of Mr. Coppin's, and once, like him, a resident of Australia. It is very possible that in the sparse crumbs of commendation which he threw out—meaning, however, as much as a meal from ordinary sources—he may have been moved by that fellow feeling which very often guides the tongue and pen even of men who aim at impartiality. The only commentary, perhaps, necessary to make upon this critic's printed opinion is simply to state that his intelligent face, on the evening of his favorite's "last appearance," was seen among the audience assembled at Platt's Hall in behalf of Miss Richardson's poem—he preferred to hear the Hon. J. H. Warwick read! A morning journal, active and wiry generally but compelled to brevity from its size and the pressure of advertisements upon its columns, sometimes in the hurry of the moment gets its "star" notices and its criticisms proper rather mixed up; but anyone who imagines that the editors really think Mr. Coppin an "excellent comedian" will find it very easy to provoke a bet. Our Sunday friend, that by the boldness of its assertions as regards the talent of the most inferior artists sometimes tempts the remark that it should be called the brazen era, is proverbially good natured and politic, the editor making a boast that his object in theatrical notices is not criticism but cultivation of the advertising interest. We have a weekly cotemporary that is noted for a sort of "sauce for soup, fish or gravy," which enters into its composition. Making a virtue and capital of pitching into every person and everything whenever a laugh can be raised or a point made, wholly irrespective of merit, and sometimes, we regret to add, of decency, it certainly is not to be expected that its criticism would count for much anyway, especially when it is generally known that the author was the writer or adapter of many of the plays in which Mr. Coppin performed. We do not ven-

ture to say that our lively if not immaculate cotemporary was ever paid for admitting anything in its columns, but if we say that it has been occasionally paid for keeping things out, we hazard an assertion which we fancy the well-known candor of the editor will scarcely permit him to either palliate or deny.

These are the facts of the case so far as Mr. Coppin and his critics are concerned. This article has grown to a length and breadth which was not contemplated in the beginning, but it spaced itself out by natural progression, and we deemed it best to make it thorough and complete. As for the subject—he has gone where he will be brought into competition with stock comic actors, and we apprehend he will hardly attempt to star it much. His critics remain behind, and that certainly is sufficient punishment for each and all of them.

* After a careful search in all dictionaries, being unable to find the word "bonhommerie," we have concluded, since learning the authorship of the article quoted from, that it is the Australian rendering of the French phrase, bonhomie.

"A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS."

WE have before called attention to the habit in which Eastern journals indulge, of copying articles from these columns without giving the credit to either authors or THE CALIFORNIAN. By way of illustrating the wrong of which we complain, let us run over a few of the exchanges which the last steamer brought. In the Philadelphia Transcript we find "Clouds," a charming little poem, by Emilie Lawson, originally published in THE CALIFORNIAN of November 5th; this has been set floating, a waif upon the waves of newspaperdom—surely the name of the authoress might have been allowed to accompany it. A "Fragment from an Unpublished Poem," by "Ina," with "for the Californian" printed above it that no mistake could occur, appeared in these columns on the 19th of November. The New York Atlas of December 24th brings the lines back to us without a word of acknowledgment. And "Mists," by the same authoress, copied in the same paper, and in the Philadelphia Transcript as well, shared a similar fate, as revealed to us by the previous steamer. "Mark Twain's" comical story of "Lucretia Smith's Soldier," fares better at the hands of the Atlas, being copied into that paper of December 3d, with credit to both author and THE CALIFORNIAN. But other journals Eastward were not as honest, and thus it was that the Mercury the other week came to republish the article, under the impression that it was new to this coast, calling attention to it as particularly "funny." In manner somewhat similar we were betrayed into publishing a paragraph of which the Mercury claims the parentage, supposing that it originated beyond the mountains. These little contretemps only prove that we in San Francisco are all too busy to read each others' papers, a truth more fully established by the fact that the honest-faced Bulletin every now and then transfers a brilliant paragraph or sentence to its columns under the impression that it is paying tribute to the genius of the East, in blissful ignorance that it originally appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN months before. And it was but the other day that our vigilant and virtuous enemy, the News Letter, recried from the mouth of its "Town Crier" a few lines apropos of the departure of Major Van Voast, which our readers would be very apt to recognize. As before said, however, these inadvertent copyings only prove that we all have excellent taste in the way of selections, but very little time to look over the pages of city cotemporaries.

To return to our Eastern friends: the Home Journal of December 31st quotes a dramatic criticism from these columns with credit, but reproduces in another part of the paper as original, a paragraph relative to the Morning Call's system of publishing divorces in the same style it does marriages, births, and deaths, of which the merit, if merit it have, belongs to THE CALIFORNIAN. The New York Leader of December 31st is so honest that we feel inclined to forgive it for all former sins of omission—only hoping that it will never do so again." It copies "Northward," with the prefix of "From the Californian," and the affix of "Emilie Lawson" as authoress. But heretofore its sins have been so many that in reading in a late Dramatic Feuilleton by "Ariel" in that journal, "I believe that the Leader would succeed even if it were located in San Francisco. CALIFORNIAN please copy," we were tempted to copy with the added remark that it would succeed even in New York if it managed to nip all our contributions without acknowledgment of the source.

The fact of the matter is this: We are attempting to build up a distinctive literature for California. In the feature of contributions to THE CALIFORNIAN—poetry especially—we have aimed to publish nothing which would not undergo critical examination and be received in any periodical on this continent, however elevated its standard might be. That we have not altogether failed is proved by the extensive copying and circulation which contributions to THE CALIFORNIAN have met with at the East, though that an error of judgment may occasionally occur is possible enough. Our rule, however, is never to publish an article merely because it is original, believing that a good selection is at any

time infinitely preferable to a bad original—the same rule holding good as regards “copies” in art galleries. But we insist on claiming recognition and credit for our song birds from every paper that thinks their melodies worthy of reproduction; and trusting that our Eastern cotemporaries will see the justice of this demand, and aid us in the effort to make Californian literature known and appreciated abroad—all this is “respectfully submitted.”

DRAMATIC MENTION.

ON Wednesday evening the Keans took their farewell, probably forever, of the Californian stage. A more successful engagement than theirs has rarely if ever been played in San Francisco. For the fifty-six nights, over which period it extended, their receipts averaged more than one thousand dollars on each occasion, the largest house of any evening bringing in seventeen hundred dollars. Thus these artists, by the terms of their agreement being entitled to one-half the gross receipts, have received a substantial tribute of admiration amounting, in gold, to a greater weight than either of them could conveniently shoulder. Under such circumstances they are naturally very little sensitive as to what newspapers may say about them; but of their reception by the press of this coast, as well as by the public, they cannot very well complain. The pieces selected for their last appearance were *Henry VIII.*—Mr. Kean playing “Cardinal Wolsey,” to Mrs. Kean’s “Queen Catharine”—and *The Jealous Wife*—the Keans appearing as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. Seemingly inspired by the crowded audiences which assembled to witness their last effort, and determined to leave behind them an impression which time could not very well efface, they exerted themselves to the utmost, and the consequence was an interpretation of their respective parts, which almost puts criticism at fault. As the “Cardinal,” Mr. Kean gave full play to his expressive features, and his voice, less tremulous than usual, was at times sublime in its pathos. As the wronged Queen, Mrs. Kean towered up in the full dignity of womanhood, giving the bluff-browed King full warrant for swearing that she was indeed a royal Kate. But it was as the Jealous Wife that this lady reaped her full harvest of triumph; her brilliant eyes now glowing with suppressed passion, and anon sparkling with the wildest mirth. These artists wear their years easily, Mrs. Kean in particular retaining her vigor and life of action with a tenacity as surprising as it is rare. The occasion of Mr. Kean’s benefit on Tuesday evening was well attended, notwithstanding the pouring rain; the jam and crush of carriages at the theatre doors reminding old opera-goers of Irving Place on field nights. *The Iron Chest*, the piece d’occasion, was one of the elder Kean’s favorites, and the present one can also rank the character of “Sir Edward Mortimer” among his best impersonations. He held the house entranced as by a spell, and at times a stitch in knitting might almost have been heard to drop—let alone a pin. Mr. Kean’s most ardent admirer could scarcely call him handsome, but his face is eminently an expressive one, his play of feature at times is surprising, and he is possessed of eloquent speaking eyes. With proper management in New York, whither these artists go after a brief detour by the Island of Jamaica, success is almost certain for them. The reverence and love for Edmund Kean will draw an audience in the first place, and the undoubted genius of Charles will do the rest. Once accustomed to Mr. Kean’s peculiarities, the probabilities are that the couple will become the fashion, and gather greenbacks to their hearts’ content. With them go the members of their troupe, Miss Chapman, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Coppin. Of the lady, their niece, very little can be said, other than that she is pains-taking, and faithful to her part as far as lies within her capacity. Either Mr. Cathcart or Mr. Everett would be a good addition to almost any stock company. That the Keans choose them for support is quite equivalent to a paragraph in their praise. Of Mr. Coppin an opinion is expressed elsewhere. As “Dogberry” in *Much Ado about Nothing*, on Monday night, he was scarcely tolerable, and his “write me down an aw” was fairly execrable. Barry, of the regular company, would have done the part much better. His situation is the most enviable, perhaps, of any one’s attached to the company—he getting twenty per cent. of the gross receipts of his principals, and all that he can clear by his own hebdomadal appearances besides. The steamer of yesterday certainly carried away two better artists than will probably visit these shores again for many a long day. In bidding them good-by we can only regret that, feeling it necessary to give the poor of this city a benefit, they had not been moved to make it a benefit by vouchsafing the receipts of a theatrical performance instead of a Saturday afternoon’s reading.

The steamer which arrived on Sunday last brought Matilda Heron, California’s old-time favorite, back to these shores. Nearly a dozen years have sped since she bade adieu to this, the scene of her early triumphs—years which have brought fulness to her form as well as ripeness to her dramatic fame not omitting to trace an occasional line upon the brow which,

a chaplet of Camellias now encircles. But she is the same warm-hearted, impulsive woman, whose magnetism of manner carried California captive in an earlier day, and the shadow of a domestic affliction in the loss of a favorite child, which still rests upon her soul, has toned down her rendition of her great character to a pathos which it never had before. Not only is her “Camille” the one *par excellence* of not only the American but also of any stage; but more than this, there are critics, and excellent ones, too, who write it down as the finest piece of acting which the American stage possesses at present. This may seem extravagant, but it must be remembered that her critics seldom stop half-way, almost invariably going the whole length of either unqualified praise or sweeping censure. In one respect, a resemblance may be traced between Miss Heron and Mr. Kean: neither are handsome, but the soul which looks out from every feature on the stage almost persuades one to believe them so. Miss Heron makes her appearance on the Opera House stage in *Camille*, on Monday evening next, and the piece will probably be run through the week, Mr. Mayo playing “Armand,” and Mrs. Saunders “Prudence.” The cast is a capital one, and a full house should welcome our early favorite back, for it was from these same boards that the Heron first plumed herself for the dramatic flight which has proven so eminently successful.

This evening will witness Mrs. Agnes Perry’s benefit at the Opera House, Miss Clarkson making her *début* on the occasion in the capital comedy of *Masks and Faces*—better known to the public, perhaps, by the title of Charles Reade’s novel from which it is a dramatization—*Peg Woffington*. Of Miss Clarkson’s dramatic ability we have never had an opportunity to judge, and consequently reserve our decision until the morrow, but she carries one essential recommendation to an audience in her face and figure, being both pretty and graceful. Rumor says that the *débutante* is a pupil of Mrs. Perry’s, and if so, we see no sufficient reason why she should not do credit to her training—for the beneficiary’s must be a very severe school. An excellent actress and a very general favorite, we have little doubt that Mrs. Perry’s benefit will merit the name.

Mr. Mayo had an excellent benefit on Thursday evening, the result, probably, of the entertaining programme which he offered, as well as of his personal popularity. As “D’Artagnan,” in the *Three Guardsmen*, he appeared to very good advantage, the character enabling him to show some of his best points, unmarred by the lachrymose tones in which he is too prone to indulge when he fancies that extraordinary pathos is demanded. He was seconded or “supported” by Mrs. Mayo, as “Constance”—in the technicalities of the stage to say that the husband is supported by the wife involves no reproach to either. As “Anne of Austria,” Mrs. Edwin won her usual plaudits. Miss Jeany Kempton, a most excellent and deserving artist, of whose contemplated departure upon the next steamer for the East we regret to learn, sang “Il Segreto” and “Come In and Shut the Door,” with great taste and effect. The performance concluded with *The Widow’s Victim*, the beneficiary, in the character of “Jerry Clip,” giving all his old imitations of well-known actors, with additional ones of Mr. and Mrs. Kean and Backus—these innovations were burlesques rather than imitations, of course exciting all the more merriment on that account. In conclusion, Mr. Mayo made a speech of acknowledgment, imparting the interesting intelligence that his departure is postponed, and that he remains to second Miss Heron during her engagement. His “Armand” is good.

The afternoon performance at the Opera House to-day offers *Black-Eyed Susan*—a drama which would probably draw better had not a black-eyed Susan been on free exhibition in the Police Court yesterday morning. The Eureka Minstrel Troupe will also appear, and Miss Jenny Kempton—the sweetest minstrel of them all—will sing. For to-morrow evening at the Academy of Music, a Sacred Concert is offered, in which Billy Birch, Backus, Wambold, Bernard, and all the balance of those sable and solemn singers will appear. Think of the effect! The three B’s singing “Old Hundred” or “Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” with Wambold ringing in with a too tonic chorus. But we are informed that the selections are principally from serious operas, with ballads of a pensive cast; even without that information we would almost hazard the assertion that Mr. Magnire is too politic a manager to offend the underlying religious sentiment of the community, by burlesquing sacred melodies. What Tommy Peel will do we do not know, but suppose he will confine himself to Shaker dances.

Miss Annette Ince, a pleasing actress, who is about to try her fortune at the East, takes a farewell benefit at Platt’s Hall this evening. That it will be well attended we sincerely hope, for the lady deserves at least one cordial recognition from our public. It may be truthfully written of her that she has never degraded her art for the sake of dollars, nor pandered to what seemed the popular taste for the sake of filling her houses, but, on the contrary, has always rigidly and conscientiously adhered to the legitimate and higher walks of her profession. During her management of the Metropolitan in con-

junction with Mrs. Hayne, that standard was undeviatingly maintained; the public did not reward her then—let them do so now. The programme of the entertainment promises scenes from *Macbeth* and *Ion*, and readings and recitations of popular pieces, to conclude with the charming comedieta of *The Morning Call*, in the rendition of which we are not informed whether or not the editors of that sprightly sheet will assist, though the interest of the performance would be materially increased were the affirmative the case.

Still another benefit is advertised for Wednesday evening next—that of Signora Bianchi. *Norma* will be produced for the occasion, and Miss Jenny Kempton—announced as the “favorite contralto”—with Mrs. Cassie Mattison—announced as the “splendid contralto”—will then appear for the “last time in California.” What is the matter? Why this sudden migration of contraltos? What bodes it? Really we do not understand its tenor. Signora Bianchi as one of our oldest and most popular artists deserves a good house, and we hope she may get it. Particulars of the programme in another column.

Miss Richardson’s poem “The Northern Seer” was read at Platt’s Hall on Friday evening of last week. In compliance with an invitation we were present, but being unable to hear or distinguish a word of the poem except at rare and occasional intervals, and failing to find anyone who in this respect was more fortunate, we are manifestly unable to pronounce upon the poem. As to the merits of Mr. Warwick, however, no difficulty or dispute exists, as it is very generally conceded that his style or school combines the action of a saw-mill gate so beautifully with the rising and falling notes of a key-bugle in unpractised hands, that it is almost impossible to say which predominates.

In the absence of any other comedian combining the advantages of study which ripe experience as “actor, manager, litterateur and legislator” is supposed to afford, the Learned Pig is starring it at the Museum. Although sadly deficient in “*bouhommie*” this candidate for popular favor presents the very important claims to critical and æsthetical consideration of being able to spell; moreover, though he can read writing or printing, he never has even granted dissatisfaction because a journal in fair discussion of his merits expressed the opinion that though he might be capital pork it could not conscientiously praise him as a performer. It is pleasant to have one actor who can discriminate between the butcher’s knife and the pen when legitimately used. Perhaps it is not strange, however, that the Learned Pig takes kindly to the pen, and never grumbles at lying in the bed which he makes.

THE NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.—Relative to the mission to France, “Castine,” the Washington correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, writes that Henry J. Raymond, of the *New York Times*, has been most prominently before the public for the place, but that he himself states that he is too ambitious to accept a foreign mission, which, at this time of life, a member of Congress from New York, would be exile to him. The disqualifications of John P. Hale, Montgomery Blair, Bigelow and others, are enumerated, and finally the correspondent concludes by hazarding the conjecture that Seward may quietly take that place by way of gracefully retiring from the Cabinet. A good French scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, with a natural bent towards diplomacy, a better appointment than that of Henry J. Raymond, as American representative at the French Court, could not be made; and when we consider the misrepresentation abroad, to which our nation has for many years been subjected, we are tempted to wish that he may be prevailed upon to accept it.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.—We notice that some of our cotemporaries are firing regretful guns over the appointment of one Felix O’Byrne as First Lieut. in the Eighth California Volunteers, and Quartermaster to the Regiment. It is true that the gentleman’s record is not very clear, but he came among us a stranger—so far as lay within his power he has done good service to the cause which is dear to all our hearts; he suffered under the pressure of poverty in the outset, and under such circumstances a man is very apt to drift into expedients which he would not adopt under more favorable conditions. He has a wife and family dependent upon his hands, and whatever the past may be the future is his own. Give him a chance; let Gov. Low’s appointment stand, and see if he do not redeem himself and justify the trust reposed in him. It is this persistent following up of poor fellows that makes criminals and fills prisons.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the Eastern press as follows: “The California papers propose that an internal revenue tax of one dollar an inch be levied on the tails of Chinamen. Consternation accordingly reigns in pig-taildom.” If that novel way of “raising the wind” do not cross the Atlantic to find extensive circulation in England and Europe, and be commented upon, perhaps by the *London Times*, as an instance of prospective rank “injustice to the foreigner,” we are very much mistaken in a conjecture.

"A LITTLE BOX FOR YOU, SIR"

PRACTICAL joking has gone out of fashion in these latter days, or rather, I may say, since the Crimean campaign taught us that soldiering was not—

"All gold lace and sash,
And a great deal of dash;"

but that he who wore the gold lace must carry beneath it a sterling heart, and learn, perhaps practically, how that same gaudy sash is long enough and wide enough, slight as it seems, to carry a six-foot man. Practical joking was, I say, knocked out of our fellows during those damp nights in the trenches, and burning dust blinding mid-days in those hitherto scarcely known regions, now, alas! marked in letters of blood, but, thank God, crowned too by wreaths of laurel.

During the years of what civilians and croakers were wont to designate as "inglorious peace," preceding the April of 1854, such of us as were on home service had really very little to do but to kick our heels about and scatter our parents' cash, in the manner most calculated to amuse ourselves or suited to our individual inclinations. It was very good fun being a soldier, if you had plenty of money, impudence, and pluck, with a good amount of self-respect—sometimes called conceit; better still if you had a handle to your name or a handsome face to justify your conceit, and by not any means despicable was a good fortune; though, if the other two advantages were possessed, the last was always obtainable, heiresses being then, as now, open to the seductive influence of the god of war. Yet, with all this, life in country quarters became often a somewhat dull affair, and these present days of parade, rifle practice, and all sorts of "hard work," would have been actually welcomed, if only for the sake of change, and the break they would make in the monotony of barrack life. Some quarters were all well enough, no doubt—such as lay in sporting districts, for instance. Then those fellows who had the money came out strong in pink or pointers (according to the season), and those who had no money came out still stronger, upon the chance of something turning up some day or other—some luck that would enable them to pay the shot, towards which the handsome allowance the British constitution considers her officers' lives and work worth, goes a very short way. But though a man might fish through the spring in Devonshire, shoot through the autumn in Yorkshire, and hunt through the winter in Northampton or Leicestershire, it didn't follow that he could always indulge in quarters so desirable: and when he was elsewhere, time had to be killed, and required a deal more killing, too. Thus it was that we fell into the way of what has since been much abused, and at last very justly put down—namely, practical joking.

Dozens of good stories are told and laughed over, some of them having become almost standard anecdotes, bearing upon names whose very sound sends a thrill of pride to a true Englishman's heart; and I've seen a certain grim old warrior, who shall be nameless here, laugh till the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks, as some contemporary and brother of the laurel wreath reminded him of the days of old.

Well, all this is a long preamble to the real pith of my story—the history of a practical joke in which I was a party, and though a passive, a particularly interested one. It fell out thus. I had grown tired of the line, and persuaded my uncle to purchase my company in a crack cavalry corps, in place of the marching regiment wherein I had attained my existing rank of lieutenant. The regiment into which my exchange was effected was quartered in a well-known cathedral city, surrounded by a first-rate sporting country, inhabited by hospitable landholders—who were as liberal with their coverts as their claret—and, moreover, famed for the beauty of its gentle sex, the *ne plus ultra* of which lay under the walls of the venerable palace itself.

Kate Courtown was the bishop's only child—beautiful, accomplished, clever, and an heiress. Therefore it was quite a natural conclusion that we (I speak advisedly—we, I say) were all in love with her; from the youngest cornet, who innocently told us he liked her best because she was something like his mother, to the brazen-faced old reprobate, our lieutenant-colonel, who actually grew virtuous for the six months we remained in the pleasant old city, and not only got inside the cathedral in time for service, but kept awake until the sermon began, when he took his revenge by snoring behind his red curtain, publicly reprimanding a newly joined sub. for the same delinquency—adding, that if he did sleep, he ought to do so in a reverent way.

I believe most regiments have at least one lady-killer on their list—one, I mean *par excellence* the acknowledged Adonis. Ours was a certain Captain Hetherston, who rejoiced in the nickname of Box, owing to the efficient manner in which he came out as that well-known character in the jolly old comedy. Although a popular man with the mess, he was not individually a favorite. That was not anything particular, you may remark. But it was not jealousy; his good looks had nothing to do with the feeling. It was the "take all but give nothing" sort of way he had that did the mischief. None of us could have said we knew where he came from, or where the friends he talked so big about lived—how much he had to live upon,

or where it came from. We saw him as he was—an uncommonly handsome, well-dressed, and well off fellow; but we saw, too, that he never spent a shilling he could screw out of another man, and sponged cleverly upon any of us for a seat in a cab, to a dinner or ball, a cigar or a drink; that he had always an excuse ready to meet any chance demand for a like civility; and what perhaps riled some of us most was that, upon the strength of a pretty little house in Bayswater, he kept clear of the little expensive peccadilloes which beset our paths, and kept his divinity so quiet that a whisper stole among us, to the effect that the lady in Bayswater was a delusion.

He had affected indifference towards the palace beauty at first, and then had quietly concentrated his forces and taken up his position in a manner that would have done him infinite credit in the field of war, as well as love. At first he made but little ground; but the summer came, bringing with it reviews, chance rides, and sketting parties, and now and then one of those field days for flirtation, garden dances.

The beauty looked amiable. The captain grew sentimental, talked of giving up smoking and the house in town. Our fellows began to prink up their ears, and the odds in his favor were freely offered. The match, from being the talk of the mess, of course crept out and got into the gossips' mouth in the town, and soon conjecture and scandal were at their height.

Meantime Box ate as many dinners as the bishop offered him, called regularly, paid court to the maiden aunts who superintended the house-keeping department, and took all the credit he could get.

Things were at this pass when a lieutenant from the —th Lancers exchanged into our corps—not a prepossessing youth at first sight, very young and boyish-looking, but blessed with a quiet, unimpressible sort of temper, that seemed proof against all the the sarcasms, innuendoes, and even insults, freely lavished under the cover of practical jokes.

He seemed to have got his first step very quickly, and though with all the makings of a fine soldier like man, he was just at that period an overgrown, loose-limbed boy; with a propensity to blush when a woman spoke to him, and a quiet manner of getting out of the way if anything not altogether strictly decorous was going on or being canvassed. He was laughed at, of course, and many a trap laid to bring him to the test; but all to no effect. The laugh made no impression; he went on, quietly and consistently keeping his own course with a good-natured but perfectly firm indifference, and ere long, somehow, most of us began to have a respect for the young hand, and just enough modesty left to feel a little bit ashamed of the scenes he avoided.

Box seemed to have taken an antipathy to the new lieutenant since the beginning, and the consequence was a constant sparring and repetition of jokes perpetrated by the captain, who made a heavy wager he would make the regiment too hot to hold Vincent before the year was out. Vincent heard of it somehow, and only laughed in his quiet way, offering ten to one he would be in the corps longer than Box. Still, through all this affected carelessness, we who watched closest could see how the spirit rebelled, and how the boy's temper boiled under the persecutions of the captain, who divided his time pretty equally between tormenting Vincent and love-making—so said the gossips at the palace.

The townfolk were already deciding the settlements; young ladies were speculating who would be asked to be bridesmaids; and not a few ill-natured remarks were being raked up as to flirtations, and, after the manner of our dear friends, not a little was hinted about the petty peccadilloes of the past.

September, with its turnip-fields and partridges; October, with its red woods, pleasures, and long evenings, worked up the country hospitality to a pitch there was no withstanding. Dinner invitations flowed in galore. The engagement was not yet completed, but what October and the shooting season failed to accomplish, the hunting-field gave ample promise of fulfilling. The heiress was a first-rate horsewoman, and never missed a meet if she could find a lady to second her. Accordingly, Box took a trip to town and brought back a couple of hunters. Our fellows first opened their eyes and then their mouths; but nothing came of it save that Box said, with one of his "shut-you-up laughs," "They cost me a cool hundred apiece, but I'll take three for the pair."

"The deuce you will!" muttered Vincent, and so the subject dropped, the captain taking to his pigskin kindly, riding well and straight when he did ride, but eschewing much following, except after Miss Courtown.

Vincent turned out a hunting man too, and soon showed us that, although we might get our laugh at him in the barracks or on the parade, we had to play second fiddle with a vengeance at the covert side. There was no doubt about it, the fellow was a tiptop rider, and soon made him a marked man in the field, both on account of his tact and judgment, and the quiet gentleman-like way in which he did the business. The livery-stable keepers besieged him with offers of their best horses; he might have them for half-price—nay, I believe for nothing, if he'd only ride them to sell. Vincent had as much of them of it as he wanted, and when our fellows quizzed him for not

buying a couple of beasts for himself, he said with a laugh, "I'm waiting to get Hetherston's when he's tired of them." Box heard the joke, and didn't like it; he was beginning to get a wee bit afraid of the quiet lieutenant; and, moreover, the heiress had noticed the new rider, and poor Box was as jealous as a modern Othello.

December came in, and Vincent gave no signs of wishing to alter his quarters; nay, he publicly stated he was very jolly, and that he'd not miss the February hunting for all the leaves in the service. The case was getting serious; so was the courting at the palace, Hetherston evidently watching an opportunity to make the grand check; the lady, to all appearance, willing to accept the mate.

Yet, anxious as the state of the matrimonial speculation may be supposed to render the captain, certain figures in a little Russian leather pocket-book began to become disagreeably prominent. The year was upon its last legs. Charley Vincent was showing no signs of tiring of the jokes perpetrated upon him; indeed, like the eels, he appeared not only to have got used to them, but there seemed a sort of pleasant excitement and uncertainty as to the next move which suited him; and Hetherston began to think he had been a little rash in booking so many figures, which, when reckoned up (in case of the worst) came to a much larger sum than was convenient, to say nothing of beaten—a humiliation the captain did not relish at any time.

A dinner party was to come off at the palace a few evenings before Christmas; all the big-wigs and country people were to be there; a select few of "ours"—Hetherston of course included—were invited, and we made up our minds—though upon what grounds Heaven only knows—that Box would pop the question that night. The lady was just in that tender dreamy state which betrays the awakened heart, and gives the lover courage to take the irrevocable step. The bishop looked the very pattern of a fatherly prelate, and had a mischievous, *know-all-about-it* sort of twinkle in his eyes, as, in pairing off his guests for the important ceremony of going down to be fed, he told Hetherston to take "My daughter." It was my luck to follow the couple—and it spoilt my dinner, for I had been fool enough to take the odds against the match, and it was pretty evident I should lose.

"Take you a hundred to ten he'll do it to-night," whispered Harry Fulton as we streamed down stairs, the happy couple being directly in front of us, and looking abominably foolish, as is the manner of people at such a crisis.

"Done," said I, involuntarily, and then mentally cursed my folly.

The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do; the soup was bad, fish good, joints ditto, all the other things horrible, saving the dessert, which, being fresh from dame Nature, cannot be easily spoilt. I had taken down a ponderous dame belonging to some one of the county families, who happily devoted her attention to the business before her, and, seeming to be under the impression that it is impossible to do two things well at once, left me to devote my time and fascinations upon an exceedingly pretty girl who sat on the other side of me, and whom, to my surprise, I discovered to be a sister of Vincent's, then upon a visit at the palace. Of course we had plenty to talk of, and ere the dinner was over, I began to think Vincent one of the nicest fellows I knew, and I spoke of him quite affectionately, I assure you. The important business of eating was over, and the servants retiring, when a footman marched up the room, carrying a plain white deal box, which he deposited upon the ground behind the captain's chair, saying, in a distinct and emphatic voice:

"A little box for you, sir!"

He then quietly made his exit, though not before I caught a glimpse of his face, which, in spite of powder and false whiskers, looked uncommonly like Vincent's, and made me hold my breath in anxiety to see the result convinced that the joke, whatever it was, would be a clincher. Nor was I wrong; and amid the buzz of inquiry and polite curiosity that the advent of a deal box in the midst of a formal dinner party might be supposed to excite, a long, plaintive, and unmistakably infantine cry rose from the mysterious box.

Captain Hetherston started to his feet with an oath, and a face like a maniac. An attempt at decorum held the lookers on silent for an instant, then a perfect storm of laughter broke forth, under cover of which poor Box rushed from the room in a state of mind "better to be imagined than described," as the reporters say.

Truly Vincent had his revenge; there was no use telling the bishop the baby was the color-sergeant's, and the whole thing a practical joke. Hetherston tried it once, but made no farther attempt. The story went the round of the country, got up to town, and into the morning paper, and the end was, that our all-accomplished Box, under plea of sudden business, got leave, during which he exchanged into the —th, then serving in India; and ere a year had passed over our heads Vincent had purchased his company, and was figuring off in the first sheet of the supplement to the *Times*, as having led to the hymeneal altar Kate Courtown, only daughter of the Very Rev. the Bishop of ——.—*St. James's Magazine*.

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WANTS OF CALIFORNIA, will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

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THIS UNRIVALED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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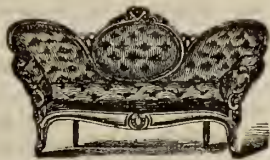
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ja14-1m

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CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

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DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

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DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

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Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

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Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

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A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Minturn, Esq., as to his value on steamers.

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And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Culverwell and Lyou & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of balling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

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It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

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It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

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It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

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IRISH WHISKY, from Bond direct.

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Which are offered at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

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Your trade is respectfully solicited. de10-1f

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

FROM THE CITY.

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THERE is very little to "record" this week, the wires having been down most of the time and bringing very little of interest or positive statement while they were up. Still Eastern correspondents seem to be crying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and all that we out here can do is hope and wait, not committing ourselves to a too ready belief. Foote is within the Federal lines, where he should be pressed into the foot service if not among the mounted men, and made to kick against the 168,150 bayonets that, according to the *Herald's* story comprise the rebel strength on the James.

January 26.—Deserters from the rebel army are coming into our lines in front of Petersburg, very numerous, all of whom tell the most doleful stories of the hardships they had to endure from the scarcity of provisions, etc.

More peace speculations! Blair had arrived from Richmond, and was understood to report that among many leaders in the rebel capital, Jeff Davis included, there is a strong feeling towards making peace on the best terms they can get.

The Union gunboats are gradually feeling their way up the river towards Wilmington. They had already gone up some four miles above Fort Fisher. Our troops are quietly resting and organizing for further operations.

In the capture of Pocotaligo by a portion of Sherman's forces, two thousand prisoners were taken, with all their artillery.

Advices from Eastport, Miss., state that the 18th Tennessee cavalry, 600 strong, encamped at Clinton, Tenn., sent word to our lines that they wished to surrender, take the oath of allegiance, and go home.

Two more blockade-runners, the *Stag* and *Charlotte*, with cargoes of rifles, blankets, etc., were captured by our fleet.

Large numbers of negroes are constantly coming into the Union lines in North Carolina, for the purpose of enlisting.

January 27.—Heavy guns are being mounted at City Point and other places along the James, to oppose the rebel fleet, should it again make any attack. The *Ironsides* and *Atlanta* were ordered up the river.

The fragment of Breckinridge's army that escaped Stoneman and Burbridge, are at Lynchburg.

A Union raiding party has gone up the Chowan, N. C., in the direction of Weldon; it is said to number from 6,000 to 10,000 men, including cavalry and infantry.

January 28.—Capt. Bridgewater, and seventy or eighty Federals, had a fight with a detachment of the Fourth Missouri (rebel) cavalry, four miles from Harrisburg. They killed four or five of the rebels and several prisoners were taken.

On the 28th, Sue Munday's guerrilla band dashed into Bloomfield, surprised a party of one hundred and seventeen discharged soldiers, captured fourteen and killed them on the spot. The guerrillas alleged in justification that the soldiers had executed a guerrilla named Dudley, a few days before.

The *Herald's* correspondent near Petersburg, on the 28th, says:

The rebel ram movement on the James River, was deeper in design than supply. The rams were to move down the river just as they did, and destroy our pontoons. Signal rockets were to be sent up, by which means intelligence was to be conveyed to see that the pontoon part of the business had been accomplished. After destroying the pontoons, the rams were to prevent reinforcements from being sent from the south to the north side of the river. Simultaneously with the above there was to be commenced a dashing attack in front of Ord's lines, on the north side of the James, having massed a heavy force in front of them for that purpose, and attempt, by overwhelming numbers and a sudden attack, to destroy that part of Grant's army.

The *World's* Washington special mentions the beginning of a new campaign, which will be brief but grand. It says the reported and ultimate object of their attention will create for them more prestige and glory than the capture of a hundred ordinary cities. Every available soldier in Sherman's army left Savannah, Beaufort, and Port Royal, and their destination is still a mystery to the enemy, who continue to guess.

Deserters from Hardee's army report that the enemy depend almost solely on the resistance made beyond Charleston city to save it from capture.

Two of the fleet which went up the Arkansas river to Fort Smith, were captured and burned at White Oak Shoal. Two other steamers were damaged, but escaped.

Guerrillas attacked our pickets back of Memphis on Thursday, but were driven off with the loss of their leaders and several others.

The Port Royal *New South* of the 23d contains an account of the occupation of Salkutchie by our troops. It was thought that the rebels would make a stand at Ashepoo. Part of Porter's fleet had joined Dahlgren in Charleston harbor.

The *Times'* Savannah correspondent of the 19th says the last of Sherman's army would leave Savannah on the day following. The first and third divisions of the Twentieth Corps were at Hardeeville, S. C. when last heard from.

The despatches this week are, as usual, sensational, on the Peace question, especially. According to the *Tribune*, Jeff. Davis, in their late interview, entreated Blair to effect

the passage of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. He confessed that the war had uprooted and destroyed slavery, which had induced disunion. The hope of being able yet to save slavery and re-enthroned it, was the only obstacle to peace and the restoration of the Union. This was told on the floor of the House.

Whether it was in accordance with the prayer of the Confederate leader or not, the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery passed the House on the afternoon of the 31st, by a vote of 116 to 77.

It is stated that it was part of the object of Mr. Stanton's visit to Savannah to advise with General Sherman, that if the rebels should propose terms of peace he should hold himself in readiness.

The full strength of the rebel army, according to a correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, is 168,150 men of all arms. Their forces are scattered from the James to the Red River, and from the Atlantic coast to the Indian Territories.

Henry S. Foote had arrived within the lines of Sheridan's army at Winchester.

A large number of Union prisoners were taken from Georgia to Salisbury, N. C., to prevent their capture by Gen. Sherman.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Concert in aid of the Catholic Free Schools of this city, recently given at Union Hall, was a complete success.

Michael Hayes (arrested on charge of complicity in a piratical conspiracy) was released from custody by order of the U. S. District Court, upon taking the oath of allegiance, Jan. 28th, the Grand Jury having ignored the bill against him. His friends and neighbors, with the assistance of Kidd's band, testified their gratification by a serenade in the evening.

Mary Price, aged seven years, fell from a bank near the corner of Mason and Union streets, Jan. 28th, breaking a leg.

The body of James Cunningham, a Norwegian sailor, was found floating in the Bay, Monday, between Jackson and Washington streets. He had been missing several days.

The San Francisco Guards, comprising one hundred of our fighting Judges, Supervisors, merchants, lawyers, and other citizens, assumed their first military occupation of their recently-completed Armory on Post street, Friday evening. The proficiency attained by this company, and the well-known self-sacrificing disposition of its members, will relieve public apprehension in regard to a scarcity of Major Generals, should there be trouble on this coast.

Alexander Eddy, of the firm of Eddy & Fuller, teachers of dancing, suddenly fell and expired of heart disease, at the hall on Market street, Monday. Deceased leaves a family.

"As like as two peas," was illustrated in the Police Court, a few days since, to the utter perplexity of prosecuting witness William Tennent, whose personal appearance had been considerably damaged by one of the Gough brothers. Chas. H. Gough (charged as Wm. H.) had been arrested, but in the Court-room his twin-brother, Henry O., changed places with him, and the witness swore positively that he was the person who made the assault. The other brother was then produced, and so close was the resemblance that Tennent was fairly bewildered, and unable to decide to which of them he was indebted for personal attentions. A postponement was ordered, and on Tuesday the question of which one wasn't the other was solved.

Seldom have our citizens experienced such a thrill of horror as that which was felt on Tuesday last, when the particulars of a most shocking tragedy at the William Tell House, on Bush street, between Montgomery and Kearny, became known. While several were reading at a table in the sitting-room, all unconscious of danger, Isaac Schmidt, an insane man, (an old citizen who has recently returned from Mexico,) entered, walked coolly around the table—doubtless making a selection deliberately—seized Francis Lonncaux by the arm, placed the muzzle of a pistol against his back, and fired, inflicting a very dangerous wound, undoubtedly intended to be instantly fatal. Schmidt then shot himself through the heart, ran up stairs, stabbed himself a few times and passed away, never more, fortunately, to be a source of terror and danger to his species. That he was able to get up stairs after his heart was pierced with a bullet would be incredible but that the fact was developed upon *post mortem* examination. Lonncaux is a portrait painter, has resided here a long time, and so far as can yet be ascertained was entirely unknown to Schmidt.

The corner-stone of the house commenced for Crescent Engine Company, No. 10, on Stockton street, was laid Thursday afternoon, under the direction of Chief Engineer Scannel, assisted by ex-Engineer D. T. Van Orden and Major John Stratman. The Major filled the stone with selections from the current literature and coins of the day; Mr. Van Orden applied the cement, the Chief declared the work complete, the stars and stripes and three rousing cheers went up, champagne, lager, cake and sandwiches went down, Havanas were lighted, and the affair ended in smoke and jollity.

F. A. Woodworth, (son of the poet of "Old Oaken Bucket" immortality,) one of the founders of the Society of Pioneers, an old-time merchant, an active friend of the Industrial school, and in every way an estimable and useful citizen, died in this city, Feb. 2d, aged 47 years.

Edward Marcott is suing for divorce from Hannah M. Marcott. Meanwhile Judge Pratt has ordered that plaintiff furnish defendant fifty dollars, alimony, on the sixth day of the present and each subsequent month, and pay her counsel one hundred dollars. In the application for this order, Mrs. Marcott alleged that she was compelled to live separately from her husband in consequence of his cruelty, that she was poor, and had a child to support.

Harry Botasky, aged six years, was pushed off the platform of one of the Hayes Valley cars, while in motion, on Tuesday, by a playmate; the wheels passed over one of his legs crushing it badly; it is thought, however, the limb can be saved.

The store and basement of Brannan's building, northeast corner Montgomery and California streets, have been leased for five years, from May 1st, by the Pacific Bank, at \$500 per month.

William J. Caldwell, of Murphy's Camp, who has been stopping some time at the American Exchange Hotel, in this city, and who had complained of ill-health, experienced a sudden suffocating sensation and died at about one o'clock, A. M. Feb. 1st.

The sum of \$535 was collected in Cavalry Church, Bush street, last Sunday, for the benefit of the San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

In Rock Gulch, Yankee Hill, a lump of gold weighing 43 ounces was recently found.

It is understood that Lient. McDougal, late of the *Saginaw*, has been appointed to the command of the *Cumanche*.

There were 611 patients in the Insane Asylum at Stockton, Feb. 1st.

The Marysville *Express* says that prospects for the future progress of that city are brightening. Merchants and mechanics are preparing for an active campaign in the spring.

Some of our interior merchants must look forward with joyful anticipation to a residence in that country "where thieves do not break through and steal." Among other instances of burglaries recently committed, we notice that the store of John Baxter & Co., at Oregon Hill, Yuba county, was robbed of goods worth \$600. The goods had just been received, and "went off" with more speed than profit.

J. Kelly was shockingly mangled lately at Austin, Nevada, while adjusting some mining machinery.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at a ball in honor of Washington's Birthday, to be given by Confidence Engine Company, No. 1, of Sacramento. In some cases distance may "lend enchantment," but this is certainly not one of them, for the company has a State-wide reputation for getting up its "Annuals" in a style which assures the comfort and pleasure of all who participate.

In Sacramento a divorce has been asked for and granted in the case of Josephine Thomas vs. Kasper Thomas. The suit was commenced September 27, 1859, since which time the plaintiff died. The decree was probably obtained with a view to securing certain rights of property by the heirs. The *Union* remarks that it is the first case within its knowledge in which a divorce has been ordered at the instance of a deceased person.

Catharine White, a native of Austria, died at the Comet Hotel, Sacramento, Dec. 29th, under circumstances so suspicious in their nature that they have led to the arrest of C. Miller (proprietor of the hotel) and his wife, on a charge of poisoning. A deed and will conveying to them Mrs. White's property was found in their possession.

Francis Taylor killed R. M. Johnson, in Marin county, Jan. 30th. There are various stories about the affair—all of them long ones—but there can be no doubt as to the killing, if, as stated, Taylor presented his piece and fired, "putting a charge of seven pistol balls in Johnson's abdomen, and a charge of large shot in his side." Johnson fired, in return, badly wounding Taylor, who nevertheless made his escape to this city, where he was arrested, Feb. 1st, by detective officers Chappell and Watkins. He was taken to the City and County Hospital, and subsequently removed to Marin county. An old quarrel (revived at an unfortunate moment) about cattle-shooting, and a dispute in regard to dogs, it is stated, led to the homicide. Taylor, who bears a good reputation, represents his conduct as being entirely defensive.

The total State tax to be levied and collected for the year ending March 1, 1865, is 115 cents on each \$100 of taxable property.

A snow-slide suddenly buried John H. Williams, Christopher Nelson and Iver Hanson, as they were going to their claim at Silver Mountain, recently. The bodies of Williams and Nelson were found.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

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Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
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MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvius' Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charrière of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

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Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Grits, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large; Hominy, Small; Oatmeal, Oat Grits, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order. del7-3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of FEBRUARY, 1865:

FEBRUARY 13, CONSTITUTION
FEBRUARY 23, SACRAMENTO

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

ja23 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

FEBRUARY 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THROUGH IN 21 DAYS!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, Up stairs, San Francisco. ja21

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.

Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24 3m

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE
WAR!
THE FIRST GUN!
(October 5th, 1864.)
AHEAD, AS USUAL!
TWO FIRST PREMIUMS
AWARDED TO
GROVER & BAKER,
AT THE
Oregon State Fair,
JUST CLOSED AT SALEM,
FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINES
—AND—
BEST MACHINE WORK!
OVER THE
Wheeler & Wilson,
FLORENCE,
And all other Machines on Exhibition!

(October 6.)
The Florence Sewing Machine
—AND—

Work done on the FLORENCE have taken
all the First Premiums awarded to Sewing Machines
and Machine work at the Fairs of California in 1864.

Read the report of the Committee on Sewing
Machines at the great Industrial Exhibition of the
Mechanics' Institute:

THE FLORENCE.—We have given this new Sewing
Machine a careful and minute examination. Its
simple and finished mechanical construction, and the
obvious adaptability of each part to its work, has
been to us an interesting study. It differs essentially
from other Sewing Machines, having many new and
peculiar features. It makes four kinds of stitch,
each alike on both sides of the fabric, has a reversible
feed motion, and sews any thickness of goods with-
out change of tension. We consider the "FLORENCE"
a decided improvement in sewing mechan-
ism.

COMMITTEE.

S. O. BRIGHAM, Pioneer Sewing Machine Agent on the
Pacific Coast, and five years San Francisco
agent for the Grover & Baker Machine.

O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more Sewing Machine
Committees than any other person in Cali-
fornia.

A. F. HITCHCOCK, Practical Machinist, eleven years in
the employ of the Grover & Baker Co., the
past five years as adjuster in their San Fran-
cisco office.

MRS C. M. BLAIN.
MRS A. J. TURNER,
MRS H. ROSEKRANS.

(October 10.)

AN UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

The Agent of a certain Sewing Machine
evidently intends, by humbug and deception, to foist
his wares upon the public, instead of endeavoring by
the merit of the article (if it possesses any) to attain
an honorable position among those so well and favor-
ably known. He advertises thus:

"The FLORENCE Machine, and work done on
the FLORENCE, have taken ALL THE FIRST
PREMIUMS awarded to Sewing Machines and
Machine Work at the Fairs of California in 1864."

That the ambiguity of the insinuation contained
above may deceive no one, we would say that ALL
the Fairs in California in 1864, at which ANY pre-
mium has been awarded, is ONE—the Mechanics',
just closed, whose official Report reads thus:

"Sewing Machines.—Premium to the Florence, no competition."
This is the OVERWHELMING success which
has attended the FLORENCE Machine at "ALL
the Fairs in California in 1864."

And again the Report reads thus:

"Machine Sewing.—Premium to Mrs. Nancy Bar-
ton."

As the FLORENCE Machine claims the first pre-
mium on Machine Work, and we do not "see it in
that light," we publish the following from Mrs.
Barton:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1864.

The Machine Sewing for which I received the First Pre-
mium at the Mechanics' Institute Fair was executed on the
GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, which style I
have had in constant use for five or six years, and consider
superior to all others. MRS. NANCY BARTON.

So the FLORENCE Machine, with NO COMPE-
TITION, did obtain a Premium on the Machine, and
DID NOT obtain ANY Premium on Machine Work
as claimed. Even the "Card" published as a COM-
MITTEE REPORT loses in a slight degree its im-
portance, as follows:

Extract from the signatures on "Committee Report," pub-
lished by the FLORENCE Agent.

"O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more SEWING
MACHINE Committees than any other person in Cali-
fornia."

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

Mr. Wheeler writes thus:

"* * * A gentleman called at my office at a time when
I was exceedingly busy, and asked me to append my name
to a report which he held in his hand on Sewing Machines,
then exhibiting at the "Industrial Fair of the Mechanics'
Institute" in this city. I said, "I have no knowledge of
being on a Committee, and have made no examination."
He informed me that as the FLORENCE was the only
Machine on exhibition, and had no competition, an exami-
nation was unnecessary. I then wrote my name and he
left."

I WOULD NOT have served on a Committee or signed
any report had there been any competition, for the reason
that my family have used the GROVER & BAKER Ma-
chine for several years, and would be unwilling to change it
for any other.

I do not remember having ever served on a Committee
or signed a report on Sewing Machines before. The state-
ment that I have "served on more Sewing Machine Com-
mittees than any other person in California" is therefore
outrage and wholly unauthorized. O. C. WHEELER.

San Francisco, October 7th, 1864.

Thus the advertisement of the FLORENCE agent
from first to last, is a humbug, and nothing else.

The only Fair on the Pacific Coast where the
FLORENCE Machine has been exhibited in competi-
tion for a Premium against others was at the Ore-
gon State Fair, in September, where it was essen-
tially defeated, and two First Premiums awarded
GROVER & BAKER for best Sewing Machine
and Machine Sewing.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(October 19.)

REPLY TO

THE UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

CARD OF R. G. BROWN.

A new Sewing Machine, recently introduced
on this Coast, having taken all the honors awarded
to Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work by
the Fairs of California in 1864, an agent for one of
the old established Machines, evidently worried,
endeavors by ridicule and the charge of humbug to
hide from the eyes of the public the magnitude of
the victories achieved by this new comer.

The FLORENCE and the Work done on the
FLORENCE, have taken five First Premiums instead
of one, as would be inferred from the statement of
the agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, and no
greater triumph could be desired for the FLORENCE
than the fact that it had "no competition" at a Fair
like the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Mechan-
ics' Institute just closed, held, too, in San Francisco,
where nearly every description of Sewing Machine
in the known world is represented.

If Mrs. Nancy Barton intends in her note to claim
the Premium on Machine Sewing at the late Mechan-
ics' Fair, she has made a great mistake, as the Pre-
mium was awarded to work done on the FLORENCE.

The "Sun Bonnet" on which she took a Premium
was classed with Fancy Needlework, and was not
examined by the Committee on Sewing Machine
Work.

From Mr. O. C. Wheeler's statement some have
incorrectly inferred that his signature was obtained
by some party interested in or connected with the
FLORENCE. The Committee were chosen in the
usual manner, and we supposed Mr. Wheeler, as one
of them, did his duty properly. If his name would
not admit of this, it would have been more satisfac-
tory to all concerned had he declined to serve.

From the above, which we are prepared to sub-
stantiate to the letter, it will be seen that the FLORENCE
advertisement, which the Grover & Baker
agent calls an unmitigated humbug was true in every
particular, excepting the statement that Mr. Wheeler
had been on other Sewing Machine Committees.
His connection with the State Fairs as Secretary
making it necessary for him to have much to do with
Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Committee
reports, led to this very natural mistake; while the
notice of the Grover & Baker agent, to which he
gives so appropriate a heading, contains many mis-
statements and ambiguously worded "Cards" that
are liable to be misconstrued.

SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent Florence Sewing Machines,
111 Montgomery Street, S. F.

(October 22.)

THOSE

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUMS

AGAIN!

The "Reply" of the Agent of the FLORENCE
Machine is fluent with such aspiring words
as "Triumphs," "Victories," "Honors," and the
like, which, as applied to any events in the history
of that Machine, are simply ridiculous.

The "magnitude" of the "victories" attained by
the FLORENCE is apparent to none but himself.

Show them up, Mr. Hill; give the public an oppor-
tunity of realizing the vastness of "all the honors"
conferred in so lavish a manner.

Show them if you can, and name any premium
your Machine has ever received at any Fair over any
first, second, or third-class machine in existence!

Perhaps it was an "honor" to exhibit against the
GROVER & BAKER Machine at the Oregon State
Fair, just closed, where Two First Premiums were
awarded the GROVER & BAKER over the Floren-
ce. Will Mr. Hill name any first premium his
Machine has ever received for Sewing Machine work
in competition with others?

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

The unequivocal "triumph" of the Florence Ma-
chine at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and its single
specimen of sewing at the Stockton Fair—without
competition in either case—is certainly tremendous.

"A contented mind is a continual feast." As you
say you desire no greater triumph for the Florence
than the fact that it had no competition at the Me-
chanics' Fair, allow us to congratulate you on so
readily attaining your desires. All the honors of this
bloodless "Victory" undoubtedly are yours, and, as
we do not deny it, we trust your laurels may rest
easily on your triumphant brow.

Your complete satisfaction in such a result, where
there was no competition, and by the rules of the
Society the Exhibitors were allowed to select their
own Committees, will be more fully appreciated by a
sympathizing public in consideration of the immense
risk and great danger in which you stood of being
defeated (?) by your selected Committee of interested
friends and owners of the Florence Machine. Ad-
vertise your single-handed "Victories," proclaim
your undivided "Honors"—make much of your
one-sided "Triumphs," unequalled in their over-
whelming (?) "magnitude," but until you can
strengthen them by a conquest over some third, sec-
ond, or first-class Machine, they will be but as sound
and fury—signifying nothing.

The Grover & Baker is the only First
Premium Sewing Machine, having received
every First Premium awarded any Sewing
Machines when in competition, in 1861, 1862,
1863, 1864.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(December 28.)

THE GREAT

SEWING MACHINE WAR!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

—AT THE—

Oregon State Fair!

THE COMMITTEE DECIDE

—IN—

Favor of the Florence!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE!

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!

—AT THE—

FAIRS

HELD ON THE PACIFIC COAST

In 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company claim

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

the First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing
Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held in
Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Com-
mittee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine
Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and
take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected
by a Mr. Johnson, (an employe of the Grover &
Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of
the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibi-
tion, and a long consultation, it was finally decided
and agreed by the Committee, to award the First
Premium to the FLORENCE Machine as the best
Machine for doing all grades of work, and a Pro-
mium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroid-
ery; and the Committee reported such decision to the
President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote
out the report and read it to the Committee, as above
stated, four of whom signed it without reading it,
the other member of the Committee having been
called away. The above is a true statement of the
views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Multnomah, }

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary
Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe,
who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is
true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and
affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn, }

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the
Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of
my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of
December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee
for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late
Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as
having been called away before signing our Report. I
hereby say that the above statements are true as to the
decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently
substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the
Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the
Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural
Society to examine and report upon the merits of different
Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to per-
form the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all
the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to
the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Floren-
ce. The principal fact influencing our decision in award-
ing the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance
that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have,
however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great
merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of
the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX,
Committee.

The FLORENCE Machines are for sale by

I. L. Polhemus.....190 J street, Sacramento
Geo. Vincent.....Stockton
F. Tersteggo & Co.....Marysville
T. Fogg.....Oroville
J. R. Cleaves.....Placerville
R. B. Handy.....Yreka
P. Reichling & Schland.....Mokelumne Hill
Mrs C. Grove.....Santa Cruz
Henry Jackson.....Watsonville
Geo. Gillis.....Carson City, Nevada
J. L. Parrish & Co.....Portland, Oregon
N. O. Parrish.....Salem, Or.
Mrs. C. Monell.....Dallas, Or.
M. Wollheim.....Guaymas, Mex

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
1010-111 No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON TREASURER.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

THE DRAMATIC TROUPE

In the Drama of

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Together with MISS JENNY KEMPTON, and

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe,

Who will also appear in the

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, February 4th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock

This Saturday Evening, February 4th, 1865.
BENEFIT OF MRS. H. A. PERRY.

For which occasion the bill will consist of the comedy of

MASKS AND FACES.

Peg Woffington Mrs. H. A. Perry
Mabel Vane Louisa Clarkson
Mrs. Triplet Mrs. C. A. Saunders
Triplet Frank Mayo

To conclude with the original sketch

DO YOU KNOW JONES.

Charles Muffington W. Barry
Wilberforce Wobbles Louis Aldrich
Jacob Jones W. J. Hill
Fanny Mrs. H. A. Perry
Mrs. Muffington Mrs. C. R. Saunders

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Monday Evening, February 6th, 1865,

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TEN YEARS

OF THE

WORLD-RENOWNED ACTRESS,
MISS MATILDA HERON,
AS "CAMILLE."

Miss Heron's rendition of this great character is universally acknowledged to be far superior to all others, and the only correct representation of this arduous part.
Box book now open.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY
BENEFIT

To the Eminent American Tragedienne,
Miss Annette Ince,
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4,
AT PLATT'S HALL,
Being Positively her Last Appearance in California.

On which occasion a splendid selection of Readings will be given, from Shakespeare and other Dramatists, and an entertainment offered to the citizens of San Francisco, of rare literary and dramatic excellence. MISS INCE will be assisted by

MR. J. H. WARWICK,

Who will appear in conjunction with her in scenes from Macbeth, Ion, etc.

PART FIRST.

1—Scene 1, Act 2, from Talfourd's beautiful Play of ION—
Ion, the Foundling of Argos, Miss A. Ince; Adrastus,
of Argos. Mr. J. H. Warwick.
2—Our Country Forever Mr. Warwick
3—Mary, the Maid of the Inn Miss Ince
4—Shamus O'Brien Mr. Warwick
5—The beautiful snow Miss Ince
6—Scenes from Macbeth Miss Ince, Mr. Warwick
Fantasia—Piano Forte Mr. Schmidt

PART SECOND.

Drake's Address to the American Flag Miss Ince
The entertainment to conclude with the elegant Comedietta of

A MORNING CALL.

Mrs. Chillington Miss A. Ince
Sir Edward Ardent Mr. J. H. Warwick

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock; Entertainment to commence precisely at 8 o'clock.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!

DALY, GEORGE & CO.,

NO. 522 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, . . . San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
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MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE Proprietor.
LEW RATTIER Manager
C. F. SHATTUCK Musical Director
J. L. SCHMIDT Leader of Orchestra

GREAT

COMBINATION OF MUSICAL TALENT!

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

Sacred Concert!

On Sunday Evening, February 5th, 1865,

BY THE STAR TROUPE OF

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

D. S. WAMBOLD,

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
P. B. Isaacs, W. Bernard,
Lew Rattier, Mons. Charles,
C. F. Shattuck, M. Lewis,
Sig. Pinto, S. Washburn,
W. Sheppard, Tommy Peel,
Frank Medina, H. Grob,

MASTER FRANK.

The following extra Artists will appear:
W. J. Hill, John Gregg,
Mr. Schlotte, Signor Pinto,

50 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Saturday afternoon performances by the Minstrels, at the Opera House.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

ITALIAN OPERA!

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Wednesday Evening, - - - February 9,

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF SIGNORA BIANCHI,

On which occasion Bellini's Grand Tragic Opera of

NORMA!

Will be produced, and the favorite Contralto,

MISS JENNY KEMPTON,

Will make her last appearance in California.

MRS. CASSIE MATTISON,

The splendid Contralto, will also appear on this occasion, for the last time in California.
(The departure of both these Artists is fixed for the 13th inst.)

The cast of characters will be as follows:

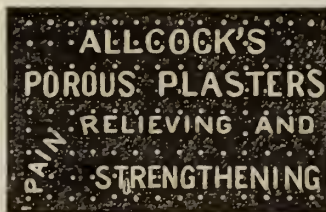
Norma Signora Bianchi
Adalgisa Miss Jenny Kempton
Pollione Signor Bianchi
Oroveso Mr. John Gregg
Clotilda Mrs. Yunkers
Flavio Mons. Guinde
Grand Chorus of Druids, Priestesses, Soldiers, etc.

After the Opera MRS. CASSIE MATTISON will sing the Grand Aria from LA FAVORITA, "O mio Fernando," with Orchestral accompaniment.

CONDUCTOR MR. G. T. EVANS

ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquette, \$1; Gallery, 50 cents; Reserved Seats Fifty Cents Extra.

Persons having secured seats at the Metropolitan Theatre, can have them transferred on application at the Box Office of American Theatre.



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,

"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,

Sold by all Druggists.

de17-3m

WARDS SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway. } San Francisco, Cal.
de31-3m



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are unpure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

401 Battery, cor. Clay,

San Francisco.

ja25-1f

THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES.

THE

MOST DANGEROUS FOE ANNIHILATED

A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

DR. R. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

AND MODE OF TREATMENT

IS THE ACME OF PERFECTION!

For centuries Catarrh has defied the skill of Physicians and Surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. It is pronounced incurable by the Medical World, and people at large.

For over thirty years Dr. Goodale has battled with this fell disease. His TRIUMPH is complete. His Remedy and mode of treatment cures this terrible malady in all its types, forms and stages, with the same uniform certainty that water quenches fire. It is irresistible.

No Violent Syringing of the Head or other mal-practices resorted to.

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MARY'S VALENTINE.

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A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine.

KATY'S VALENTINE.

Among the many fair and bright,
My fancy early singled thee;
Then bend on me thine eyes of light,
And all my love shall flow to thee.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.

Yes, I'm happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within thy gentle eyes.

ALLIE'S VALENTINE.

May'st thou live in joy forever!
Night from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be many, cares be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue;
And Heaven's richest blessings shine,
Ever on both thee and thine.

NETTIE'S VALENTINE.

Oh, speak not of daisies or rosebuds of Spring
Or bright pearly dewdrops, or any such thing,
For thy worth and virtues much more do combine,
And gladly I'd take thee for my Valentine.

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AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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(For the Californian.)

"IN THE POUTS."

CHEEKS of an ominous crimson,
Eye-brows arched to a frown,
Pretty red lips aquiver
With holding their sweetness down;

Glance that is never lifted
From the hands that, in cruel play,
Are tearing the white-rose petals,
And tossing their hearts away.

Only to think that a whisper,
An idle, meaningless jest,
Should stir such a world of passion
In a dear, little, loving breast.

Yet ever for such light trifles
Will lover and lass fall out,
And the humblest lad grow haughty,
And the gentlest maiden pout.

Of course, I must sue for pardon;
For what I can hardly say!—
But, deaf to opposing reason,
A woman will have her way.

And when, in despite her frowning,
The scorn, the grief and the rue,
She looks so bewitchingly pretty,
Why—what can a poor fellow do?

INA D. COOLBRITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 11th, 1865.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, Feb. 11th, 1865.
THE RECEPTION OF SICKLES.

SUNDAY last was perhaps one of the most exciting days that has been known in our city since its discovery by the amiable tribe of Diggers that found and founded it.

A Vigilance Committee had been organized some time previous, and they were watching vigilantly for a victim. That victim was expected to reach our shores on the *Constitution*—so to speak, he had been "sold to arrive."

Never in my life do I remember to have seen a more enthusiastic crowd than that which assembled around the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's wharf on the firing of the gun which announced the coming of the steamer. Fearful of the rush that would ensue when the hero stepped ashore, a guard of four men and a lieutenant was placed around the gates, and the hacks and cabs of the neighborhood, drawn up three deep, were arranged in the form of a square, or a military necessity, to enable those in authority to repel boarders in case of any attempt to take the position.

Generally these hacks and coaches go down to incoming steamers to get all the boarders they can for the hotels they represent, but this was an extraordinary case, all rules were reversed, and the orders were to repel.

A distinguished few, consisting mainly of the Reception Committee, some five hundred in number, were admitted to the wharf. Of the others who gained admittance it may be written down that the greater part admired Sickles and didn't know him, while the balance knew him and didn't admire him. That was the difference.

A resolution had been passed at the first meeting of the Committee that every member should wear a claret colored coat and a stovepipe hat; gloves, whether to wear them or not, and the color, were left to the discretion of individuals. Fifteen carriages, with six horses harnessed to each, had been ordered from the stables of Porter & Covey for the purpose of conveying the General and his Staff to the hotel where lodgings had been secured for him and his board paid a week in advance.

For the General was not to be permitted to take up his Staff and walk.

Some delay ensued in the steamer's coming to the wharf, owing to a glimpse which Commodore Catkins caught of gleaming bayonets along its front. The old hero was plainly visible either to the naked eye or to the vision clothed in righteousness, pacing the paddle-box in a state of perturbation, and wondering what the deuce was to pay.

At first thought it occurred to him that the wharf was in the possession of those dissatisfied spirits in our midst who are no friends of the *Constitution* either as it is or ought to be, and that they contemplated a seizure of his ship and perhaps a forfeiture of that "fine old Stilton" to which "Podgers" has several times referred in the leaves of his interesting journal since he left.

The good *Constitution* made her bow well enough on coming in, but somehow it proved hard to make that bow fast to the wharf. The hawser kept snapping—perhaps being an incoming steamer instead of an outgoing one it was not "hard to part." The Committee waved their handkerchiefs frantically to everybody on the steamer, and were with difficulty restrained by the fixed bayonets of the guard from rushing overboard and swimming to her decks. They thought it would prove a stronger mark of esteem to meet him on the steamer than in the team which had been newly cushioned and curtained for his reception or deception.

In the meanwhile everybody on the steamer thought himself or herself the special object of all this attention, several returning Californians remarking to their wives that they never dreamed they were such popular persons before.

Soon the suspense of the Committee became torture. The President, who knows everybody and has a pleasant fashion of familiarity in conversation with his friends, put his neck out from the window of the state carriage and shouted:

"I say, Com! where is Sick?"

The remark was misunderstood: the gallant Commodore thought he was addressed by the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company with: "I say, come! where does she stick?" and answered accordingly:

"In the mud! where do you suppose?"

You see it rather annoyed the gallant gentleman to have it thought that he didn't know his business aboard a canal boat, and hence the brusque response, so different from his usual courteous speech. And in manner something like, the President of the Committee felt offended, because he understood the Commodore to call him a stick-in-the-mud, and say something disrespectful about his nose, the voice of the Commodore in reply, being indistinctly borne upon the evening breeze.

Little more conversation was held between ship and shore, until, after a prolonged combat with the wild winds and mad mud of several hours duration, the *Constitution* was made fast to the wharf and tied—the only instance in which the tide aided her during all her troubles.

It was then announced that General Sickles was not on board. This cut like a knife, and went directly against the grain of the multitude. The further announcement that he had gone to Bogota, and was not coming to California at all, was a worse cut still, for the Committee men had to pay their own expenses and find their own clothes for the occasion.

The only trouble was to find the Committee men. Not a single six-horse team was to be seen on the wharf. A rapid process of unharnessing had been gone through with, and the change was somewhat like that which came over Cinderella's appearance when she lingered too late at the ball—where before was a coach and six there was only now visible a hack with scarcely a pair. As for the Committee men they suddenly became so non-committal that not one was to be seen. A large number of gentlemen walked whistlingly around, remarking upon the weather, the strange delay of the steamer in making the wharf, and the disappointment they felt in not finding a long-lost brother on board, whose arrival they had confidently expected. Some of them went so far as to examine the passengers who came ashore for strawbery marks, but the search in all instances was fruitless. Nevertheless, there was a strong disposition to berry the whole affair in oblivion. Slowly and sadly the entire delegation returned to the hotel, where any inquiry as to the health of Sickles was sure to provoke, always a frown, occasionally a "smile." The inadvertent offering of a Sickles pear to one of the Committee at dinner nearly caused a duel, the offended gentleman turning speedily around and remarking that he didn't like the pair, that such innuendoes under the circumstances were in exceeding bad taste, and would he resented bitterly. The hand slightly changed the tune they had been instructed in for the occasion, playing "See the conquering hero doesn't come," and one by one the crowd outside dispersed to their homes, not to be tempted out to see a swath cut by Sickles again until Time's scythe has laid many a blade among them low.

A WORD ABOUT "CAMILLE."

I went to see *Camille* the other evening, and I much wish Miss Heron would change the *denouement* of the piece. It makes me feel as uncomfortable as though I were an *Octo-roon*, for in both plays the moral seems that to be good is not to be happy, and that all that self-sacrifice purchases for one in this world is the somewhat questionable pleasure of dying to the sound of slow music.

Nor have I any patience with *Camille* in that scene with the old gentleman, Armand's father. Why was she so stupid as to offer herself up a willing victim upon the shrine of his family ambition? Why did she not say to him: "Go, Father!—and fare worse if need be." A sensible woman, under similar circumstances, would have told him to get, and not to stand upon the order of his getting, either. When the handwriting on all the dead-walls about town told me: The *Camille* is coming! much as I wished to see Miss Heron, I felt almost a sensation of regret, for I must own that the play provokes me, in the development of its plot, beyond endurance. I cannot hear to see that pleasant pastoral picture spoiled, nor do I like to see people too ready to make martyrs of themselves. A certain grain of selfishness should enter into all human compositions, and no character can be perfect without it. If Miss Heron will permit me, I'll rewrite the play, convict the father of had designs in his visit to *Camille*, and cause Armand to come home suddenly and kick him out of the garden. That will be an excellent filial lesson to all young minds. And then *Camille* shall take syrup of tar, bronchial troches, dactyls or something else of the kind, and get well, and a numerous family shall spring up around them, to call me before the curtain and bless me for changing the plot and bringing them to light and life. All this will I do, if permission be granted me, or my name is not INIGO.

SIGNORA BIANCHI had a very good house in *Norma* on the occasion of her benefit, Wednesday evening last. The opera was passably rendered, when the incompleteness of the company is taken into account. As "Adalgisa," Miss Jenny Kempton made her last appearance in California, as she will leave in the steamer of Monday for the East. She has made herself a favorite with us, and her many friends in private life as well as the public generally will regret her going.

As the reward of villainy, some men are hung, some cropped and branded, others elected to office.

IN THE PALACE.

[A LADY correspondent, to whom we are under many obligations, furnishes this fragment from memory, and inquires: "Who wrote this? What is the rest of it?" We do not know. Perhaps some of our readers can tell.]

PRIDE'S WHISPER.

THE night is blind with a double dark,
The rain and wind come down together;
'Tis well to sit by the fire and hark
To the stormy weather.
The beggar lies down in the misty dell,
The peasant faces the eddying storm,
While you that weep, fair Rosabelle,
Sit housed and warm.

HEART'S ANSWER.

Better he out on the barren hill,
With the wild wind blowing my sorrow blind,
Than listening here, to thoughts that thrill
Like a bell tolled by the passing wind.

PRIDE'S WHISPER.

You may wander all day with a page at your rein,
Greyhound to follow, and hawk on your wrist;
East, west, through your lord's domain
Whither you list,
As you ride through the town in the evening light,
Pacing your steed 'neath the elms tall and shady;
Each village girl all the summer's night
Dreams she's a lady!

HEART'S ANSWER.

My sleek greyhound and my merlin bold,
Chafe at restraining—the steed I rein
Wantonly bears on his curl of gold,
Chafing my will with high disdain.

Through the long lance windows and open door
Shadows stand fighting the golden light,
And the step of my hound on the oaken floor
Rings like the tread of an armed knight.

Would I were hearing the evening hymn
My mother sings to the babe on her knee,
Or floating, by dawn, in the waters dim—
Roland, my brother, alone with thee!
How goes the night in the fisherman's cot?
Does the light burn bright? does the hearth shine clear?
Are they laughing together, whilst I, forgot,
Lark each sad thought to a falling tear?
With my sad eyes and my rich attire
Lifting the latch, should I enter there,
Old Bawl, the bloodhound that sleeps by the fire,
Would rouse him to threaten my pale despair!

FRANK BLUNDELL'S REVELATION.

IT was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. I had been spending a month with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. He and I had been near neighbors at St. Margaret's and constant companions during our last year there. Both of us were changed since then. We had experienced the realities of life which are so little known by the majority of undergraduates. We had gained wisdom enough to look back with regret upon wasted time and ill-used opportunities. We were grateful for our preservation through that part of life's journey in which we took no heed, and that our eyes had been opened to the prospect before the sun was low upon our way. We had not ceased to like all the pursuits and pleasures of the old careless days; but we enjoyed the superadded satisfaction of evil habits discarded, sound principles cultivated, and duties recognized and to some extent fulfilled. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommended marriage to their husbands' unmarried friends. This she did, in a great measure, by the sense of reliability as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would like to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of every-day experience as they were one in heart.

Assuredly, hers was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair, and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened color—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer-toned, as Nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "right woman in the right place."

Oakleigh is in the heart of Kent, where hops, cherries and filberts are at home, and orchard apples eatable. The cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward across a valley upon plantations of sweet chestnuts, then fast crimsoning; for it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very outdoorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighborhood, and visits to the hop-

gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pioneers the pole-pullers, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track; a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which everybody ought to see. Then we had some good fishing in the Medway, far up above the coal barges.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said, "There's a fire in my room; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy-chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

He let his pipe out and relighted it. Presently he put it down, and saying "Excuse me a minute," went out.

He soon came back, and on my inquiring whether anything was the matter, replied, "Oh no; but I have something to say to you, and, as it can't be said in a few words, I thought I would tell Mary we should not want tea for an hour or so, and she need not wait for us; but she is up with baby, and says that she is in no hurry, so we will join her by and by."

"In all our talks together about old times since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon a topic that was a frequent one at our sittings after Hall and Chapel. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival."

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary —?" I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now you are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me too, if I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman we read and argued and were happy together, as we had played and quarrelled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but had not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Teunyson says in 'Dora':

The youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, 'after a fashion,' very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost anything to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before. I don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself to Cambridge for a moment, and try to recall a Trinity man named Horner—'Handsome Horner' they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "He was in the second Trinity, and rowed seven in the first boat when they 'bumped' us in the 'Long Reach.' A broad-shouldered man, with curly chestnut hair and white arms."

"Regardless of grammar I cry, 'That's him,'" was the reply. "He and I had a slight acquaintance at the University, in the last Term when we both read with Smith; and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this, he wrote to ask me to go and see him at his father's rectory in Surrey. I went and saw the dear old rector and Horner's mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Recalling her brother—fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some slight idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe fitly the effect she produced upon me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women. I might have said of myself, if it were not cooited, *Militari non sine gloria*; not as a flirt though, mind: but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me, and I was a gone graduate. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I stayed within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the people there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her. You know what I mean. But I could never detect anything like symptoms of—what shall I call it?—reciprocity of affection. (Don't laugh, there's relief in such a way of putting it.) On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness. She was not the sort of woman to encourage any lover, however acceptable in 'ocular demonstration' and that kind of thing, and it never occurred to me to try it on; and then the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place, were so conducive to health and spirits that the lady had no reason, on the first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me again at Shallowford Rectory. I met some pleasant people there whom I had not seen before; among others, Mr. Horner's curate, Charles Oxenden. He was a really good fellow, heartily devoted to his work, as well as an accomplished man and an agreeable companion. All this I

could but acknowledge, in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that there was 'something' in the confidential relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But then I consoled myself with the thought that they had a common interest in parish matters, which involved a good deal of discussion. And there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could complain of as loverlike, even if I had possessed any right to complain at all, which I hadn't any. I had never 'told my love.' I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself; but there had never been the slightest approach to what I believe is called a 'declaration.' Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually; as I called him Fred (which we should probably never have done if our intimacy had dated from our Cambridge days,) and she naturally fell, as indeed all the family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas: and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas Day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits to Surrey. They were living then near London, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration for the other Mary. Mary Percival was interested in the subject, and seemed often inclined to return to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to; but I didn't half enjoy it under the circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. It was not very noticeable; but I, who knew her so well, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was perfectly sure that my friend was sincere both in the interest she expressed and in her manner towards me.

"There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings of that time, I was more wise to know the truth. Then I was only a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I? I told you I went home before Christmas. I was entered at the Inner Temple then; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chambers, when an idea, which had been a long time simmering, boiled and bubbled into a determination. It was to write, to write, sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah! I can jest upon it now. I wrote. The thermometer stood at twenty. There were blocks of ice in the river like household candy; but I let my fire out while at my absorbing task. I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a fac-simile of this, discarded because of the capital M's being of two varieties. 'There it is, read it.' This was the letter:

"LONDON, January 3d.

"MY-DEAREST MARY—I cannot call you by any other name and speak truly. Forgive me if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive, too, this method of making it known. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, that is the word—to tell you this. 'A faint heart,' you will say; but 'the bright particular star always seemed so far above me.' These are calu words, dear, when my love is warm; these are cold words when my heart is beating wildly. I would rather read my sentence, if it is to be banishment; but oh! I would ten times rather hear it, if it is one word of hope. Let me have but that word, and I will be with you. In any case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truthfully with me.

Yours, devotedly,
"FRANK."

"In that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival of what I had done. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her."

It ran thus:

"LONDON, January 3d.

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vain for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you what I have done. I have written to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess who it is? I am not hopeful, but I am not despairing. I cannot say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sisterly regard.

"Yours, affectionately,
"FRANK."

When I had read this without remark, Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them, when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I never!' was his exclamation, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I came to see if you were inclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the "Ornamental Water" yesterday; it was pretty good. They say it is capital to-day; but come and have some lunch with me before we go. You are miserable here.' I accepted the invitation, and wishing to get rid of him said, 'You go and order it.' When he was gone, I directed the envelopes containing my letters, and followed him, taking them with me to post on my way to the Park. There were a great many skaters, and the ice was

for the most part strong. But here and there, as is always the case except after a protracted frost, were weak places. On to one of these I skated at a rapid pace and went down, without a warning crack, into the bitterly cold water. The ice was above me when I rose, but I could hear voices near me before I sank again. I came up once more, but it was to feel a heavy blow, to be in an explosion of fireworks, and then to lose all consciousness. The clumsily given aid was nearly being as fatal to me as the ice prison would have been. How I was carried home to my father's house, and suffered many days from the combined effects of the plunge and the blow, I could tell you only as it was told me. I was long unconscious, and for some time after the dangerous symptoms had abated I could take no notice of what was passing around me.

"I was gradually recovering, however, both physically and mentally; and one morning I became aware, upon awaking from a dose, that I was not alone. Some one had come in while I was not alone. Some one had come in while I slept, and was sitting by my side. A soft hand was laid on mine, and, as I looked round, a gentle, well-known voice spoke. It was Mary Percival's. 'I am so thankful, dear,' it said; 'so very thankful.' I was still weak, and cried. She stooped and kissed my forehead. 'Bless you!' she whispered, and, with an arch smile continued, 'It was a funny letter for you to write to me. Besides, I thought'—she paused, looking at me. Then she said, 'I must talk to you about it another day, and scold you; but thank you for it now a thousand thousand times! I came to give you my answer, and found you here. Oh, Frank! How could you be afraid of me? How could you doubt my love? But that is all past now, and I must tire you even with my happiness. Good-by, dearest.' And she went out very quickly, the tears blinding her.

"It is a shame to speak of this; but you are my friend, and it is necessary, if you are to understand my feelings. You can imagine them. What had come to me or to her? I scarcely heeded; I made no response to her words; but this she doubtless attributed to my weakened state; and when she left me I lay looking wonderingly at the door. At last a thought struck me. I rang my bell. It was answered by my mother. I asked her if there were any letters for me. She feared I was not equal to exertion, but went to fetch them. As soon as I was alone again I searched for one. I cared for only one. I found it. You shall see it in the original."

He handed me the letter. It was written in firm, clearly-cut characters, more Greek than "Italian," and was as follows:

"SHALLOWFORD RECTORY, January 4.

"MY DEAR FRANK.—It was so kind of you to depend upon my sympathy. Be assured you have it. I do hope you will be accepted; but of course you will, and be immensely happy. You can't think how glad I was to hear about it. Do you know, I fancied, like a vain thing, that you were just the least bit in the world what Fred would call 'spoony' upon *somebody* here. I should have been so sorry—don't be angry—for Charles and I have been engaged the last two years. We have said nothing about it, except, of course, to papa and mamma; and the same post that brought your letter brought one from him, offering him a long-expected living. Now we hope to be married this year. Dear old Charley! he is so good. I shall, we all shall, be anxious to know more from you. What weather! Fred is skating. He says of us, of Charles and me and you, 'Poor things! poor things!' We don't think so, do we? I hope some day to see and love your wife. I can guess who it is. I know you like the name of *Mary*. With good wishes from all of us for the new year, believe me, your sincere friend,

"MARY HORNER."

Blundell was standing by me, looking over my shoulder, as I read.

"I took in the truth at once," he said. "Don't you?"

"Why," I gasped, "you had reversed the directions. I saw that at a glance, when you gave me this."

"Exactly! To say that I was not confounded—shocked at first would be untrue. How could it be otherwise? But in the calm reflection of succeeding days, (for I was left in quietness to gather strength,) a feeling of satisfaction grew upon me, grateful satisfaction that I had escaped rejection—humiliation on the one hand, and the sorrow of inflicting useless pain on the other; that I had lost no friend, but had found a noble heart's great love. How I came to give my heart to Mary Percival I have no intention of describing. But I had done so before I told her everything—long before she became my wife. Then the letter she received but faintly expressed my love for her. We have been married four years, and each year has found us more loving, more happy. Now, old friend, you shall tell me what you think."

I only quoted Hamlet's words:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

MARRIAGE.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

TWO PARISIAN ANECDOTES.—A Lyons shoe-maker who was unfortunately afflicted with the club-foot had made so many patent leather bottines that he became possessed of an insatiable desire to wear those handsome objects which he made so well. He tried for some time to keep this desire under command, but there is nothing like one idea for getting mastery of a man. It made this son of Crispin the veriest slave that ever wedded soles and uppers. At last he could stand it no longer. He consulted the best surgeon he could find to ascertain if it was possible to transform his deformed foot into one suited with the elegancies of patent leather bottines. The surgeon examined it carefully and at last said that he could remove the deformity, but, he added, the operation will be extremely painful. Crispin replied: "A bristle for that! You'll not be half an hour about it, eh? and I shall wear patent leather bottines all my life?" "Yes, but that half-hour, or rather ten minutes (for I shall not be above ten minutes,) will seem to you like a whole life-time." "Doctor, I know what disagreeable half hours are, for I had a step-mother who made the first ten years of my life seem an eternity, and sooner than not wear patent leather bottines I'd bear a dozen half-hours." "Very well, call at my office day after to-morrow and I will cure your club-foot." The cobbler was punctual. He refused chloroform lest it might kill him before he could put on his patent leather bottines—bore the operation with unshaken fortitude—and in the course of time had a pair of feet as good as any man's. His first visit was to the surgeon. "You see, Doctor, I have patent leather bottines like everybody else." "And you well won the right to wear them." "That was nothing, Doctor, a mere flea bite; but when I put my patent leather bottines on for the first time and looked at myself in the glass I fainted. I never was so happy in my life." And we wonder the Chinese women should consent to undergo great pain from childhood to have club-feet!

Now to another, which is Dr. Trousseau's last anecdote. No man here is fuller of anecdote than he is. The other day a tall fellow was shown into his office (to use the American word, for medical men here call it their closet) who he saw at once was a servant and one of those hearty fat-looking fellows seen only in livery. They have unquestionably drawn prizes in the lottery of life. They are like rich men's sons, only they have more liberty. Dr. Trousseau inquired: "Well, my man, what ails you?" "Sir, my voice—" "Are you a singer?" "No, sir, I am a coachman, and if I lose my voice I lose my place, and if I lose my place I lose my fortune." "My good fellow, don't talk enigmas." "I am not talking enigmas. My master is an old man who will die soon, and he has always told me that I am in his will for enough to make me comfortable the rest of my days. Now he has a mania for going fast, and unless I drive the horses to the top of their speed he isn't satisfied. To avoid running down people in the street I am obliged to keep calling out, 'Ware! ware!' so I have lost my voice and master talks of dismissing me because I cannot bawl as I used to do. So, Doctor, for Heaven's sake do give me back my voice, for it is my fortune." Dr. Trousseau gave him a prescription, but he has said: "I suspect from his nose that he lost his voice calling for 'a glass of wine' rather than bawling 'Ware.' Coachmen everywhere are foud of the bottle."—*Spiridon* in the *Boston Gazette*.

BOUFFE'S BENEFIT.—Bouffé has been speculating in houses and building lots, and the adventures so miscarried as to sweep away all his fortune. The government therefore gave him the Grand Opera house, for his benefit performance. The immense theatre is ill suited with the delicacy of comedy, but as it holds a great audience and cost the beneficiary nothing, the former drawback seemed insignificant. The most eminent actors of Paris lent Bouffé their aid. I am happy to say that he put, all expenses paid, \$4000 into his pocket by this performance. I believe this is the largest sum ever received here by a beneficiary. Rachel never got above \$3000; but the French Comedy is a much smaller theatre than the Grand Opera.—*Paris Letter*.

A PERSON who dined in company with Dr. Johnson endeavored to make his court to him by laughing immediately at everything he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent ha, ha, ha! becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend."

REV. MR. SPURGEON is becoming more eccentric every day. He is giving a series of lectures in London, in the course of which he actually appeared with a japau caudle-box in his hand, which he announced to be his text. The tenor of the discourse may be guessed, for the peroration consisted of a rapturous allusion to a chandelier hanging above him, in which were burning various colored lights, which he said typified the effulgence of the elect.

THE SNUB CONNUBIAL.—Loving wife: "Charles, dear, I wish you would put down that horrid novel and talk to me; I feel so dull: and—oh, Charles! my foot's asleep—" Charles: "Hush—sh! my dear, you might wake it."

PETROLEUM WELLS.—The action of petroleum wells is ingeniously explained by Prof. Evans, of Marietta, Ohio. According to his observations, this oil is contained in cavities or fissures of rocks, in connection with both water and gas. These are arranged, of course, according to their weight, the water at the bottom, the oil floating thereon, and the gas (often strongly compressed) fills the upper part of the cavity. If such a cavity runs obliquely from above downward, a well, when bored, may strike either the water or the oil, or it may enter the gas chambers. In the first two cases, if the gas be compressed, as it usually is, there will be a spouting well, the water or oil, or both together, being thrown out of the month of the boring. When the tension of the gas is exhausted resort must be had to pumping, until the cavity is pumped out. But, in some cases, a series of cavities communicate by small openings or erevices, in which case a well may flow intermittently for a long time, as it is replenished by the percolation of oil through these channels. It is not uncommon for intermittent wells to throw out at first 300 or 400 barrels a day, or to yield, in all, as much as 20,000 barrels. They sometimes run two or three years before exhaustion. The productiveness of the Lewellyn well, on the Little Kanawha, greatly exceeds these figures. Where there is little or no gas or where, from the gas-chamber being tapped, the gas is lost, pumping has to be resorted to from the first. Oil wells commonly vary in depth from 100 to 800 feet. Oil coming to the surface in springs is not a reliable sign of oil cavities in the immediate neighborhood, for it is often carried a long distance by the current of the subterranean streamlets by which the springs are fed.

CALCULATION.—In relation to the important custom of shaving the beard, a calculator makes the subjoined announcement in the *Massachusetts Railway Times*: "A man who shaves seven times a week, spending ten minutes in each operation, uses up 61 hours in a year, and if the person lives to the age of four score years he will have spent all the working hours of a leap year with a razor in his hand. The number of males in the United States is about ten millions, each of whom must shave, on an average, at least fifteen years. If they shave every day—and no person can keep his face free from beard, and carry out the idea of shaving fully, unless he shaves each day—the coming generation will spend nine hundred and fifteen millions of days' work in shaving, equal to nine hundred and fifteen million dollars. Allowing each to expend five dollars for razors, strops, brushes and soap, the aggregate cost of the articles will be fifteen million of dollars—making the whole cost of shaving in the United States for one generation, nine hundred and sixty-five million dollars."

SOME actors have made audiences merry by a mistake; others by spontaneous wit. When Quin, in *Coriolanus*, bade his soldiers lower their *fasces*, (in which he pronounced the *a* long,) down went their faces in the lowest of bows—and up went the laughing shouts of the audience. A similar effect was once produced by Charles Kemble, by transposing unconsciously two letters in the phrase, "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" and making of it, "Shall I lay surgery upon my poll? No, not for all Venice!" More intentionally did Lewis once raise a foolish laugh when playing with little Cherry, who, as "Druggot," exclaimed: "He looks as if he were going to eat me!" "Eat you!" exclaimed "Sir Charles Racket," (Lewis,) and out of his character, "I could swallow you. I needn't make two bites of a cherry!"

OLD bachelors who dislike the talk of women will perhaps admit that they never thought of one great good accomplished. Jean Paul says: "Naturalists assert that the leaves of the trees are continually in a fluttering motion, in order to purify the air by flapping it, this vibration in some measure performing the office of a gentle breeze. Now, it would be strange, indeed, if nature, who is thus economical in everything else, had ordained the much longer (seventy years) enduring vibration (of a woman's tongue) without a purpose; but the purpose is not wanting: it is the same as that for which the leaves are made to quiver."

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.—"An angel came into New York this Christmas," said a little girl to us one day this week, "for I saw her. She sent up to our house and brought me to a beautiful palace, where I found many more little girls, and some little boys; and she fed us all and gave us all gifts, and made Christmas, oh, so merry." So soon as we could interrupt her enthusiastic prattle to cross-examine, we found the name of this angel to the little ones around Fort Washington Heights to be Mrs. J. G. Bennett. The occasion was a Christmas dinner for poor children, given at the residence of this lady, who sent her magnificent sleigh for her grateful little guests.—*N. Y. Leader*.

STAYS were quite unknown in Russia until Peter the Great danced with some of the Hanoverian ladies on his journey to Pomerania. Quite astounded, the monarch exclaimed to his *suite* after the ball, "What confounded hard bones the German women have!"

(For the Californian.)

KNEELING.

TO NIGHT, O God! I come,
With aching heart, and weary faltering feet,
To thy blest presence, from the crowded street—
Bringing a heart all penitence and tears,
To thee I come.

Father of Life, I pray
That from the fulness of thy perfect love
Thou e'en wilt comfort one, who late did rove,
But now returns, all penitent, to seek
The perfect day.

O God! if in this heart
So faint and weak an idol has its throne,
If aught is worshipped save thyself alone,
I pray thee take it hence: I would not bring
To thee a part.

Father of Life! I seek
To be forgiven; if this day I've knelt
To one of Earth, or, if my heart has felt
Anger or pain, oh, make my wayward heart
Forgiving, meek.

Saviour! this night I come,
A weary child of earth, seeking thy rest,
Longing in thy forgiveness to be blest,
Yearning but for the shelter of thy love,
No more to roam.

FEBRUARY 11th, 1865.

(For the Californian.)

WRECK OF THE BARK "ANN PARRY."

MEMORIES.

"ROUGH times on the bar! Ship ashore, and four men drowned!" was the reply of Captain Stewart, Superintendent of our Sailor's Home, to my greeting a few weeks ago; and the eye that had looked unquailingly upon the dangers of the deep was dimmed with sorrow as he thought of the ill-fated four of the inbound ship's brave crew, whose lives had been sacrificed in the terrible engagement between the mad winds and wild waves on the night of the 3d of January, just as they hoped to find shelter and a harbor within our Golden Gate.

But may we not hope that He, who in his ever-watchful love, beheld the storm-tossed bark of his disciples, the lowly fishermen of Galilee, and "went walking unto them," saying, "It is I; be not afraid!" also beheld these lost mariners who had gone down to the sea, and as tenderly bade them "Come!" while he stretched forth his saving hand to guide them into His own Golden City.

The next morning, when the papers announced that the bark Ann Parry had been wrecked and that four of her crew were drowned, the name, "Ann Parry," sounded familiarly to me: but at that time I did not recall any associations connected with it.

With some friends, that day, I visited the wreck at Point Lobos, near the Cliff House, and heard from the lips of the helmsman, who had been washed ashore, the story of the endeavors of himself and comrades to save the vessel—of their vain efforts and of their struggle for life.

On a piece of canvas near the wreck we saw a Bible. There were many people on the beach that morning, and as they passed they would take up the book, look at it, and reverently replace it, carefully arranging the leaves to dry. A sacred relic it seemed—the chart, perhaps, by which the weary mariners had entered a haven of Rest.

For fifty three years, the sailor told us, that noble vessel had weathered the storms of the ocean. In her youth, she had bravely wrestled with the heaving surges of the stormy Atlantic; she had boldly encountered the mountainous icebergs of the North; she had chased the monster of the deep to his lair in the polar seas; her broad sails had flapped idly under the piercing sun of the Equator; gaily had she sailed before the golden trade winds, bringing to our shores perfumes fresh from the spice groves of India, silks from the almond-eyed people of the East, teas from Japan, ivory from the African coast, pearls from the Orient—to every nation and to every clime had she borne the noble flag of America. And so this proud ship that had so long battled with the wind and wave, that had rounded the stormy capes, that had defiantly turned and challenged the terrible typhoon of the China seas, that had laughed at all disaster, was at last conquered in an angry passion of the Pacific.

To-night I was asked if I did not remember the old Ann Parry that had sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, many years ago.

In a moment I am in my childhood and walking with my mother on a bright spring Sunday, from the "Middle street Baptist Church" in Portsmouth. We are approaching "the old stone church," where Dr. Peabody preached for twenty-five years—he whose life was so pure, whose teachings were so elevated and so Christ-like that with him we knew no sect.

Across the way stands the old school building, where we

greeted him at the coming of each new month, as a witness and judge of our mind's progress. My old class-mate of this city—the only one that I have seen for many years of the twelve who together crossed that threshold and went forth into the world—remembers how his approving smiles and gentle rebukes were appreciated by both pupil and teacher.

Dr. Peabody is now at the head of one of our leading classical institutions, adding new laurels to those already won, but our loved and gentle teacher is sweetly resting from his labors. Mr. Nichols! the name is fraught with pleasant memories—for we followed him who bore it for four years through an ever onward and upward course; and when the way seemed rough and steep and clouded, and our timid heart grew faint, his pitying regard and kind words of encouragement won our confidence and love, and we would press on, upheld by his own brave, strong spirit.

But we pass on; the crowd issuing from that church blends with that already moving. Soon we meet with the people from the "old North Church," the "Pleasant street Church" and then the Episcopalian flock, with its pastor, the venerable Dr. Burrows, universally beloved and revered.

Suddenly the thunderings of the batteries announce the glad news that the Ann Parry, which had lain outside during the night to await the tide, is in sight, just returned from a three years' whaling cruise.

A general look of gladness brightens like a sunbeam the faces of the multitude. In a moment many of us are eagerly hastening towards the wharf to welcome the returned.

Now we behold the ship proudly approaching her moorings with her sails unfurled; and now the gallant commander, Captain D—t, the darling son of my mother's friend, steps gracefully from the deck, and is clasped in the embraces of a loving wife and mother. Friends flock around, and he is overwhelmed with cordial greetings and congratulations, for he has had a voyage of unprecedented success.

There are many glad welcomes, too, from fond mothers and loving friends for the brave, warm-hearted sailors, who have all returned, save one, for whom the flag is waving at half-mast. Listen to that eager, hopeful mother, pressing her way through the crowd which seems a blank to her, with all else besides, for her heart is impatiently bounding to meet her boy.

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor!
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy!"

In vain she asks! In vain she asks! her sailor boy comes not to greet her! He is lying—

"Fall many a score fathom—down, deep in the main!" and the sunny faces of that happy group are shadowed, and tears of sympathy are shed at that mother's sorrow as she listens to the dying message of her boy from the lips of a comrade.

But home and more friends and welcomes are waiting, and the glad ones hasten to meet them, while the weary, sorrow-laden one must wait a little longer for that other meeting in a blessed haven beyond.

At the threshold of home, and with outstretched arms, a beautiful child of five summers, with curling, ebony locks and glowing cheeks and eye—the reflection of her father—springs forward and gladdens anew the heart of the captain with her wild delight.

How happy I was, when invited to look at some of the beautiful treasures of the deep that he had brought with him—the exquisitely tinted and beautifully formed shells, among which was the chambered Nautilus, with its new and wider chamber for each new year of its occupant's life, and which suggested that beautiful apostrophe to the soul, by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

And then there were branches from coral groves, unrivalled in beauty; and when one of those branches and some of the pretty rainbow-tinted shells were given to me, I returned home delighted.

I saw the captain and his beautiful wife and child several times after this, and their cup of happiness was full. Indeed, the few short weeks his presence lightened that home seemed one glad holiday to all of his home kindred, and particularly to his devoted Christian mother.

But the holiday passed over; its sun had set, and the night of his departure had come. There were heavy heart-beatings, heart sighs and suppressed sobs, as they pressed his hand for the last time and whispered tremblingly, "Good-by! God-speed!" But in the mother's last prayer she had committed her son to God, to return him again to his heart's home, if so he willed, and if not, to take him to himself—and they separated, cheered with the Christian's trust in an all-wise Providence.

Weeks passed on; cheering letters were received; much was to be hoped from this voyage, the waiting time promised to seem short, beguiled by frequent glad tidings.

But the last glad tidings had been received. There came a letter stating that the commander of the Ann Parry, when on the Indian Ocean, had sickened with the Madagascar fever, and it was thought best to leave him on the coast of Africa.

The physician who attended him soon expressed hopes of his recovery, and presented him letters brought from home by an American vessel. He read them and pressed them to his lips as he thought of his own New England home and friends ten thousand miles away, and he wept—the brave sailor wept—and then he grew delirious, but ever and anon he would sing—

"Give me my ship! I'll come to thee,
Ten thousand miles across the sea."

In a few days he died, as the American Consul wrote, not so much from the effects of the fever as from another malady of which he gave the scientific name, signifying, the home physician said, "Home-sickness."

One link of the golden chain of love was laid up in heaven, and the bereaved ones, with their crushed and blighted hearts, could only say, "Thy will be done," and await God's time for each remaining link to be united with it.

Soon there came the hectic flush upon the cheek of the young and beautiful widow. Her bright eyes grew brighter, and while gazing on her burning beauty one would think of Moore's lines:

"Though some flowerets of Eden you still may inherit,
The trail of the serpent is over them all."

A few short months and consumption had done its work, and another link was united with that in heaven.

The last time I saw the orphaned one, she was in a beautiful promising childhood, surrounded by loving friends, so tender in their ministry that her parents' love seemed almost supplied and the promise of the orphan's Father fulfilled.

If she has not joined the love-links above, she has now unfolded into the promised radiance of a beautiful maidenhood.

Three years had passed since the Ann Parry had so gallantly sailed into Portsmouth Harbor, and again she enters, but under what different circumstances; disabled and so forlorn looking, with her tattered sails and quivering masts, that she seemed a pitiful object of distress. Her crew had mutinied and scattered after the death of their beloved commander; and lastly she had been wrecked.

For a long time she lay in the harbor, abandoned as worthless, serving only as a place of rendezvous for the boys who loved to play upon her decks and climb her broken masts; and when a certain nautically-inclined brother was missing at the usual hour of his return from school, upon inquiring for his whereabouts, the answer always was, "down on the old Ann Parry."

It was about this time that gold was first discovered in this then unknown land. Every available means of conveyance to the new Dorado was eagerly sought; even the hulk of the sea-worn, worm-eaten Ann Parry was bought for a trifling sum by several fortune-seekers, who, upon examination, had decided she might yet be rendered seaworthy. She was soon repaired, and the good Ann Parry, bound for California, sailed for the last time out of Portsmouth harbor, with much of the gallant bearing of old, to the regret of the boys, who shouted their adieux and watched her until she became a speck in the distance, sighing at the loss of their huge plaything.

As she vanished out of sight, she vanished out of memory, to be recalled by the mouldy, worm-eaten mass lying on the beach, and the flags again at half-mast for noble lives yielded up in her service.

Vale! Vale! Requiescat in pace! L. A. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, February 11th, 1865.

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This excellent weekly comes to us regularly every week, and shows that no pains have been spared to make it what it is—the only literary paper in the State. Its editorials are excellent, its selections unequalled, and a dose of "In(d)igo" is sure to cure the blues.—*Stockton Record*.

THE term "Brother Jonathan," which is applied to the United States, originated many years ago, in this wise: Connecticut possessed, during the Revolutionary War, an energetic Governor, Jonathan Trumbull. Gen. Washington found him always prompt, and when there was a difficulty to solve, the General used to say, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." In course of time the phrase became a popular one, and Brother Jonathan is now consulted by pretty nearly the whole world.

"SPECULATORS," said Napoleon, "trace their schemes on paper; fools read and believe them. All are babbling about present happiness, and presently the people have not bread to eat; then comes a revolution. Such is usually the fruit of all their fine theories."

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

[THE "giftie" that Burns sighed for very often comes to mortals unsolicited through newspaper columns. For the following revelation we are indebted to the *Grass Valley National*. So far as notice of THE CALIFORNIAN is concerned, we consider the article an excellent and a truthful one, but we feel inclined to deny that "the higher classes in San Francisco are not up to the higher standard of taste and culture." Have we not an Art Union among us, and a Museum and several other things that decidedly disprove the assertion? The *National*, however, admits that to its rule "there are exceptions." Of course there are; all the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN are "exceptions," as well as many others of the higher classes who are too poor to subscribe to the paper and would not have time to read it were the contrary the case. The "exceptions" are in fact so numerous, at present, that it would be easier to reverse the *National's* idea and write them down as the rule. "Inigo" feels rather complimented at being referred to as "a man of genius," but "Mark Twain" is indignant at being left out, and others of our "funny" contributors, we fancy, would be willing to join him in bidding the editor of our exchange "go to grass," i. e. to Grass Valley.]

A GLANCE AT SAN FRANCISCO LITERATURE.—The popular literature of San Francisco, that is, the literature by which authors can subsist, is very light and flimsy, but sparkling. Superior writers, except superior ones in that line, of course, are not appreciated, and consequently not paid. Publishers of literary papers are not to be blamed, if they refuse to remunerate authors whom the public do not care to read. It is the public themselves who are to be held responsible. If they like "Inigo," who is a man of genius undoubtedly, and who is able to come up to a more solid standard, if he so desired, better than one who would give indications of a Johnsonian or Emersonian power, why then the embryonic Johnson or Emerson must stand aside and leave a clear field. * * * Funny fellows are all right and good in their place, and must have more or less genius in order to be funny, but then, the sole supreme taste of the public ought not to lie in that direction.

And yet, when we come to discriminate closely, it will be found that even the sparkling hits of "Inigo" and his imitators or rivals, are not admired by so large a number of even the so-called *élite* as the trashy "pale-face and bloody-hand" yarns of the "yellow-covered" fraternity. Children of larger growth, in California, must have their picture-books and their stories of Jack the Giant Killer. It, therefore, happens that original genius is shoved aside, in order to appease the public clamor for blood and thunder, and chain-lightning novels or novelettes, of foreign importation.

The fact is, and there is no disguising it—the wealthy classes in San Francisco, and those who can command elegant leisure, are not up to the higher standard of taste and culture. Of course there are exceptions. If they cannot appreciate, for instance, a literary journal like THE CALIFORNIAN—a periodical edited with rare ability and having contributors of the first class—a journal which, in the Eastern States, in London, in Edinburgh, or any capital of thoroughly refined and cultured communities, would receive the warmest and most cordial support—it is idle to complain of any injustice on their part. They are not unjust, they are simply ignorant. It will take a generation or two, on this coast, to bring the wealthy classes to the true level in this matter. Their children, having the superior opportunities for education which wealth affords, and ample time for elegant pursuits, together with travel and society of a higher order than their parents were accustomed to, will naturally go through a refining process, and come forth free from much of the vulgar hamperings and impediments of the former generation.—*Grass Valley National*.

MOUSTACHE SPOON.—Under a very elaborate engraving of a newly-invented patent of this article, the *Scientific Journal* gives us the following description: "A moustache is an ornament to the human face divine, under ordinary circumstances, but when it is drenched in a cup of smoking coffee, or emerges dripping from the cream, as Venus rose from the sea, the wearer of it is placed in an embarrassing position. Moustache coffee-cups have been sold in stores for many years. These cups have a portion of the top covered with a bridge in which there is an opening whence the beverage finds its way down the throat of the drinker without soiling his hirsute appendage. This mysterious-looking spoon effects the same object. When soup is taken, unless the eater thereof is dexterous, and "understands his business," he is apt to present an uninviting spectacle, and becomes a very undesirable addition to a small but select dinner-party. Hence this spoon. The bridge over the centre prevents the disagreeable results alluded to, and supports the moustache in its passage over the savory flood. The bridge may be made permanent or removable, and can be attached in a few minutes, and by any common mechanical device."

A ferryman, whilst plying over a river which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat, whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "we always finds 'em agin, the next day."

An old English game keeper says, that "without the deer ladies we should be but a stagnation."

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

A COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

THE private theatricals at the Cedars were postponed till Christmas, and in the middle of November Mr. Hillary removed his household to a big bow-windowed habitation at the western end of Brighton. Francis Tredethlyn followed, as in duty bound, and spent a great portion of his life in hurrying to and fro between London and Brighton by express trains. Never had a better adorer done suit and service to a mistress. There were no lovers' quarrels, no temporary estrangements between these two people. A serene and cloudless sky heralded the coming splendor of their union, and Maude declared again and again that she had never seen such a model pair of lovers.

"Harcourt and I were always quarrelling, you know, Julia," she said; "but then we were both such horribly jealous creatures. I didn't like his turning over music for other girls; though I suppose he was right, poor fellow, and a man must either turn over music or shut himself from society altogether. And he didn't like my going down to dinner with people in crack cavalry regiments; but I'm afraid we rather enjoyed ourselves when we quarrelled, and I used to feel as if it would be the easiest thing in the world to part from him forever, and go into a convent, or marry somebody I hated, or something of that kind; and then directly we *had* parted, I used to get so silly and miserable, and used to write him such penitent letters, taking all the blame upon myself, and making an idiot of him. But it's so nice to see you and Mr. Tredethlyn, and I'm sure he'll be the dearest husband in the world, Julia, and you'll be able to twist him round your little finger."

It was not with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure that Miss Desmond accepted her friend's congratulations. She was quite ready to admit that Francis Tredethlyn was a model lover, and promised to be the most submissive husband that ever bowed himself before a clever wife's dominion. His presents were magnificent, his attention was unflinching, his temper serenely even; and yet there were times when Julia Desmond felt that all was not quite as it should have been.

She had angled very successfully, and the fish she had landed was a splendid prize, victoriously snatched from all other anglers; but oh, what a difference there is between that poor deluded fish, entrapped out of the free waters by the cruel hook of the angler, and the willing bird which flies, of its own loving impulse, to the breast where it fain would shelter!

Julia Desmond knew that, in securing a husband, she had not won for herself a lover; and the knowledge pained and humiliated her. It was a small thing that she should not love Francis; but it seemed very hard that Francis should not love her. Her womanly tact would have stood in the place of affection, and she would have been lavish in the expenditure of a spurious coin, in the way of pretty words and tender looks, which should have had all the glitter and some of the vibration of the real mintage. But with Francis it was altogether different. The young man had no power to simulate, and there was a deadly coldness in his wooing that chilled the proud Irish girl's heart.

"Are they worth the humiliation?" she thought sometimes, when she contemplated her diamonds before the lighted glass in her bedroom at Brighton. "They are very big, and brilliant, and costly; but I've seen myself look handsomer with a scrap of scarlet ribbon twisted in my hair, than I look to night with all these stars, and crosses, and serpents flashing and twinkling about me. And then when I go down stairs I must go through all the old stereotyped business; and when I thank him for the flowers that he sent me this morning, he will look at me with his cold eyes, and tell me he is pleased to have given me pleasure. What is he but a clod—a mere clod, nothing but a clod? I ought to remember that; and yet I am angry with him because he does not love me. Why can I not be thankful for my good fortune, and accept my future husband for what he is—a respectable, well-behaved ploughman, whom an accident has endowed with thirty thousand a year?"

Perhaps Miss Desmond did not particularly care to answer that question which she put to herself in so impatient a spirit. And yet it was a question that might have been answered had she cared to fathom the lower depths of her own mind; but then there *are* questions which are better left unanswered. Why was she angry with Francis Tredethlyn for that passionless serenity of manner which was so nearly akin to indifference? Why? unless it was because in her own heart there lurked the consciousness that the unpolished Cornishman *might* have been a very different kind of lover, and that beneath his cold exterior there were slumbering

embers which might have blazed into glory had one special torch been applied to them.

Yes, Julia knew this, and the knowledge was a perpetual poison that embittered the wine of success. The pride of the Desmonds had not been entirely trodden out beneath the iron heel of poverty. This girl, who had not been too proud to set herself to ensnare a rich husband, was yet proud enough to feel the bitterness of her degradation.

"If he only loved me," she thought, "I should feel that the bargain was a fair one. But to know that, at best, he only submits to the force of circumstances! He has been drifted into the position of a lover, and he performs the duties exacted of him; just like some non-dancing man who has been persuaded to dance in order to fill the last place in a quadrille, and who dawdles listlessly through the figures, and almost yawns in the face of a partner. And yet I have seen him look at *her* until the dull clay of which he is made seemed to change into a thing of life and fire."

And then Miss Desmond would fain turn to her jewel-case for consolation, and to beguile her mind from unpleasant thoughts by the consideration of all those grand things that may be done with thirty thousand a year.

If the young ladies of the household thought it a pleasant thing to spend the brief November afternoons on that delightful esplanade beside the sea, Mr. Hillary did not find a residence in Brighton so entirely convenient. A great deal of his time was spent in journeyings to and fro by the best and quickest express train in England; and there were days when even the facilities of a Brighton railway would not enable the merchant to take his dinner in the society of his beautiful daughter and her companion. There were occasions on which the two girls sat for a wearisome hour or so, trying vainly to amuse themselves by some feminine occupation, or to beguile the time by some feminine discourse, while the soup grew cold and the Brightonian cook grew angry; and then at last were fain to sit down at nine o'clock, and make a dismal pretence of dining without the head of the household.

"I sometimes think so much railway travelling must be bad for papa," Maude said. "I am afraid it must shake him a little; though riding in the Brighton express is almost as good as sitting in one's own room. I fancy papa has not looked so well lately. I have begged him to see Dr. Desborough, our Twickenham doctor, or some London physician; but it's no use, for he won't listen to me. I can't tell you how uneasy I am about him, Julia. He has had so many of his bad headaches lately; and then he says the business in Moorgate street has been so heavy. Ah, Julia! what is the good of being rich if papa must work as he does?"

Miss Desmond shrugged her shoulders.

"Business men seem scarcely to exist out of their offices," she said, rather scornfully. She always took care to let Maude know that she looked down upon the Twickenham splendor and its commercial sources. "I dare say your papa will devote himself to money-making as long as he lives."

"I sometimes think we might have been happier if we had been poorer," Maude said, dreamily, by-and-by. "I can't help fancying how we might have lived in some quiet country place, in a low-roofed, old-fashioned cottage, with a garden all round it and a churchyard close by, and the smell of cows and cooing of pigeons; and then I need not have been separated from ——" She did not finish the sentence; she was talking to herself rather than to Julia. Her face was beautified by an inexpressible softness and tenderness as she murmured that broken sentence. Her thoughts wandered back to the time when she and Harcourt Lowther had sworn eternal constancy, standing with their hands locked together in the dim summer twilight, on the bank of the shadowy river. She thought of that time, and all the freshness of feeling that had gone down with it came back upon her suddenly, like a breath of air from a distant ocean. How frivolous her life had been since then!—how selfish and useless! What a round of dress and decoration, and hurry and weariness! Harcourt Lowther's last letter was in her pocket as she sat musing despondently by the hired Brighton hearth—his last letter, a most melancholy epistle, full of despairing lamentations about the bitterness of separation and the hardships of Van Diemen's Land. And over and above all these feminine perplexities which tormented poor loving Maude, there seemed real cause for anxiety in the state of Mr. Hillary's health. It was not that the merchant himself complained, and, indeed, appeared to resent any inquiries as to his state, even when those inquiries came from such a privileged person as his only child. But every morning at the breakfast-table, sitting opposite to her father in the bright sunlight Maude could see a darker shade under Mr. Hillary's eyes, a more weary look about his haggard face. She defied his anger very often, and pleaded earnestly with him, imploring him to consult a physician, but his answer was always very much the same.

"I am subject to this sort of headache; my work in Moorgate street is peculiarly hard just now. Pray do not trouble yourself Maude; there is not the least occasion for an uneasiness about my health."

With such assurances as these Miss Hillary was compelled to be satisfied. There had been an air of coldness, or almost

displeasure, in her father's manner to her lately, and Mande found to her surprise that he was by no means pleased with the matrimonial engagement that had arisen between Julia Desmond and Francis Tredethlyn.

"Engaged to her!" the merchant exclaimed, when his daughter carried him the news of Julia's conquest—engaged to Julia Desmond! Why, I fully believed that he came to Twickenham on your account, Maude. I said nothing to you about the matter, because girls have sometimes such absurd notions, and I thought it better to let things take their course. And so Julia has entrapped him, has she? I ought to have been on my guard against Ryan O'Bryan Desmond's daughter."

"How can you talk like that, papa?" cried Miss Hillary. "I'm sure Julia and Mr. Tredethlyn are really in love with each other, and dear Julia is perfectly disinterested. And then, if Mr. Tredethlyn had been ever so much in love with me—and I'm sure he never cared the least bit about me—how could you suppose that I could ever dream of marrying him; when I—when he's such a very common kind of person?"

Harcourt Lowther's name had been almost trembling on Miss Hillary's lips, but she had remembered her father's aversion to that name, and had modified the conclusion of her sentence in deference to his prejudices.

"A very common kind of person!" repeated Lionel Hillary, in a thoughtful tone; "yes, yes, my dear, I dare say he is, I dare say he is. But I've seen women as beautiful as you married to commoner men than Francis Tredethlyn."

And then, after a brief silence, the merchant's manner changed all of a sudden; he took his daughter in his arms, and pressed his lips upon her forehead with an almost passionate fondness.

"My darling! my darling!" he cried, "do you think it wouldn't please me to see you married to a man you could love?"

Mande looked up into his face with a sweet smile upon her own: her lips parted, and in the next moment Harcourt Lowther's name would have been spoken and his cause pleaded by those innocent lips. But it seemed as if her father in a manner anticipated what she would have said, for he put her from him suddenly, and turned away with a faint shiver of pain.

"I am very sorry to hear of this engagement between Julia and that young man," he said, with his face averted from his daughter, and his hands nervously shuffling among the papers on the table before him; "I am very much vexed. There, go, Maude; you don't understand, you can't understand. Go, my dear; I'm busy."

No more than this had ever been said between the father and daughter upon the subject of Miss Desmond's matrimonial arrangements, but Maude had been able to discover that her father's vexation was not a matter of the moment, to be forgotten and done with after the first surprise of the announcement. Lionel Hillary was tolerably gracious to Mr. Tredethlyn, but his manner towards Julia changed altogether. There were times when he scarcely took the trouble to conceal his displeasure from that young lady herself. He would sit watching her moodily when Francis Tredethlyn was by her side, and would sometimes, when the conversation gave him an opening, break out into some cynical generality upon the husband-hunting propensities of modern young ladies. Francis was too simple-minded to comprehend the drift of these covert sneers; but Julia understood her benefactor, and defied him with her bold handsome eyes and her flashing teeth.

"He wanted thirty thousand a year for his daughter. I suppose," she thought, when she pondered on Mr. Hillary's discourtesy. "What grasping, avaricious creatures these rich people are!"

Christmas was approaching, and that festival period was to be spent at the Cedars, to which place Maude Hillary was tenderly attached, despite her sentimental talk about poverty and a simple home deep down in the heart of rustic England. The young ladies' portmanteaus had been packed ready for the departure from Brighton, and Maude and Julia only waited for Mr. Hillary to escort them on their homeward journey. He had not been so much with them during the last week or so of their sojourn, and as Francis Tredethlyn only came backwards and forwards with Mr. Hillary, the girls had been left by themselves, with no better occupation or amusement than the reading of new books, the trying of new music, and a contemplation of the blustering gray waves beating eternally before their windows: for the weather had been cold and stormy of late, and the delicious esplanade had been deserted; only an occasional masculine wanderer, out for a "constitutional," buffeted the winds and strode in dismal loneliness along the pavement beneath Mr. Hillary's windows.

It was only natural, under these circumstances, that the young ladies should have grown weary of Brighton. They had a close carriage at their disposal, but then driving through perpetual tempest is not particularly agreeable even in a close carriage. They went shopping in East street two or three times during this severe weather, and bought expensive materials for impossible complications of Berlin wool work and gold beads; and, experimentalizing with the same on their return home, discovered themselves at sea in a wide ocean of

perplexity. Thus it was that they grew very tired of Brighton, and wished most earnestly for Mr. Hillary's coming.

"Oh for the silvery ring of my own Broadwood!" exclaimed Maude, as she rose from a struggle with a German rendering of "Polly put the kettle on," in seven flats, and ten pages of double arpeggios. "I wonder who makes the pianos for houses that are let furnished? I'm sure they must all be made by the same man; and I suppose it's a theory of his own that makes him always use damp wood, and put so much flannel into his trebles. I wish papa would come and take us home, Julia."

Miss Hillary expressed this wish at least twenty times in a day, and Julia echoed it, as if out of pure sympathy. But Miss Desmond was not a very sympathetic person, and she was really anxious to get back to the neighborhood of London and Francis Tredethlyn. Nearly a fortnight had passed since the Cornishman had been to Brighton, and Julia was terribly conscious that the link which united him to her was very fragile, and might be broken by any unlucky hazard, unless, indeed, his constancy were sustained by a chivalrous sense of honor. She had as yet had no opportunity of discovering his sentiments on this subject, and she had a vague idea that a small farmer's son, who had taken the Queen's shilling, would be unlikely to entertain the same splendid notions of truth and loyalty that glowed in the breasts of his superiors.

"I know that he's a very good fellow," Julia thought; "and I don't suppose he would steal anything, or tell a deliberate falsehood; but I dare say he would think it no sin to throw me over at the last moment if——"

There was a point at which Miss Desmond's reveries always stopped short. She did not care to think about that which Francis Tredethlyn might like to do, even if he were free to do as he liked.

Mr. Hillary came home very late upon the evening of an especially disagreeable day. He came down to Brighton by the mail train, and arrived at the hired mansion just as the two girls were gathering together the gold beads and Berlin wools, preparatory to going to bed. But though the merchant had been so much longer away than usual, he seemed in no particular hurry to embrace his daughter; for instead of coming up to the drawing-room, he walked straight to a dreary little study at the back of the house, which had been set apart for his use.

Maude had heard the sonorous knock at the big street door, and flew out of the drawing-room to greet the traveller.

"At last, dear papa!" she cried. "We have been as dull and dreary as a pair of Marianas in a moated grange. Oh, you darling papa, I am so glad you have come. Please take us home to Twickenham, we've had such weather; we're as helpless and miserable as those poor working people who go about singing so dreadfully flat when there's a hard frost. We are two lonely, single girls, and we've got no work to do," sang Miss Hillary, with the established nasal drawl, as she skipped down the stairs.

"Kiss me, you wet, melancholy-looking papa," she said, planting herself between Lionel Hillary and the door of his sanctum.

The merchant seemed in no very affectionate humor to-night. He put his daughter aside without looking at her. His face was fixed and stern in expression, and its gloomy rigidity was in no way relaxed as he spoke to Maude.

"Why are you up so late?" he said. "I thought you would have gone to bed an hour ago. I don't want to be worried to-night, Maude; I've some papers down here that want looking into, and I've brought other papers with me. I may have to sit up half the night, perhaps; and, remember, I am not to be disturbed."

"But you will be ill, papa, if you work so hard."

"I shall not be ill, and I know what is best for myself. I cannot and must not be annoyed to-night, Maude."

He went into his room, where the servant had already made an illumination that would have been enough for a chapel or a factory, by means of five flaring gas burners; but Maude followed him, and was not to be put off even by the harsh words that sounded so strangely in her ears.

"Papa," she remonstrated, piteously, "I am sure that you are ill, or that something has happened."

Mr. Hillary laid his hand upon his daughter's shoulder, and put her out of the room—very gently, but with a certain determination which was quite a new thing in his treatment of this idolized and exacting Maude.

"I tell you, once more, that I am going to be—very busy, and must not—be disturbed." He seemed tired, for the words came slowly, as if the mere utterance of them were a painful exertion. "Good night, my dear; go to bed, and sleep peacefully. God bless you, and take you in His keeping."

His manner changed all in a moment as he said this, and he caught her suddenly to his breast and kissed her passionately, as he had done the other day when they had talked of Francis Tredethlyn.

But the next moment Maude found herself standing outside the closed door of her father's retreat, amazed and unhappy. That sudden little gush of affection had been as perplexing to

her as Mr. Hillary's unusual sternness of manner. It was all alike strange; and vague fears agitated her as she went slowly up-stairs, to the barren drawing-room, which looked very little more home-like than a first-class waiting room at a railway station.

Julia had disappeared, and the flaring gas lamps illumined a great barren desert of Brussels carpet and emptiness. Dear Julia always remembered that her good looks were her only dower, and took care not to waste them by late watching in the glare of many gas burners. Maude sighed as she looked round the empty room, and then seated herself at a table adorned with a gaudy cover that looked like a small "Turkey carpet." She took up the impossible Berlin wool work, and the gold beads, and set herself to the task of counting tiny dots and squares on a colored paper pattern, with a view to discovering where the Berlin wool left off and the beads began. But she was tired and unhappy, and the bewildering dots and squares made her head ache; so she pushed away the work presently, and roamed restlessly up and down the room; now stopping by a table, and taking up a book, only to open it haphazard, and stare blankly at the pages; now lingering by the piano, noiselessly fingering the notes, and tormented with a wild desire to dash into some blustering march that should startle the slumbering household.

Her father told her to go to bed. He was going to work very late, and must on no account be disturbed. He had worked late sometimes at Twickenham, but not often, and on those occasions Maude had gone to sleep happily enough, only a little disturbed by the thought of "poor papa" toiling over those cruel business documents. But to-night it was altogether different. At the risk of incurring her father's anger, Miss Hillary paced wearily up and down the desert of Brussels carpet, waiting till she should hear the merchant's step on the stairs, and know that his night's work was over.

She waited, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and wondering why she was uneasy. Why was it that to-night the thought of her father's toil mingled with all manner of strange fears and misgivings? She was usually so frivolous, so apt to look brightly out upon the sunnier aspects of the world around her; but to-night her heart seemed like a leaden weight in her breast. What was it? why was it? The cheap French clock upon the chimney-piece struck some abnormal number between twelve and twenty, and a distant church clock struck two; but still Miss Hillary waited in vain for that expected step upon the stair. Her father had said that he would be very late, but she had hoped that at the worst his work would be finished in a couple of hours. The time seemed intolerably long to Maude Hillary, roaming in a purposeless manner about that big room, or standing in the bay-window to listen to the hoarse roaring of the waves, or sitting down to read for five minutes together, but never once knowing what she was reading.

There had been so few troubles in her life, and looking back at the smooth, sunlit ways by which she had wandered from childhood to womanhood, she was seized all at once with a fear that there must be some great grief in store for her. It was quite impossible that she could have altogether withheld herself from some contemplation of that startling question as to her right to be happy in a world where so many people were miserable; but the question had never intruded itself upon her so awfully as to-night.

"I have never had sickness, or death, or sorrow near me," she thought. "My mother died before I was conscious of her existence—as I think—and yet it seems strange that there can be any time when a child is unconscious of a mother's presence, or heedless of her loss. The worst trouble that I can remember is my parting from Harcourt, and I have always hoped that all would come right at last. But to-night—to-night I feel as if there had been something sinful in my happiness. The sermons I have heard at church never came home to me. I never felt that I was a miserable, sinful creature, groping my way upon a thorny path. I'm afraid I have been very wicked, selfish and idle, vain and frivolous."

Looking back at her life, Miss Hillary saw an existence of Twickenham pleasure, water parties and picnics, "Star and Garter" dinners, perpetual Parisian bonnets, and turquoise bracelets, pet dogs, new novels, opera boxes, and concert tickets. Perhaps she had never before watched and waited alone at these still hours of the dead winter night, and these unusual thoughts may have been only the natural companions of her loneliness.

She looked at her watch a dozen in an hour, and at last, when it was nearly three o'clock, her patience was exhausted all at once, and she resolved on going down to her father's room.

"He will be very angry with me for sitting up so late," she thought, "but I cannot go to bed until I have seen him. It will be better to see him ever so cross with me than not to see him at all."

Having once arrived at this determination, Maude Hillary ran down stairs and tapped lightly at her father's door. There was no answer, and she repeated that timid tapping. Again there was no answer, and she tried the handle of the door, intending to steal softly in and surprise the merchant at

his work. But the door was locked, and her breath grew thick with the sudden oppression caused by some vague terror. She lost all command over herself, and knocked loudly, calling in a frightened voice, "Papa! papa!"

It was not so strange that she should be frightened. How often she had heard of hard-working city magnates suddenly stricken down in the prime of life by some fell disease, unsuspected until that last fatal moment!

A heavy step inside the little room relieved her of these vaguely terrible fears. The door was opened, and Mr. Hillary stood before her, very pale, very angry. "Maude! how absurd this is! What have you been doing? Why have you been sitting up?"

"Because somehow I *couldn't* go to bed while you were working down here, papa darling. I couldn't; I didn't want to worry you or disobey you; but I don't know what's the matter with me to-night. All manner of ridiculous things came into my head, and I felt that I *must* see you before I went to sleep. Let me come in, papa."

She pleaded so prettily, looking up in his face with such tender devotion beaming in her own, that Lionel Hillary must have been something harder and sterner than the stoniest of mercantile men if he had been deaf to her pleading.

"Come in if you like, Maude," he said, with a weary sigh; "I am sorry that you disturbed me. I had very nearly finished my work."

The littered mass of papers that had been scattered on Mr. Hillary's desk when Maude had left him were gone now, and only a few neat little packets remained in their stead. But, placed conspicuously upon the desk, Maude perceived a big envelope with a great red seal, and lying near it a smaller envelope, also sealed.

The merchant had removed his neckcloth. He seemed to have been working hard, for big drops of moisture stood upon his forehead. A great basket near his chair was filled to overflowing with torn scraps of paper, and the shower of waste had fallen far and wide, and lay like snow about the chair in which Mr. Hillary had been sitting.

"Now, Maude," he asked sternly, as his daughter followed him into the room, "what is it that you want with me?"

"Why, to see you leave your work and go to bed, papa. You don't know how late it is."

The merchant smiled a grim smile, and pointed to his watch which lay open on the desk.

"I've been working against time, and I've kept watch upon every quarter of an hour," he said.

"But you have finished now, papa."

"Not quite. I have very nearly finished—but not quite."

Miss Hillary shook her head with a very petulant gesture. She was not in the least afraid of her father's anger now. She had been so tortured by dim and shadowy apprehensions, that her spirits rebounded suddenly now that she was bold enough to defy him.

"I shan't leave you any more to-night, papa. If you had all the business of the Stock Exchange to transact, I wouldn't let you sit up any longer, ruining your health by brooding over those tiresome papers. Besides, your desk is quite clear, you seem to have done everything."

"No, I have not done everything."

Mr. Hillary had resumed his seat, and was staring absently at the desk before him, where all things looked so neat and orderly that Maude seemed justified in thinking that her father's work was done. There was a row of drawers on each side of the desk. One of them was open, and a bunch of keys hung from the lock. A copy of the *Times* newspaper lay across the top of this open drawer; but as Miss Hillary hung about her father, some portion of the silken flounces or furbelows of her dress brushed against the paper, and it fell rustling to the ground. Lionel Hillary turned suddenly with a look of alarm directed towards the open drawer, and Maude following his glance, saw something lying among the neat packets of letters and papers—something which had no business to be there: something which seemed to realize a greater terror than any that her fancy had shaped, however dimly, during those hours of weary waiting in the room above.

The object which seemed so terrible to Maude Hillary was a pistol, a small pistol of very modern fashion, fresh and bright from the hands of the gunmaker. Mr. Hillary was not a man who affected the gunsmith's art, and Maude had never seen such a weapon in her father's possession until to-night—until this night when vague fears respecting him had been so long busy in her brain, only wanting a form into which to shape themselves.

It seemed as if her frivolous girlhood left her all at once. It seemed as if that great terror, coming upon her with such ghastly suddenness, transformed her into a woman—a woman possessed of woman's highest attributes, fortitude and self-abnegation. She uttered no cry of alarm, no exclamation of surprise; but she suddenly closed and locked the drawer in which the pistol lay, and dropped the bunch of keys into her pocket. Then kneeling down beside her father's chair, she put her arms tenderly about him, and laid her head upon his breast. Mr. Hillary had grown very passive all at once, and sat idly staring at the table before him.

"Papa," said Maude presently, in a low, pleading voice, "what is it? tell me, confide in me. In whom should you trust if not in me? What is it, papa? what does it mean?"

"It means—ruin!" the merchant answered, huskily. He did not turn towards his daughter, but still sat staring blankly straight before him.

"It means failure and ruin, Maude; ruin in its worst shape, its most hideous shape."

"You mean that we shall be poor, very poor, that we shall have to leave Twickenham, that you will be a clerk perhaps in some office, and I a daily governess. I remember when the Gordons failed, and poor Constance Gordon and her brothers had to begin the world afresh, without money, and with very little help from their old friends. Do you think I could not bear as much as that, and be happy still, if you were with me? Ah, papa, papa, do I seem to you such a helpless, useless creature, that you shrink from trusting me at such a time as this?" Hysterical sobs rose in her throat, but she stifled them and went on talking to him in the same quiet, tender voice, and caressing him as she talked. He submitted passively enough to her caresses, but he seemed scarcely conscious of them.

"Trust me, papa; tell me everything. Such troubles as these seem so much less dreadful when once they have been freely spoken of. I remember how Mr. Gordon kept everything hidden from his family as long as he could; and Constance told me that it seemed as if a great cloud was hanging over the house, and there was something in the atmosphere that stifled them all. But when the crash came at last they bore it bravely; and see how well they have got on ever since, in a moderate way. Ah, papa, you have brought me up like a spoiled child, or a princess in a fairy tale, and now that trouble has come to us you think I can't bear it. But I *can*, papa, if you will only be brave, your foolish, extravagant daughter will learn to be wise and patient. I was getting very tired of Twickenham, papa, and shall be as happy as the day is long in a nice little cottage, in some cheap suburb, where I can have pupils."

Lionel Hillary ought no doubt to have been comforted by his daughter's tenderness, but unhappily there are some wounds so cruelly inflamed that the gentlest application the surgeon can devise is apt to chafe and irritate them. The girl's talk jarred upon the merchant's mind, and it was with a shiver of pain that he turned to her as she left off speaking.

"Child, child," he exclaimed, fretfully, "you don't know what you're talking of. Do you think it is such an easy thing to pass from one of the first positions in the City to a clerkship and a cottage in the suburbs? Do you think there is nothing *between* such opposite conditions? Do you suppose I have only to shut up my books, and wish my creditors good morning, before I walk out of my office? You talk and think like a child, Maude. It is all very well for an old twaddler like John Gordon, who suspends payment upon the first failure that affects his stability, and who winds up his affairs with a dividend of fifteen shillings in the pound, and the compliments and sympathy of all Basinghall street. No one will sympathize with *my* fall, though more than I can count will suffer with me. I am not a man to drop under the first blow, Maude; for nearly three years I have been working a rotten ship, with the knowledge that nothing short of a miracle could save me from wreck. The wreck has come. The wreck will call me a dishonest man, because I waited for that miracle. I waited as the gambler waits at the green table, hoping that the last risk would bring me salvation. With me ruin means disgrace. I tell you, Maude, before the month is out there will be a panic in the City, and men will cry out that Lionel Hillary is a rogue and a swindler. There's not a man who ever dined at Twickenham that won't use his knowledge of my home as a weapon against me. There's not a bottle of wine I ever gave a friend whose price and quality will not be made a reproach against me. Oh! I know how people talk about these things. Go away, child. Your presence only goads and irritates me. It reminds me that I might have done better than I have done, I might have been wiser, I might have saved something—my good name at least. I have loved you dearly, Maude, Heaven only knows how dearly, for I am no man of big words or sentimental phrases. And now I leave you utterly destitute, the pauper child of a disgraced father."

"But you shall not leave me," cried Maude, with a sudden energy that startled Lionel Hillary. "Papa, why do you insist upon treating me as a child? Why do you judge me by what I have been, rather than by what I can be? Why won't you trust me? why won't you talk to me as if I were a son, and had a right to share your secrets? You have told me the worst, and you see I can bear to know it. I can endure even disgrace; but I cannot bear to lose you. Trust me, papa. I will be patient under any calamity except—" She was seized with a sudden shivering, and clung to him, with a convulsive force in the small hands that entwined themselves about his arm. "You know what I mean, papa," she said. "Believe that I can bear anything if you will be true, and brave and patient. And even yet the miracle may come. Something may happen at the very last, surely it may, to save your good name."

Mr. Hillary pressed his daughter's hand in acknowledgment of so much tenderness and devotion; but he shook his head moodily as he answered her, "Nothing *can* happen to save me, unless twenty thousand pounds drop from the skies between this and the 10th of January."

Twenty thousand pounds! Maude's thoughts flew to her jewel-case in obedience to the most universal of feminine instincts. Twenty thousand pounds! Alas for that birthday gift of opals and diamonds, the turquoise rings and bracelets, the emerald cross, the delicate pink coral, and all the fragile fantastic toys of gold and enamel, bought in the dearest market of elegant West End dealers, who give three years' credit! Maude, in all her ignorance, was wise enough to know that these things would not realize one of the twenty thousands required by her father.

"But there is Twickenham, papa," she said; "the Cedars must be worth ever so many thousands."

"And is mortgaged to the full extent of its value," answered Mr. Hillary. "Find me twenty thousand pounds if you can, Maude, but don't worry me with frivolous suggestions. I tell you that it is quite impossible for a woman to understand my position. God help me! I scarcely understand it myself. I only know that everything round me is so much rottenness, and that the crash *must* come next month."

"But you will not think—of that—again?" urged Maude, pointing to the drawer.

"No; I'll wait to the tenth."

"For my sake, oh, papa, for my sake."

"No, child; not for your sake, but from a selfish, cowardly clinging to life," cried Lionel Hillary, with sudden passion. "It would be better for you, ten times better, if I were dead. The thought of that was in my mind as I came down here to-night, until the noise of the engine almost seemed to thump out the words, 'Better for her, better for her.' People would have mercy upon you if I were dead, Maude; even those who suffered by me would be less bitter in their reproaches if I were dead. A man can only break his heart once, and when the man is dead, there is no mark for the arrows of justifiable reproach, or the foul garden stuff and rotten eggs of malicious calumny."

"Papa, the help may come; the twenty thousand pounds may be found."

"No, child; there was only one hope of that, and the hope is gone."

For the first time that night Mr. Hillary looked at his daughter; she saw the look, an anxious scrutiny that sent a chill through her heart. She did not ask him what that one hope had been.

"Papa, trust in me, only trust in me!" she cried; "you do not know of what I am capable for your sake—for your sake. You don't know what I have suffered to-night, and how changed I am by that suffering. Hope for a miracle, even, papa; keep things as smooth as you can, and between this and the tenth the twenty thousand pounds may be found. Only tell me one thing. You don't want any one to *give* you the money. If it were lent to you, you could repay it by and by?"

"Yes; with sufficient time I could repay it."

"Then hope for the miracle, papa. Ah! you think me such a child that you are almost angry with me to hope; but the lion laughed at the mouse. I dare say."

Five minutes after this, Miss Hillary led her father to his room and wished him good night, cheerfully enough, upon the threshold. But under that pretence of cheerfulness, cruel fears and perplexities were torturing her innocent heart. Ruin, dishonor, disgrace; the misery of many homes besides that one household on the bank of the river—all these terrors had come very suddenly upon the girl who only that morning had been impatient of the December weather and the dull gray sky.

She went to her room, but only to sit with the door open, listening for any sound in her father's apartment, which was next her own. She sat for nearly two hours shivering with cold, and then crept softly to her father's room and opened the door. The merchant was sleeping, peacefully enough to all appearance, for his breathing was tranquil and regular; so Maude went back to her room. It seemed the bitterest mockery to go to bed, but then Miss Hillary's maid would have been scandalized had she come at eight o'clock and found her mistress still watching. Alas, poor Maude! for the first time in her life she had to submit to that most cruel social penance, entitled "keeping up appearances." She went to bed, and though she seemed to hear every hour, and half-hour, and quarter of an hour chimed by the church clocks, she must have slept at some time or other in that brief remainder of the night, or else how should she have been tormented by those hideous dreams, in which she was always wading through black morasses and turbid waters, carrying in her arms a great bag of gold, which she vainly strove to convey to her father?

(To be continued.)

THERE is a very prevalent belief—as erroneous as it is popular—that more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut than when they are open.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

WANTED.—Good canvassers to canvass for THE CALIFORNIAN, will find profitable employment by applying at this office.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

ON Monday evening Matilda Heron made her appearance on the Opera House stage as "Camille," in the play of that name with which her own has become inseparably connected. Ten years and more had rolled their round since California returned this lady to the East, which sent her to us to be pronounced upon, with an endorsement written in the golden characters for which this State is famous, an endorsement at once accepted and appreciated the world over. Miss Heron's career since then has been an eminently successful one, giving our people every reason to feel proud of their protegee, and surely if the right of discovery holds as good in artistic claims as it does in mineral ones, few will dispute California's title in claiming this artist as her own. There was naturally a slight embarrassment attending Miss Heron's reappearance, and the trifling nervousness or apprehension on her part, which we fancied we detected during the first act, was fully justifiable, for communities change as well as individuals. Many of the friends who were present at the scene of her early triumphs were dead or gone, and a cool reception now would have been rendered doubly cutting by its contrast with the enthusiastic demonstration of former days. It was evident from the first that the audience was inclined to be critical, taking nothing for granted and prepared to reverse, if need be, the judgment of other years, for the greeting which met the artist was not remarkable for over passionate warmth. Possibly a certain feeling of disappointment was entertained by the multitude at finding their old favorite changed in personal appearance, a feeling similar, perhaps, to that which the lady herself may have felt when the outlines of our city for the first time met her gaze on her return, for that too has grown and changed. Coolly critical, the audience sat and the play proceeded. Before the end of the first act it was evident that several points had been made, and that at least a favorable verdict would be rendered, for at intervals the unpremeditated pat of approving feet would be heard upon the floor, and a rattling fire of applause from impatient hands like that which in skirmishes precedes the regular volley. In due time the volleys came, with enthusiastic calls before the curtain, and abounding bouquets, in acknowledgment of which the lady bowed her thanks, and remarked that it was not the first time that California had strewn her path with flowers. The play of *Camille* has never been a favorite of ours; thrilling and effective it undoubtedly is, but it moistens the ladies' eyes and saturates their handkerchiefs too early in the evening, besides making their noses look red. And the sick chamber of the pale Dame aux Camelias and the death-bed scene, as vividly portrayed by Miss Heron, move one with a painful shudder like that which the reality might excite, and, indeed, it is hard to persuade oneself that it is not a reality which is before us instead of consummate acting. In her delineation of the character, Miss Heron has learned that to be natural under such circumstances is to be truly tragical, and we have no ranting tones, no wild tearing of the hair, or excited clutchings at imaginary candlesticks, but the suppressed voice of real passion instead—the deep drawn breath and the effort at calmness, the quick play of the features and the involuntary intonations which respond like the chords of an *Aeolian harp* to the wild storms which sweep across the soul. Let writers differ as they choose as to the merits of the play itself, we fancy there can be but one expression of opinion as regards Miss Heron's rendition of the character—that it is a rare and consummate piece of acting, marked by more power and individuality than any character that has been introduced upon the stage in many years. Mr. Mayo's "Armand" was excellent, and he can convey it to the East with him when he goes with a certain assurance of success. Of course Mrs. Saunders' "Prudence" was good, according to the stage tradition of the character, but, to our thinking, an unpardonable sin against good taste was committed in the invention of the part. It is too strong a foil to *Camille*, and towards the close becomes repulsive instead of funny. Contrasts are good, but few would step from a warm

bath into one of icy temperature by way of a pleasure-plunge. The piece was well put upon the stage, the other characters were very creditably sustained, and when a proper and common understanding is arrived at among the various *dramatis personae* as to the proper pronunciation of the love-sick hero's name, the effect will be fine, indeed. *Medea* was announced for last night. *Fazio* will be produced this evening, and *Gamea* is in active preparation.

Mrs. Perry's benefit on Saturday night last was crowded. Miss Clarkson made a very successful *début*, and the beneficiary, in acknowledgment of the kindness of her friends, made one of the best little speeches imaginable—we score this latter fact down to the credit of a sex which does not always appear to advantage in similar essays.

The minstrels still continue their nightly ministrations at the Academy of Music, the Eureka being closed. They appear in the afternoon performance at the Opera House to-day and in the usual Sacred Concert at the Academy to-morrow evening. Last Sunday an excellent house attended them, and if the encouragement be kept up perhaps this will change their intention of migrating in April.

NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, January 13th. 1865.

WHAT phrase can be more expressive than that of the French, *a scalereux secret*? It is used in the notices, now so frequent, of the death of Constant Moequard, private secretary of Louis Napoleon, and chief of his cabinet. He was the prime agent in that detestable, dark *coup d'état*, and the confidant of the Emperor in his political and social intrigues. Napoleon seized his papers at his death, but he has undoubtedly secured the advantages to be derived from dangerous secrets—their mantle will fall on his children. He was a dramatic author, and was possessed with the spirit of his class; authors and artists will regret his death, for he procured crosses and pensions for them, and brought them under the Emperor's notice. The bit of obituary given here of Moequard, I derive from an article in the first number of a revived musical paper, called the *New York Weekly Review*. Its editor is Mr. Seymour of the *Times*, a capable critic, who was somewhat famous several years since for introducing a lively and companionable elephant in his theatrical articles. Mr. Henry Clapp, the conductor of the now extinct *Saturday Evening Press*, and afterwards the literary editor of the *Leader*, has removed himself from the latter, and reappears as "Figaro" in the columns of the *Weekly Review*. The *Leader* is owned by a company who intend to make it a "sound" Democratic paper; they have therefore placed it in the hands of Mr. Fiske, an able newspaper man, who has been attached to the *Herald*, and is of course in ample knowledge of the nature of political ropes. How far the *Leader* will continue to be the refuge of the literary Bohemian, remains for Mr. Fiske to teach us. The life of the Bohemians is as short as it is ardent; like May flies they dance and sport in the sunrise of every newly born periodical; whether the periodical kills them, or they kill the periodical, my tender heart forbids me to search out, but the gods must dearly love them, they disappear so often, and so suddenly. In no city of our continent do they swarm so thickly as in this. Let but a new journal appear, and a host rises to show the world what may become a Bohemian. It would be curious to discover the nature of the individuals who furnish the money for the pastime of these merry grigs, who combine the bent of the locust with their sunny fascinating qualities; they devour noodles' houses, and the noodles are happy to have their tenements destroyed for the sake of basking in what they believe to be a famous intellectual splendor. A great many noodles must at this present time go to the support of a paper; thousands of dollars are edited away in a short number of months. The *Tribune* has paid this year for editing and correspondence, eighty-four thousand dollars, and the difference in the price of its paper, between now and six months since, amounts to seventy-two thousand dollars. Notwithstanding this great expense, and the increased liveliness of the Bohemian tribe thereupon, I am glad to see the *Weekly Review*; there are some capital articles in the first number. I wish more and more literary enterprises would be undertaken, especially in magazines, in order to hold in check the elegant conservatism and the methodical propriety of well-established literature. An instance of steering by public opinion has happened lately in the case of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is rather striking. Its proprietors published the name of George Augustus Sala in its list of contributors for the present year, whereupon the newspapers set up a bowl of virtuous indignation, and the proprietors withdrew Sala's name from their list; but they have published an article of his in the magazine, without mentioning his name. The laborer Sala is only worthy of his eight or ten dollars a page, and must not have any fame, because he did not look at things political in the right light.

The publishers of the *Young Folks' Magazine* sold thirty-five thousand copies of the first number, and, of course, it is a decided success. Publishers believe that the best magazine

period is at hand, because books are so dear, and will be for a long time. People will not buy them; but as reading must be had, magazines will be sought. America will never again boast of her cheap literature. Taylor's new novel, *John Godfrey*, sells at two dollars and a quarter, and Mrs. Hosmer's novel, *The Morrisons* at two dollars. There never was an American novel worth that sum, excepting Hawthorne's. We must import Mudie, and have him start a fast circulating library.

Artemus Ward has hired himself out to another showman for fifteen thousand dollars a year, and he is now on exhibition, with his Panorama thrown in, at Boston. Another celebrity, Dan Bryant, has made himself remarkable, from the fact of having his table on New Year's day served from the Maison Doree, to the tune of a thousand dollars. Minstrelsy pays better than it did in the days of the Troubadours, when young gentlemen went about singing in dirty wash leather.

There were as many fights on the first of January as usual, owing to the spirit of whisky, as well as that of good-fellowship, which is apt to reach before night, or midnight on convivial occasions. The time is coming for another Temperance apostle; whisky-drinking is universal. I have been to no dinner, supper, reception, this season where the whisky bottle was not ready. When the sherry, claret, and champagne courses are over—"coming through the Rye" is begun, and a steady march is kept up, till everybody's head has reached that stage of whizziness which is neither delight nor misery, but approaches both conditions. The pictures of social life which Judd drew in his novel of *Margaret* in the early New England times, when all classes drank rum habitually—when it poisoned and sapped the moral foundations of society—might be surpassed, if as powerful a genius existed now to draw them.

Several persons are at, or on their way to Richmond to see about the end of the war; they will not find it there probably. The State Convention of Missouri have passed an ordinance for the abolition of slavery in that State. If all the States would attend solely to States' business, provided the Federal Government would allow them to, the difficulty arising from this black business might be adjusted.

E. D. B. S.

"PODGERS'" JOURNAL.

THE DOWN TRIP OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

NUMBER TWO.

ON BOARD P. M. S. S. "CONSTITUTION."

JANUARY 8th is a day to be remembered, and I can vouch for the fact that it was not forgotten on board the *Constitution*. The Commodore's table seemed to comprise a very patriotic assemblage, and in its arrangement "the love of the beautiful" still pervaded the Old Hero's heart, for on either hand he had managed to seat two of the fairest. Our young bride graced his right, while on his left the lady of one of our Nevada Senators assisted in the honors with the grace and dignity natural to her. The next two ladies, representatives from the Sunny South, were placed opposite two of the most enthusiastic patriots on the ship, Gen. Frisbie and Professor Silliman. This arrangement was probably with a view to counteract the influence of the two ladies, or else to convert them to the good cause; but for once North and South harmonized good homoredly, and peace and good fellowship reigned. Next to Mrs. L. sat Col. Pride, the handsomest man on the ship, except perhaps Gen. Vallejo, who faced him. The Colonel having served with distinction on General Grant's staff for two years, at the siege of Vicksburg and elsewhere, was perhaps the only man that could with safety be placed next to the fascinating Southern widow, for he had faced the enemy before, and proved himself shot proof, although I think if he had ever encountered such direct fire, so pointed and so rapid, he would have fallen early in the action—a real rebel sharpshooter we found before a day was over in the sparkling little widow. Opposite the Commodore at the other end of the table sat Gov. Nye, Major Van Voast and sundry other gentlemen, comprising, as he said, his staff—a goodly company. On the day aforesaid, January 8th, the array of ice and silver-tipped bottles argued that there was an almanac on board, and that it had been consulted.

The ceremonies opened with "the day we celebrate," drank enthusiastically by North and South—from grave to gay—when we rose from the table after having, as the Governor remarked, "done our duty." Everybody adjourned to the upper deck, where a select party took coffee with the Commodore. Whether or not it was the coffee, or the exhilaration of the day and hour, the influence of the bright moon, or patriotism, I do not know, but the party "felt good," and, as Governor Nye remarked, if any man wanted to borrow a thousand that was the time he could come about us near it as *ever* he could. I felt a little sleepy, and in the midst of the united assertions that they belonged to "Gideon's baud," slipped off to bed. But an hour or two later my blissful dreams were interrupted by the entrance into my room of a procession in single file singing,

"We belong to Gideon's baud,
Here's my heart and here's my hand,"

and all my inquiries of "who's there?" elicited only the

reply, "we belong to Gideon's band." Gideon had reason to congratulate himself on the augmented strength of his band, for sundry other recruits were "conscripted," and forced to join whether or no. About 3 A. M. the ceremony of putting Gideon's followers to bed, according to rank, commenced, and was pursued with appropriate honors and music, the first being honored with the song, "Thou art Nigh," then came the aria "Pride must have a fall." It must be confessed that it was a most stubborn specimen, and died hard. The triumphal march pursued its rounds until there were but two left, myself and another sober man, and we tossed to see who should go last. The gentleman from New York, who had made California a flying visit to inspect his quartz interests in Reese River and elsewhere, won the "toss," and was the last of his race. Here let me state that "my head head was level," and although a conscripted member of Gideon's band, I partook not of the ruby wine, and was seriously and properly lighted to bed by the gentleman from New York, who produced a dainty little wax candle from a carpet-bag, which seemed to contain all things most necessary in this life, ornamental and useful. And while on that subject I cannot but congratulate him on the devotion of a fair lady friend who "saw him off" at the steamer, and who again saw him off the Cliff House while we were on the bar. At least I so judged, for despite the excitement of the scene and the surrounding danger, the waves of old Ocean were not more persistent and continued than were those of his handkerchief to the "somebody" who stood upon the porch of the Cliff House. I can bear witness to his maintaining his position till "twilight dews were falling fast," and at dinner I drank to him "long may she wave."

As a good moral character is of great value in these days, on account of its rarity, I deem it my duty to see that justice is done, and so give the Major the benefit of the doubt as to where he was on that "eventful night," by declaring that he did not desert his colors and enlist in Gideon's band, for although the "delegation" pounded oft and loudly at his door, no response came therefrom, and he was either "out" or playing "possum."

The band of Gideon numbered but few performers next morning at breakfast, but there came from their state-rooms subdued voices praying for soda and ice. Cider cocktails seemed to be in high favor. I called on the missing members and then one and all declared that they would have felt first rate if it had not been for that old cheese of the Commodore's. The Commodore did set on some rare old Stilton with brandy in it, but he also set on some brandy without Stilton. They had their choice and they took both, but the Stilton got all the credit; however, Gideon's followers all turned out fresh and sound for dinner, although I noticed they preferred ice-water to any other beverage, and smiled faintly when asked how they felt—evidently martyrs to "the day they celebrated."

We had rather a rough sea and a stiff breeze crossing the Gulf of California. Consequently we did not arrive at Acapulco until 10 o'clock on the evening of the 11th, where poor Doctor McNaughton was buried.

The Doctor had been for a number of years in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was widely known and highly respected. His health had given way under the constant changing of climate, and on his arrival at San Francisco the last trip of the *Constitution* he was quite unwell, looking wretchedly when he came on board the morning we sailed. He never should have essayed the trip in his state of health. He seemed considerably excited and nervous while we were on the bar endeavoring to assist the distressed ships; but becoming exhausted he went below to his room, whence he never again came alive. He seemed suddenly to sink; on the 10th it was whispered around the ship that he was dying, and at noon he ceased to breathe. For twelve hours previous he had not his senses, or at least was apparently unconscious, lying in a heavy stupor, and so he continued until he died—gently as a child and without a movement. Every care and attention was shown him, and a skilful physician on board did all that man could do, but in vain. The body was enclosed in a coffin constructed on board, and placed on the pilot-house and covered with the ship's colors.

After the coaling and other business of the ship was completed, about 2 o'clock in the morning, all hands were piped and every employé on board was mustered on the forward deck. The body was then placed on a platform of chairs, the crew were ranked on either side, Commander Watkins and Gen. Vallejo took their places at the head, and, by the lurid glare of burning blue-lights, and in profound silence, the Episcopal funeral service was read by Col. Pride in a deep, sonorous voice. It was a solemn scene; the glare of the blue lights falling upon the faces of the uncovered crowd gathered there, from the swarthy fireman to the delicate lady passenger—the long row of rough sailors and waiters, the light of the moon mingling with the pallid rays of the blue-lights giving an unearthly hue to every face, the old Commodore standing uncovered with the tears streaming down his weather-beaten cheeks. The deep voice of the reader floated upon the still night air;

I never heard the service so beautifully or effectively read—never witnessed a more solemn and affecting funeral; and I doubt if the few natives who happened to see it from their boats, as well as the officers from the deck of the *Saragat* near at hand, ever looked upon a ceremony with such breathless interest. When it came to that part of the service where the body is consigned to the grave—"earth to earth, dust to dust"—the coffin was lowered over the ship's side into a boat waiting to receive it; and as it was borne away to its temporary resting-place ashore, the steamer's gun boomed over the water, waking a thousand echoes from the neighboring rocks and hills, and dying away in mournful anthems for the one who slept "the long sleep that knows no waking." We shall see him no more on earth. Though he died far away from his home and in a foreign clime, there was not wanting the tender hand to close his eyes, and big hearts that loved him stood by his bedside till the spirit took its flight.

JANUARY 16TH.—This morning, soon after breakfast, the cry of "man overboard!" startled everybody. Mothers rushed for their children, each fearing that the victim might perhaps be one of her own; but it proved to be a fireman, who came up from the fire-room, walked to the guard and sprang into the sea. The alarm was given at once, and within ten seconds the ship was stopped, the engine reversed, and a boat lowered. We saw the man close astern, but before the impetuosity of the ship could be arrested he had of course drifted some distance. The boat hung suspended a foot above the water, with the first officer and crew at their places, all ready to drop and pick up the man the instant we came near him, the steamer backing meanwhile to the locality. With a glass I observed him swimming very well, the sudden plunge having apparently changed his ideas, and he seemed to be doing his best to save himself. Suddenly he sprang with a convulsive effort half out of the water, tossed his arms wildly about, and disappeared amid a foam and commotion in the water that too painfully demonstrated the mode of his death. The sharks had seized and instantly devoured him. It was a horrid sight: a human being just about to be rescued from drowning torn to pieces by the ferocious monsters of the deep that now came crowding about the stern of the ship, greedy for more! The Commodore knew too well the man's fate, and reluctantly gave the order to go ahead. The whole scene occupied but a few moments from the time the alarm was given to its tragical termination; but it was a sight not soon to be forgotten.

JANUARY 17TH.—On every side the busy note of preparation argues that this voyage is near its end. Perspiring faces, red with the exertion of packing valises and closing refractory trunks that refuse to lock, prove it. The Room-Boys are unusually attentive and polite, and "there are signs in the moon and the stars" that we must soon go ashore, which we will do with a feeling of regret, after all, for we have become settled down, as it were, every one to his place, and we hate to move, especially as we know that we go from comfort and luxury to all the discomforts that passengers per *North Star* are heir to. It would be simply absurd to say anything in praise of any ship of this line, and especially of the *Constitution* under command of Commodore Watkins. Neatness, such as any housekeeper could learn and pattern from, order and system that make this immense affair run like a clock—everything in its place, and so refreshingly clean.

There is a nice, cool and delicious breeze. The bride and several gentlemen are at the piano singing their farewell songs, and as we lose here our gallant Colonel, who journeys Costa Rica-wards, the song of Don Caesar's seems appropriate:

"Farewell my gallant Colonel,
I told you how 't would be."

Governor Nye is out as fresh as a rose, rejoicing in spotless linen and a smooth face, and at the present writing is making himself agreeable to the lady of the other distinguished Senator from Nevada.

Major Van Voast is helping a young lady pack her trunk. I think, at least, I heard him offer his assistance, which she rather declined, remarking that she did not think he knew the uses and places of feminine toggery. Like little George Washington, he couldn't tell a lie, and therefore had to say he did. I may do him injustice, and he may only be packing his own. Ah! yes, he is! I see him at lunch down at the other end of the cabin!

The children are kicking up such a jolly "row" at the prospect of going ashore, that Babel would be painfully quiet in comparison, and to write is impossible, so I will close these jottings, "to be continued," perhaps, hereafter—from elsewhere generally.

Our last toast at dinner yesterday was: "The *Constitution* and its Commodore: long may they wave! May the waves never come that could overwhelm them!" PODGERS.

The *Denver News* publishes a table of distances, from which we see that Austin is 329 miles from Sacramento, 169 miles from Virginia, 384 from Salt Lake, 986 from Denver, 1,636 from Atchison, and 772 miles from Virginia, Montana Territory. Stage fare from Salt Lake to Denver, \$175; from Denver to Atchison, \$150.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW style of binding is coming into vogue which excites our admiration. It is now possible to have a library that looks like morocco for a mere fraction of what that expensive style of binding would actually cost. Two books attract our attention this week from the neatness of their exterior, *The Morrisons* and *Autumn Leaves*. The first mentioned is by a Californian authoress, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. It is a story of considerable power, told with creditable skill. The plot can scarcely be called a new one, for both in real life and in romance it has been enacted daily and hourly since the deluge. A handsome dashing young man wins a noble woman's love and after betrothal deserts her to marry a wealthier bride. Of course his life is unhappy; he discovers his mistake when too late, and appears in the dark light of a villain in subsequent pages. His first—or at least his first betrothed—love, was the idol of his mother's heart and the serviceable member of the household. In the end she wins the love of a better and truer man, and marries him. The central characters are well drawn, and were it not for the idea of want of finish which the book somehow conveys we should write it down as an excellent novel. But at times it seems as if the authoress became bewildered in the plot and puzzled as to the *denouement*, changing her mind in this latter regard after half the chapters were written.

Autumn Leaves, by Samuel Jackson Gardner, contains some passable prose and some not very good poetry. Contributed to a newspaper, almost any one of the articles would stand a good chance of acceptance; but the best of them, as essays, are scarcely worth the pretty binding in which they appear.

Jean Ingelow's *Studies for Stories* are most appropriately named, for they bear about the same relation to the works of that authoress that the artists' studies do to finished pictures. However, it must be remembered that it makes a deal of difference from whose hand the studies come; for instance, we would prefer to possess simply the suggestion of a picture from the pencil of Bierstad than to be the owner of a room full of landscapes by other artists we could name. A strong vein of sense characterizes Jean Ingelow's works, and notwithstanding the soberness of the present volume it will find readers and admirers among both the young and the old.

"By Mrs. Brigadier-General Egbert L. Vielé" on the brightly-colored cover of a pamphlet book entitled *Following the Drum*, brings to mind the anecdote of the lady who when her husband was elected corporal in the old militia days discussed the propriety of herself and children associating as familiarly as before with her neighbors, "Because," as she naively asked "are we not all corporals too?" The book is advertised as a novel, but it is not one, in any sense of the word, being simply an account of a lady's life who married a soldier and followed her husband when he was ordered from one post to another—a sort of a private diary, in all probability that of "Mrs. Brigadier-Gen. Egbert L. Vielé" herself, containing nothing either of novelty or adventure, and nothing in fact to warrant its publication.

Young America, a poem by Fitz Greene Halleck, neatly published by the Appletons, were it not for the indication of the authorship on the title-page, would more likely be attributed to one of our latter-day poets than to the author of *Fanny* and *Marco Bozarris*. We prefer to base our memories of Halleck on any of his former works in preference to this last one.

Our Young Folks is the title of a new illustrated magazine for youth, lately started by Ticknor & Fields. It was from its pages that the story of "Hum, the Son of Buz" was copied in last week's issue, we inadvertently omitting to give the credit of its authorship to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Our New York correspondent informs us that the publication has proven a success from the start, thirty five thousand of the first number being sold. Certainly it deserves to live, for it is the best periodical of the kind that this continent has ever afforded, and we do not know where to look for its equal abroad. It is edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom. Among its list of contributors many of the contributors to the *Atlantic* are remembered, and we are by no means sure that it will not prove a fatal rival to that periodical.

For a copy of *The Cottage Cyclopædia of History and Biography*, we are indebted to R. J. Trumbull, of 302 Montgomery street, the general agent for the work in this city. In addition to being quite a copious dictionary of memorable persons, events, places and things, it contains notices of the principal countries and nations of the known world and a chronological view of American history. In a convenient and compact form it furnishes a great deal of useful information, and proves its right to the title which the publishers have chosen for it, as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* could scarcely find room in a cottage, even did its price bring it within the means of the inmates. As a work of reference, the one of which we speak is very valuable, and its binding is both elegant and durable.

DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

[For the following article, of absorbing interest to the fat and the lean, we are indebted to *Harper's Weekly*. A serious subject is seriously treated of, and it would seem easy enough, by simply following the plain directions, for people to increase themselves indefinitely or reduce their dimensions correspondingly. We apprehend that care must be had to follow the proper dietary prescription, for, should a mistake be made, the fat man might find himself "swelling visibly," while the lean are dwindled down to something less than a shadow. Omitting a not very important prelude, we begin where our author defines, so to speak, his position:]

BY obesity we mean that state of fatty congestion when, without the individual being ill, the limbs or members increase gradually in size and lose their primitive form and beauty. There is one sort of obesity which is confined to the stomach. This is seldom found in women. "I myself," says Savarin, "am a sufferer in this respect, yet I have an ankle, instep, and calf as firm as an Arabian horse. Nevertheless, I looked upon my stomach as a most formidable enemy; I conquered it, and reduced it to its proper dimensions." The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated. The first is the natural conformation of the individual. Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp nose. Out of one hundred "corpulents" ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug nose. It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater portion of fat. And here let us cite a few instances of men of weight. M. Laurent notices a Parisian boy who must have frightened his parents a little, for he weighed a hundred and four pounds at four years old. There was a boy at Winton, in Durham, about a century ago, who, at the age of ten years, measured thirteen inches round the thigh, and thirty-three round the waist; he was a queer fellow in other ways, for he had six toes on each foot, and six fingers on one hand. In 1784 died an Irish gentleman, Mr. Lovelace Love, from very fatness. So immense was his bulk that his coffin measured seven feet in length, four in breadth, and three and a half in depth. Mr. Baker, who died at Worcester in 1766, was so large a man that, in the language of the local prints, "his coffin measured seven feet over, and was bigger than an ordinary hearse, and part of the wall was obliged to be taken down to admit its passage." Six years afterward there died at Usk, in Monmouthshire, one Mr. Philip Mason, whose dimensions were recorded as follows: round the wrist, eleven inches; round the upper arm, twenty-one inches; round the chest, sixty inches; round the largest part of the body, seventy-two inches; round the thigh, thirty-seven inches; round the calf of the leg, twenty-five inches. The above instances are wanting in facilities for comparison, on account of the actual weights being, in most cases, unrecorded. We give the following as instances more specifically definite on this point. There was a Kentish farmer and inn-keeper, one Mr. Palmer, who attracted much attention in the early part of the present century by his enormous bulk. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Five ordinary men could be buttoned at one time within his waistcoat. He came to London to see the famous Daniel Lambert. The two men looked at each other. Lambert was vastly the superior of Palmer in bulk, but the latter puffed so much through his fatness that Lambert pitied him, as a man to whom life must have been a burden. Palmer went home much mortified; his claim to notoriety was suddenly eclipsed by a rival, and his vexation hastened his death. A part of his inn had to be taken down to allow room for his coffin to be removed. John Love was so thin and meagre that a physician advised him to eat liberally. The advice was so well taken that John became a gormandizer: his fatness killed him at the age of forty, when he weighed three hundred and sixty-four pounds. Mr. Benjamin Bower, a native of Holt, in Dorsetshire, attained a weight of four hundred and seventy pounds. In 1774 there died in Lincolnshire one Mr. Pell, who weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. He was incased in three coffins, the united weight of which, with himself, exceeded three thousand pounds. Mr. Bright, of Essex, was a person of great notoriety in the early days of the reign of George the Third. He died at the age of thirty. His weight was six hundred and sixteen pounds. Seven men were, on one particular occasion, buttoned up within his waistcoat. When his career was ended, and his body was incased in its monster coffin, not only walls, but staircases, had to be cut through before it could be got out; twelve men drew the low carriage on which the coffin was placed; and "an engine was fixed up on the church," as the local chroniclers narrate, to lower the coffin into the grave. There was an Irishman, Roger Byrne, who died in 1804, whose bulk was so great that his admirers claimed for him the merit of being "several stones heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright of Essex." It required thirty men to carry to the grave the bier on which his body was laid. Mr. Spooner, a Tamworth man, who was living in 1775, attained a weight of six hundred and eighty pounds. He had long been too heavy to walk, his legs being unable to bear him. He measured four feet three inches across the

shoulders. It is recorded of him that "his fatness once saved his life; for, being at Atherstone market, and some difference arising between him and a Jew, the Jew stabbed him in the belly with a pen-knife; but the blade, being short, did not pierce his bowels, or even pass through the fat which defended them." But of men of weight Daniel Lambert was the king. Shortly before his death he attained the unprecedented weight of seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. His coffin was seventy-six inches long by fifty-two wide, and contained a hundred and twelve square feet of elm. The coffin was regularly built upon axles and wheels; and not only the window, but also the side of a room, had to be taken down to afford a passage for the bulky mass. The wheeled coffin was drawn to St. Martin's church-yard, where a gradual descent was made to the grave by excavating the ground.

The second and principal cause of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which man eats at his daily meals. All animals that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law. Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep, and a want of sufficient exercise. A last cause of corpulency consists in excess in eating and drinking. Corpulency is detrimental to strength, because, while increasing the weight you have to carry, it does not increase the motive power. It is also detrimental because it impedes respiration, which renders impossible any labor which requires a prolonged exertion of muscular strength. Corpulency is detrimental to beauty, as it destroys the harmony of proportions established by nature; it carries with it a distaste for dancing, walking, riding, and an inaptitude for any occupation or amusement requiring a little exertion or skill. It, moreover, leads to apoplexy, dropsy, swelling in the legs, and impairs the health generally. But corpulency is not a malady; it is at most a lamentable result of an inclination to which we give way, and we alone are to blame. When we meet in society a charming little girl, with rosy cheeks and rounded arms, dimpled hands, a *nez retroussé*, and pretty little feet, instructed by experience, we cast a glance ten years forward, and foresee the ravages of corpulency upon those youthful charms, and sigh upon other evils looming in the future. To cure corpulency the precepts of absolute theory must be adhered to: Discretion in eating; moderation in sleep; exercise on foot or on horseback. It requires a firm will to leave the dinner-table with an appetite. As long as the craving is felt one morsel invokes another with irresistible attraction, and, generally speaking, we eat as long as we are hungry, despite the doctors, and even the example of doctors. To tell a person of *embonpoint* to get up early in the morning is to break his (or her) heart: they will tell you that it will ruin their health, and render them unfit for any thing during the rest of the day; the ladies will complain that their eyes look heavy; they will all consent to sit up late, but they must have a long snooze in the morning, and thereby is one remedy lost. Propose to a pretty fat girl to ride, she will consent with delight, but on three conditions: she must have a handsome and quiet horse, a well-made habit of the last fashion, and a gay young fellow to ride with. Now these three things are not always to be had, so riding is given up. Walking has many other objections. It is so fatiguing, the mud and the dust are dreadful, and the stones cut the pretty little boots, and that plan is peremptorily abandoned. But in place of this natural course of treatment, sly puss takes to drinking—yes, drinking vinegar. And here we would warn Miss Groat against the great evils resulting from a habitual use of acids. There is no doubt but they will make a person thin; but they destroy freshness, health, even life itself, as the following story of poor Louise too truly shows:

"I had a Platonic friendship for one of the most charming persons I have ever met. Louise — was a lovely girl, and had that classical *embonpoint* which charms the eye and is the glory of sculptors. Though only a friend, I was not blind to her attractions, and this is perhaps why I observed her so closely. 'Chère amie,' I said to her one evening, 'you are not well; you seem to be thinner.' 'Oh no,' she said, with a smile which partook of melancholy, 'I am very well; and if I am a little thinner I can very well afford it.' 'Afford it!' I said, with wrath; 'you can afford neither to gain nor lose; remain beautiful as you are,' and other phrases pardonable to a young man of twenty. After that conversation I watched her more closely, with an interest not untinted with anxiety; gradually I saw her cheeks fall in, her figure decline. One evening at a ball, after dancing a quadrille, I cross-questioned her, and she reluctantly avowed that, her school friends having laughed at her, and told her that in two years she would be as fat as St. Christopher, she had for more than a month draught a glass of vinegar every morning; she added that she had not told any body of it. I shuddered when I heard her confession; I was aware of the danger she incurred, and next day I informed her mother, who was terribly alarmed, for she doted upon her child. No time was lost. The very best advice was taken. All in vain! The springs of life had been attacked at the source, and when the danger was suspected all hope was gone. Thus for having followed an ignorant advice poor Louise was carried to her grave in her eighteenth year, her last days embittered by the thought that she herself had cut short her existence."

On the subject of reducing corpulence Mr. William Banting has given an instructing and amusing account of his own experience in a letter which he has published. Although not very corpulent, the adipose tissue had collected in those parts of the body which interfered with the circulation, and in the course of one year, by discontinuing a most injudicious and unlimited dietary for one which his medical man had the great judgment to prescribe by weight, he lost his fat and the inconveniences that attend its presence. His weight on the 7th of September, 1862, was 200 pounds; on the 12th of September, 1863, 156—loss of weight, 44 pounds. In addition to which he says that in girth round the waist is reduced 12-1-2 inches, he can tie his shoes, he has more muscular vigor, eats and drinks with a good appetite, sleeps well, and is relieved from all symptoms of acidity, indigestion, and heart-burn, with which he was once tormented. But the diet he pursued is

objectionable from several points of view; and in order that our guests, the Groatoxes, may have every advantage to cure themselves of this growing evil, we have placed, as they will perceive, our own bill of fare before them.

DIETARY FOR THE CORPULENT AND THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO BE SO.

Corpulent persons should eat in moderate quantity any of the following articles of food:

The lean of Butcher's Meat.
Poultry—Game.
Fish, fresh or salted—Eggs—Toast for ordinary bread—Greens—Cabbage—Watercress—Spinach.

And avoid eating.

Fat or Potted Meats.
Bread—Biscuits—Rice—Arrow-root—Sage—Macaroni—Vermicelli—Puddings and Pastry of all kinds—Custards—Cheese—Butter—Cream.

Sugar in any form.
Potatoes—Parsnips—Turnips—Carrots.
Fruits of all kinds, fresh or preserved.

They may drink.

Tea and Coffee, without sugar or cream.
Acid Wines—Claret—Dry Sherry, schizer, or soda water.
Unsweetened spirits in great moderation.

And avoid drinking

Stout—Porter and Ale of all kinds—Milk—Sweet and Port Wines—Liqueurs—Cocoa and Chocolate.

A few words now to the Lankys.

Leanness is the condition or state of an individual whose muscular flesh, not being sufficiently provided with fat, betrays the forms and angles of his bony conformation. Leanness is not a disadvantage to men. Their strength is not affected by it, and they are even more vigorous. But leanness in the fair sex is a dreadful evil, for with them beauty is more than life, and beauty consists especially in the rounded limb and the graceful curve. The most *recherché* toilet, the best dress maker in the world, cannot conceal certain "absences," or disguise certain angles; and it has been not wrongly said that every pin which a thin woman takes out, no matter how beautiful she may have appeared, lessens her charms. But women who are born thin and have a good stomach may be fattened like fowls, (the Miss Lankies will please forgive us for this comparison, but it is the mildest we could hit upon;) and should a little more time be requisite, it is because the stomach of a woman is comparatively smaller, and they can not be subjected to a rigorous *régime*, punctually enforced. Persons destined to be thin are constructed in an elongated shape. They generally have thin hands and feet, skinny legs, not much flesh about the lower part of the body, their ribs visible, an aquiline nose, almond-shaped eyes, a large mouth, pointed chin and brown hair. Such is the general type. Some portions of the body may escape this description, but rarely. Some lean persons have voracious appetites. But every thin woman wishes to be stouter. This is a wish we have heard expressed a thousand times. Now the whole secret for a thin *embonpoint* lies in a nutshell. It consists in a suitable *régime*. She must learn how to select and how to eat her food. We shall therefore endeavor to point out the system which ladies ought to follow who wish to become more plump, or, to use the more elegant term, who are desirous of acquiring "the rounded limb and the graceful curve."

GENERAL RULES.

Eat a quantity of fresh bread—the same day's baking—and do not throw away the crumb.

Before eight A. M., when in bed, take a basin of soup, (*potage au pain or aux patés*), not too much, or, if you prefer it, a cup of good chocolate.

Breakfast in eleven. Fresh eggs, boiled or poached, *petits patés*, cutlets, or anything else; but eggs are essential. A cup of coffee will not hurt.

After breakfast take a little exercise. Go shopping, or call on a friend, sit and chat, and walk home again.

At dinner, eat as much soup, meat and fish as you like, but do not omit to eat the rice with the fowl, macaroni, sweet pastry, creams, etc.

At dessert, savory biscuits, *babas* and other farinaceous preparations which contain eggs and sugar.

This diet may seem limited, but is capable of great variation, and comprises the whole animal kingdom.

Drink beer by preference; otherwise Bordeaux, or wine from the south of France.

Avoid acids, except salad, which gladdens the heart. Eat sugar with your fruit, if it admits of it. Do not take baths too cold; breathe the fresh air of the country as often as you can; eat plenty of grapes when in season; do not fatigue yourself by dancing at a ball.

Go to bed at eleven o'clock; on extra nights be in bed by one.

If this system is boldly and exactly adhered to, the failings of nature will soon be supplied; health and beauty will be the result.

Lean persons should be well-clothed, according to the season, and regulated by their feelings; taking care to have their extremities kept warm, and to avoid being chilled.

We now place before our lanky guests a bill of fare for their guidance, and may they feel ever grateful to the All-Wise for his increasing bounties!

DIETARY FOR LEAN PERSONS.

Lean persons may eat

Fresh Butcher's meat, of all kinds, because it contains the largest amount of nourishment.

Game—Poultry.

Fish of all kinds.

Soups, Broths and Beef Tea, thickened with Bread or any farinaceous or vegetable substance.

Eggs—Butter—Cheese—Cream.

Sweetened Jellies—Custards—Blanc-mange, etc.

Ripe Fruits, fresh or preserved.

Sugar, in almost any form—Honey.

Farinaceous Substances, such as bread, biscuits, arrow-root, sago, tapioca, rice, potatoes.

Saccharine Roots, as parsnips, carrots, turnips, beet-root.

Vegetables, as cauliflowers, asparagus, sea-kale.

They should avoid eating

All kinds of salted meats and fish.

Pickles, lemons.

They should not drink

Sour Wines, acids, vinegar.

They may drink

Cocoa, chocolate, coffee, tea, and milk.

Generous Wines, ale, stout, liqueurs.

Cod-liver Oil is a most nutritious substance, and a table-spoonful twice or thrice a day has in numerous cases proved highly beneficial.

But oh, Groatoxes and Lankies! we do not live upon what we eat, but upon what we digest. Digest well, therefore, the words we have spoken, and then to dinner with what appetite you may.

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

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WANTS OF CALIFORNIA, will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with movable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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64 Silver street, between Second and Third streets.

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OIL PAINTING AND DRAWING—Mr. Frederick A. Butman.

DANCING—Mons. Galavotti.

The friends and patrons of this Institution, and those interested in the cause of Education, are cordially invited to visit during the hours of Recitation, from half-past 9 o'clock, A. M. to 3 P. M.

Jan 4-1m

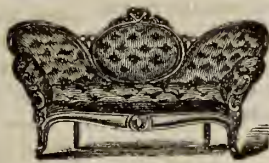
M. LAMMOND, Principal.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
Fine Clothing
—AND—
Gentlemen's
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GOODWIN & CO., HAVING RECEIVED AT THE LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

First Premium,

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES.



Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,
DINING ROOM AND
OFFICE FURNITURE.

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,
No. 528 Washington street
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PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.
113 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

N. B.—ALL CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.
Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. de3-3m

PHINEAS BANNING,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT
WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line be-

tween Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

an27

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!



THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION

FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND

DRESSING

THE

Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay San Francisco.

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Fetridge & Co."

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents, San Francisco.

ja25-1f

STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP HAS CURED THOUSANDS!

And it will cure YOU if you try it.

This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens in California accompany every bottle.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

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GRIDLEY'S CELEBRATED Salt Rheum Ointment!

POSITIVELY

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

—FOR—

Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers,
Ring Worms,

OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
Directious and Certificates within.

Prepared by

MRS. A. GRIDLEY,

Sole Successor to the Original Inventor and Proprietor,
AUBURN, N. Y.

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.
TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED.

Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO.,

Agents, 416 and 418 Front street,

ja25-1f

SAN FRANCISCO

MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE

ELECTRIC OIL!

CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Pulpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,

ja25 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN:

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and roseate hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,

416 418 Front street,

ja25-1f

San Francisco.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The First Unitarian Church, on Geary street, last Sunday collected for the Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$1,017 85.

Edward Riley, a fireman from the U. S. steamer *Saginaw*, was found dead at the Commercial Lodging House, Sunday. Cause of death unknown.

The Jefferson Park Homestead Association have purchased of J. C. Beideman, for \$13,000, a block in Western Addition, bounded by Ellis, O'Farrel, Webster and Buchanan streets.

Dupont street, from Broadway to Green, is being paved and curbed. N. Conniff has contracted to plank Stevenson street, between Fifth and Sixth.

Company F., Capt. Grant, and Company I, Capt. Burton, (Eighth Regiment,) numbering over eighty men each, were organized at the depot on Harrison street, Monday, and mustered into service.

The bridge from the foot of Fourth street across Mission Bay to Kentucky street, on the Potrero, commenced on Monday, will be one mile in length and thirty feet wide; the cost is estimated at \$60,000; it is to be completed within sixty days.

Selby & Co. have commenced building a shot-tower at the southeast corner of First and Folsom streets. The frame superstructure will be octagonal, 28 feet in diameter at the base, 10 feet 8 inches at the top, 180 feet in height, surmounted by a cupola.

A fire occurred at the intersection of Market and Sacramento streets, Feb. 4th, destroying over 200 tons of hay belonging to Holmes & Chadbourne, Rider & Somers, and A. P. Jewett & Co., and also burning fatally twelve horses owned by the firms named. Fred. Shauman's restaurant and George Smith's butcher-shop were burned. The aggregate loss is placed at \$20,000. Incendiarism is alleged.

At the last meeting of the Society of California Pioneers, W. J. Miller, David Dick, W. L. Bryant, Richard Finley, G. Sawyer, David Bowyer, G. Craig, W. B. Craig, J. W. Bell, D. O. Mills, Robert Vandercook and Morris Shloss were elected members. The deaths of Dr. McNaughton and F. A. Woodworth were announced, and eloquent tributes of respect accorded.

The benefit recently given to the St. Andrew's society, at the Hippodrome, netted \$719. The Society has ministered to the wants of the poor of Scottish origin; it maintains a reading-room and library, free of access to members and their friends, at No. 522 Market street, and has established itself with the public as an institution which deserves encouragement.

Wm. A. Groves, who has been dealing in jewelry at 413 Montgomery street, is suspected of having lost one of the most valuable (shall we say costly?) jewels man may possess—honesty. Groves is absent; his shelves are bare, and his safe is empty. His creditors are of opinion that he has gone east on the *Golden Age*, (which left on Friday last,) and that their silver has adhered to him.

Caroline Lewis, a mulatto woman, on Greenwich near Jones street, met with death in a manner not without many precedents, but none the less shocking, Sunday evening. She laid down, and after reading for some time by a candle, fell asleep; the candle set fire to the curtains and other articles in the room, and when the alarm was raised the poor woman was found suffocated. Caroline had been noted for deeds of charity, and it is said her last act before retiring had been the purchase of bread to be given a poor Spanish neighbor in the morning.

Mrs. S. Siegel, a New York graduate in the school of crime, who has during the past year been very successful in relieving our citizens of spoons, clothing and other articles deemed essential to her comfort, was arrested by officer Rose at her rooms on Market street. When arrested, she had in her possession four trunks filled with articles (evidently borrowed) of every description.

Gen. Sickles did not arrive on Sunday last; it seems he started not for California but for Bogota, whither Government has sent him on official business. There is an approach to a parallel in this case with that of several thousand citizens who did not go to see the General land at the wharf—they merely "had business down that way." The Reception Committee, however, could not deny their mission; they were there, after many days of preparation and nights of sleepless responsibility, to receive a wooden legged hero, and they didn't get so much as a splinter. Who wouldn't be a Committeeman, and "pay all the expenses," and get beautifully sold by a silly telegraphic despatch, just for the honor of the thing? And then, wicked people will laugh, and make horrid puns on the affair, as if it were anybody's business but the Committee's whether embryotic speeches were spoiled and willing lips cheated of welcoming champagne. We extend our sympathies. When Gen. Sickles cannot render farther assistance in crushing the rebellion, we may see him here, but he is not the man to come expressly to receive an ovation while he can be of use to the Government in any capacity.

The movement to widen Kearny street is likely to be successful, and to be attended with but little litigation.

Gen. Mason has been dangerously ill from congestion of the lungs, but is much better; he left for Los Angeles, by advice of physicians, Friday.

Captain Robert Haley's son, aged six years, fell from the second story of the Tehama House to the sidewalk, Thursday afternoon, striking head first. He was very badly hurt, but it is thought his life is not in danger.

Tuesday next will be Valentine's Day, and Appleton—whose advertisement, announcing his various depots for the sale of Valentines, will be found in another column—has made great preparations for the anniversary.

Charles Hanson, four years of age, living on Main between Harrison and Folsom streets, was left alone in the house for a few moments, Wednesday afternoon, and while playing about the fire his clothing ignited, burning him so badly that he died a few hours afterward.

Father Buchard, whose labors in the cause of temperance have rendered his name familiar and agreeable to our citizens generally, is becoming famous as an eloquent speaker and earnest divine; he lectured at St. Ignatius' Church, Thursday evening, for the benefit of the German Church on Sutter street, with a result in receipts which must have materially assisted the congregation referred to.

A splendid six-story brick building will soon be erected on the southeast corner of Third and Market streets, in place of the wooden structures which lately occupied the lot. There seems to be no rest for clapboards in that part of the city. The order is to "move on." Houses on wheels are seen every day on Market street, tending westward.

Forger Shotwell was taken to San Quentin, Friday, the Supreme Court not having been able to detect the error committed by the local authority in adjudging him guilty of a slight indiscretion or forgetfulness in writing a check and drawing a few thousand dollars from Ralston, several months ago.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Thos. McCann, a Greenhorn-creek (Siskiyou county) grocer, was robbed, lately, of \$700.

James Sargent has sold his ranch, five miles from San Juan, (south,) for \$150,000. It cost him about \$5,000. Petroleum.

The track of the Encinal and Alameda Valley Railroad is nearly finished from the Encinal wharf, opposite San Francisco, to San Leandro.

There is a mining claim in Yuba county, (says the *Appeal*), with a capital stock of \$20,000, which divided at one time \$40,000. Rather a healthy claim that!

J. B. Robbins, one of the employes on the new stage road over the Blue Mountains, (Boise River,) was killed recently by a falling tree. His neck was broken.

Recently, in Sierra county, an avalanche of snow buried eleven men and five animals. One of the men, with the animals, was killed.

Tuesday night last, (says the *Pajaro Times* of the 4th inst.) we were visited by an unusually heavy shower of rain, accompanied by severe thunder and flashes of lightning.

Wilson Flint has applied to the Sacramento County Court for a discharge from his debts and liabilities. Indebtedness \$5,974 75; assets \$3,759.

The bodies of Edward Rippie and R. L. Slaughter were found in Sierra Valley, a few days since. They had been missing since Nov. 26th, and it is thought perished from cold.

An old miner at Grass Valley, who has been in bad luck for several years, recently sold an interest in a quartz claim which has suddenly become valuable in consequence of discoveries made by him, for \$36,000.

New Post Offices have been established at St. Johns, Colusa county, and Longworth, Stanislaus county, Cal.; those at Highland, Lewis county, W. T., and Minerville, Trinity county, Cal., are discontinued.

William Fowler, Sr., who emigrated from Massachusetts to Oregon in 1843, and afterward removed to California, where he has lived for many years, died at Napa on the 3d inst. He was a useful citizen, ready in every good word and work to promote the welfare of the country.

Frank Taylor, the young man who killed Johnson at Saucelito Ranch last week, was discharged by the Grand Jury of Marin county after a full examination, the fact of his having been pursued, assaulted and shot by Johnson before using his own gun on his assailant, being made evident.

Eddy & Co., of French Corral, Nevada county, Cal., recently cleaned up from two weeks' washing of dirt from their hydraulic claims, \$32,000. Such items as this bring thousands to California, most of whom find it easier to get "cleaned out" than to clean up anything. Still the chances are here, and every one has a perfect right to seek them. Of course every man can't expect to be struck by lightning.

The Lewiston *Golden Age* has been discontinued. The material will be removed to Boise City.

Angel alias Hoffman, who a few weeks since attempted to hang himself in jail while awaiting trial on a charge of burglary, and was afterwards sent to Stockton for insanity, recovered in a very short time and has taken passage for Mexico.

Wells, Fargo & Co. received Feb. 6th, the largest amount of bullion ever brought over the mountains in one day. It consisted of fifty-four sacks, weighing three thousand seven hundred and sixty-three pounds, and worth \$111,677.

The Shasta *Courier* of Feb. 4th says: "The Highland Mill holds its grip. The last clean up of a ten days run, resulted in the nice little sum of \$3,685 33, and still the lode presents the same beautiful face."

The miners who have been at work for the Wide West Company, at Aurora, recently took forcible possession of the mine for the purpose of paying themselves, from its proceeds, wages due them.

The Union Company, near Nevada, cleared up lately, after a week's run, and took out \$8,640 in gold. This is a new lead, according to the *Transcript*, which has only been worked a few months. It is said to have an inexhaustible supply of the same kind of rock as that crushed.

John H. Gass is said to be in Victoria, practicing law under the name of John H. Gaston. He will be remembered as the person arrested for attempting to defraud ex-Governor Burnett, and who made his escape from the city prison in Sacramento while in confinement on that charge some time in 1863.

Much apprehension is entertained among farmers in Napa Valley, (says the *Reporter*), that the late severe rains have drowned all the grass planted on low lands which had not germinated at the time of their commencement. A large area of soil has been planted, much of which likely will have to be re-sown.

Mason and Henry, the notorious highwaymen (says the *Monterey Gazette*), are again at work. Some days since the sheep camp of Harmerhouse, near the Panoche mines, was burned to the ground. Mason had sworn he would kill Harmerhouse before leaving for the Confederacy, but failing to find his man he has taken his revenge on his property. A detachment of twelve men from Major O'Brien's command at San Juan, hunted the villains five days without success.

The Stockton *Record* states that the rise in the San Joaquin has had the effect to make wood plentiful in that city. We trust the advantage will not stop there. In this town a man has no sight for his pile at less than about two bits per stick, and frequently cannot see it at all. We seldom encroach upon the province of the professional punster, but in this instance may be pardoned for being a little facetious.

The Jacksonville (Oregon) *Sentinel* of recent date says: "From every mining camp in Southern Oregon comes cheering, golden news. Water is abundant, and all hands are at work. Take the mines in the aggregate, and they will yield, this winter, at least \$5 per day to the man. There are at the present time, exclusive of Chinamen and Kanakas, from 500 to 800 men employed in the mines of this county; there are probably 1,000 Chinamen at work."

The *Washoe Times* says that according to the terms of the Nevada Specific Contract Law, it is only necessary for merchants to have "signs" posted conspicuously, notifying customers that coin only will be received in payment for goods. We will not mar the article in the *Times* by omitting the concluding sentence: "Business men desiring such signs can procure them at this office, neatly printed on very fine card paper, for a very trifling sum; every merchant should get one of these signs, and insure himself against loss by being paid in a depreciated currency." There is little difference between the Specific Contract Laws of California and Nevada, but modesty forbids a reference to THE CALIFORNIAN's job-printing facilities, low prices, etc.

A Chinaman killed himself, recently, at Whisky Diggings, Placer county, to escape the oppression to which he had been subject at the hands of a white rascal who has been extorting money from the Chinese in that locality under threats of murder in case of non-compliance with his demands. John's method of "escaping" was most effectual, but as regards getting even with his oppressor, he would perhaps have done better to have stood his ground: Celestial ways are indeed queer ones.

Mrs. Boot died suddenly Tuesday evening, apparently without anything being the matter, says the *Washoe Times* of the 5th inst., and many of her friends queried whether or not she was really dead. All day Wednesday portions of her body were comparatively warm, and on holding a looking-glass over her mouth signs of respiration could be seen. She was buried on Thursday afternoon. This lady has frequently remarked to a friend in Washoe City that she was afraid she would some day be buried alive. It seems that when quite young she was at one time supposed to be dead, and remained in a state of trance two days.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4-3m

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-nathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Mechanist of the French Bencvolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

Bigelow & Bro., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!

DALY, GEORGE & CO.,

NO. 522 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.

fe4-1f

STEEL COLLARS

LIGHT AS LINEN, and white as snow, readily cleaned with a damp towel; have been worn both in Europe and the Eastern States in preference to any Collars for the last three years.

For sale by S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
337 Broadway, } San Francisco, Cal
de31 3m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
jy2

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S
PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Miaturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit.

Stephen Cuiverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shifts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandlers; J. B. Quintu, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

Manufactured by J. E. JORGENSEN,
No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,
Who will give all information about them. de17-3m

ATKINS MASSEY,
UNDERTAKER,
(At the Old Stand.)
No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.
Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City
de3-1f and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC
BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.
de17-3m

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRETIEN PFISTER,
oc15-1f No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQRZA,
ja28-1f 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

P. J. WHITE & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO ROUNTREE, BROTHERS,

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my25 F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. y2

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

328 MONTGOMERY STREET,

BY

P. J. THOMAS, A. A. STICKNEY, and JOHN COLLNER.

C. H. WEBB, Editor.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

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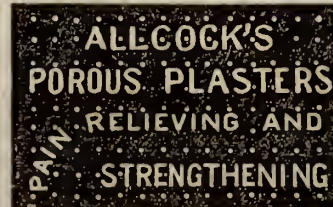
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A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

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A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

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No Exorbitant Fees for Advice. Instruction Free.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purgative of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal Office.

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DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any basis desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House ball door. de10-3m

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E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. juf8

CARPETS.

We have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON

—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

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PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.
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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO., Sporting Emporium.

418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office.)

SAN FRANCISCO.



GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,

AND

Importers of all Classes

OF

SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Cartridges on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols, Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. juf-3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,
And 122 J street, Sacramento.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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ALTA MILLS,

STEVENSON STREET,

Near first street, SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEELAN & CO., Proprietors.

Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Groats, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large: Hominy, Small: Oatmeal, Oat Groats, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order.
de17 3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of FEBRUARY, 1865:

FEBRUARY 13, CONSTITUTION

FEBRUARY 21, SACRAMENTO

From Folson-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

FEBRUARY 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THROUGH IN 21 DAYS!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid

Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 Tons, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

ja21

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f

J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff: vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Tut. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24 3m

THE GREAT SEWING MACHINE
WAR!

THE FIRST GUN!

(October 5th, 1864.)

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

TWO FIRST PREMIUMS

AWARDED TO

GROVER & BAKER,

AT THE

Oregon State Fair,

JUST CLOSED AT SALEM,

FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINES

—AND—

BEST MACHINE WORK!

OVER THE

Wheeler & Wilson,

FLORENCE,

And all other Machines on Exhibition!

(October 6.)

The Florence Sewing Machine

—AND—

Work done on the FLORENCE have taken all the First Premiums awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine work at the Fairs of California in 1864.

Read the report of the Committee on Sewing Machines at the great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute:

THE FLORENCE.—We have given this new Sewing Machine a careful and minute examination. Its simple and finished mechanical construction, and the obvious adaptability of each part to its work, has been to us an interesting study. It differs essentially from other Sewing Machines, having many new and peculiar features. It makes four kinds of stitch, each alike on both sides of the fabric, has a reversible feed motion, and sews any thickness of goods without change of tension. We consider the "FLORENCE" a decided improvement in sewing mechanism.

COMMITTEE.

S. O. BRIGHAM, Pioneer Sewing Machine Agent on the Pacific Coast, and five years San Francisco agent for the Grover & Baker Machine.

O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California.

A. F. HITCHCOCK, Practical Machinist, eleven years in the employ of the Grover & Baker Co., the past five years as adjuster in their San Francisco office.

MRS C. M. BLAIN.
MRS A. J. TURNER,
MRS H. ROSEKRAUS.

(October 10.)

AN UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

The Agent of a certain Sewing Machine evidently intends, by humbug and deception, to foist his wares upon the public, instead of endeavoring by the merit of the article (if it possesses any) to attain an honorable position among those so well and favorably known. He advertises thus:

"The FLORENCE Machine, and work done on the FLORENCE, have taken ALL THE FIRST PREMIUMS awarded to Sewing Machines and Machine Work at the Fairs of California in 1864."

That the ambiguity of the insinuation contained above may deceive no one, we would say that ALL the Fairs in California in 1864, at which ANY premium has been awarded, is ONE—the Mechanics', just closed, whose official Report reads thus:

"Sewing Machines—Premium to the Florence, no competition. This is the OVERWHELMING success which has attended the FLORENCE Machine at ALL the Fairs in California in 1864."

And again the Report reads thus:

"Machine Sewing.—Premium to Mrs. Nancy Barton."

As the FLORENCE Machine claims the first premium on Machine Work, and we do not "see it in that light," we publish the following from Mrs. Barton:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1864.

The Machine Sewing for which I received the First Premium at the Mechanics' Institute Fair was executed on the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, which style I have had in constant use for five or six years, and consider superior to all others.

MRS. NANCY BARTON.

So the FLORENCE Machine, with NO COMPETITION, did obtain a Premium on the Machine, and DID NOT obtain ANY Premium on Machine Work as claimed. Even the "Card" published as a COMMITTEE REPORT loses in a slight degree its importance, as follows:

Extract from the signatures on "Committee Report," published by the FLORENCE Agent.

"O. C. WHEELER, who has been on more SEWING MACHINE Committees than any other person in California."

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

Mr. Wheeler writes thus:

"* * * A gentleman called at my office at a time when I was exceedingly busy, and asked me to append my name to a report which he held in his hand on Sewing Machines, then exhibiting at the 'Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute' in this city. I said, 'I have no knowledge of being on a Committee, and have made no examination.' He informed me that as the FLORENCE was the only Machine on exhibition, and had no competition, an examination was unnecessary. I then wrote my name and he left."

I WOULD NOT have served on a Committee or signed any report had there been any competition, for the reason that my family have used the GROVER & BAKER Machine for several years, and would be unwilling to change it for any other.

I do not remember having ever served on a Committee or signed a report on Sewing Machines before. The statement that I have "served on more Sewing Machine Committees than any other person in California" is therefore untrue and wholly unauthorized. O. C. WHEELER.

San Francisco, October 7th, 1864.

Thus the advertisement of the FLORENCE agent from first to last, is a humbug, and nothing else.

The only Fair on the Pacific Coast where the FLORENCE Machine has been exhibited in competition for a Premium against others was at the Oregon State Fair, in September, where it was essentially defeated, and two First Premiums awarded GROVER & BAKER for best Sewing Machine and Machine Sewing.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(October 19.)

REPLY TO

THE UNMITIGATED HUMBUG!

CARD OF R. G. BROWN.

A new Sewing Machine, recently introduced on this Coast, having taken all the honors awarded to Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work by the Fairs of California in 1864, an agent for one of the old established Machines, evidently worried, endeavors by ridicule and the charge of humbug to hide from the eyes of the public the magnitude of the victories achieved by this new comer.

The FLORENCE and the Work done on the FLORENCE, have taken five First Premiums instead of one, as would be inferred from the statement of the agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, and no greater triumph could be desired for the FLORENCE than the fact that it had "no competition" at a Fair like the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute just closed, held, too, in San Francisco, where nearly every description of Sewing Machine in the known world is represented.

If Mrs. Nancy Barton intends in her note to claim the Premium on Machine Sewing at the late Mechanics' Fair, she has made a great mistake, as the Premium was awarded to work done on the FLORENCE.

The "Sun Bonnet" on which she took a Premium was classed with Fancy Needlework, and was not examined by the Committee on Sewing Machine Work.

From Mr. O. C. Wheeler's statement some have incorrectly inferred that his signature was obtained by some party interested in or connected with the FLORENCE. The Committee were chosen in the usual manner, and we supposed Mr. Wheeler, as one of them, did his duty properly. If his time would not admit of this, it would have been more satisfactory to all concerned had he declined to serve.

From the above, which we are prepared to substantiate to the letter, it will be seen that the FLORENCE advertisement, which the Grover & Baker agent calls an unmitigated humbug was true in every particular, excepting the statement that Mr. Wheeler had been on other Sewing Machine Committees. His connection with the State Fairs as Secretary making it necessary for him to have much to do with Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Committee reports, led to this very natural mistake; while the notice of the Grover & Baker agent, to which he gives so appropriate and ambiguously worded "Cards" that are liable to be misconstrued.

SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent Florence Sewing Machines,
111 Montgomery Street, S. F.

(October 22.)

THOSE

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUMS

AGAIN!

The "Reply" of the Agent of the FLORENCE Machine is fluent with such aspiring words as "Triumphs," "Victories," "Honors," and the like, which, as applied to any events in the history of that Machine, are simply ridiculous.

The "magnitude" of the "victories" attained by the FLORENCE is apparent to none but himself.

Show them up, Mr. Hill; give the public an opportunity of realizing the vastness of "all the honors" conferred in so lavish a manner.

Show them if you can, and name any premium your Machine has ever received at any Fair over any first, second, or third-class machine in existence! Perhaps it was an "honor" to exhibit against the GROVER & BAKER Machine at the Oregon State Fair, just closed, where Two First Premiums were awarded the GROVER & BAKER over the Florence. Will Mr. Hill name any first premium his Machine has ever received for Sewing Machine work in competition with others?

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

The unequivocal "triumph" of the Florence Machine at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and its single specimen of sewing at the Stockton Fair—without competition in either case—is certainly tremendous.

"A contented mind is a continual feast." As you say you desire no greater triumph for the Florence than the fact that it had no competition at the Mechanics' Fair, allow us to congratulate you on so readily attaining your desires. All the honors of this bloodless "Victory" undoubtedly are yours, and, as we do not deny it, we trust your laurels may rest easily on your triumphant brow.

Your complete satisfaction in such a result, where there was no competition, and by the rules of the Society the Exhibitors were allowed to select their own Committees, will be more fully appreciated by a sympathizing public in consideration of the immense risk and great danger in which you stood of being defeated (!) by your selected Committee of interested friends and owners of the Florence Machine. Advertise your single-handed "Victories," proclaim your undivided "Honors"—make much of your one-sided "Triumphs," unequalled in their overwhelming (!) "magnitude," but until you can strengthen them by a conquest over some third, second, or first-class Machine, they will be but as sound and fury—signifying nothing.

The Grover & Baker is the only First Premium Sewing Machine, having received every First Premium awarded any Sewing Machines when in competition, in 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
329 Montgomery street.

(December 28.)

THE GREAT

SEWING MACHINE WAR!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ABOUT

THE PREMIUM

—AT THE—

Oregon State Fair!

THE COMMITTEE DECIDE

—IN—

Favor of the Florence!

COMPLETING

THE TRIUMPH OF THIS NEW MACHINE!

IT HAVING TAKEN

EACH AND EVERY

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED TO,

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES!

—AT THE—

FAIRS

HELD ON THE PACIFIC COAST

In 1864.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Having heard to-day for the first time that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company claim

THE SEWING MACHINE WAR.

the First Premium on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at the Oregon State Fair, held in Salem, September, 1864, and being one of the Committee on Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Work at said Fair, I feel it my duty to make, and take pleasure in making the following statement:

Three (if not all) of the Committee were selected by a Mr. Johnson, (an employe of the Grover & Baker Company,) and after a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was finally decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the First Premium to the FLORENCE Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Multnomah, } ss.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Linn, } ss.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

Copy of the Bogus Report which was fraudulently substituted in the place of the Real Decision of the Committee, and which they signed without reading:

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1864.

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed at the Fourth Annual Fair of the Oregon State Agricultural Society to examine and report upon the merits of different Sewing Machines on exhibition, have endeavored to perform the duty with care and impartiality. In view of all the facts, we have decided to award the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Machine, and the Second to the Florence. The principal fact influencing our decision in awarding the First Premium to the former, was the circumstance that it embroidered, while the other does not. We have, however, no hesitancy in saying that both have great merits, and we recommend them both to the patronage of the Oregon public.

MARY S. SMITH,
MARY A. HOWE,
EMILY C. GRIFFIN,
MARY ANN S. KNOX.

Committee.

The FLORENCE Machines are for sale by

L. L. Polhemus.....190 J street, Sacramento
Geo. Vincent.....Stockton
F. Terstege & Co.....Marysville
T. Fogg.....Oroville
J. R. Cleaves.....Placerville
R. B. Handy.....Yreka
P. Reichling & Sehlund.....Mokelumne Hill
Mrs C. Grove.....Santa Cruz
Henry Jackson.....Watsonville
Geo. Gillis.....Carson City, Nevada
J. L. Parrish & Co.....Portland, Oregon
N. O. Parrish.....Salem, Or.
Mrs. C. Monell.....Dulles, Or.
M. Wollheim.....Gnaysmas, Mex

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
Jal4-1m No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco

HOW DID HE DO IT?

When we see a man building a large block of stores who we knew but a few years ago was working with his hands only, the question naturally comes up, How did he do it? So, when we see a man like D. E. APPLETON running four stores chock full of Goods, and not only full of goods but full of customers, when, but a few years ago, he had a little bit of a place on Montgomery street, hardly big enough to swing a cat round by the tail, we cannot help asking, How did he do it?

We saw him once, not big nor strong,
But bound to work himself along;
Now he's a giant in his might,
And means the world shall see his light.

The story is very simple: he has stuck to it, always had the best stock—everybody knows that!

As John met Richard on the street
On Valentine's Day, both very neat,
And bound to give their ladies fair
A Valentine treat, both rich and rare.

Says John, "Now, Dick, where shall we go?
All through this city, to and fro!"
"Oh, no," says Dick, "there's only one—
I'm bound to buy of APPLETON."

His stores can be found at 508 Montgomery, 620 Market, Stockton near Washington, and south-east corner of Third and Mission streets. fell-1f

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET.

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases
and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers,
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 410 CLAY STREET,
(North side, between Sansome and Battery.

Particular attention paid to the printing of Briefs
and Records. fell-1f

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Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,
adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of
BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY
& VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of
SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,
ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the
Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE
OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

jal5 316 California street, San Francisco.

WARDS SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to
need any comments. A trial will convince the most
fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

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387 Broadway. } San Francisco, Cal.
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C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
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GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

MISS MATILDA HERON,

Supported by

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, February 11th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Farce of

THE LITTLE SENTINEL,

And a Musical Melange by

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe.

This Saturday Evening, February 11th, 1865.

Will be presented the tragedy of

F A Z I O.

MATILDA HERON, as Bianca

In active preparation: GAMEA.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - Proprietor.
LEW RATTNER, - Manager.
C. F. SHATTUCK, - Musical Director.
J. L. SCHMIDT, - Leader of Orchestra.

G R E A T

COMBINATION OF MUSICAL TALENT,

BY THE STAR TROUPE OF

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

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P. B. Isaacs, W. Bernard,
Lew Rattner, Mons. Charles,
C. F. Shattuck, M. Lewis,
Sig Pinto, S. Wasburg,
W. Sheppard, Tommy Peel,
Frank Medina, H. Grob,

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

Sacred Concert!

Every Sunday Evening, by the Troupe,

Messrs W J Hill, John Gregg, J. Schlotte, and

50 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25
cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
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precisely.

Saturday afternoon performances by the Minstrels, at
the Opera House.

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Annual Subscriptions, Five Dollars, which entitles the
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ERASIVE SOFT SOAP,
OR, WASHING POWDER!

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Second—It is more effectual.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white
and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after hav-
ing once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally.
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—OF—

WILD CHERRY

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza,
Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Com-
plaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing,
Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who
wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however
slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of
which might lead to the last named and most to be dreaded
disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medi-
cinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of
complaints is well known; so great is the good it has per-
formed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry,
there are commingled with it other ingredients of like
value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a
Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to
cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application
of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it
in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact
under their own signatures. We have space only for the
names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander H. H. M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Bountrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fel-
low-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest
cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and
virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "ut-
termost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our
part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

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In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD
CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new
wrapper which will bear the printed names of both SETH
W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass., and JOHN D. PARK,
Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of
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California.)

Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS,
and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied
promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

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I. D. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

MARY'S VALENTINE.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine.

KATY'S VALENTINE.

Among the many fair and bright,
My fancy early singled thee;
Then bend on me thine eyes of light,
And all my love shall flow to thee.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.

Yes, I'm happy while fate leaves me
One kind heart to warmly prize,
While the light of pure affection
Beams within thy gentle eyes.

ALLIE'S VALENTINE.

May'et thou live in joy forever!
Nought from thee true pleasure sever;
From thy heart arise no sigh,
And no tear bedew thine eye;
Joys be mine, cures be few,
Smooth the path thou shalt pursue;
And Heaven's richest blessings shine,
Ever on both thee and thine.

NETTIE'S VALENTINE.

Oh, speak not of daisies or rosebuds of Spring
Or bright pearly dewdrops, or any such thing,
For thy worth and virtues much more do combine,
And gladly I'd take thee for my Valentine.

VALENTINES in extra fine French Boxes—also
in solid Rosewood and Mahogany cases. Sold with
or without Jewelry.

VALENTINES of every conceivable variety—
Valentine Cards, Valentine Mottoes.

SEVENTEEN new and original California
Comics, ye Copperheads, etc.

NEW CALIFORNIA VALENTINE WRITER,
and other kinds, comic and sentimental.

APPLETON'S VALENTINE EXPRESS—with
Eight Horses, will deliver Valentines every hour on
Valentine's Day in every part of the City.

D. E. APPLETON & CO.,

508 Montgomery street, and

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Opposite the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.
Jan 14-41

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A. Roman & Co.,

TAKE PLEASURE in announcing the following
list of NEW BOOKS just received from the East:

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The latest contribution to the great Theological Con-
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An absorbing story of American life.

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velum and morocco. A tasteful selection from our
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ofore uncollected writings of "Elia."

Autumn Holidays in the Country, by the "Country Par-
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In addition to the above we have a large list of other
NEW BOOKS, together with a complete stock in

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE!

All are cordially invited to call and examine.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

ja23-1m

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 12.
OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

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A Plea for a Cotemporary.
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Napoleon's Three Warnings.
A Modern Romance of Real Life.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XVI.

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Gen. McDowell and his Record.
The Wires Working.
Paragraphs on Minor Topics.

CITY AND INTERIOR ITEMS:

The News at Home and Abroad in Brief.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POETRY—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

The Song and the Sea—By C. W. Stoddard.
No Baby in the House—By Clara Clyde.
Lines for Music.
Sonnet to Miss Heron.
"I have always Covered Mother."
The Unseen Battlefield.

NEW BOOKS:

Notices of New Publications.

DRAMATIC MENTION:

The Theatrical and Musical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, February 18th, 1865.

THE clouds that have hung so heavily over head during the week are breaking away as I write, and the golden sun looks through them with a complexion decidedly improved by the veil he has worn of late.

Some one remarks that were it not for clouds we would never know when it is sunshine. The same idea is rendered, though in a different way, by the proverb which tells us that a monkey never knows the value of his tail until he loses it. And the relation between the monkey and his tail applies with great aptness to young ladies and their lovers. For the young lady like the monkey becomes so accustomed to having something to wag and swing by and brush off flies with, that she fails to appreciate the convenience or bless it in her dreams until she some day makes an effort to wag and finds the appendage gone—then she would give her ears to have it back again.

As a friend of mine is accustomed to remark in his moments of philosophic and contemplative inebriation, "Human nature is full of inconsistencies!"

It is an incontestable fact that the more you do for people the more you are expected to do, and that you become estimated and valued not for past kindnesses but for prospective usefulness. This may seem like rather a cynical conclusion, but it suggested itself to me as a rational one some years ago and all my experience in life since has gone to confirm it. I have an idea that there isn't a bald-headed young man at the clubs or about town who would not put his willing signature to that opinion of mine saying—I concur.

It has several times been my fortune to do kindnesses to people, almost strangers to me and to whom I was under no obligations, and in the end they proved very much like that Old Man of the Sea whom Sinbad took upon his back and carried across a brook in kindness, to be nearly ridden to death and find it impossible to persuade his burden to dismount.

Very frequently I have gone out from my way to do a kindness which perhaps surprised the recipient and certainly surprised myself, for I am neither tender-hearted nor good-natured habitually, though subject to moments of weakness. Having volunteered on several occasions to do something which involved sacrifice on my part, and continued it for the self-discipline it brought after the pleasure of surprise and the novelty of doing a good deed vanished and the thing became irksome to me—as all duties are—I have had further requests or rather demands made of me, a compliance with which would not only involve an utter sacrifice of my own convenience, and possibly reputation, but a compromising of others as well; nevertheless, let me set forth the reasons for my non-compliance as plainly and as forcibly as I might, it invariably turned out that my refusal made a bitter enemy for me from that time forward.

I suppose the "tablet of the heart" so much talked about is a kind of a slate, upon which kindnesses are written down in pencilmarks, that the first dampening obliterates, while the record of that dampening and all future impressions of hate towards you are written down with a graver's steel in characters which neither time nor tears can efface.

By a transposition of that scriptural inculcation which teaches you when a man asks you for your coat to give him your cloak also, the majority of men if you give them your coat unsolicited will ask you in the next breath for your cloak and feel highly indignant if you hesitate in stepping out of it, though it be raining at the time.

Selfish as it may appear, if I had to go through life again and aimed at success in it, I do not know but that I'd make it a rule to do kindnesses only to those who had some palpable claims upon me and never volunteer to appear as "an angel in disguise" except to those who had the power and had manifested an intention to pay me back ten-fold. For I really do not think it would be safe for an angel to visit most cottages, even bearing "healing on his wings," for the rheumatic would spring from their beds as soon as they were able, and pluck the visitant, even to his tail-feathers, leaving him to fly out of the window as best he might, bare as a badger.

I remember an instance when I found a literary man lying on what was supposed to be his death-bed, without money and seemingly without friends. The doctor, who through charity attended him, thought he might not live until morning, and no one could be found to sit up and watch with him. The man was an utter stranger to me, but the experiment of doing one good and unselfish thing suggested itself to me as so well worth trying that I sat the night through in the close, sick chamber, playing the part of a Sister of Charity or a Brother of Benevolence, or, more probably of a Bull in a China Shop, for I scarcely think I was cut out for a nurse. If cut out for a nurse at all, it certainly was for a very dry one.

To become voluntarily the slave of a sick man's whims, scolded at and ordered about from one end of the chamber to the other, besides breathing the air which I there encountered, is scarcely an experiment I shall undertake again so long as I have a broad piece in my pocket to buy a substitute, or, failing that, enough strength in my legs to carry me out of temptation's way. The next morning my nerves were scarcely in a condition for the performance of my regular day's work, let alone the imposition of any extra task. But I had heard of a proverb about never turning back from the plough and all that, and so started out and raised a subscription among my personal friends to make the sick man comfortable; paid his bill at a hotel where his baggage had been left in pledge, took his watch out of pawn, for he said it was company for him, and, with the good Doctor who was attending him gratuitously, made arrangements for his admission as a paying patient to an excellent hospital—to which he obstinately refused to go. In the meanwhile he, lying on the verge of the grave and expected to drop into it every moment, had ordered a pair of beaver fur gauntlets and beaver-boots, of a cost which would more than exhaust the money remaining and leave nothing for the purchase of medicines and lodgings. On consultation, the Doctor and myself thought it best not to disturb on that occasion, and the consequence was one of the most abusive letters it was ever my fortune to receive, together with several rather uncomplimentary paragraphs in a paper with the editors of which I was wholly unacquainted and which must have been inspired by my sick friend.

That let me out. Ever since I have had a profound respect for the Priest and the Levite who "passed by on the other side," and a corresponding contempt for the Good Samaritan who didn't pass—and probably got euchred for his pains. For I haven't a doubt that if the police records of that day could be examined it would be found that he was arrested by some special officer of the precinct, and charged with being one of the thieves who waylaid and robbed the man, the special officer taking the witness stand and swearing that he found him bending over the victim and "going through his

clothes," under the pretence of pouring oil into his wounds.

All this—my adventure and not the Good Samaritan's—happened in Kamschatka, many years ago, but the lesson is not lost upon me yet, nor is there any probability that the recollection will very soon die out. Even though it did, I am confident that not a week would pass before something occurred to revive it and confirm my present impression of the folly of ever attempting to play the Good Samaritan unless your income is unlimited, and your patience and good-nature unbounded. For I do believe that if a man, by way of penance, stood in the streets and volunteered to black a beggar's boots—first giving him the boots—that beggar, when the operation was concluded and a nice polish put on, would give him his rags to brush, and curse him when all was finished if he declined to admit him to the privilege of his dressing-room and the use of his toilet apparatus.

All of which only proves, as my friend before referred to occasionally remarks by way of changing his phraseology but not his proposition: "How inconsistent is man!"

To my shame I find that I have been guilty of a slight digression from the subject which occupied me when I sat down to write. It was my intention then to have expatiated upon the weather, and blessed it, and to have told how charming mornings like these are at the Bay View Park, and how a breakfast relishes there, and how a ride to the Cliff house in the afternoon, a gallop along the beach, a communion with the seals, and an interview and a dinner with the amiable proprietor of the seals and the Cliff House, cultivate the intellect, and expand the soul, and prepare one to take more cheerful views of human nature notwithstanding its inconsistencies already spoken of. But a strange interruption in the very outset of this letter threw me off the track, or at least off the road, jangling all my sweet bells sadly out of tune. Hence the verjuice and bottled vinegar with which my readers have been entertained. But another time we will attempt a better view, for the credit both of human nature and of

INIGO.

(For the Californian.)

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

NO baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No toys by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes,
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold,
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nick-names—"Clove" and "Mouse";
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

CLARA CLYDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 18th, 1865.

LET a man gaze earnestly as he will on beautiful prospects, all nature is composed—for him—of but two or three points, for which his whole soul yearns. Take from life the hearts that loved you—efface from it the home and scenery your thoughts dwell on most tenderly, and nature becomes a frightful void in which your glance falls wearily, finding neither rest nor peace.

EVERYTHING has its use; life teaches us the contempt of death and death the contempt of life. We cannot conquer fate or necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Imaginary Conversations*, by W. S. Lander.

"I ALWAYS COVERED MOTHER."

THE DAUGHTER AT THE GRAVE.

I HAVE always covered mother,
Since the pain came to her brow,
And she said I did it gently—
None else shall do it now.

I have always smoothed her pillow,
And drawn the curtain-fold;
And I'll not forget thee now, mother,
When thy limbs are all so cold.

'Neath the willows, deep and narrow,
They have made thy bed I know,
Yet they shall not soil thy robes, mother,
With the damp earth mould below.

See, I've plucked some wild flowers, mother,
And I'll strew them on thy breast;
And the buds shall fall so gently
That they may not break thy rest.

I'd bring thee brighter flowers, mother,
But the roses fled with June,
And the daisies and anemones
Went with the sweet May moon.

But the buds fell from the stem, mother,
To be caught by hands on high—
Now they blossom in God's garden,
Pale lilies of the sky.

And 'tis thus with souls like thine, mother,
For they pass from life to love;
And they leave this dark earth-garden
For the golden walks above.

Oh, the sweet star-lilies blossom
Where no hand may pluck them down,
Or I'd weave, to grace thy brow, mother,
A purer, fairer crown.

But the angels' wings are free, mother,
And you can wander there,
Where the flowers are blooming ever,
With a fragrance like to prayer.

Now the counterpane is spread, mother,
You'll wake to morning light—
God's hand has drawn the curtain,
So, mother, sweet, good-night!

C. H. WEBB.

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DRAMA THAT WAS ACTED BEHIND THE SCENES

MR. HILLARY escorted his daughter and Julia Desmond back to Twickenham upon the day following that night-scene of anguish and terror. They left Brighton rather late in the day, and arrived at the Cedars when the early winter evening had closed in upon the leafless avenues and groves about the old house. Lights were burning cheerily in the long range of lower windows, and in the vestibule and inner hall, and rare groups of stainless marble gleamed white against a background of bright hothouse flowers. Deferential servants came hurrying out as the carriage drove up, and Miss Hillary, seeing her home in all its accustomed brightness and comfort, felt a painful sense of bewilderment. It was so difficult to realize the force of that calamity which had been so lately revealed to her: it was so difficult to believe that all this splendor was so much rottenness, from which there was only one step to poverty and disgrace.

Mr. Hillary had visited his daughter's room very early upon the morning after the terrible confidence between them, and had impressed upon her the necessity of suppressing every evidence of the knowledge that had come to her.

"I have been compelled to trust you, Maude," he said, "and you must prove yourself worthy of my confidence. Heaven only knows how difficult it has been to me to keep the secrets of my business during three years of reverses and misfortunes such as rarely fall to the lot of a speculator. My only chance of floating over this crisis lies in the meeting with some friend who will lend me the money I want, without looking too closely into the nature of the security I have to offer. But let the state of my affairs once get wind, and all hope of retrieval would be lost. Remember this, Maude, and, if you love me, show a bright face to the world; and above all, beware of Julia Desmond. That young lady is a dangerous person, my dear, and the day may come when we shall have reason to regret having given a shelter to old Desmond's destitute child."

"But Julia is a dear good girl, papa; she would be very

sorry for us, I am sure," Maude pleaded, innocently.

"Julia has contrived to feather her own nest so remarkably well, that she would be very indifferent to any calamity that could come to her friends," answered the practical man of the world, who had been by no means pleased with Miss Desmond since that young lady's conquest of Francis Tredethlyn.

Maude kissed her father—ah, how passionately! She clung to him as she remembered that long feverish dream of the previous night, and the glittering something lying in the drawer; she kissed him, and promised that his secrets should be guarded more carefully than her own life.

"And the miracle may be accomplished between this and the tenth of January, papa," she said.

And then, as Lionel Hillary was about to leave his daughter's room, she placed herself suddenly between him and the door, and turned the key in the lock. He looked at her, surprised and perplexed.

"Maude!"

"Dearest father, you have trusted me, and you have exacted a promise from me," said Miss Hillary, with a quiet calmness that was more impressive than any vehemence of manner; "and now I want you to give me a promise, a very solemn promise, my own dear father."

She put her hand upon his shoulder and kissed him once more, clinging to him fondly, looking tenderly upward to his pale, careworn face. Then she took a bunch of keys from her pocket and held them out before him.

"You remember those keys, papa; I am going to return them to you; but I want you to kneel down with me here, now when all that feverish excitement of last night has passed away; I want you to promise me, as you hope for mercy and happiness in a better world when this life is all gone by and done with—I want you to promise me that you will never again, under any circumstances, in any hour of trial or temptation, think of that dreadful alternative of which you thought last night. Oh, papa! remember it is such a terrible sin even to think of it; for we can never do so until we have ceased to trust in God."

The simple words went straight to Lionel Hillary's heart, that world-weary heart, in which there was but this one tender quality of paternal love still left. No subtle arguments of theologian or philosopher could have so deeply influenced him as his daughter's gentle pleading. He knelt by her side, close to a little table, on which an open Testament was lying, and pressing his lips on the sacred page, swore that he would never again contemplate the sin which he had so nearly committed only a few hours before.

"It is a coward's remedy at the best," he said presently; and then he took his daughter in his arms and looked down at her tearful face with a mist before his own eyes, which made that bright young beauty seem blotted and dim. "My Maude, my darling, surely Heaven must have created you to be my guardian angel. I have not been a good man; I have been too much of a speculator for the last few years—a reckless speculator, perhaps; but when the demon of commercial hazard had his grip strongest upon me, your image was always in my mind. I wanted to leave you rich, secure from all the troubles of this world. I was a poor man in my young days, Maude, and perhaps the bitterness of that early time may have taught me to set too high a value upon wealth. Fortune came to me afterwards, almost as wonderfully as it comes to a prince in a fairy tale, and some recklessness of spirit may have been engendered in me by my own successes and by the times in which I have lived."

"But, dear papa, you need not fear poverty for my sake," said Maude; "only trust in me, and when the time comes you shall find me ready to face it. My life has been very pleasant—too pleasant, I dare say—I have always felt that it was so when the thought has come to me of all the people who suffer in this world. But you know how the princess in the fairy tale, who has never known a sorrow, goes out all at once into the great forest, more helpless and lonely than the poorest woodman's daughter, and yet no harm ever comes to the princess, papa. If it will only please Heaven to spare your good name, poverty will have no sting for me; and if disgrace should come, I will bear it for your sake—I will bear it without a murmur for your sake, papa."

She broke down just a little as she said this; she could not speak quite calmly of that most terrible loss of all—the loss of her father's commercial honor. She remembered, very dimly, long prosy discussions that she had heard at Mr. Hillary's dinner-table, about men who had failed, and who had failed through some dishonesty or recklessness of their own, and whose downfall had involved the hard-won fortunes of others, making a vast circle of ruin, spreading as the watery circle spreads when you drop a pebble into a tideless lake.

From this time it almost seemed as if a new life began for Maude Hillary. No more careless idling over new music, no more eager commencements of expensive fancy work that was never to be finished! After Miss Hillary's return to the Cedars, any one taking the trouble to watch her closely might have perceived a wonderful alteration in her conduct—a change that was almost a transformation in her very nature. When she opened her piano now, it was for no idle trifling

with fashionable difficulties, no coquetting with shakes, and skipping of arpeggios. She practised steadily, and for hours together. Might not the time be very near at hand in which she would be called upon to gird on her armor, and join the ranks of bread-winners? She thought of herself in a dingy London street, somewhere in the dreary region between Holborn and the New Road—the region which was once a fair expanse of pleasant meadow-land. She thought of herself toiling as so many women toiled, leading the same dull life from day to day; and her courage did not fail her even before that dismal picture. It was not likely that this change in Maude Hillary could escape the notice of so observant a young lady as Miss Desmond. Julia saw and wondered, but she was far from guessing the real cause of Maude's unusual gravity.

"I suppose she is making herself unhappy about Harcourt Lowther," thought Miss Desmond. "These fortunate people always contrive to find one crumpled leaf in their beds of roses. She is making herself miserable about that handsome, worthless soldier, and she thinks herself hardly used because she cannot play at love in a cottage, with a rich mercantile father to pay the expenses of the idyllic ménage."

This was how Julia Desmond accounted for Maude's long intervals of absent brooding, and that melancholy shadow which settled on her face whenever she fancied herself unnoticed, and for a while relaxed the heroic effort with which she tried to keep her promise, and guard her father's secret. It was a very hard struggle. All the young idlers, the government clerks, the briefless but literary barristers, the rising artists who had narrowly escaped making palpable hits at the Royal Academy, or at a temple of art which they irreverently alluded to as the "Brish Inst"—all the accustomed Twickenham loungers flocked down to the Cedars to keep their Christmas holidays in the house of a gentleman whom they regarded as a sort of commercial Midas—a Moorgate street Fortunatus, from whose inexhaustible coffers flowed the golden waters of perpetual prosperity; and Maude received all the old incense, and was fain to smile something like the old smiles upon her worshippers, while her heart ached with an unceasing pain and a hidden dread that was like a palpable burden weighed forever on her breast.

"Oh, if they knew—if they only knew!" she thought. "They court me because they think I am rich, perhaps; but if they only knew what an imposture all this splendor is—these lights and flowers, and grapes and pines, and Sévres china and Venetian glass, and all this long parade of dinner; if they knew that poverty and disgrace may come to us before the new year has well begun!" Sometimes, in her bitter weariness of spirit, sometimes when the social comedy seemed almost too hard to act, Miss Hillary felt suddenly tempted to turn around upon her admirers, and cry to them:

"Why do you torment me with your hackneyed compliments? I am not the daughter of a millionaire; my father is only an imprudent speculator, who is hovering on the verge of a black abyss of bankruptcy and ruin. Go and offer your worship in some solvent temple, and leave me alone with my father and his sorrows."

This, or something akin to this, Miss Hillary was at times sorely tempted to utter. But she kept her promise. She had promised that no word or action of hers should betray the rottenness of her father's position, and she kept a close watch upon herself. Her adorers—who were by no means so mercenary as she thought them—perceived that something was amiss with their goddess, but were far from associating anything so vulgar as the state of the money market with the lessened lustre of her smiles.

"She's engaged to some fellow in the army, and her father won't let her marry him, and the fellow writes her worrying letters; Miss Desmond told me as much," the loungers said to one another, when they confided in each other about Miss Hillary.

The brilliant Julia had taken care to let Maude's admirers know that her heart had long been bestowed upon a remote object; but she did not go so far as to reveal the name of Miss Hillary's chosen lover; and Francis Tredethlyn had no suspicion that Maude Hillary and the beautiful heiress of whom his master had so often spoken, were one and the same person. He knew nothing of this; he only knew that Maude seemed as remote from his sphere as the distant stars that shone coldly upon him out of a steel-blue winter sky when he looked from his window at the Cedars. He spent his Christmas at the Cedars—for Mr. Hillary had been specially cordial and hospitable to him of late, and had resumed all his old graciousness of manner to Julia.

And the private theatricals, the elegant drawing-room exhibition of amateur histrionics, which Maude had planned so merrily in the autumn, were to take place on the first night of the new year—now, when the poor girl's heart was sinking under the dull pain of that perpetual burden, that dreary terror of the disgrace which might be so near.

She had told her father that a miracle might be wrought before the 10th of January. Of what had she thought or dreamed when she held out that hope? What daring fancy had been engendered out of the excitement of the moment?

There are times when a woman feels capable of becoming a social Joan of Arc, a bloodless Charlotte Corday; but then the enthusiasm, the exultation of the moment is so apt to pass with the moment. There had been a vague but desperate intention lurking in Maude Hillary's mind when she had encouraged her father by those hopeful speeches; but the days were creeping fast, the new year was close at hand, and nothing had been done. Nothing had been done, and now Miss Hillary was tormented all day long about those wonderful private theatricals, which were to surpass every drawing-room performance since the days when the unhappy daughter of the Cæsars played a *soubrette* for the delight of that taciturn king and grandfather-in-law who did not like to laugh.

All arrangements for the grand entertainment had been made before Mr. Hillary's household removed to Brighton. The play had been selected, the characters allotted to the individuals who were supposed, or who supposed themselves, to be most fitted to play them, but not without as much shuffling and changing as the kings and queens undergo in a game of cards. The drama finally chosen was the *Lady of Lyons*, selected no doubt on that grand principle in accordance with which all amateurs go to work, *i. e.*, because it is a play which specially requires accomplished actors in every one of its characters. Of course Maude was to be the "Pauline." Was she not sole daughter and heiress of the master of the house, at whose expense all the business was to take place? If she had been red-haired, or hump-backed, or lame, the amateurs could scarcely have done otherwise than choose her as the representative of the lovely Mademoiselle Deschappelles. But as she was one of the fairest daughters ever spoiled by a wealthy merchant, she was really created for the part, as it seemed; and she had only to order her dresses and let down her sunny hair in the classic disorder of the period, and she would be the loveliest "Pauline" that ever won the simple heart of an aspiring young gardener. But how about "Claude?" At first every one of the amateurs had desired to play "Claude," and nothing but "Claude." To wear that impossible velvet coat, with its lavish embroidery of gold and spangles; to snub "Beauseant," and to patronize "Damas;" to flourish diamond snuff-boxes and rings, and filmy ruffles of point d'Alençon, which are so becoming to the unhappy amateur, whose hands are apt to assume the rich purple hues of raw beef under the influence of extreme terror; to hold Miss Hillary in their arms, and cry, "Oh! rapture!" in a ponderous bass voice apparently situated somewhere in those martial jack-boots without which "Claude" would be less than "Claude"—to do all this seemed to the young men at the Cedars a glory and delight which would be cheaply won by the cutting of one another's throats in a *champ clos*.

And then to what base hypocrisies these amateur actors descended! declaring to one another that, after all, "Claude" was not such a great part! Nay, indeed, was not the heroic gardener something of a spoon, liable to provoke laughter if his velvet coat failed to fit, or his humble blouse looked too much like a little boy's pinafore? "Claude" might be a very fine part, the amateurs argued to each other, in a regular theatre, where there were the gallery fellows to applaud the long speeches, and to stamp their hob-nailed boots in the great situations, and all that sort of thing, you know; but your drawing-room audiences are apt to laugh at strong sentiment; and, in short, for a private performance, "Damas" or "Beauseant," or "Glavis" were the great parts.

So there was a good deal of chopping and changing, with vengeful feelings attendant thereupon; and at last, after almost all the privileged guests at the Cedars had made themselves hoarse in the endeavor to cultivate that bass voice and peculiar melodious gurgle so often heard on the stage, and so rarely heard off it—after innumerable tryings on of velvet coats and cocked hats before cheval glasses—it transpired all at once that nobody wanted to play "Claude Melnotte." The noblest hearts sank with a sickly terror before the thought of all Twickenham assembled in solemn conclave to listen to those long speeches with which the peasant husband endeavors to appease the natural anger of his bride. One by one the amateurs had made the awful discovery that after all there is some touch of art, not to be learned in a day, even in the actor's trade. One by one they had discovered that they lacked *physique* for the leading character; and that after three acts or so of blank verse, they were apt to become hoarse and roopy, and to break ignominiously from that melodious bass gurgle into a treble squeak. So it came about that there was no one to play "Claude," and Miss Hillary clasped her hands in anguish, and demanded what was to become of her. All Twickenham and Hampton Court, Richmond and Ham, and all sorts of people from town invited to witness the *Lady of Lyons*, and no "Claude Melnotte!" One of the Government clerks, who fancied himself an embryo Buckstone, timidly suggested *Box and Cox* as a fitting substitute for the drama; but Miss Hillary turned from him with disdain. "*Box and Cox*!" she exclaimed, contemptuously; "why, my dresses are all ordered, and the white satin for the wedding dress is to be five-and-twenty shillings a yard. I must have some one for 'Claude.'"

(To be continued.)

BON MOTS OF OTHER DAYS.

[By *bon-mot* is literally signified a good-word, or, as we may translate it, a happy saying, at once witty and to the point. Some nations excel in uttering bon-mots, but none more so than the French and Irish, both of whom possess that liveliness of fancy that carries them on to cleverness of repartee, perhaps with little regard to consequences. The English are poor at this species of jocularly, and the Scotch more so. Among the ancient Romans there were many clever utterers of bon-mots. The following are a few tolerably good ones, along with some of a later date, collected from an old book in the French language, which has chanced to come into our hands.]

ONE day, the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on; and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succor of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

A MUSICIAN complaining that the tyrant Dionysius gave him nothing, after promising him much, for the exercise of his art—"You fool, we are quits," said the tyrant; "you tickled my ears, and I did the very same by yours."

ANTIOCHUS, King of Syria, caused the numerous army which he had assembled against the Romans, to defile before Hannibal, and pointed out with pride to the Carthaginian hero the arms of the infantry, glittering with gold and silver, and the cavalry, whose horse trappings, bits, and saddles, as well as their armor, were loaded with golden ornaments. The elephants were decorated in a similar manner. Having shown all, Antiochus triumphantly asked the Carthaginian if he did not think that all this would do for the Romans? "Oh, yes," returned Hannibal, "even if they were more greedy than they are."

A ROMAN captain, having gone over to the camp of Pompey from that of Cæsar, declared to Cicero that he had come off so hurriedly that he had not even thought of bringing his horse with him. "You have provided," replies Cicero, "much better for your horse's safety than for your own." After the defeat (thus foreseen) of Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia, the captain Nonius said to Cicero, "Be of good heart; we have yet left seven eagles." "An excellent thing, if we had to fight with jays," replied the orator.

THE Emperor Domitian was accustomed at his leisure hours, to shut himself up alone in his chamber, and there indulge in the amusement of sticking flies with a pin. A courtier inquiring one day if there was any one with the Cæsar, "No one," said Vibius Crispus; "not even a fly."

CHARLEMAGNE studied to bring around him, by liberal donations, all the most learned men of his age. He was less successful, however, than he could have wished, and complained of this, one day, to the learned Alcuin. "Would to heaven," said the monarch, "that I had about me twelve such men as Jerome and Augustin!" "What, sire!" replied Alcuin, "hath the Creator of heaven and earth but two men of such merit, and you would have twelve?"

THOMAS AQUINAS entered the chamber of Pope Innocent IV. whilst large sums of money were being counted there. "You see," said the pontiff to him, "that the church has been blessed, and is no longer in the state in which she was when it was said, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "It is true, holy father," said Aquinas; "but neither can she now say to the paralytic, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'"

HENRY IV. of France one day reached Amiens after a long journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a long string of epithets. "Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous"—"Add, also," interrupted the king, "very tired!" A famous physician having quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, Henry said to his Protestant minister, Sully, "My friend, your religion is surely very ill. The doctors give it up." The same monarch was one day harangued by a speaker in a small country town, during whose discourse an ass brayed at a short distance. "One at a time, gentlemen," said the king.

ONE of the kings of Spain had been unsuccessful in war, and had lost several provinces; yet he received, notwithstanding, the title of the *Great* from his courtiers, and, the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid in exacting such honors. "Yes, he is Great," said a wit, "just as a ditch is great. The more earth you take from it, the bigger it becomes."

THE Duke of Roquelaure was any thing but beautiful. Meeting one day a very ugly country squire who had business at the court, the duke introduced him to the king, saying that he lay under the weightiest obligations to the gentleman. The king graciously accorded to the squire the desired favor, and then asked Roquelaure what was the nature of his obligations to the other. "Ah, sire, without this dog, I should be the ugliest man in your majesty's dominions," was the answer.

THE judge Le Coigneux desired his macer of the court, named Maillard, to keep the auditory silent at a trial. The macer accordingly bawled out "silence" every instant, though no voice was in action but his. The old judge at last cried to him testily, "Macer, make Maillard be quiet."

THE celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Arch-

bishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be of the auditory. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe; "pray excuse me; I shall sleep very well without that."

THE Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, once made a collection of money among the members for some common purpose. He went round at a meeting with his hat, receiving the contributions. Not perceiving that the president Rose, a very miserly person, had dropped in his share, the abbé presented the hat again to him. The president declared that he had made his contribution, and Regnier said, "I believe it, but I did not see it." "And I," says Fonteuille, "saw it, but could not believe it."

A PEASANT went into a large city, and, among other objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking office, where he saw people go out and in, without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was sold there. "Asses' heads," was the sneering answer. "What a business you must have!" said the rustic; "I see you have but one left."

IT would often be better not to attempt to reward a brave action, than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two arms carried off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands that I lost, colonel," said the poor soldier reproachfully.

A MAN of genius was one day told that he would be introduced to a person worth knowing—"a person," said the intending introducer, by way of particular commendation, "who has actually got by heart the whole of Montaigne." The man of genius coldly replied, "I have the work here."

A PRELATE had gone to Rome, in expectation of a cardinal's hat. He returned home, however, without obtaining the object of his wishes. Soon after, he went to court and paid his compliments to the king, but was so hoarse with a cold, that he could scarcely make himself intelligible. The king afterwards chanced to express his surprise that the prelate should have so exposed himself as to catch cold. "Ah, your majesty need not wonder at that," said a wit, "since the prelate came from Rome without the hat."

STAGE COMBATS—ABSURDITIES.—Chief among the oddities which seem to have become ineradicable upon the modern stage, is the stereotyped mode of fighting combats at the end of tragedies and in the progress of melo-drama. Does anybody in his senses really believe that "Richard" and "Richmond," "Macbeth" and "Macduff," "Harry Monmouth" and "Harry Percy," ever fought such ridiculous fights on Bosworth Field, and Dunsinane, and on Shrewsbury Plain? And yet this is always looked upon, nay, impatiently waited for, by a large proportion of the audience, as the cream of the play—the only thing, indeed, worth going to the theatre to see. Dickens, in his *Nicholas Nickleby*, touches off this absurdity with one of his most trenchant lunges of satire. "The two combatants," he says, "went to work and chopped away until the swords emitted a shower of sparks, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Crummles, who appeared to think this a great point indeed. The engagement commenced with about two hundred chops administered by the short sailor and the tall sailor alternately, without producing any particular result, till the short sailor was chopped down upon one knee; but this was nothing to him, for he worked himself about on one knee, with the assistance of his left hand, and fought desperately until the tall sailor chopped his sword out of his grasp. Now, the inference was, that the short sailor, reduced to extremity, would give in at once, and cry quarter; but, instead of that, he, all of a sudden, drew a large pistol from his belt and presented it at the face of the tall sailor who, not expecting it, was so overcome by this that he let the short sailor pick up his sword and begin again. Then the chopping recommenced," etc. Now, funny as this may read, it is, after all, no great caricature of the fights in *Richard*, *Macbeth*, and *Henry IV.*, as usually performed upon the stage. If there were nothing in the positive absurdity of the thing to deter an actor of a reflecting turn of mind from presenting himself in it, one would think that an ordinary degree of the instinct of self-preservation would have that effect.

THE following persons are requested, by a country paper, to keep away from the next Lyceum lecture: the man who wears creaking boots, the lady who faints, the boy who brings peanuts, the girl who giggles, the girl who tosses confectionery about the hall, the man who goes out before the lecture is ended, the boy and girl who are under 15 years of age, and the man who always applauds in the wrong place.

"*Ich habe es gelhan*" were Muller's "reported" last words. He might have said (and been misunderstood by the minister) "*Nich habe es gelhan*," which would have meant the exact contrary.

A SOLDIER, who was being led to the gallows, saw a crowd of people running on before. "Don't be in such a hurry," said he to them. "I can assure you nothing will be done without me."

(For the Californian.)

LINES FOR MUSIC.

FOR the past, in garbs of sorrow,
Mourning thoughts are gliding on,
While the inward grief we're shedding
Wears away our hearts of stone—
Wears, but changes not their natures,
Bends, but fails to break the will;
Like unto rebellious Ephraim,
We are idol-wedded still.

In the future stretch before us
Many a hill and valley green,
Flowery meads and tempting shadows
Whereunto our passions lean;
But the path which hath no verdure,
And which seems a gloomy road,
Though it openeth dark and dreary,
Terminates with Heaven and God.

When our years on earth are numbered
And we lay us down to die,
When from out our breasts is stealing
Nature's faint expiring sigh,
May our thoughts like peaceful rivers
Float along their happy way,
While we sink as calm to slumber
As the Christian bows to pray!

W. R. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 18th, 1865.

A MODERN ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

IN explanation of the subjoined narrative, found in the columns of an old newspaper, it is necessary to remind the reader that the island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonized by the French, and that the population yet consists in a great measure of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations:

About ten or twelve months ago, the Sieur Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by means of a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, and also of a paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words: "I am ruined!—a villain has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonor must be my portion, and I cannot await or survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us, and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction! Yet another minute, and I shall be in eternity!" (Signed) CLODOMIR FRENOIS."

Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony as a man of strict honor and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavoring faithfully to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution of consecrating her remaining days to the services of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct, led to the discovery of the period at which the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Moon, long in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry, but, shortly after the division of the late merchant's property, Moon reappeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful; and he further averred, that if Clodomir Frenois, in his existing correspondence, had thrown any injurious suspicions upon him (Moon,) the whole was but a pretext to account for deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the sole cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examiners, and the affair soon fell in a great measure out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition, when, one morning, Mr. William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett rose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended

to the parlor. He saw there a stranger, of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa, with a number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. The back of the visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr. Burnett said aloud, "Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?"

The stranger turned round, and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr. Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld, nearly a year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview between Mr. Burnett and his strange visitor, remained for the time a secret. Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the conduct of the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of that day, while John Moon was regaling himself with tea under the palm-trees of his garden, along with a Circassian female whom he had bought some time previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of justice. On the following day, he was brought before the criminal court, accused of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being conjoined with breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the charge, with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon him; and that, so far from there being any such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

"Do you then affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge gravely, after hearing all that the other had to say.

"I will avouch my innocence," replied Moon, "even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary." [Such a thing often took place under the old colonial law.]

"John Moon," said the judge, in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, "it is before your late master that you will have now to assert your innocence, and may God make the truth appear!"

A signal from the judge accompanied these words, and immediately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar with a slow and deliberate step, having his eye calmly but sternly fixed on the prisoner, his late servant. A great sensation was caused in the court by his appearance. Uttering shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and shudderingly confessed his guilt. For a time, no voice was heard but his. However, as it became apparent that a living man stood before the court, the advocate for the prisoner gained courage to speak. He demanded that the identity of the merchant be established, and the mystery of his existence explained. He said that the court should not be biased by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased: and that such an avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of much weight. "Before being admitted here as accuser or witness," continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you are, and disclose by what chance the tomb which so lately received your body, mangled by bullets, has given up its tenant, and restored you to the world in life and health!"

This firm appeal of the advocate, who continued steadfast to his duty under circumstances that would have closed the lips of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodomir Frenois: "My story may be soon told, and it will suffice to establish my identity. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had then fled from the island, and I speedily saw that all attempts to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night on which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed forgiveness from my Maker for the act of despair I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the lock, when a knock at the outer door of the house startled me. I concealed the weapon, and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me. 'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' said I. 'No,' replied the man; 'but I

know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to come and offer him this body. For mercy's sake,' continued the sexton, 'do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation, and family's bread.'

"While the man was speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and recovered honor. I stood for a few minutes absorbed in thought, and then, recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had previously been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same stature as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the man; he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his family. 'Poor relic of mortality!' said I, with tears in my eyes, 'nothing which man may do can now injure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one, but twenty families I should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children, and, when my own hour comes, we shall rest together in the tomb to which thou shalt be borne before me!'"

At this portion of the merchant's narrative, the most lively interest was excited in the court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois thus proceeded: "I then stripped off all my clothes, and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I took up the pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I had applied it to my own person, I fired it close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made.

Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, and shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectation which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew that John Moon, the man who had robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, had formed connections in this island, which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray here the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confession of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodomir Frenois, with a degree of honorable pride in which all who heard him sympathized, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit unstained to my children, and my children's children."

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strangely laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession which he had made in the extremity of his terror, and, without separating, the court sentenced him to confinement for life in the prisons of the colony.

The news of Clodomir Frenois' reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to an universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be in vain to attempt any description of the feelings of the wife, who thus saw restored to her the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or other of them as its due.

SINGULARITIES OF CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.—In a fit of educational enthusiasm, Christina endowed universities, academies, appointed largely-salaried professors, and suddenly changing her mind, dismissed them all with abuse and contempt. Two solemn philosophers whom she had taken into favor she one day, brusquely interrupting a grave colloquy, compelled to play at shuttlecock with each other as long as they could move their arms. Three of the most learned and eminent men in Sweden she made pirouette before her in a Greek dance, she screaming with laughter the while, and urging the musicians to play faster, faster, until one of the venerable men fainted and fell on the floor. Desarted, whom she had induced by the most flattering promises to take up his residence at her court, she literally worried into a consumption by insisting, in that terrible climate and the season winter—a more than usually rigorous winter—upon his presenting himself in her library punctually at five o'clock every morning.

THE WER-WOLF.

A KENTISH LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

"Ye hallow'd bells, whose voices through the air
The awful summons of afflictions bear."
Honorius, on the Day of All Souls.

ON the confines of that extensive forest track formerly spreading over so large a portion of that garden of England, the lovely county of Kent, a remnant of which "woody way" to this day is known as the Weald of Kent, and where it stretched its almost impervious covert midway between Ashford and Canterbury during the prolonged reign of our second Henry, a family of Norman extraction, by name Hugues—or Wulfrie, as they were commonly called by the Saxon inhabitants of that district—had, under protection of the ancient forest laws, furtively erected for themselves a lone and miserable habitation; and amidst these sylvan fastnesses, ostensibly following the occupation of wood-cutters, the wretched outcasts—for such, for some cause or other, they evidently were—had for many years maintained a secluded and precarious existence. Whether from rooted antipathy, actively cherished against all that usurping nation from which these woodmen derived their origin, or from recorded malpractices, they had been long looked upon by their superstitious Anglo-Saxon neighbors as belonging to the accursed race of wer-wolves, and, as such, churlishly refused work on the domains of the surrounding franklins or proprietors; so thoroughly was accredited the descent of the original lycanthropic stain transmitted from father to son through several generations. That the Hugues Wulfries reckoned not a single friend among the adjacent huts and homesteads of serf or freedman was not to be wondered at, possessing, as they did, so formidable a reputation; for to them was invariably attributed even the misfortunes to which chance alone might seem to have given birth. Did midnight fire consume the grange; did the time decayed barn, over-stored with an unusually abundant harvest, tumble into ruins; were the shocks of wheat laid prostrate over the fields by tempest; did the smut destroy the grain, or the cattle perish, decimated by murrain; a child sink under some wasting malady, or a woman give premature birth to her offspring, it was ever the Hugues Wulfries who were openly accused, eyed askant with mingled fear and detestation, the finger of young and old pointing them out with bitter execrations; in fine, they were almost as nearly classed *feræ naturæ* as their fabled prototype, and dealt with accordingly. [King Edgar is said to have been the first who attempted to rid England of its wolves; criminals even being pardoned by producing a stated number of these creatures' tongues. Some centuries after, they increased to such a degree as to become again the object of royal attention, and Edward I. appointed persons to extirpate this obnoxious race. It is one of the principal bearings in armory. Hugh, surnamed Lupus, the first Earl of Kent, bore for his crest a wolf's head.]

Terrible indeed were the tales told of them round the glowing hearth at eventide, whilst spinning the flax or plucking the geese: equally affirmed, too, in broad daylight, whilst driving the cows to pasture; and most circumstantially discussed on Sundays, between mass and vespers, by the gossiping groups collected within Ashford church parvis, with most seasonable admixture of anathema and devout crossings. Witchcraft, larceny, murder, and sacrilege, formed prominent features in the bloody and mysterious scenes of which the Hugues Wulfries were the alleged actors. Sometimes they were ascribed to the father, at others to the mother; and even the daughter escaped not her share of villification. Fain would they have attributed an atrocious disposition to the unweaned babe, so great, so universal was the horror in which was held that race of Cain! The churchyard of Ashford, and the carved stone cross, from whence diverged the several roads to London, Canterbury, and Ashford, standing midway between the two last-named places, served—so tradition avouched—as nocturnal haunts for the unhallowed deeds of the Wulfries, who thither prowled by moonlight, it was said, to fatten on the freshly buried dead, or drain the blood of any living wight who might be rash enough to venture near those solitary spots. True it was that the wolves had, during some of the severe winters, emerged from their forest lairs, and entering the cemetery by a breach in its walls, goaded by famine, had actually disinterred the dead. True it was, also, that the Wolf's Cross, as the hinds commonly designated it, had been stained with gore on one occasion through the fall of a drunken mendicant, who chanced to fracture his skull against a pointed angle of its basement. But these accidents, as well as a multitude of others, were attributed to the guilty intervention of the Wulfries, under their fiendish guise of wer-wolves.

These poor people, moreover, took no pains to exonerate themselves from a prejudice so monstrous. Full well aware of what calumny they were to the victims, but alike conscious of their impotence to contradict it, they tacitly suffered its infliction, and fled all contact with those to whom they knew themselves repulsive. Shunning the highways, and never venturing to pass through the town of Ashford in open day, they pur-

sued such labor as might occupy them within-doors or in unfrequented places. They appeared not at Canterbury market, never numbered themselves among the pilgrims at Becket's far-famed shrine, nor assisted at any sport, merry-making, hay-cutting, or harvest-home; the priest had interdicted them from all communion with the church—the ale-bibbers from the hostelry.

The rude hut which they inhabited was built of chalk and clay, with a thatch of straw, in which the high winds had made large rents; and its rotten door exhibited wide gaps, through which the wind had free ingress. As this wretched abode was situate at considerable distance from any other, if, perchance, any of the neighboring serfs strayed within its precincts towards nightfall, their credulous fears made them shun near approach so soon as the vapors of the marsh were seen to blend their ghastly wreaths with the twilight. When that darkling time drew on which explains the diabolical sense of the old saying, "tween dog and wolf," "twixt hawk and buzzard," and the wit-o'-the-wisps began to glimmer around the dwelling of the Wulfries, they then patriarchally supped—whenever they had a supper—and forthwith betook themselves to rest.

Sorrow, misery, and the putrid exhalations of the steeped hemp, from which they manufactured a rude and scanty attire, combined eventually to bring sickness and death into the bosom of this wretched family; who, in their utmost extremity, could hope for neither pity nor succor. The father was first attacked, and his corpse was scarce cold ere the mother rendered up her breath. Thus passed that fated couple to their account, unsolaced by the consolations of the confessor or the medicaments of the leech. Hugues Wulfrie, their eldest son, himself dug their grave, laid their bodies within it, swathed with hempen shreds for graveclothes, and raised a few clods of earth over them, wherewith to mark their last resting-place. A hind, who chanced to see him fulfilling this pious duty in the dusk of the evening, timidly crossed himself, and fled as fast as his legs would carry him, fully believing that he had witnessed some infernal incantation. When the actual fact transpired, the neighboring gossips congratulated one another upon the twofold mortality, which they looked upon as a tardy chastisement of Heaven. They spoke of ringing the joy bells, and offering masses of thanks for such a deed of grace.

It was All Soul's eve, and the wind howled along the bleak hill side, whistling drearily through the naked branches of the forest trees, whose last leaves it had remorselessly stripped; the sun had sunk obscurely; a dense and chilling fog spread through the air like the mourning veil of the widowed, whose day of love hath early fled. No star shone in the heavy, murky sky. In that lone hut, through which death had so lately passed, the orphan survivors held their lonely vigil by the fitful blaze sent forth from the reeking logs smouldering upon the hearth. Several days had elapsed since their lips had pressed for the last time the cold hands of their parents; several dreary nights had passed since the sad hour in which their last farewell had left them desolate on earth.

Poor lone ones! both, too, in the flower of their youth—how sad, yet how serene did they appear amid their grief! But what sudden and mysterious terror is it that seems to overcome them? It is not, alas! the first time since they were left alone upon earth, that they have found themselves at this hour of the night by their deserted hearth, once enlivened by the cheerful tales of their mother. Full often have they wept over her memory, but never yet had their solitude proved so appalling; and, pallid as very spectres, they tremblingly gazed upon one another as the flickering ray from the wood-fire played over their features.

"Brother! heard you not that loud shriek which every echo of the forest repeated? It sounds to me as if the ground were ringing with the tread of some gigantic phantom, and whose breath seems to have shaken the door of our hut. The breath of the dead they say is icy cold. A mortal shivering has come over me."

"And I too, sister, thought I heard voices, as it were, at a distance, murmuring strange words. Tremble not thus! Am I not beside you?"

"Oh, brother, let us most fervently pray, to the end that Heaven may restrain the departed from haunting our dwelling."

"But perhaps our mother is amongst them. She comes, unshrived and unshrouded, to visit her forlorn ones—her well-beloved! For knowest thou not, sister, 'tis the eve on which the dead forsake their graves? Let us open the door that our mother may enter and resume her wonted place by the hearthstone."

"Oh, brother, how gloomy is all without a door! how damp and cold the gusts sweep by! Hearest thou what groans the dead are uttering round our hut? Oh, close the door, in Heaven's name!"

"Take courage, sister; I have thrown upon the fire that holy branch, plucked as it flowered on last Palm Sunday, which thou knowest will drive away all evil spirits; and now our mother can enter alone."

"But how will she look, brother? They say the dead are

horrible to gaze upon; that their hair has fallen away, their eyes become hollow, and that in walking their bones rattle hideously. Will our mother, then, be thus?"

"No; she will appear with the features we loved to behold; with the affectionate smile that welcomed us home from our perilous labors; with the voice which, in early youth, sought us when, belated, the closing night surprised us far from our dwelling."

The poor girl busied herself awhile in arranging a few platters of scanty fare upon the tottering board which served them for a table; and this last pious offering of filial love, as she deemed it, appeared accomplished only by the greatest and last effort, so enfeebled had her frame become.

"Let our dearly-loved mother enter, then," she exclaimed, sinking exhausted upon the settle. "I have prepared her evening meal, that she may not be angry with me; and all is arranged as she was wont to have it. But what ails thee, my brother? for now thou tremblest as I did awhile ago."

"Seest thou not, sister, those pale and lurid lights which are rising at a distance across the marsh? They are the dead, coming to seat themselves before the repast prepared for them. Hark! List to the funeral tones of the All-hallow-tide bells, as they come upon the gale, blended with their hollow voices. Listen! listen!"

"Brother, this horror grows insupportable. This, I feel, of a verity, will be my last night upon earth! And is there no word of hope to cheer me, mingling with those fearful sounds? Oh, brother! brother!"

"Hush, sister, hush! Seest thou now the ghastly lights which herald the dead athwart the horizon? Hearest thou the prolonged tolling of the bell? They come! they come!"

"Eternal repose to their ashes!" exclaimed the bereaved ones, sinking upon their knees, and bowing down their heads in the extremity of their terror and lamentation; and as they uttered the words, the door was at the same moment closed with violence, as though it had been slammed to by a vigorous hand. Hugues started to his feet, for the creaking of the timber which supported the roof seemed to announce the fall of the frail tenement; the fire was suddenly extinguished, and a plaintive groan mingled itself with the blast that whistled through the crevices of the door. On raising his sister, Hugues found that she too was no longer to be numbered among the living.

Hugues, on becoming the head of his family, composed of two sisters younger than himself, had seen them likewise descend into the grave in the space of a fortnight; and when he had laid the last within her parent earth, he hesitated whether he should not extend himself beside them, and share their peaceful slumber. It was not by tears and sobs that grief so profound as his had manifested itself, but in a mute and sullen contemplation over the rude sepulture of his kindred and his own future loneliness. During three consecutive nights he wandered, pale and haggard, from his solitary hut, to prostrate himself and kneel by turns upon the funereal turf. For three days food had not passed his lips.

Winter had interrupted the labors of the woods and fields, and Hugues had presented himself in vain among the neighboring farms to obtain a few days' employment to thresh grain, cut wood, or drive the plough; no one would employ him, from fear of drawing upon himself the fatality attached to all bearing the name of Wulfrie. He met with brutal denials at all hands; and not only were these accompanied by taunt and menace, but dogs were let loose upon him to rend his limbs; they deprived him even of the alms accorded to beggars by profession. In short, he found himself overwhelmed with scorn, insult and injury.

Was he, then, to expire of inanition, or deliver himself from the tortures of hunger by suicide? He would have embraced that means, as a last and only consolation, had he not been retained earthward to struggle with his dark fate by a feeling of love. Yes, that abject being—forced, in very desperation against his better self, to abhor the human species in the abstract, and to feel a savage joy in waging war against it; that *pariah*, who scarce longer felt confidence in the Heaven which seemed an apathetic witness of his woes; that man, so isolated from those social relations which alone compensate us for the toils and troubles of life, without other stay than that afforded by his conscience, with no fortune in prospect but the miserable existence and bitter death of his departed kin; worn to the bone by sorrow and privation, swelling with rage and resentment, he yet consented to live, to cling to life; for, strange to say, he loved! But for that heaven-sent ray gleaming across his thorny path, he would have gladly exchanged a pilgrimage so lone and wearisome for the peaceful slumber of the grave.

Hugues Wulfrie would have been the finest youth in all that part of Kent, were it not that the outrages with which he had so unceasingly to contend, and the privations he was forced to undergo, had effaced the color from his cheeks, and sunk his eyes deep in their orbits. His brows, also, were habitually contracted, and his glance oblique and fierce. Yet despite that recklessness and anguish which clouded his features, one incredulous of his alleged atrocities could not have

failed to admire the savage beauty of his head, cast in nature's noblest mould, crowned with a profusion of waving hair, and set upon shoulders whose robust and harmonious proportions were discoverable through the tattered attire investing them. With a carriage firm and majestic, his motions were not without a species of rustic grace, and the tone of his naturally soft voice accorded admirably with the purity in which he spoke his ancestral language—Norman French. In short, he differed so widely from the people of his imputed condition, that one is constrained to believe that jealousy or prejudice must originally have been no stranger to the malicious persecution of which he was the object. The women alone ventured first to pity his forlorn condition, and next endeavored to think of him in a more favorable light.

Branda, niece of Willieblud, the flesher of Ashford, had, among other of the town maidens, noticed Hugues with a not unfavorable eye, as she chanced to pass one day on horseback through a coppice near the outskirts of the town, into which the young man had been led by the eager chase of the wild hog; and which animal, from the nature of the country, was single-handed, exceedingly difficult of capture. The cold-hearted falsehoods which the malignant crones buzzed in her ears in no wise diminished the advantageous opinion she had conceived of this ill-treated and good-looking wer-wolf. She sometimes, indeed, went so far as to turn considerably out of her way, in order to meet and exchange his cordial greeting; for Hugues, recognizing the attention of which he had now become the object, had, in his turn, at last summoned up courage to survey more leisurely the pretty Branda; and the result was that he found her the brightest and comeliest maiden that, in his hitherto restricted rambles out of the forest, his timorous gaze had ever encountered. His gratitude increased proportionably; and at the moment when his domestic be-reavements came one after another to overwhelm him, he was actually on the eve of making Branda, on the first opportunity presenting itself, an avowal of the love he bore her.

It was chill winter—holy Christmas-tide; the distant toll of the curfew had long ceased, and all the inhabitants of Ashford were safely housed in their tenements for the night. Hugues—solitary, motionless, silent, his forehead grasped between his hands, his gaze dully fixed upon the decaying brands that feebly glimmered upon his hearth—heeded not the cutting north wind, whose sweeping gusts shook the crazy roof and whistled through the chinks of the door. He started not at the harsh cries of the herons fighting for prey in the marsh, nor at the monotonous croaking of the ravens perched over his smoke vent. He thought of his departed kindred, and imagined that his hour to rejoin them would soon be at hand; for the intense cold congealed the marrow of his bones, and fell hunger gnawed and twisted his entrails. Yet at intervals would a recollection of nascent love—of Branda—suddenly appease his else intolerable anguish, and cause a faint smile to gleam across his wan features.

"O blessed Virgin! grant that my sufferings may speedily cease!" murmured he, despairingly. "Oh, would I were a wer-wolf, as they call me! I could then requite them for all the foul wrong done me. True, I could not feed upon their flesh; I would not shed their blood; but I should be able to terrify and torment those who have wrought my parents' and sisters' death, who have persecuted our family even to extermination! Why have I not the power to change my nature into that of a wolf, if of a verity my ancestors possessed it, as they avouch? I should at least find carrion (horse flesh was an article of food among our Saxon forefathers in England) to devour, and not die thus horribly of starvation. Branda is the only being in this world who cares for me; and that conviction alone reconciles me to life!"

Hugues gave free current to these gloomy reflections. The smouldering embers now gave but a feeble and vacillating light, faintly struggling with the surrounding gloom, and Hugues felt the horror of darkness coming strong upon him. Chilled with the ague fit one instant, and tormented next by the fevered pulsation of his veins, he arose at last to seek fuel, and threw upon the fire a heap of faggot chips, heath, and straw, which soon raised a clear and crackling flame. His stock of wood had become exhausted; and seeking wherewith to replenish his dying hearth-fire, whilst foraging under the rudely built oven, amongst a pile of rubbish placed there by his mother wherewith to bake bread—handles of old tools, fractured joint-stools, and cracked platters—he discovered a chest rudely bound with a dressed hide, and which he had never seen before. Rushing upon it as though he had found a treasure, he broke open the lid, strongly secured by an iron hasp.

This chest, which had evidently been long unopened, contained the complete disguise of a wer-wolf—a dyed sheepskin, with gloves in the form of paws; a tail; a mask with an elongated muzzle, furnished with formidable rows of yellow horse-teeth.

Hugues started backwards, terrified at his discovery—so opportune that it seemed to him the work of sorcery. Then, on recovering from his surprise, he drew forth, one by one, the several pieces of this strange disguise, which had evidently seen some service, but from long neglect had become

somewhat damaged. Then recurred confusedly to his mind the marvellous recitals made him by his grandfather, as he nursed him upon his knees during earliest childhood—tales during the narration of which his mother wept silently, as he had laughed heartily. In his mind there was a mingled strife of feelings and purposes alike undefinable. He continued his examination of this criminal heritage, and by degrees his imagination grew bewildered with vague and extravagant projects.

Hunger and despair together hurried him on. He saw objects no longer save through an ensanguined prism. He felt his very teeth on edge with an avidity for biting. He experienced an inconceivable impulse to run. He set himself to howl, as though he had practised wer-wolfery all his life, and next began to invest himself completely with the guise and external attributes of his novel vocation. A more startling change could scarcely have been wrought in him had that horribly grotesque metamorphosis really been the effect of enchantment; aided too, as it was, by the fever which worked a temporary insanity in his frenzied brain.

Scarcely did he thus find himself travestied into a wer-wolf through the influence of his shaggy vesture, ere he darted forth from the hut, through the forest and into the open country—white with hoar-frost, and across which the bitter north-east wind swept—howling in a frightful manner, and traversing the meadows, fallows, plains, and marshes, like a phantom. But at that hour, and during such a season, not a single belated way-farer was there to encounter Hugues, whom the keenness of the air and the excitation of his run had worked up to the highest pitch of extravagance and audacity. He howled the louder in proportion as his hunger waxed sharper.

Suddenly the heavy rumbling of an approaching vehicle arrested his attention. At first with indecision, next with a stolid fixity of purpose, he struggled with two suggestions counselling him at one and the same moment—to flee and to advance. The carriage, or whatever it might be, continued rolling towards him. The night was not so obscure but that he was able to descry the tower of Ashford Church at a short distance off, and hard by which stood a pile of unhewn stone, destined either for the execution of some repair, or addition to the sacred edifice, into the deep shadow of which he ran furtively to crouch down, and so await the coming up of his prey.

It proved to be the covered cart of Willieblud, the Ashford flesher, who was wont twice a week to carry meat to Canterbury, and travelled by night in order that he might be among the first at market opening. Of this Hugues was fully aware, and the departure of the flesher naturally suggested to him the inference that his niece must be keeping house by herself, for our lusty flesher had been long a widower. For an instant he hesitated whether he should introduce himself, thus strangely accoutred, to the maiden—favorable as the opportunity seemed—or whether he should first attack the uncle and seize upon the viands. Hunger, for the nonce, got the better of love; and the monotonous whistle with which the driver was, as usual, urging forward his sorry jade, warning him to be in readiness for his onset, he suddenly howled in a loud and unearthly tone, at the same moment that he rushed forward and seized the horse by the bit.

"Willieblud, flesher!" growled Hugues, disguising his voice, and speaking to him in the *lingua Franca* of that period: "I hunger; throw me two pounds of meat if thou wouldst live and have me live."

"St. Wini-fred have mercy upon me!" cried the terrified flesher; "is it though, Hugues Wulfrie, of Weald Marsh, the born wer-wolf?"

"Thou sayest sooth; it is I," replied Hugues, who had the ready address to avail himself of the credulous superstition of Willieblud. "I would rather have raw beef than eat of thy flesh, plump as thou art. Throw me, therefore, what I crave, and forget not to be ready with a like portion each time thou settest out for Canterbury market; or, failing thereof, I'll tear thee limb from limb."

Hugues, to display his attributes of a wer-wolf before the gaze of the terrified flesher, had sprung upon the spokes of the wheel, and placed his forepaw upon the edge of the cart, over which he made a semblance of snuffing with his false snout. Willieblud, who believed in wolves as devoutly as he did in his patron saint, had no sooner perceived this monstrous paw than, uttering a fervent invocation to the latter, he seized upon his daintiest joint of meat, let it fall to the ground, and whilst Hugues sprang eagerly down to pick it up, the flesher at the same instant dealt a sudden and sharp blow on his beast's flank, on which the latter set off at a sharp gallop without waiting for any reiterated invitation from the lash.

Hugues, satiated with a repast which had cost him far less trouble to procure than any he had long remembered, readily promised himself the renewal of an expedient the execution of which was at once so easy and diverting; for, though smitten with the charms of the fair-haired Branda, he not the less found a malicious pleasure in augmenting the terror of her Willieblud. The latter, for a long while, revealed not to living being the tale of his late encounter and strange compact

with Hugues, but submitted uncomplainingly to the impost levied each time the wer-wolf crossed his path, without being very nice about either weight or quality of the meat. He no longer even waited to be asked for it; anything rather than encounter that fiend-like form clinging to the side of his cart, or being brought into close contact with that hideous, misshapen paw, stretched forth, as it were, to strangle him—that paw, too, which once had been a human hand. The flesher, moreover, had become moody and morose of late; he set out to market reluctantly, and seemed to dread the hour of departure as it drew nigh, and no longer beguiled the dulness of his nocturnal journey by whistling to his horse, or by troling snatches of ballads, as he was wont formerly. Willieblud now invariably returned home in a gloomy and restless mood.

Branda, at a loss to conceive what had given rise to this new and permanent depression that had taken hold of her uncle's mind, after in vain exhausting conjecture, proceeded to interrogate, importune and supplicate him by turns; until the unhappy flesher, no longer proof against such continuous appeals, at last disburdened herself of the load which he had at heart, by recounting the history of his nocturnal adventures with the wer-wolf.

The quick-witted Branda listened demurely and patiently to the entire story without offering either comment or query. At its close:

"Hugues is no more a wer-wolf than thou art!" exclaimed she, hurt that such an injurious suspicion should be entertained against one for whom she had long felt something more than interest. "'Tis an idle tale, or some juggling device. I fear me thou must of a verity dream those sorceries, uncle Willieblud; for Hugues, of the Weald Marsh, or Wulfrie, as the silly fools call him, is worth far more, I trow, than his reputation goes."

"Girl, it boots not saying me nay in this matter," replied Willieblud, pertinaciously urging the truth of his story. "The family of Hugues, as everybody knows, were wer-wolves born; and since they are all of late, by the blessing of Heaven, defunct, save one, Hugues himself now, of a verity, inherits the wolf's paw."

"I tell thee, and will avouch it openly, uncle, that Hugues is of too gentle and seemly a nature to serve Satan, and turn himself into a wild beast, and that will I never believe until I have seen the same."

"Mass! and that thou shalt right speedily, if thou wilt but along with me. In very sooth, 'tis he. Besides, when he made confession of his name, did I not recognize his voice? and am I not ever bethinking me of his knavish paw, with which he grasps the cart shaft while he stays the horse? Girl, mark me, he is in league with the foul fiend."

Branda had to a certain degree imbibed the lycanthropic superstition in the abstract, as well as her uncle; saving, so far as it concerned the hitherto, as she believed, traduced being on whom her reflections, as though in feminine perversity, had so strangely lighted. Her womanish curiosity, in this instance, less determined her resolution to accompany the flesher on his next journey, than the desire to exculpate her lover—fully believing the strange tale of her kinsman's encounter with and spoliation by the latter to be the effect of some strange illusion, and of which to find Hugues guilty was the sole dread she experienced on mounting the rude vehicle laden with its customary viands.

It was just midnight when they started from Ashford, the hour alike dear to wer-wolves as to goblins of every other denomination. Hugues was punctual at the appointed spot. His howlings, as they drew nigh, though horrible enough, had still something human in them, and disconcerted not a little the confidence of Branda. Willieblud, however, trembled even more than she did, and sought for the wolf's portion; the latter raised himself upon his hind legs, and extended one of his fore-paws to receive the mulctuary dole as soon as the cart stopped at the heap of stones.

"Uncle, I shall swoon with fright," exclaimed Branda, clinging closely to the flesher, and tremblingly pulling the coverchief over her eyes; "loose rein and smite thy beast, or evil will surely betide us."

"Thou art not alone gossip," cried Hugues, fearful of a snare; "if thou essay'st to play me false, certes thou'rt at once undone."

"Harm us not, friend Hugues, thou know'st I weigh not my pounds of meat with thee; I shall take heed to keep my troth. It is Branda, my niece, who goes with me to-night to buy wares at Canterbury."

"Branda with thee? By the mass 'tis she indeed, more buxom and rosy, too, than ever; come, pretty one, descend and tarry awhile, that I may have speech with thee."

"I conjure thee, good Hugues, terrify not so cruelly my poor wench, who is well-nigh dead already with fear; suffer us to hold our way, for we have far to go, and to-morrow is early market-day."

"Go thy ways then alone, Uncle Willieblud; 'tis thy niece I would have speech with, in all courtesy and honor; the which, if thou permittest not readily and of a good grace, I will rend thee both to death."

All in vain was it that Willieblud exhausted himself in

prayers and lamentation, in hopes of softening the bloodthirsty wer-wolf, as he believed him to be—refusing as the latter did every sort of compromise in avoidance of his demand, and at last replying only by horrible threats, which froze the hearts of both. Branda, although especially interested in the debate, neither stirred foot nor opened her mouth, so greatly had terror and surprise overwhelmed her. She kept her eyes fixed upon the wer-wolf, who peered at her likewise through his mask, and felt incapable of offering resistance, when she found herself forcibly dragged out of the cart, and deposited, as it seemed to her, by an invisible power, beside the heap of stones. She swooned without uttering a single scream.

The flesher was no less dumbfounded at the turn the adventure had taken; and he too fell back among his meat, as though stricken by a blinding blow. He fancied that the wolf had swept his bushy tail violently across his eyes, and on recovering the use of his senses, found himself alone in the cart, which was rolling along joltingly at a rapid pace towards Canterbury. At first he listened, but in vain, for the wind to bring him either the shrieks of his niece, or the howlings of the wolf; but stop his beast he could not, which, panic-stricken, kept tearing on as though bewitched, or that she felt the spur of some fiend pricking her flanks.

Willieblud, however, reached his journey's end in safety, sold his meat, and returned to Ashford; reckoning full sure upon having to say a *miserere* for his niece, whose fate he had not ceased to bemoan during the whole way. But how great was his astonishment to find her safe at home, a little pale from her recent fright and want of sleep, but without even a scratch. Still more was he astonished to hear that the wer-wolf had done her no injury whatever; contenting himself, after she had recovered from her swoon, with conducting her back to their dwelling, and acting in every respect like a loyal suitor, rather than a sanguinary wer-wolf. Willieblud knew not what to think of it.

This nocturnal gallantry towards his niece had additionally irritated the brrly Saxon against the wer-wolf; and although the fear of reprisals kept him from making a direct and public attack upon Hugues, he ruminated not the less upon taking some sure and secret revenge. But previous to putting his design into execution, it struck him that he could not do better than relate his misadventure to the ancient sacristan and parish gravedigger of St. Michael's—a worthy of profound sagacity in those matters, who being, moreover, endowed with a clerk-like erudition, was consulted as an oracle in *glamour* by all the old crones and lovelorn maidens throughout the township of Ashford and its vicinity.

"Slay a wer-wolf thou canst not," was the repeated rejoinder of the wisacre to the earnest inquiries of the tormented flesher; "for his hide is proof against spear or arrow, though vulnerable to the edge of a cutting weapon of steel. I counsel thee to deal him a slight flesh wound, or cut him over the paw, in order to know of a surety whether it be Hugues or no. Thou'lt run no danger, save thou strik'st him a blow from which blood flows not therefrom; for so soon as his skin is severed he taketh flight."

Resolving to follow implicitly the sacristan's advice, Willieblud that same evening determined to know with what sort of wer-wolf he had to do; and with that view hid his cleaver, newly sharpened for the occasion, under the meat in his cart; and held himself ready to make good use of it, as a preparatory step towards identifying Hugues as the audacious spoliator of his meat, and eke his peace. The wolf-man on this occasion presented himself as usual, and anxiously inquired after Branda, which stimulated the flesher the more firmly to follow out his design.

"Here, wolf," said Willieblud, stooping over the cart as if to choose a piece of meat; "I give thee double portion to-night. Up with thy paw, take toll, and be mindful of my frank alms."

"In sooth I will remember thee, gossip," rejoined our wer-wolf; "but when shall the marriage be solemnized for certain 'twixt me and the pretty Branda?"

Hugues believing he had nothing to fear from the flesher, whose meats it was his wont so illicitly to appropriate to himself, and of whose fair niece he hoped also to take shortly lawful possession—both that he really loved her, and viewed his union with her as the surest means of replacing him within the pale of that sociality from which he had been so long and so unjustly exiled, could he but succeed in making intercession with the fathers of the church so far as to obtain a removal of their interdict—Hugues, as usual, placed his expectant paw upon the edge of the cart; whereupon, instead of handing him his joint of beef or mutton, Willieblud raised his cleaver, and, at a single blow, lopped off the member laid there as fittingly for the purpose as though upon a block. Having dealt the blow, the flesher flung down his weapon and belabored his beast; at the same time the maimed wer-wolf howled aloud with agony, and then disappeared like a phantom amongst the dark shades of the forest, in which, aided by the wind, his howls and moans were soon lost to the ear.

The flesher, on his return home next day, chuckling and laughing, deposited a gory cloth upon the table among the

trenchers with which his niece was busied in preparation of their noontide meal, and which wrapper, on being unfolded, displayed to her terrified gaze a freshly-severed human hand, enveloped in a wolfskin glove. Branda, intuitively guessing what had happened, shrieked aloud, shed a flood of tears, and then hurriedly threw her mantle around her, whilst her uncle was amusing himself by turning and twitching about the lopped hand with a ferocious delight, exclaiming, as he wiped up the blood which still flowed from it—

"The sacristan said sooth; the wer-wolf hath his meed, I trow, at last. And now I wot of his nature, I fear no further his witchcraft."

Although the day was far advanced, Hugues lay writhing in torture upon his wretched couch, his habiliments drenched with gore, as was also the floor of his hut. His visage, of a ghastly pallor, expressed as much moral as physical suffering. Tears gushed at intervals from beneath his red and swollen eyelids, and he listened to every sound without doors with an increasing inquietude, painfully visible upon his distorted features. At last he distinguished footsteps rapidly approaching his dismal abode; the door was hastily flung open, and, to his surprise, a female knelt beside his couch, and with mingled sobs and imprecations sought tenderly for his mutilated wrist, which, rudely swathed in hempen wrappings, no longer strove to conceal the absence of its hand, and from which a crimson stream still trickled. At so piteous a sight the tender-hearted maiden grew loud in her denunciations of the sanguinary flesher, and sympathetically mingled her lamentations with those of his victim.

These effusions of love and grief, however, were doomed to sudden interruption. Some one knocked at the shattered door of the wretched abode. Branda sprang to the loophole which served for a window, in order that she might see who the visitor might be that had dared to penetrate to the lair of a wer-wolf, and on recognizing him, raised her hands and eyes towards heaven in silent token of the extremity of her despair, while the knocking momentarily grew louder and louder.

"Tis my uncle," she whispered, in faltering accents. "Ah! woe's me! how shall I escape hence without his seeing me?—whither hide? Oh, here, here, nigh to thee, Hugues, and we will die together;" and she crouched herself down in a dark recess behind his couch. "Should Willieblud raise his cleaver to slay thee, he shall first strike through thy Branda's body."

So saying, she hastily hid her pretty little form amongst a pile of undressed hemp, at the same time whispering Hugues to summon all his courage; who, poor fellow, scarce found strength enough to raise himself to a sitting posture, whilst his languid gaze vainly sought around for some weapon of defence.

"A good day to thee, Wulfrie!" sneered Willieblud, as he stepped into the hut, holding in his hand a cloth folded and tied in a knot, which he flung down upon an old coffer standing beside the wounded man; "I come to proffer thee work, knowing that thou art no laggard at billhook and wattle. Wilt bind and stack me a faggot pile? Wilt do it, I say?"

"I am sick," replied Hugues, repressing the bitter wrath he felt at heart, and which, despite the physical suffering he was undergoing, flashed in his wild and haggard glances, "I am not in fitting trim for work."

"Sick, gossip—sick art thou, indeed? Or is it only a sloth fit? Come, come, what ails thee? Let us see where lieth the malady. Your hand, that I may feel how beateth thy pulse."

Hugues' pallid cheek reddened, and for an instant he hesitated whether he should resist a solicitation, the object of which he too readily comprehended; but in order to avoid exposing the tender-hearted damsel to her uncle's discovery, the maimed lover thrust forth his left hand from beneath the coverture, all imbrued with dried gore.

"Not that hand, Hugues; let's have the other—the right one. Body o' me, man, hast lost thy fist, and must I find it for thee?"

Hugues, whose flush of rage had alternately deepened and turned to a deathlike hue, replied not to this taunt, nor testified by the slightest gesture or movement that he was about to comply with a request as cruel in the nature of its preconcertation as the object of it was slenderly cloaked. Willieblud laughed with a loud, coarse laugh, and ground his great teeth together in savage glee, maliciously revelling in the mental torture he saw clearly he was now inflicting upon the sufferer. He seemed disposed to use violence rather than allow himself to be baffled in the attainment of the decisive proof he aimed at. Already had he commenced untying the napkin, giving vent all the while to a string of pitiless taunts—one hand only displaying itself outside the coverture, and which Hugues well-nigh senseless with anguish, thought not of withdrawing.

"Why tender me that hand?" continued his unrelenting persecutor, as he imagined himself on the eve of arriving at the conviction he so persistently sought for—"that I should lop it off? Quick! quick! Master Wulfrie, and do my bidding! I demand to see your right hand."

"Behold it then!" ejaculated a feigned voice, which belonged to no supernatural being, however it might seem appertaining to such; and Willieblud, to his utter confusion and dismay, saw a right hand, sound and unimpaired, extend itself

towards him, as though in silent accusation. He started back, stammered out a cry for mercy, bent his knees for an instant, and then raising himself, palsied with terror, fled from the hut, which he firmly believed to be in the possession of the foul fiend. So great was his consternation, that he left behind him the severed hand, which from that moment became a perpetual vision ever present before his bewildered mind, and which all the potent exorcisms of the sacristan, at whose hands he continually sought counsel and consolation, signally failed to dispel.

"Oh that hand! To whom, then, belongs that accursed hand?" groaned Willieblud, despondingly. "Is it really the fiend's, or that of some wer-wolf? Certain 'tis that Hugues is innocent, for did I not see both his hands? But wherefore was one all bloody? There's sorcery at the bottom of it, nathless!"

The next morning early, the first object that struck his sight on entering his stall was the severed hand that he had left the preceding night upon the coffer in the forest hut. It was stripped of its wolfskin glove, and lay all gaunt and livid among the flesher's viands. Such was his trepidation at the spectacle that he no longer dare touch the phantom hand, which now he verily believed to be enchanted; but, hoping to get rid of it at once and forever, he had it flung into a well; and it was with no slight increase of perturbation that he found it shortly afterwards lying exposed upon his block in the vending booth. He next buried it in his garden, but still without being able to rid himself of the haunting apparition. It returned more livid and loathsome than ever to infect his shop, and augment the remorse which was unceasingly revived by the reproaches of his niece.

At length, flattering himself with the hope of escaping all further persecution from that fatal hand, it struck him that he would have it carried to the cemetery at Canterbury, and try whether solemn exorcism and sepulture in consecrated ground would bar effectually its return to the air and light of day. This was duly done. But lo! on the following morning, to his horror and mortification, he perceived it uiled to his shutter. Disheartened thoroughly by these dumb though awful reproaches, which entirely robbed him of his peace, and impatient to annihilate all trace of an action with which Heaven itself seemed to upbraid him, he quitted Ashford one morning without bidding adieu even to his niece, and some days after was found drowned in the river Stour. They drew out his swollen and discolored body, which had been discovered floating on the surface among the sedge, and it was only by piecemeal that they succeeded in tearing away from his death-contracted clutch the phantom hand, which, in his suicidal convulsions, he had retained rigidly grasped.

A year after this event, Hugues Wulfrie, although *minus* a hand, and therefore a confirmed wer-wolf, married the pretty Branda, his faithful leman, and sole heiress to the stock and chattels of her uncle, the late unhappy flesher of Ashford.

Lycanthropy—which the foregoing tale attempts to illustrate—is a superstition of very remote antiquity, and has long been involved in much obscurity. It pervaded Greece, Rome, and the Germanic nations, and in all probability came down to them from the Chaldeans and those nomadic people who had to defend their flocks from the attacks of wolves. The terror that those ferocious factors, who, assuming the guise of furious wolves, were the better enabled to perpetrate acts of theft or vengeance. Hence seems to have been derived a superstition which has prevailed through all ages and nations under different names, and surrounded by circumstances and features more or less strange. Lucian and Pliny, among the pagans, as well as the ghostly councils and the skillful leeches of the Middle Ages, busied themselves by turns with the lycanthropes, alike in cursing, excommunicating and curing them. When Gervoise of Tilbury flourished (in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I.) the extirpation of British wolves was very far from being complete, so that strong vestiges of this superstition were yet in our island. "We have frequently seen," he says, "men in England transformed into wolves for the space of a lunar month, and such people are called *gerulphs* (*garoux*) by the French, and wer-wolves by the English." Camden, in his notice of the county of Tipperary, says they have "a report of men turned every year into wolves," but adds that he accounts it fabulous.

Wer-wolf (*man-wolf*) is supposed to be an exact equivalent to the Greek word *lycanthropus*—were being, in Anglo-Saxon, a man; whence some derive the *were-gild*, or composition money paid for homicide.

The only practical joke in which Richard Harris Barham (better known by his *nom de plume* of "Thomas Ingoldsby") ever personally engaged, was enacted when he was a boy at Canterbury. In company with a school-fellow, D—, he entered a Quaker meeting-house, when, looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab-colored gentleman, rising; "go thy way, and ——" The pie's yours, sir!" exclaimed D—, placing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

GEN. McDOWELL AND HIS RECORD.

WHEN General McDowell came to this coast as the Commander of the Military Department of the Pacific his record was before the people. From the earliest commencement of the war until a period but little prior to his leaving the East, he was actively engaged in it, and participated in nearly all the great movements that were planned or executed. As every man occupying a public position will have, he had his friends and his enemies, the former having decidedly the advantage in point of number. His military movements were subject to severe criticism occasionally, and his motives were, of course, from the nature of the circumstances which surrounded him, open at times to misconstruction. Gen. McClellan looked upon him as a rival and believed him to be an enemy; and when the corps of which Gen. McDowell was in command was detached from the Army of the Potomac to be organized as the Army of the Rappahannock and assigned to the defence of Washington, subsequently being ordered to advance upon Richmond independently by the way of Fredericksburg, numerous complaints, loud and deep, went up from Gen. McClellan and his principal officers then fixed in the mud of the Peninsula, as well as from their political friends at home. Gen. Fitz John Porter declared that Gen. McDowell had plotted the destruction of Gen. McClellan, and Gen. Butterfield, sitting in his tent, declared that if he were killed in the Peninsular campaign he wished it to be distinctly understood that Gen. McDowell had murdered him.

During all this time the General who was thus flung under a cloud of misinterpretation was silent. He was never heard to lift up his voice in his own defence, he never once rushed into print. The admirers and supporters of McClellan—and at that period of the war their name was legion, both in the army and out—were loud in their denunciation, but, without making answer at all, the object of their anathemas quietly pursued his way, marching upon and capturing Fredericksburg according to the letter of his instructions, and at this latter place organizing his army for the contemplated advance upon Richmond by the line of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad.

It was while thus organizing his army that the orders for the guarding of rebel property were issued in his Department—orders to which the hot and Hon. Ben. Wade took exception in the Senate, and which the Gold Hill News of the 13th inst., we observe, makes the text of an uncomplimentary, and, we regret to add, a most unjust article. Believing that our cotemporary will be only too glad to be set right in a mistake under which it evidently labors as to the real tenor and purport of those orders, we at this point indulge in a slight digression for the sake of making an explanation.

As has already been remarked, Gen. McDowell was at that time organizing his army for an advance upon Fredericksburg. He had nearly 40,000 troops under his command, many of whom were new recruits while others had been detached from commands in which the utmost license prevailed, with scarcely an attempt at discipline. It is scarcely worth while to multiply upon the necessity of discipline in an army, for it must be plain that without it a body of soldiers descends at once to the level of a badly-organized mob. Blenker's command had become a by-word the country through, and the name of that General had given a new phrase to the language, it being customary when any thing was stolen to speak of it as having been "Blenkered." On the march half his men were straggling from their companies, robbing dairies and sucking eggs, and it is to the demoralization that prevailed among them that the escape of Jackson from the Shenandoah Valley, when pursued by Fremont, is in a great measure to be attributed. Gen. McDowell was determined that a different order of things should be the rule in his command, and took early measures to secure it. His camp at Fredericksburg was for some time a camp of drill and organization. Very many of the soldiers on first joining it were under the mistaken impression that they shouldered muskets to have a holiday time, and that plunder and rapine were to constitute their privileges if not their serious occupation. General McDowell speedily convinced them to the contrary. Orders were issued that all private

property should be respected. Rations were plenty, and there was seldom necessity for "foraging upon the enemy." When, as sometimes happened, the contrary was the case, foraging parties were sent out under the command of proper officers; but no skirmishing around of soldiers on their own hook, devastating private dwellings and outraging and insulting women, was ever permitted. If fences were pulled down, the company that did the mischief was ordered out to replace them with rails which themselves had to split, and the offence was seldom repeated. In issuing these orders for the respecting and if necessary the guarding of property, Gen. McDowell hinted at his reasons. His was an army of occupation; Fredericksburg when he moved would probably become his base of operations. The farms and the fields of the vicinity were in full bloom and flower; the grain which they contained could be made serviceable for the use of his armies when the campaign was advanced—why should he permit it to be trampled down and destroyed when no good could result but only evil in the wanton spirit it would necessarily engender among the soldiery? So fences were ordered to be let alone. So far as hen-roosts and dairies were concerned, it was of first importance that the men should be taught to respect themselves and their officers. It was not so much for the sake of the "rebel property" itself that they were to be restrained from plunder as it was for the purpose of teaching them discipline, and inculcating them with the idea that orders must be obeyed. And so great was his success in this respect that a more orderly and soldierly body of men than that army of the Rappahannock presented when the ripe time came for its march upon Richmond never flashed bayonets in the sun. The fields were as green as though the tramp of armed men had never sounded through the lanes, and the feeling on the part of the inhabitants was one of respect towards an army which they had been led to believe was simply a horde of Goths and Vandals. And at this very time the Hon. Ben Wade, taking his fat ease in his Senate seat, was declaring against Gen. McDowell for "using the soldiers to guard the pigs, chickens, and fences of our enemies instead of fighting them in the field!" It never occurred to that gentleman that the railroad from Aquia Creek had to be rebuilt, a line of communication established, and, that while this was being done, drill and discipline were the most effectual means of keeping the men out from that mischief which idleness breeds.

The contemplated movement upon Richmond was arrested at 12 o'clock at night of the day when the army was under orders to march before the next morning's sun, by a telegram from Washington that Jackson had beaten Banks back with terrible defeat, and an order to Gen. McDowell to hasten with half his command to assist in driving the bold rebel from the Valley of the Shenandoah—then a valley of humiliation and defeat—before he succeeded in swooping down upon the capital, as was evidently his intention. Had the original movement gone on, such an army as has been got together at no other time during the war would have been hurled against the northern gates of Richmond; and while the trained and disciplined men of that army were knocking at those gates, the country at large, and Ben Wade as well, would have learned to what purpose they had previously been employed in "guarding rebel property on the Rappahannock."

With the rest of Gen. McDowell's record the public is so familiar that we will not weary them with its repetition. He was blamed by some newspaper critics, but we venture to say that he was never abused until he came to California. Never a line did he write for publication during his Eastern career; at no time, even when subjected to the severest and most unjust criticism and misrepresentation, did he rush into print. A Court of Inquiry, which he demanded and obtained, cleared his skirts of all the imputations which were brought against him, and quietly and without complaint he accepted enforced inaction until work was found for him to do. Assigned to the command of the Military Department of the Pacific, he was saluted on his arrival here with salvos of praise and commendation from all quarters, some of which, perhaps, had scarcely taken the trouble to familiarize themselves with his previous career. Whether any effect was produced upon him or not by the tributes we cannot say, but we fancy not. Subsequently, when it was found that he paid very little attention to what was said or printed about him, whether good or bad, not exactly refusing to be dictated to, but somehow seeming not to hear the instructions vouchsafed him, and manifesting a strange want of intention to act upon or be governed by them—then it was that he received a salute which we imagine his ears had been strangers to before. Quiet and rather retiring in his habits, occupied with the duties of his new command and striving to familiarize himself with its requirements by personal inspection, unconscious, probably, of offence to any one within the bounds of his jurisdiction, suddenly a score of batteries were opened upon him which have played unceasingly ever since; his private affairs were dragged before the public, his wife's name was paraded through the country as though it were the sign of a village inn, and what he ate, drank and wore made the subject of comment and criticism. That he is surprised we do not doubt, that he is

disgusted we can believe; but that any other effect is produced upon him we do not for a moment imagine. The scream of shot and shell is worse than a newspaper cry, and the leaded matter which the mouths of muskets distribute is more terrible than any that was ever put in print. It may seem rather hard, after having been on several pretty well-fought fields, to have his loyalty impugned by those who have never yet proved theirs by volunteering to stand under fire; his discretion and military proficiency questioned by people who would make a sad muddle of affairs here if they stood in his shoes, and his private affairs dissemised by people who have no business with them; but to these annoyances he will get used in time, if he has not already. In the meantime it is likely that he will pursue his way as usual, doing his duty to the best of his ability, never replying to and possibly never reading the attacks which are made upon him. But we do wish for their own sakes that a portion of the press of this coast would ask themselves what cause they have had for their hue-and-cry; for we predict that some day they will be heartily ashamed of it and anxious and willing to blot out the record. It were quite as well to abuse the Administration at once as to thus shower mud upon a General who is known to stand high in its confidence and who has received an important appointment at its hands. Of the respect due to the commanding officer of a military Department like that of the Pacific, we will not speak, though a few thoughts suggest themselves in that connection.

THE WIRES WORKING.

AFTER a dreary suspension of telegraphic communication with the East, the wires have once more begun to throb with the news that should have been tingling in their veins during the past fortnight. A connection was effected on Thursday, or that day, at least, brought the first installment of delayed despatches. A horse and buggy brought these suspended messages from Julesburg to Mud Springs—it was between these two points that the poles had been destroyed and the wire removed—and from the latter place they were forwarded as speedily as the fleet wings of lightning could bring them.

In learning that all despatches have to pass through Mud Springs en route from the East, our public will perhaps come to understand how it is that they turn out about as clear as mud when they reach their destination at the newspaper offices of this coast.

During this interregnum of communication the daily papers have languished, for comments on the war news and speculations as to the movements of armies have hitherto formed their principal stock in trade. To write leaders without such material to work upon was very much like the feat which the unfortunate Israelites were called upon to perform in making bricks without straw. That these comments did not always make the news clear, adding, on the contrary, oftentimes to its contradictoriness, and that the explanations of the situations sometimes puzzled the people much more than the situations themselves, mattered not. Something to write about was all that was required, and this the telegraph never failed to furnish while it was in working order.

With the public at large the interruption did not seem to make much difference. Business went on as usual and speculations in greenbacks were undiminished. The fever of excitement which had become characteristic of our population since the application of the galvanic battery daily to their spines, in a great measure subsided, and they settled down to the probability that for a period they would have to await steamer arrivals for news, with a calm composure exceedingly creditable under the circumstances. The resignation with which this deprivation of the accustomed daily despatches was met, may perhaps be attributed to the want of faith which the multitude had arrived at as regarded anything transmitted over the wires. They had swung their hats exultingly one day over news which was contradicted the next, and indulged in premature celebrations over the capture of nearly every city or fortification which our armies have besieged during the war. Operations in greenbacks, based on the price of gold as transmitted by telegraph, often terminated disastrously for those who fancied that they had the inside track. In short, the working of the wires brought so many to grief, that no very emphatic indignation was expressed towards the experimental Indians who pulled them down. That the Indians had not before found out the means of annoyance, which the easy sundering of the wires stretched across their country placed within their power, has always surprised us; having now found it out, we imagine it will be long before they "let up" so that regular communication can be counted upon.

THE San Francisco Olympic Club will give a grand ball and exhibition, Wednesday evening, Feb. 22d, at Platt's Hall. In regard to the exhibition, the Club promise a more attractive entertainment than ever, introducing acrobatic and gymnastic feats of a different character from those heretofore given. The proceeds will be added to the building fund of the institution.

A PLEA FOR A COTEMPORARY.

[THE following communication in reference to divorces, and the system which one of our cotemporaries has adopted in their publication, touches a rather tender subject; but it is only by discussion that men are able to arrive at truth, and we are always happy to throw our columns open to argument if conducted in a proper manner. As regards the right of divorce so many different opinions are entertained that we prefer to turn the theme over to contributors for discussion, without mingling in it ourselves. It would seem, however, that if the law be competent to marry, it is also competent to separate. But where the ceremony is made a religious one, as it is in some churches which do not recognize a marriage unless it be performed by a clergyman, the case may be different. Where God does the joining together, it is evident enough that no man has either right or power to put asunder. An old minister in Massachusetts is very particular, in his performance of the marriage service, to say: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man nor court put asunder!" and the emphasis which he bestows upon the italicized words clearly enough proves that he resents the idea of civil interference with any work which is done under the color of his cloth.]

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN.—One of your cotemporaries has inaugurated the custom of printing divorces in the same manner that it does marriages, births, and deaths, and fault is found on some sides with the practice. It is argued that it is treating a serious matter too lightly, and familiarizing the public mind with facts which ought to be kept as far from contemplation as possible. Looking at the innovation complained of in a common-sense light, however, I see little in it to censure or condemn. Death is quite as serious a matter as divorce, and sometimes marriage proves more serious than either and yet, most well-conducted journals publish these events in regular lists. The publication of births has always been considered of rather questionable taste, since these little affairs are ones which concern only the family immediately interested, and can be of no possible consequence to the world outside. Friends are pretty certain to hear the news in due course of time, without looking in public journals for it.

But with marriages, deaths and divorces the case is different. The sojourner in the valley of the Sacramento, for instance, reading in an Eastern paper the marriage of a girl between whom and himself rings and vows had passed, would probably settle down to his work after the first moment of disappointment was over and endeavor to become a good and creditable Californian. So, too, if he heard of the death of his betrothed, his parents, or any other near relative. Unless published in the regular lists to which one turns for this sort of intelligence, the news might escape him, for one never wades through all the thousand and one items that are sown and sprinkled over the face of a daily newspaper. And here you have a plea for the style of publishing divorces which your cotemporary has adopted; for the same argument holds good. If that same sojourner in the valley of the Sacramento see that an early love has been divorced, he having acquired wealth in the meanwhile and all things being equal, he can then return home and marry her with a safe conscience. If he saw that his father and mother had been divorced, however, the chances are that he wouldn't want to return home at all, but would be ever content to remain a Californian. Even in this event it will be seen that some one would be spared a useless journey and perhaps put into a way for making a fortune by holding on to claims, mining or petroleum, instead of selling out.

I have an idea, speaking seriously about a serious subject, that this matter of divorce is not altogether understood by those of your cotemporaries who find fault with their neighbor. It was indeed sad to see those whom God had joined together put asunder, but sometimes it is simply a Justice of the Peace who has done the coupling, and then the case is different. Looking through the thronging instances of matrimonial difficulties which come out in every day's newspaper, and reflecting that these are only the bubbles that occasionally break to the surface, telling the seething that is continually going on below, how can the friendly intervention of the law be looked upon with abhorrence or as something to be slummed away in some obscure corner of a public print? Wife-whippers are every day committed in the Police Court; rarely ever does a day go by that some poor woman does not mount the witness stand, showing discolored arms and a bruised body as evidences of a husband's brutality. Every now and again a darker tragedy is brought to light, and the extreme sentence of the law is passed upon a wife murderer. Surely divorces under such circumstances are to be regarded as the most necessary of necessary evils, quite as joyful as marriages, and infinitely less sad than deaths.

No objection is made to the publication of regular lists of deaths. Does it ever occur to the censors for whose benefit this article is written that death is very often a divorce, sent by a merciful hand, with whose provisions it would certainly be impious to quarrel? It must be remembered that the cases of matrimonial unhappiness which come to light in police reports and the pages of public journals generally occur in the lower walks of life; the daily and hourly torment of some households in the upper ones are not often revealed. Without being positively brutal in his treatment a husband may torture his wife until she would choose a protracted service in

the galleys to a residence in her own home, and both may feel that their marriage was a sad mistake. The law put them together; why, then may it not put them apart? Sad as the alternative may be, it is certainly better than that two people should live a lie, and go through the world with their hands joined together where their hearts are as far asunder as though a grave lay between them. If the mistakes which people very often make are published as marriages in regular lists, why not also publish the corrections to those mistakes, known as divorces, in similar form? A table of errata should always be provided for, and postscripts are sometimes as necessary as original documents. Seeing the many errors which are made in matrimonial conjunctions it sometimes occurs to me that marriage certificates should have "E. E." written upon them like some other bills of sale and all accounts current. It is scarcely worth while to waste words over mere sentimentalities when the plain fact seems to be that in this country divorces are so necessary, so regular, and so frequent, that your cotemporary is compelled to assign a department to them for convenience's sake, and when the probabilities are that each separation chronicled makes two persons happy, whereas their union made only one. After all, our climate is perhaps chiefly to blame, its humidity at this season rendering it as difficult to make marriage contracts stick as though they were refractory revenue stamps.

OGINT.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

MISS HERON has occupied the Opera House stage since our last writing, *Camille* on Friday evening week giving place to *Medea*, which in its turn was supplanted by *Gamea* on Monday night last, this latter piece holding its ground during the entire week. In both of these plays Miss Heron justified her claim to the position she occupies as one of the greatest tragediennes of the day. At times as "*Medea*" her rendition of the character was positively startling from the force and dramatic intensity with which the contending passions of love, hatred and revenge were set forth, and in that terrible last scene where "*Creusa*," her rival, has fallen a victim to the poison she sends her, and her own children are offered up by the indignant mother in atonement for the great wrong did her by their father, while finally the reeking knife finds a bloody sheath in her own heart, she so wrought upon the audience that one and all forgot their usual custom of applauding at the most inopportune moment that offers, actually waiting until the curtain had fairly fallen and then atoning for their former surprised silence by the most vociferous rounds. As "*Gamea*" Miss Heron also has an opportunity of displaying her peculiar powers, interpreting the woes of the wronged mother, robbed of her child, with the most terrible fidelity and distinctness. It is one peculiarity of this lady's acting that she perfectly identifies herself with her part, entirely doing away with the impression that it is either Matilda Heron or Mme. Stoepl that occupies the stage. On the contrary, it is the heroine of the play, the suffering lorette or the betrayed mother, that is before us, and, wrapt in what seems the mortal agony of real woe, the audience forget that it is but illusion. The following tribute—too late for timely publication in last week's issue—comes to us accompanied by a note expressive of the author's admiration for Miss Heron and his opinion that her "*Camille*" is indeed a theatrical wonder":

A SONNET.

TO MISS MATILDA HERON, IN CAMILLE.

Thou marvel of all marvels, great Camille!
What genius is thine own who can conceive
Save those that thy magnetic power thus feel!
Perfection of all Art, that does not leave
One trace of the ideal! Like some master-piece
Of Painting or of Sculpture, that the more
And more entrances us, as o'er and o'er
Again we dwell upon it, so increase
Thy matchless beauties whensoever we gaze,
Yet leave us still unsated as before.
We read thee, as we read the verse whose blaze
E'er lights the soul to rapture and to praise,
Unmingled with the earthly, sad regret,
That thou art one the feelings can forget.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 18th, 1865.

H. W.

Owing to the success of *Gamea*, the management did not put *Camille* upon the stage Thursday night, as advertised. Of *Gamea* this evening witnesses the last production, as *Margo*, or *The Mysteries of the Temple of Paris*, another play of Miss Heron's composition, is in active preparation, and will probably be produced Monday evening. Miss Heron, during her engagement, receives excellent support from Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Perry, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Barry and the other members of the company.

At the Opera House this afternoon the attraction of a performance by the regular company, with the addition of a musical melange by the Minstrel troupe, is offered. These entertainments are expressly for the benefit of ladies and children, though gentlemen are admitted under a pledge of good behavior, and only half prices of admission are charged. The Minstrels, who fill the Academy of Music—with their melodies—nightly, drawing crowds to that abode of Birch, temple of Bacchus, and wigwam of Wambold, appear to-morrow evening on that stage in the usual Sacred Concert.

NEW YORK NEWS.

THE steamer of yesterday brings us dates from our New York correspondents to the 18th ult. Unfortunately the late hour at which distribution at the Post Office was effected prevents our giving them publication in this issue. Our correspondent informs us of the separation of Fitz Hugh Ludlow from his wife and narrates the circumstances; gives particulars of the death of Mrs. William H. Fry, the *Tribune's* musical critic, and author of the opera of *Leonora*; discusses the coming of Dumas, the character of G. A. Sala, the troubles of Private Miles O'Reilly; tells of a visit to Bayard Taylor, and in that furnishes an epitome of everything of interest occurring and talked of in the Metropolis. These letters will be published next week, and their gossip contents will be found eminently interesting.

They have some rich men in New York:

Peter Cooper, reports an income of \$106,000, David Dndley Field \$60,000, Cyrus Field \$9,000, Mayor Gunther \$13,400, street-sweeping Boole \$418, Mr. Hudson, the managing editor of the Herald, \$3,742, Robert Ilce (the press manufacturer) \$50,000, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow, the author, \$916.

The receipts of one of the New York dailies last year were \$747,501, and the expenses \$735,751, leaving a net profit of only \$11,750. The expenses for white paper alone were \$426,000.

From France we learn that Renan's *Life of Jesus* has sold in France to the number of 100,000, and the profits of publishers and author have been \$100,000.

BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

The Perpetual Curate, by Mrs. Oliphant, is one of those quiet stories of English life which occasionally appear to offset the sensational ones of that school, which Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood represent. It would be difficult indeed to make the record of a perpetual curate's outgoings, incomings and doings very thrilling, but in investing it with a certain sort of interest Mrs. Oliphant has succeeded very well.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King is written by Richard Frothingham. It tells the boyhood and manhood of one whom we all knew and loved, but is singularly incomplete as regards Mr. King's California career, only a very few pages of the book being devoted to this most important era of his life. It was in California that Mr. King won his principal fame, it was here that he had a home in the hearts of all, and this city mourned for him as an Eastern one would scarcely have done. The years that he spent among us were emphatically ones of labor, and their record would be interesting to the world. It is a pity that in this particular Mr. Frothingham's book had not been more complete.

A very pretty edition of Shakspeare's sonnets has been printed by Ticknor & Fields. We scarcely propose to speak critically of any of this author's works at the present date.

Love in Marriage is a translation by Marguerite O. Stevens from the French of Guizot. It is an historical story, professing to narrate the real life of Lady Rachel Russell. Surely the title of the work should make a sensation in France, where the gentlemen always shrug their shoulders at the absurdity of a man's being in love with his own wife.

"Ik Marvel" has never written anything, to our liking, since his *Dream Life*, and *Reveries of a Bachelor*, *Wet Days at Edgewood*, which lies before us, inspires us with the idea of a man feeling it necessary to make a book and unwilling to let his reputation die. We question, however, whether it is not better occasionally to let a reputation rest, for the series of sketches comprised in the present volume will scarcely add to the pleasant memories which readers generally entertain of him, who told us what a bachelor thought of in his dreamy moments.

In *Cousin Alice* we have a memoir of Alice B. Haven, who under the nom de plume which forms the title of the book, has been known to children the country over for many a long day. Mrs. Haven was by her first marriage the wife of Jos. C. Neal, widely known as the author of "*Charcoal Sketches*." The life of an exemplary woman as well as a talented authoress could not fail to be interesting, and this we have in the memoir of Alice B. Haven.

THE TELEGRAPH NEWS.—Up to the hour of our going to press no news despatches have been received in the city. Private telegrams monopolize the wires for the time. When that business is done with, the public, who assuredly are more interested, will have an opportunity to hear what has been done in the Eastern world for two long mortal weeks, since the electric pulse ceased its throbbings.

In regard to the Peace rumors, we have a private despatch, dated as far back as February 4th, which states that the interview between the President, Mr. Seward, and the rebel Commissioners has resulted in nothing. Gold on the same day was quoted at 213.

BETTER float on the river tide out out to the broad ocean, and be lost in its immensity, than shrivel on some sand bank of life.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's flight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce—
Their chief of Demon-form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the hursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unyielding front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a godlike form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple Cross is seen.

His captains Faith, and Hope and Love,
Point to the wondrous sign,
And, gazing at it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth—
A truth as great as sure—
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That Faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm—
In every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil, is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their hearts
In every breeze—to God.

NAPOLEN'S THREE WARNINGS.

[This little story is abridged from an old French *feuilleton* by Maria Aycard, one of the most fertile authors of such novellettes that ever undertook the task of amusing Paris. There was so much of the marvellous in Napoleon's whole career, that it would be hard to say when or where the anecdotes told respecting him diverge into fiction. Certainly he was an object of unbounded admiration, almost of idolatry, to thousands of whom he himself knew nothing, yet who would have preserved him from danger at the cost of their own lives.]

THE celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it was well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion, the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearances at the chapel of Saint-Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time, the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her. "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him." No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant

lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this, the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but, just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprung forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—"Do not drive out in your carriage to-day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon afterwards he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. "Citizen-consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone, and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!" "How so?" was the reply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a real, massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had been so arranged that, in a quarter of an hour, we should have been scattered among the trees of the park of Saint-Cloud. There must be treachery close at hand. 'Fouché must be told of this—Duroc must be warned!' 'Not a word to them!' replied Bonaparte; 'the knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them: and let the government journals say not a word about my fall.'"

The First Consul was then silent for some time. "Duroc," said he at length, "you will come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?" "I have, citizen-consul." "Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte. The drive was resumed, but, on this occasion, the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confident Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison, the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of the month, which the republicans well called *nicose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aide-de-camp Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapt in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, "Citizen-consul! citizen-consul! read—read!" Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, madam?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done." "Citizen-consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands. What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprung off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along. It was just issuing from the street of Saint Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken win-

dows, and the cries of the injured passers-by. The *infernal machine* had exploded! Uninjured, the carriage of the consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied; Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines: "In the name of heaven, Citizen-Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street Saint Nicholas!" The warning came in some respects too late.

On reading these words, the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of Saint Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapt in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said Bonaparte quietly but quickly to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries; I must see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes, but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the General's arm, and said, pointing upwards: "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the reassembled empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had lately given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, but yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at all times have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

The emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of Saint Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned; it is yet time!"

"No," replied he: and taking from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards, he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of three warnings, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?" "Oh," replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is that a female, related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the Rue Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel-Dieu in 1837, and that around her neck was found suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

THE ONLY
First Premium
SEWING MACHINE
—IS THE—
GROVER & BAKER.

THE FLORENCE
NEVER HAS RECEIVED
A PREMIUM
OVER ANY
First, Second, or Third Class
SEWING MACHINE!

We have already Published the fact that the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM at the Oregon State Fair, and it was denied by the agent of the Florence Machine; we have proven it by affidavits from the President of the Society, and four of the five ladies who composed the Committee; the agent of the Florence replies that his statements and affidavits are of a later date than ours, and consequently ours must be a FABRICATION. Now, as we published no dates, he asserts this unwittingly, besides falsely, for each and all of ours are of much later dates, and have not been refuted in the most remote degree. For instance, he publishes Mrs. Griffin's card, bearing date December 13th. She gives us her affidavit, stating she WAS ENTIRELY MISREPRESENTED IN THE MATTER, AND DATED JANUARY 10TH. Also, he publishes Mrs. Miller's card, dated January 6th, and she gives us an explanation, and corroborates our right to the Premium under date of January 10th; and in answer to Mr. N. O. PARRISH and Mrs. Church, we append the statements of Mrs. J. W. J. Pierson and Mrs. P. E. Rogers, parties who are sufficiently well and favorably known in San Francisco to warrant due regard, in comparison with those who have been brought into the case from an adjoining State, where it will be borne in mind as a most striking and mysterious fact, that the agent of the Florence Machine has not in any manner denied our Premium, and has not dared publish any portion of the advertisement he has circulated here to the contrary, as the whole facts of the cases are too well known there to warrant him in such a daring outrage upon truth and right.

The undersigned represented and exhibited the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and hereby affirm that the whole statement of the agent of the Florence Sewing Machine, and of N. O. Parrish, their agent at Salem, and of Mrs. E. C. Church, relative to an examination of our machine by a self-styled committee, of which she was a member, etc., etc., to be grossly exaggerated, and without foundation in anything approaching truth.

It has always been customary for the President of the Society to appoint a Special Committee to act upon Sewing Machines. Of this fact Mr. Parrish was aware, and consulted with us on the subject on the first day of this Fair. This Special Committee was appointed as has been shown by Judge Thornton's affidavit, and examined and reported on both machines, and no other Committee did examine officially or report on either. Immediately on the decision being announced, the Blue Ribbon (significant of the first premium) was attached to the GROVER & BAKER Machine by the Clerk, and the report read by the President in the presence of Mr. N. O. Parrish, agent of the Florence, and by Mr. J. W. J. Pierson, agent of the "GROVER & BAKER." The statement of Mr. Parrish that the decision could not be ascertained until after the close of the Fair is simply ridiculous under the circumstances. The exhibition of our machines was conducted in the most honorable manner, and the remarks of Mr. Collins, (travelling agent for the Florence) that "they had expended \$1,000, and would expend another \$1,000, if necessary, to obtain the premium," was satisfactory evidence to his hearers that money and not merit was what they relied on for victory. The First Premium was awarded the "Grover & Baker" Machines, and was universally known during and after the Fair.

J. W. J. PIERSON,
MRS. P. E. ROGERS.

So much for "affidavits," and there the question of the Premium at the Oregon Fair rests. We have the Report, giving Grover & Baker the First Premium, in our possession, properly authenticated; also, all the affidavits necessary to substantiate it, and open to the inspection of any interested party. The Agent of the Florence Machine further over-

steps the mark, and makes a statement which betokens either an ignorant or wilful and malicious falsifier. He says: "To be beaten, however, by a chain-stitch machine which, when exhibited in honorable competition with ANY lock-stitch machine, as has been shown by records of previous Fairs, HAS BEEN MORE FREQUENTLY CLASSED AS SECOND OR THIRD RATE THAN OTHERWISE, would be a disgrace indeed." Now we CHALLENGE Mr. Hill to show, in the first place, that the "Grover & Baker" is a CHAIN-STITCH MACHINE; and in the next, to name ANY State or County Fair during the past four years where a subtle, or misnamed lock-stitch, has not been beaten by the GROVER & BAKER, when in competition, and the premium awarded us; and further, that he will not and cannot name any one premium which the Florence Machine has ever received over any First, Second, or Third Class Machine in existence. For his enlightenment on this point we append a FEW of the Fairs at which the "Grover & Baker" was NOT classed second or third rate (?) BUT DEFEATED ALL OTHERS DURING 1864, viz.:

The Oregon State Fair, recently held at Salem, awarded the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, for the best Sewing Machine.

The Illinois State Fair, held at Springfield, recently awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, the highest Premium for best Sewing Machine and Machine Work.

Two First Premiums were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, at the Michigan State Fair, recently held at Kalamazoo, viz.: for the best Family Sewing Machine and for the best machine work.

The Iowa State Fair, recently held at Burlington, awarded the First Premiums for the best Family Sewing Machine and the best machine for light and heavy work to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.

Two First Premiums were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, for the best machines for family and manufacturing use, at the Wisconsin State Fair, recently held at Milwaukee.

The First Premium for the best Double-thread Sewing Machine and for the best machine work at the Pennsylvania State Fair of 1864, were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.

Three First Premiums have been awarded to The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company at the Fair of the Queen's county (New York) Agricultural Society, recently held at Jamaica, viz.: For the best Family Machine, the best Manufacturing Machine, and the best machine work.

At the Westchester County (New York) Agricultural Fair, recently held at White Plains, the First Premiums for the Best Machine and the best machine work were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.

Three First Premiums were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the Cayuga county Agricultural Fair, recently held at Auburn, New York, viz.: For the best Family Machine, the best Manufacturing Machine, and the best Machine Work.

At the Franklin county (New York) Agricultural Fair, recently closed, three First Premiums were awarded to the Grover & Baker Machines,

viz.: For the best Family machine, best Manufacturing machine, and best machine work.

The Orange County (New York) Agricultural Fair, recently held at Newburgh, awarded the First Premium to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.

The Scott county (Iowa) Fair, held at Davenport this fall, awarded two First Premiums to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, one for the best Family machines, and one for the best machine work.

The First Premium for the Best Sewing Machine and the best Machine work were awarded to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, at the Montgomery county (Pennsylvania) Fair this fall.

At the Montgomery County Fair, held in Montgomery county, Ohio, were awarded two First Premiums for the best Family Machine and for the best Machine work to the

Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.

Of the personal application of a portion of his advertisement we shall make no newspaper argument; having on our part taken the initiative in personalities, we have no desire to continue them offensively before the public through the columns of a newspaper, but retract nothing we have heretofore said, and hold ourselves personally responsible for the same.

We welcome the "testimony" Mr. Hill is beginning to take, and assure him that neither "hy silence or otherwise" will we acknowledge aught but that his statements are an imposition upon the public, and that his course relative to the Oregon Fair and its award to the GROVER & BAKER machine is an outrage upon honorable competition. We trust that the next time he hazards his success in competition at any Fair, he will be able to give it the attention which he was unable (?) even with five representatives to give to the Salem Fair. The only drawback to his success will not be in the FORCE which represents the machine itself, which will never stand on equal ground with any first-class machine in existence. The GROVER & BAKER is too well and favorably known, for any such sarcasms from Mr. Hill as "second-class" to have weight with the public, who almost unanimously declare it the

"BEST IN USE."

R. G. BROWN,
Agent Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,
329 Montgomery street

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S
PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. McInturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of balling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandlers; J. B. Quaint, builder; Philip Caduce, Esq.

Manufactured by J. E. JORGENSEN,

No. 28 Third street, San Francisco, del7-3m
Who will give all information about them.

ATKINS MASSEY,
UNDERTAKER,
(At the Old Stand.)
No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.
Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases, Office of the City
del3 tf and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC
BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.
del7-3m

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRETIEN PFISTER,
oc15-tf No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

GREGORY YALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. y2



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direct poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called liquors are impure, and all the Tonics containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing amyl or fusil oil, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES.

THE

MOST DANGEROUS FOE ANNIHILATED

A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

DR. R. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

AND MODE OF TREATMENT

IS THE ACME OF PERFECTION!

For centuries Catarrh has defied the skill of Physicians and Surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. It is pronounced incurable by the Medical World, and people at large.

For over thirty years Dr. Goodale has battled with this fell disease. His TRIUMPH is complete. His Remedy and mode of treatment cures this terrible malady in all its types, forms and stages, with the same uniform certainty that water quenches fire. It is irresistible.

No Violent Syringing of the Head or other mal-practices resorted to.

The Disease cured by a Harmless Fluid inhaled from the Palm of the Hand.

No Exorbitant Fees for Advice. Instruction Free.

Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send a stamp for DR. GOODALE'S NEW PAMPHLET ON CATARRH, its perfect mode of treatment, and rapid cure. Information of priceless value. Send or call at once.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
ja25-tf 401 Battery, corner Clay,
San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy; and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

(For the Californian.)

THE SONG AND THE SEA.

THE poet's song doth seem to me
 A slumberous breadth of tropic sea
 That in voluptuous metre panteth
 All in a deep delicious dream,
 When now and then the great sun granteth
 Floods of merry beams to stream
 Adown in one bright golden gleam
 Of light that revels in its splendor
 Upon the bosom of the waves;
 And then a drowsy wave awneth
 And creepeth to an isle and breaketh
 Upon the shore in melody,
 While feathery-foam entrancedly
 The limpid rosy-domed shell laves;
 And bubbly drift clings all along
 The smoothly yellow-sloping sands
 By shade of heaped cliffs, and throng
 Of tressed vines, in braided hands:
 And farther on the lowland's finger
 That pointeth westward ever truly,
 By twenty palms that climb the bluely
 Veined mist-walls of heaven linger
 The crystal tribute of the waves,
 That thither in their glee they bore
 From coral grotts and mossy caves:
 So, when upon the creamy shore
 Is heard the Ocean's muffled roar,
 As hollow vales cry echo to it,
 And balmy winds come down and woo it
 With kisses and caresses tender,
 While all is wrought in harmony
 Of such exquisite melody—
 So musical, it seems to me
 The whole a poet's song doth render.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 18th, 1865.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Oakland Ladies' Christian Commission, on Tuesday, sent \$500 in gold to the office of the Commission in this city.

Henry Botaski, the little boy who was run over by a car on the Hayes Valley road last week, died on Saturday.

The San Francisco and Spring Valley Water Companies have been consolidated; the papers are at last duly recorded.

Miss Sterling, the "tall woman," has been sent East, the P. M. S. Co. giving her a free ticket.

Attorney-General McCullough is recovering from the severe illness that recently caused his friends much apprehension that his life of usefulness was about to close.

A young man, formerly a resident of La Salle county, Illinois, who recently arrived in California, was found dead in his room at the What Cheer House, Monday evening last.

A wharf is to be built at the foot of Howard street, 475 feet long and 80 feet wide. It will be connected with Stuart street, by a section 212 feet long and 30 feet wide.

Owing to the death of Walter S. Denio, chief melter and refiner, Sub-Treasurer Cheesman has stopped the business of the Mint, pending the appointment of a successor to deceased.

A gentleman from Redwood City, San Mateo county, was chloroformed, and robbed of \$50, Tuesday night, at the West End Hotel. The door had been opened from the inside, and the sufferer is confident that the robber was concealed under his bed.

A pawnbroker named Murdock, alias Smith, last week instituted proceedings against S. Laske, a cigar dealer, for obtaining money upon fraudulent representations in regard to cigars deposited; Laske was discharged, since which Murdock has been arrested on charge of irregular proceedings as a pawnbroker. An investigation has resulted in his acquittal.

James McConnell was arrested, Wednesday, for attempting to kill his wife, the night previous. She received several severe wounds in the throat; he avers that she inflicted them with the intention of committing suicide, but failing in nerve to complete the business, concluded to charge him with attempt to murder.

Surgeon C. McCormick, an old-time Californian, who has been in active service from the commencement of the war, will soon be with us again, having been relieved from the position of Medical Director of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and assigned to like duty in this Department.

Louis Peterson, proprietor of a coffee stand at the corner of Jackson and East streets, rescued a man who fell through one of the wharf-openings which the city maintains free of expense to casual bathers in his locality, on Sunday. Peterson has saved many lives by risking his own, and deserves all praise for his heroism; we hope the man-traps will not remain one day too many for him.

We frequently meet with evidences that the times are like "the way of the transgressor," but an incontrovertible instance was furnished by a friend, the other day: he says he passed an auction-room at half-past 7 A. M., and saw a melancholy young man seated at a piano which was awaiting sacrifice at

the hammer of the auctioneer, singing, to a doleful accompaniment, "The heart bowed down," etc.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Ranchmen on the east side of the Sacramento are suffering from an overplus of water.

A bridge is to be built across the Pajaro river at Watsonville, at a cost of \$10,000.

A fire-proof brick theatre is to be constructed at Grass Valley by a joint-stock company, at a cost of \$12,000.

The Supervisors of El Dorado county have reduced the salary of their Superintendent of common schools to \$75 per month.

Mr. John Hulme, of Weaverville, a blacksmith by vocation, fell dead at his anvil on Monday evening last. His sudden death is attributed to heart disease.

The saw-mill of Abrams & Co., on the Columbia river, thirteen miles above the Cascades, was burned on Saturday. Loss, \$7,000.

An exchange says the sheep in Santa Cruz county "are looking fat and healthy"—which direction is probably knife-ward.

The Virginia (Nevada) papers are discussing the propriety of repudiating all the indebtedness (about \$120,000) incurred by the City Council beyond the limit fixed by the charter.

Martin Crozier, in Sacramento, has been sentenced to ten years at San Quentin for his participancy in the murder of Russell and Selter in 1860.

The *Enterprise* says nearly every mill in the State of Nevada is at work at the present time; and all have plenty of ore on hand.

A fire occurred at Quincy, Plumas county, recently, which destroyed the Coburn House, (loss \$10,000,) and other property worth about \$5,000.

Over one hundred men are engaged at Folsom in grading for the railroad to the granite quarries of the Natoma Water and Mining Company, and it appears to be the intention to complete the work as soon as possible.

H. P. Eaton, a clerk in the Marysville Post Office, was detected, a few days ago, purloining money from a letter. He confesses that since October last he has helped himself to about \$2,000 in the same way.

The latest advices from Cañon City, Oregon, states that the newly-discovered mines on Clark Creek, 20 miles northeast, are very rich and extensive. The great amount of snow has made good prospects for hill digging.

Peter Drury was caved on while at work in a mining claim at Pine Hill, Nevada county. His right thigh bone was broken, and his shoulder and ankle dislocated. It is hardly possible for him to recover.

A miner named Thomas Rouse was murdered in Holcombe Valley on the 27th ult. He was shot twice with rifles, by some parties unknown, who had secreted themselves in a house near the claim in which he was working.

C. Hall and Oscar Warwick fought a duel near Grass Valley on Friday with Deringer pistols. Three shots were exchanged without injury to either party, when they settled their quarrel amicably. A woman was "in it."

Barclay Muir, owner of a sloop plying on the waters of the bay of San Francisco, who was arrested a few weeks since on the charge of stealing wood from Refugio landing, has been tried and honorably acquitted in Contra Costa county.

Edward Tiehenor, convicted of cutting timber upon public lands in Oregon, received a full and unconditional pardon from President Lincoln, by the steamer *Oregon*, thus releasing him from a fine of \$18,750.

J. T. Gibbs, John Hobbs and Samuel D. Eldredge propose to incorporate the "Naptha Oil Spring Company." Their springs, which are to the westward of Tulare lake, were discovered by Gibbs nearly ten years ago.

The *Visalia Delta* says, referring to the agricultural prospects in Tulare: "A brighter sun of promise never arose upon any community or people than the one which shines on Tulare to-day."

William Snider, a seaman on the schooner *Noyo*, was knocked overboard off Punta de los Reyes, on Sunday, by the shifting of the main boom and drowned. The body was not recovered.

A nugget of gold worth \$1,500 was taken out of the Miami mining claim at Beunington Hill, in Little York township, Nevada county, a few days since. The claim from which the lump was taken, has been paying well all the season.

A whisky shop kept by Mrs. Hannah Shannahan, near the barracks at Benicia, was burnt Feb. 11th, together with the occupant. The body of the woman was nearly consumed, and though the portion of the skull remaining was found broken, it was so much burned that the jury could not decide whether she was first murdered and the house fired or not.

The editor of the *Victoria Colonist* has in his office an enormous hen's egg, 7 1-2 inches in circumference, 4 inches long and weighing 5 3-4 ounces. It was laid on the 28th ult. by a hen belonging to a marine on San Juan Island.

The Gould & Curry Company employ in and about their mines 215 men, thus: extracting ore, 79; prospecting, 11; accessory work, 59; on improvements, 20; carpenters, 25; blacksmiths, 7; outside laborers, 14. The ore taken daily amounts to about 130 tons, and averages from \$90 to \$500.

The *Stockton Independent* cautions persons who are looking for mushrooms to beware of toadstools. The latter, it intimates, may be known "when they exude a milky, acrid and styptic juice, and have a coriaceous, liqueous, corky consistence." When they don't exude, etc., you are all right.

Edwin Shore and Erwin Locke were engaged in the tunnel of Colley & Co., on Deer creek, near Nevada city, Feb. 11th, when a blast was prematurely discharged; Shore was killed, and Locke so badly injured that he will probably lose both eyes.

The *Wilmington Journal* thinks that the centre of the oil discoveries, made in the southern part of the State, is the county of Los Angeles, and that the springs extend into Santa Barbara county, in the direction of the San Bernardino mountains.

In consequence of outrages committed by the Indians, and in order to "crush out" the savages speedily, martial law has been proclaimed in Colorado Territory; volunteers are called for. The present season is likely to prove very sickly for the red skins on the border.

A man named Joseph Vickers, residing at Buena Vista Ranch, Nevada county, injured his leg in some machinery a few days ago. Amputation became necessary, but the limb was in such a condition that the injured man died in a few hours after the operation.

Gov. Low has pardoned William Shelby, convicted in Yuba county, February, 1857, of grand larceny, and sentenced to the State Prison for ten years. He is pardoned on the recommendation of citizens of Marysville, who say that the trial took place at a time of great excitement, and that the sentence was greatly disproportioned to the offense.

Letters from Arizona state that matters are looking up. The full development of the mines is considerably retarded by the enormous rates of freight, but for which many mines, offering good paying ore, would maintain a great trade with San Francisco. Ore-sacks are very scarce and in great demand; 10,000 per month would find ready sale at La Paz.

King, Terry, Foster and Keefer escaped from jail at Yreka, Feb. 11th. The two former were soon recaptured, and parties continued in pursuit of the others. While several of the pursuers were sitting in the house of "Cherokee Mary," in Scott Valley, the door was quietly opened by Foster and Keefer. They started to run, but a charge of buckshot in the neck and face of Foster stopped him. Keefer escaped. Foster is now in jail, and will recover.

In 1861 a man named Helms was murdered in Sonoma county, on the highway. Thos. Stuart and his two brothers were indicted as the murderers; the latter were acquitted. Thomas was arrested at Vallejo, admitted to bail, and went to Mendocino county, where he was recently arrested again, on the ground that a capital offense did not admit of bail. He has been taken back to Sonoma for trial.

The *Marysville Appeal* says that two telegraphic attaches passed that city on the 13th, en route from Portland to Sacramento. These men left Portland, Oregon, Jan. 18th, passing over the entire line, inspecting and repairing. They informed the *Appeal* that the winter in Oregon has been the roughest for several years, and that they found the roads almost impassable in many places. The line is now in good condition.

OPENING OF A NEW PLEASURE PLACE.—The present day is noted for another important event besides the publication of *THE CALIFORNIAN*—it also will witness the opening of the Alameda Park Hotel, another addition to the many elegant pleasure-places with which our city is favored. Situated on the Alameda Encinal, the new house can be reached by boat and ride in forty minutes from Montgomery street, and a pleasanter mode of conveyance than a combination of boat and rail has yet to be invented. Those who have visited the house speak of it in the most praiseful terms, representing that the beauty of its location and the scenery is only equalled by the furniture and appointments of the house itself. It is intended to make it a suburban resort; bowling alleys, billiard rooms, and all the leading journals of the day, commencing of course with *THE CALIFORNIAN*, are supplied for the entertainment of guests, and wild game is said to abound in the vicinity to such an extent that all windows have to be supplied with wire bars to keep quail from flying in. Under the patronage of the experienced and popular proprietor, Mr. Frank Johnson, we apprehend that the Alameda Park Hotel will be able to hold its own, not only with any hotel in its vicinity, but also in San Francisco.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—We could scarcely do greater favor to a friend than to inform him where boot or shoe can be obtained which will be a source of comfort, pride and pleasure, as he mingles in the passing throng on life's journey. Mr. arkine, 151 Fourth street, achieves the highest excellence in his art, and gives perfect satisfaction to one who call on him. Ladies are always pleased with his work, and as they speak well of him nothing further is necessary.

BOOK KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4-3m

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-athetic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

MR. CHRETIEN PEISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Journe's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses; and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

RICHERS HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

STEEL COLLARS

LIGHT AS LINEN, and white as snow, readily cleaned with a damp towel; have been worn both in Europe and the Eastern States in preference to any Collars for the last three years.

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WINE ROOMS,
ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,
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Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS, and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

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MORE ABOUT

SEWING MACHINES!

POSITIVE PROOF

THAT THE

"FLORENCE"

TOOK

The Premium

AT THE

Oregon State Fair,

AS IT DID AT EVERY FAIR

Held on this Coast in 1864!

A NEW COMMITTEE APPOINTED

—BY—

THE CONSPIRATORS!

WHEN THE

Regular Committee Fail to

ANSWER THEIR PURPOSE,

BUT WITH NO BETTER SUCCESS!

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
Marion County,

The undersigned, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Church, of Salem, Oregon, states as follows: On the second day of the late State Fair held at this place, I, together with Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Gray, were appointed by the Manager of the Fair the regular Committee to examine and award premiums on the articles on exhibition in Class 9 of the Fair, in which class the Sewing Machines were entered, and we entered upon our duties as such Committee.

Among other things in this class we examined the Grover & Baker and the Florence Sewing Machines, then on exhibition, and we unanimously awarded the First Premium to the Florence Machine.

After our Award on the Sewing Machines became known on the third day of the Fair, another—a Special Committee of Five—was appointed by somebody to examine the Sewing Machines, of which appointment we were not informed until we made ready to submit our awards in writing, and then we declined to have anything more to do with the matter.

ELIZABETH C. CHURCH.

The above named Elizabeth C. Church personally appeared before me, and being duly sworn to tell the truth, says the statements which she has subscribed above are true.

J. GASTON, Notary Public.

Salem, Oregon, January 6, 1865.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
Marion County.

The undersigned, N. O. Parrish, makes the following statement: I am the agent of the Florence Sewing Machine at Salem, Oregon. I was aware of the appointment of Mrs. Church, Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Gray, by the Managers of the late State Fair at Salem, as the regular Committee on Sewing Machines, but never knew the award of said Committee on Sewing Machines.

I then objected and protested against the appointment of any new committee as being discourteous to the regular Committee, and that it was irregular and improper to do so, and informing him that two of the members of the new Committee were owners of the Grover & Baker Machine. I protested that it was unjust to the Florence to appoint persons known to be prejudiced in favor of the Grover & Baker. He (Thornton) curtly cut short our conversation by telling me that "he would do as he pleased in the matter." It was long after the close of the Fair before I could learn with certainty whether the latter Committee really decided in favor of the Florence or not, the records of the Fair being in confusion. I have used the utmost diligence to publish the facts at the earliest possible period after learning them.

N. O. PARRISH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 14th day of January, 1865. Witness my hand and official seal.

J. GASTON, Notary Public.

We republish the affidavits of the three Ladies who are a majority on the last Committee of Five. They are the only ones on said Committee who were not owners of and known to be biased in favor of

the Grover & Baker Machine before their appointment. At the time we published them they were not all sworn to, which is now the case, and the oath was taken at a later date than the contradictory statements published by the Agent of the Grover & Baker Machine purporting to have been made by them, proving one at least, of those presented by him, to be a base fabrication.

"After a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the first Premium to the Florence Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Multnomah,

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.
(Notarial Seal.) J. N. DOLPH,
Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,
County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Linn.

Mary Miller, the person making the above statement, being duly sworn, says said statement is true to the best of her knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1865.

JAMES ELKINT, County Clerk.
By A. F. WHEELER, Deputy Clerk.

That there can be no mistake in the above statements, or that any misrepresentation was made to obtain them, the name of the respected gentleman, Rev. J. L. Parrish, of Portland, (regretting that it is necessary to use his name in this unpleasant controversy,) who took the depositions, is a more than sufficient guarantee, he being one of the oldest residents of the State of Oregon, widely and favorably known both there and in California. The documents are plainly written, signed, and sworn to, open to the inspection of any one. The idea that these statements were not given and taken understandingly and in good faith is simply ridiculous.

PORTLAND, January 26, 1865.

I certify that I am Corresponding Secretary of the Oregon State Agricultural Society; that the original copy of the Report of Committee on Sewing Machines at the Fair of 1864, has never been out of my possession more than 30 minutes since I received it from the Board of Managers, and that J. W. J. Pearson (Oregon Agent G. & B. Machines,) told me in Portland he had written to S. E. May, of Salem, for a copy of it, and that, too, nearly three weeks after the publication by the Agent in San Francisco that he had it in his possession; further that I am in no way interested in the result of the decision of the Committee, or in the final result of the investigation, except as an officer of the Society.

E. M. WAITE,

Corresponding Sec'y O. S. A. Society.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 26th of January, 1865.

LEVI ANDERSON, J. P.,
Multnomah county, Oregon.

We trust it will not be supposed, from our efforts to prove the justice of our claim to the Oregon premium, that we esteem the premium there or elsewhere, over such a competitor, of any value; to be beaten, however, by a chain stitch machine, which, when exhibited in honorable competition with any lock-stitch machine, as shown by the records of previous Fairs, has been more frequently classed as second or third rate than otherwise, would be a disgrace indeed.

The instances are numerous where the Agent of that machine has attempted unfair advantages to obtain premiums which he knew could be taken in no other manner—for proof, refer to any one of the San Francisco Sewing Machine Agents.

The developments in the Salem matter show to what perfection long practice and experience in such transactions have brought him. It is certainly amusing to follow the details in this deep-laid, premeditated and wicked plan.

The Agent of the Grover & Baker machine selects a distant point for the field of his operations, hoping by distance to cover the means used to accomplish the fraudulent end in view; he selects a time also when we were engaged in exhibiting the Florence at two other Fairs, which would prevent our giving it much attention at a third Fair. With the President of the Fair apparently pledged to award him the premium if a committee could not be selected who would do so; in fact, with every arrangement made beforehand that would seem to make a failure impossible, he finally ventured to place his machine in competition with the FLORENCE. The result was such as all who know the two would anticipate: a more than disastrous defeat to the unscrupulous champion of the chain-stitch machine.

The facts in relation to the transaction at Salem, now being exposed, are known to too many for the Agent of the Grover & Baker machine to make a successful denial of them. We have hardly begun to "take testimony" yet. The investigation now commenced will be carried forward until every particular in relation to the fraud is exposed, unless the Agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, by silence or otherwise, acknowledges the truth in the premises.

Duty to the Florence will compel us to do this, and while we invite a full and most thorough investigation, we trust no one will make a statement for or against us that they cannot fully substantiate if called upon to do so. We say this not to intimidate, but simply that the plain truth and only that may be given.

We would suggest to the Agent of the G. & B. machine that as we are not skilled, even if we had the inclination, in the bombastic and personally abusive style of writing, apparently so much his forte, that he should refrain from it in future as calculated to cover and obscure the real facts in the case.

That the Florence is a substantial and reliable machine, easily understood and operated, doing the heaviest or lightest work, and requiring scarcely no change to be made for anything, all who have them testify.

More than one thousand have been sold on this coast, and we do not know of one that is not giving perfect and entire satisfaction; if there is one not doing this, no matter how distant it may be, if the owner will inform us, it will be attended to without any expense whatever to the party.

Instruction will be given free to one who may wish to learn to use the Florence, or who wish to test its merits, whether they intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,
fe18-2t No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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—OF—

WILD CHERRY

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skilleman, M. D., Boudinook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mausheld, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass.* and *JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK," and "H. WISTAR, M. D."

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late east INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

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BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY

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In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

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WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. dc10 3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,
Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

CARPETS.

We have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.
no12

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empressing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupils of Chirurgical of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club-feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. dc3

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,
Sporting Emporium.

418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office.)

SAN FRANCISCO.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,

AND

Importers of all Classes

OF

SPORTING TACKLE!

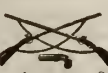
Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Cartridges on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballard's, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. ja8-3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,
And 122 J street, Sacramento.
dc3 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624 CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17)

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

ALTA MILLS,

STEVENSON STREET,

Near First street, - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEELAN & CO., - - - Proprietors.

Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Groats, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large; Hominy, Small; Oatmeal, Oat Groats, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order.
dc17-3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of FEBRUARY, 1865:

FEBRUARY 23d - - - SACRAMENTO
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5 1/2 J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY,.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State. Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every description, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a sailing to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under \$10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles) can be paid for on delivery by Express; or others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,

no6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; or otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LUTHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. dc24 3m

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

de17-5m NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with movable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of this avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street,
San Francisco. de17-5m

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—

First Premium,

—ON—

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES.



Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,

DINING ROOM AND

OFFICE FURNITURE,

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street

no12

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
—IN—
Fine Clothing
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;

STEAMBOAT GIN;

OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY,

from Bond direct.

For sale by

V. SZARZA,

ja28-1f

44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDDY & FULLER'S

Dancing Academy,

No. 727 Market street, a few doors above Third.
PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREEs on alternate weeks.

ja7-1f

PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

113 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter, - - - San Francisco.

N. B.—ALL CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. dc3-3m

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line be-

tween Los Angeles and Wilmington.

ac24

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known. It cures diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

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DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!



THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION

FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING

AND

DRESSING

THE

Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay San Francisco.

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Fetridge & Co."

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents, San Francisco.

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STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

HAS CURED THOUSANDS!

And it will cure YOU if you try it.

This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens in California accompany every bottle.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

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GRIDLEY'S CELEBRATED

Salt Rheum Ointment!

POSITIVELY

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

—FOR—

Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers, Ring Worms,

OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, - - - FIFTY CENTS.
Directions and Certificates within.

Prepared by

MRS. A. GRIDLEY,

Sole Successor to the Original Inventor and Proprietor,

AUBURN, N. Y.

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.
TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED.

Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO.,

Agents, 416 and 418 Front street,

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SAN FRANCISCO

MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE

ELECTRIC OIL!

CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,

ja25 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of

time and restores the pearly tint and roseate hue of

youth. No lady should be without this invaluable

beautifier.

Sold by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,

416 418 Front street,

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San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

MISS MATILDA HERON,

Supported by

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,*This Saturday Evening, February 18th, 1865.*

In the Play of

G A M E A ;

OR, THE JEWISH MOTHER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, February 18th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

And a Musical Melange by

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe.

MONDAY EVENING,

M A R G O ;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE TEMPLE OF PARIS.

S. F. O. C.

GRAND

Promenade Exhibition

—OF THE—

San Francisco Olympic Club,

—AT—

PLATT'S HALL,*On Wednesday Evening, February 22nd,*TICKETS (admitting a Gentleman and Ladies) - \$3.
To be had of any member of the Club.*Ladies will be admitted only on Tickets issued by the Committee on Invitations.*

Such Tickets of Invitation may be procured by application to

MESSRS. R. H. LLOYD,

W. H. ELDRIDGE,

J. MANSUR,

C. C. JACKS,

J. K. ORR,

or, GEO. S. BROWN.

The Promenade Exhibition will be to all intents and purposes a select or "Dress Ball." The exercises will take place between the dances; and the floor of the Hall will be covered with canvas and free of seats.

The object of the Club, to have the company select, will be strictly carried out, and no pains will be spared, either in the decoration of the hall, the selection of the music, or in any minor details, which may add to the full enjoyment of the occasion.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE!

ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF PURCHASING a valuable HOUSE AND LOT at a bargain, for CASH, can hear of a chance, by applying immediately at the office of THE CALIFORNIAN. The property is within 10 minutes' walk of the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, is in the southern part of the city, and in a neat private street and pleasant neighborhood. The House contains two Parlors (with sliding-doors, gas chandeliers and marble mantel), a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, and four bed-rooms on the second. Planked yard, flowering vines, outhouses, etc. Water in three different places on the premises and gas fixtures all through the house. It is built in a thorough and substantial manner, and is now under a monthly rent of \$50. Size of Lot, 24 feet, by 80 feet in depth. Title, PERFECT.

Satisfactory reasons for selling will be given to a purchaser by applying as above.

fe18-1t.

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S'

Boots and Shoes.Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS
MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, below Montgomery.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - Proprietor.
LEW RATTIER, - Manager.
C. F. SHATTUCK, - Musical Director.
J. L. SCHMIDT, - Leader of Orchestra.

G R E A T

COMBINATION OF MUSICAL TALENT,

BY THE STAR TROUPE OF

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

D. S. WAMBOLD,

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
P. B. Isaacs, W. Bernard,
Lew Rattier, Mons. Charles,
C. F. Shattuck, M. Lewis,
Sig. Fano, S. Washburn,
W. Sheppard, Tommy Peel,
Frank Medina, H. Groh,

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

Sacred Concert!*Every Sunday Evening, by the Troupe,*

Messrs W J Hill, John Gregg, J. Schlotte, and

50 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

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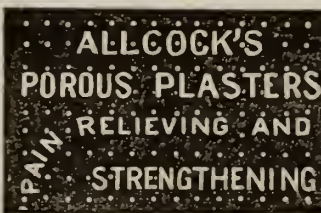
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THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, February 25th, 1865.

SEVERAL years since the question was agitated: "Where do all the pins go to?" Walking through the streets the other day, an equally intricate problem occurred to me: "Where do all the hoop-skirts come from that skirt the streets?"

ABOUT DISCARDED SUITS.

I have sub-headed this article as above, borrowing a phrase from the technicalities of a well-known game, because it occurs to me that women discard these suits somewhat as one clears his hand at euchre before picking up the card from the deck which has been turned up as trump.

Go where you please, walk where you will, you still find the inevitable skirt, lying in your pathway like a coiled serpent-ready to spring; and as its springs are spiral ones, might it not be difficult to get out of the way if the thing did indeed take a fancy to jump?

In youth they told me marvellous stories of the hoop-snake. Is this the reptile that my nurse used to frighten me into convulsions about? It seems harmless enough now, and I have yet to see the first one that I'm afraid to approach, though to tell the truth I shouldn't care to attempt to handle it.

Is it a peculiarity of the Californian female that at regular intervals she goes out into the street and crawls out of her skirt as an eel does from its skin, or a crab from its old and battered shell. I intend to go through the city of nights, and keep vigils for this peeling operation, for I'm anxious to solve the mystery.

It is really a strange fact, that go through any part of the city you choose, frequented highway or seldom trodden by-way, and still the same sight greets you. Lying in ambush, as it were, they suggest mousetraps to the contemplative mind—or springs "to catch wood-cock" as Hamlet hath it.

They assume fantastic shapes upon the ground, reminding one at times of the apple-paring that is thrown over our heads to "tell the first letter of our true-love's name," and then anon, from a different point of view, looking very like a weasel or a squirrel-cage, sometimes being "backed like a camel."

Horses occasionally tangle their feet in them, and wonder what they are. I saw a hungry brute stick his nose into one, the other day, with a sniff and snort of intense delight. He thought he had found an oat-bag.

He must have thought that women had a strange way of sowing their wild oats.

I wish to protest against this growing habit, among our representative women, of indiscriminate skirt-shedding. It may be urged that women have the same right to strew their quills around that the porcupine has, but I think differently. There is a law against obstructing the streets.

Again, do we not nightly pray to be delivered from temptation—to be preserved, so to speak, from the snare of the fowler as well as from the pestilence that walketh at noonday? And here we have the temptation planted like a hand-grenade at our very feet, the snare set like a gill-net for salmon, in the channels we most frequent.

Do no sacred memories cling to these skirts, that they should be thus profaned? The poet-lover, apostrophizing his mistress's girdle, says:

Give me but what this ribbon bound—
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

If locks of hair and faded gloves be so prized that occasionally at some old miser's death one is found in his strong box, tied with a knot of blue ribbon and embalmed in an explanation which tells that the dead miser valued it above all his treasures, what value would not attach to one of these discarded skirts as a memento! Think of it, women; do not rob your tresses of a single hair as a keepsake for him who kneels and begs, but send him some of these hair springs instead, and then he will indeed have something to remember you by. At any rate, do not cast them out like lumps of salt

that have lost their savor to be trodden under the foot of man. The simile is not a bad one, for a spring and a summer sault are very much the same thing.

Forget or ignore, if you choose, the springs that have passed over your head, but do not scatter them in this reckless way. For by this practice your springs are suffered a second time to go to Waist.

The most sacred things come to be regarded with irreverence if made common, and by this practice of yours the inner mysteries of the temple are revealed, when we should be taught to approach even the vestibule with the air of men conscious that they are trenching upon holy ground. The difference between picking up a skirt that is strewn in our path and walking away with it, and doing the same thing by the first one that comes along with a woman in it, seems very slight indeed. Picking up the empty shells that lie along the beach, honest and unshellfish as we might be, would soon bring us to a point of demoralization at which we would not hesitate to pick up one that had a soft-shell crab inside it.

As Pope very cleverly puts it:

These hoops are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with their place,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

I regard those lines of the Pope, above quoted, as constituting in their entirety one of the best eucyclical letters ever written.

Hitherto I have taken high moral and æsthetic ground in my argument, when perhaps it were better had I taken a more practical, in fact an economic, view of the subject. Having asked if no sacred memories cling to these skirts allow me in conclusion to inquire: Is there no value in old iron? Is it not possible to beat the steel of which they are composed into ploughshares?

Certes I should like a share, even a plough share, of them myself. And with this admonition, ladies, I leave you: abandon your entrenchments if you like, but do not voluntarily throw them into the hands of your enemy; if you do, the sin be upon your own skirts.

OTHER THINGS.

A remarkable instance of how the honors generally fall to the weakest hands and prizes go to the least deserving, occurred at the benefit of the Hon. Charles Backus on Friday evening of last week, when the conundrum: Why was San Francisco on the 5th of February (Sunday) like a field of wheat fifty years ago? Answer: Because it was cut by Sickles—took the prize.

From the hundred and fifty condrams offered, though I had not the pleasure of hearing any of them read, I do venture to say that there could scarcely have been a worse one selected than that, the laugh only coming in on the local allusion it contained.

A much better one was: Why does Backus' mouth resemble Mt. Vesuvius? Answer: Because the crater's mouth is always open.

The prize goblet awarded on the occasion was made at Tucker's, and was on exhibition to sharpen the wits of conundrumists, for a month before the performance came off. The same eminent jeweler has made a large service of silver plate to be presented to me, if anybody will pay for it, which may be seen in his window at any hour of the day. He has, too, a number of gold watches, rings, pins and things which he assures me were also made for me, their presentation being delayed only because he is desirous of not engraving my name upon them until he receives an equivalent for the goods. Thus I am spared the unpleasant necessity of pawning them immediately.

At present he is engaged upon a jockey cup, to be presented to the winner of the match race between Capt. Baby and Judge Cowles, to come off on Howard street the first pleasant Sunday.

The Judge is somewhat ignorant of the rules of the road and I'm betting that the Captain will take his wheel off if he attempts to cut in ahead of him when the greys have struck their four minute lick; but I'm also betting that the Judge beats when the case comes into court, for there the pace tells against you.

The match is scarcely made up yet, but my friend Canavan, decidedly the best writer on this coast, is engaged in an extensive correspondence with Judge Hoffman on the subject, and the preliminaries will probably be settled early in the week. Some nine hundred baskets of champagne have already been lost and won on the result.

In the meanwhile the books are open at this office, and if any wish to make their bets—the terms being play or pay—they are at liberty to deposit the stakes, permanently and safely, with

INIGO.

A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH.

NATIONAL FAST, JANUARY 4, 1861.

WE sing "Our Country's" song to-night
With saddened voice and eye;
Her banner droops in clouded light
Beneath the wintry sky.
We'll pledge her once in golden wine
Before her stars have set;
Though dim one reddening orb may shine,
We have a Country yet.

'Twere vain to sigh o'er errors past,
The fault of sires or sons;
Our soldier heard the threatening blast,
And spiked his useless guns;
He saw the star-wreathed ensign fall,
By mad invaders torn;
He saw it from the bastioned wall
That laughed their rage to scorn!

What though their angry cry is flung
Across the howling wave—
They smite the air with idle tongue
The gathering storm who brave;
Enough of speech! the trumpet rings;
Be silent, patient, calm—
God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!

Our toilsome years have made us tame;
Our strength has slept unfelt;
The furnace-fire is slow to flame
That bids our ploughshares melt;
'Tis hard to lose the bread they win
In spite of Nature's frowns—
To drop the iron threads we spin
That weave our web of towns,

To see the rustling turbines stand
Before the emptied flumes,
To fold the arms that flood the land
With rivers from their looms—
But harder still for those who learn
The truth forgot so long;
When once their slumbering passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong!

The Lord have mercy on the weak,
And calm their frenzied ire,
And save our brothers ere they shriek,
"We played with Northern fire!"
The eagle hold his mountain height—
The tiger pace his den!
Give all their country, each his right!
God help us all! Amen!

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

DISSEVERED.

THE rose renews her sensuous bloom,
The lily gems the garden walk,
The pinks above the borders loom,
I hear the bluebird's twittered talk.

The sunlight gilds the poplar leaves,
And green and gold the meadows glow;
His woodside net the spider weaves,
And hums the blithe bee to and fro.

O once beloved sounds and sights
That drift my moody vision by,
Which her clear presence made delights,
And that her absence make a lie,

In vain upon my sense you press,
I know not what the bluebird said;
I cannot of your meanings guess,
Your sweet interpreter is dead.

No more the rose her perfume gives.
The lily is a flower forlorn,
The pink in scentless beauty lives—
The incense of the world is gone!

(W. A. Kendall, in the N. Y. Home Journal.)

TWO DAYS WITH MOSBY.

["JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY," says Harper's *Weekly*, to whose handsomely-illustrated paper we are indebted for the following story, "long notorious as a rebel guerrilla, was born in Virginia in 1832. Little is popularly known of his career before the war. In 1862 he was a lieutenant in Lee's army, and for his services in harassing our troops encamped near Fredericksburg met with Gen. Lee's approval and was promoted Major. In March, 1863, he captured Gen. Stoughton at Fairfax Court House. He was wounded near this same place in August of that year, and was unable, previous to January, 1864, to resume his official duties. Last August he was again wounded and put hors du combat for two months, after which he again appeared in a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for which he was made Lieutenant Colonel. December 10th, he was given the full rank of Colonel. We give below an account, entitled "Two Days with Mosby," which, as being substantially true, will prove very interesting to our readers. This rebel Colonel has been the centre of a great deal of fabulous romance during the war. He has been recently wounded again, and so seriously that his friends, it is reported, despair of his recovery."]

I WAS up at reveillé. Orders to inspect the camp of dismounted cavalry near Harper's Ferry had been in my pocket two days, awaiting an escort through the fifty miles of guerrilla infested country which lay between me and that distant post. This was the day for the regular train, and a thousand wagons were expected to leave Sheridan's headquarters, on Cedar Creek, at daylight, with a brigade of infantry as guard, and a troop of cavalry as outriders.

An hour's ride of eight miles along a picketed line across the valley brought me to the famous army. Torbert was there, and I awaited his detailed instructions. Unavoidable delay ensued. Despatches were to be sent, and they were not yet ready. An hour passed, and, meantime, the industrious wagon-train was lightly and rapidly rolling away down the pike. The last wagon passed out of sight, and the rear-guard closed up behind it before I was ready to start. No other train was to go for four days. I must overtake this one or give up my journey. At length, accompanied by a single orderly, and my colored servant, George Washington, a contraband, commonly called "Wash," I started in pursuit of the train.

As I had nearly passed Newtown I overtook a small party apparently of the rear-guard of the train, who were lighting their pipes and buying cakes and apples at a small grocery on the right of the pike, and who seemed to be in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

"Good morning, Sergeant. You had better close up at once. The train is getting well ahead, and this is the favorite beat of Mosby."

"All right, sir," he replied with a smile, and nodding to his men, they mounted at once and closed in behind me, while quite to my surprise I noticed three more of the party whom I had not before seen in front of me.

An instinct of danger at once possessed me. I saw nothing to justify it, but I felt a presence of evil which I could not shake off. The men were in Union blue complete, and wore on their caps the well-known Greek cross which distinguishes the gallant Sixth Corps. They were young, intelligent, cleanly, and good-looking soldiers, armed with revolvers and Spencer's repeating carbine. I noticed the absence of sabres, but the presence of the Spencer, which is a comparatively new arm in our service, reassured me, and I thought it impossible that the enemy could as yet be possessed of them.

We galloped on merrily, and just as I was ready to laugh at my own fears, "Wash," who had been riding behind me and had heard some remark made by the soldiers, brushed up to my side, and whispered through his teeth chattering with fear:

"Massa, secesh sure! Run like de debil!"

I turned to look back at these words, and saw six carbines levelled at me at twenty paces distant, and the Sergeant who

had watched every motion of the negro, came riding toward me with revolver drawn and the sharp command, "Halt. Surrender!"

We had reached a low place where the Opequan Creek crosses the pike, a mile from Newtown. The train was not a quarter of a mile ahead, but out of sight for the moment over the west ridge.

High stone-walls lined the pike on either side and a narrow bridge across the stream was in front of me and already occupied by the three rascals who had acted as advance-guard, who now coolly turned round and presented carbines also from their point of view.

I remembered the military maxim, a mounted man should never surrender until his horse is disabled, and hesitated an instant considering what to do, and quite in doubt whether I was myself or some other fellow whom I had read of as captured and hung by guerrillas; but at the repetition of the sharp command, aided by the somewhat disagreeable presence of the revolver immediately in my face, I concluded I was undoubtedly the other fellow, and surrendered accordingly.

My sword and revolver were taken at once by the Sergeant, who proved to be a rebel lieutenant in disguise, and remarked, laughing as he took them,

"We closed up, Captain, as you directed; as this is a favorite beat of Mosby's, I hope our drill was satisfactory."

"All right, Sergeant. Every dog has his day, and yours happens to come now. Possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

"Your turn to be hung," he replied.

It was not long before I was ushered into the presence of the great modern highwayman, John S. Mosby, Lieutenant-Colonel, C. S. A.

He stood a little apart from his men, by the side of a splendid gray horse, with his right hand grasping the bridle-rein, and resting on the pommel of his saddle—a slight, medium-sized man, sharp of feature, quick of sight, lithe of limb, with a bronzed face of the color and tension of whipcord. His hair is a yellow brown, with full but light beard and mustache of the same; a straight Grecian nose, firm set expressive mouth, large ears, deep gray eyes, high forehead, large well-shaped head, and his whole expression denoting energy, hard service, and love of whisky. He wore top-boots, and a civilian's over coat, black, lined with red, and beneath it the complete gray uniform of a Confederate Lieutenant-Colonel, with its two stars on the side of the standing collar, and the whole surmounted by the inevitable slouched hat of the whole Southern race. His men were about half in blue and half in butternut.

Mosby, after taking my horse and quietly examining my papers, presently looked up with a peculiar gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"Ah, Captain B——! Inspector-General of ——'s Cavalry! Good-morning, Captain! Glad to see you, sir! Indeed there is but one man I would prefer to see this morning to yourself, and that is your commander. Were you present, sir, the other day at the hanging of eight of my men as guerrillas at Front Royal?"

I answered him firmly, "I was present, sir; and, like you, have only to regret that it was not the commander instead of his unfortunate men."

This answer seemed to please Mosby, for he apparently expected a denial. He assumed a grim smile, and directed Lieutenant Whiting to search me.

My gold hunting-watch and chain, several rings, a set of shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons, a Masonic pin, some coins, and about three hundred dollars in greenbacks, with some letters and pictures of the dear ones at home, and a small pocket Bible, were taken. My cavalry-boots, worth about fifteen dollars were appraised at six hundred and fifty in Confederate money; my watch at three thousand dollars, and the other articles in about the same proportion, including my poor servant "Wash," who was put in and raffled for at two thousand dollars, so that my entire outfit made quite a respectable prize.

"Wash" was very indignant that he should be thought worth only two thousand dollars Confederate, and informed them that he considered himself unappreciated, and that, among other accomplishments, he could make the best milk punch of any man in the Confederacy.

When all this was concluded, Mosby took me a little one side, and returned to me the pocket Bible, the letters and the Masonic pin, saying quietly as he did so, alluding to the latter with a significant sign:

"You may as well keep this. It may be of use to you somewhere."

I thanked him warmly for his kindness as I took his offered hand, and really began to think Mosby almost a gentleman and a soldier, although he had just robbed me in the most approved manner of modern highwaymen.

Immediate preparations were made for the long road to Richmond and the Libby. A guard of fifteen men, in command of Lieutenant Whiting, was detailed as our escort, and, accompanied by Mosby himself, we started directly across the

country, regardless of roads, in an easterly direction toward the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge.

We were now in company of nine more of our men, who had been taken at different times, making eleven of our party in all, besides the indignant contraband "Wash," whom it was also thought prudent to send to the rear for safe-keeping.

I had determined to escape if even half an opportunity should present itself, and the boys were quick in understanding my purpose, and intimating their readiness to risk their lives in the attempt. One of them, in particular, George W. McCauley, commonly known as Maek, and another one named Brown, afterward proved themselves heroes.

At Howettsville on the Shenandoah, nine miles below Front Royal, we bivouacked for the night in an old school-house.

Our party of eleven were assigned to one side of the lower floor of the school-house, where we lay down side by side with our heads to the wall and our feet nearly meeting the feet of the guard, who lay in the same manner opposite us, with their heads to the other wall, except three, who formed a relief guard for the sentry's post at the door.

Above the head of the guard along the wall ran a low deck, on which each man of them stood his carbine and laid his revolver before disposing himself to sleep.

A fire before the door lighted the room; and the scene, as they dropped gradually to sleep, was warlike in the extreme, and made a Rembrandt picture on my memory which will never be effaced.

I had taken care to place myself between McCauley and Brown, and the moment the rebels began to snore and the sentry to nod over his pipe, we were in earnest and deep conversation.

McCauley proposed to unite our party and make a simultaneous rush for the carbines, and take our chances of stampeding the guard and escaping; but on passing the whisper quietly along our line, only three men were found willing to assent to it. As the odds were so largely against us, it was in vain to urge the subject.

The march began at an early hour the next morning, and the route ran directly up the Blue Ridge. We had emerged from the forest and ascended about one-third of the height of the mountain, when the full valley became visible, spread out like a map before us, showing plainly the lines of our army, its routes of supply, its foraging parties out, and my own camp at Front Royal as distinctly as if we stood in one of its streets.

We now struck a wood-path running southward and parallel with the ridge of the mountains, along which we travelled for hours, with this wonderful panorama of forest and river and mountain before us in all the gorgeous beauty of the early autumn.

"This is a favorite promenade of mine," said Mosby. "I love to see your people sending out their almost daily raids after me. There comes one of them now almost toward us. If you please we will step behind this point and see them pass. It may be the last sight you will have of your old friends for some time," and, looking in the direction he pointed, I saw a squadron of my own regiment coming directly toward us on a road running under the foot of the mountain, and apparently on some foraging expedition down the valley. They passed within a half mile of us, under the mountain, while Mosby stood with folded arms on a rock above them.

Before noon we reached the road running through Manassas Gap, which place was held by about one hundred of Mosby's men, who signaled him as he approached, and here, much to my regret, the great guerrilla left us, bidding me a kindly good-by.

We were hurried through the gap and down the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, and by three o'clock reached Chester Gap, after passing which we descended into the valley, and move rapidly toward Sperryville on the direct line to Richmond.

Our guard was now reduced, as we are far within the Confederate lines, to Lieutenant Whiting and three men, and our party of eleven prisoners had seven horses among them. There was also a pack-horse carrying our forage, rations, and some blankets. To the saddle of this pack-horse are strapped two Spencer carbines, muzzle downward, with their accoutrements complete, including two well-filled cartridge-boxes.

I called Maek's attention to this fact as soon as the guard was reduced, and he needed no second hint to comprehend its full significance at once. He soon after dismounted, and when it came his turn to mount again, he selected, apparently by accident, the poorest and most broken-down horse of the party, with which he appeared to find it very difficult to keep up, and which he actually succeeded in some mysterious way in laming.

He then dropped back to the Lieutenant in charge and modestly asked to exchange his lame horse for the pack-horse, and being particularly winning in his address, his request was at once granted without a suspicion of its object, or a thought of the fatal carbines on the pack-saddle. I used some little skill in diverting the attention of the Lieutenant while the pack was readjusted; and as the rain had begun to fall freely no one of the guard was particularly alert.

I was presently gratified with the sight of Mack riding ahead on the pack-horse, with the two carbines still strapped to the saddle, but loosened, and well concealed by his heavy poncho, which he had spread as protection from the rain. These carbines are seven-shooters, and load from the breech by simply drawing out from the hollow stock a spiral spring, and dropping in the seven cartridges, one after the other, and then inserting the spring again behind them, which coils as it is pressed home, and by its elasticity forces the cartridges forward, one at a time, into the barrel at the successive movements of the lock.

I could see the movements of Mack's right arm by the shape into which it threw the poncho, and while guiding his horse with his left, looking the other way and chatting glibly with the other boys, I saw him distinctly draw the springs from those carbines with his right hand and hook them into the upper button-hole of his coat to support them, while he dropped in the cartridges one after another, trotting his horse at the time to conceal the noise of their click, and finally forcing down the springs, and looking round at me with a look of the finest heroism and triumph I have ever beheld.

I nodded approval, and fearing he would precipitate matters, yet knowing that any instant might lead to discovery and be too late, I rode carelessly across the road to Brown, who was on foot, and, dismounting, asked him to tighten my girth, during which operation I told him the position of affairs as quietly as possible, and requested him to get up gradually by the side of Mack, communicate with him, and, at a signal from me, to seize one of the carbines and do his duty as a soldier if he valued his liberty.

Brown was terribly frightened and trembled like a leaf, but went immediately to his post, and I did not doubt would do his duty well.

I rode up again to the side of Lieutenant Whiting, and, like an echo from the past, came back to me my words of yesterday, "Possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

I engaged him in conversation, and, among other things, spoke of the prospect of sudden death as one always present in our army life, and the tendency it had to either harden or ameliorate the character according to the quality of the individual.

He expressed the opinion which many hold that a brutal man is made more brutal by it, and a refined and cultivated man is softened and made more refined by it.

We were on the immediate flank of Early's army. His cavalry was all around us. The road was thickly inhabited. It was almost night. We had passed a rebel picket but a mile back, and knew not how near another one of their camps might be.

The three rebel guards were riding in front of us and on our flanks, our party of prisoners was in the centre, and I was by the side of Lieutenant Whiting, who acted as rear-guard, when we entered a small copse of willow which for a moment covered the road. The hour was propitious. I gave the fatal signal and instantly threw myself from my saddle upon the Lieutenant, grasping him around the arms and dragging him from his horse, in the hope of securing his revolver, capturing him, and compelling him to pilot us outside of the rebel lines. At the same instant Mack raised one of the loaded carbines, and, in less time than I can write it, shot two of the guard in front of him, killing them instantly; and then coolly turning in his saddle, and seeing me struggling in the road with the Lieutenant, and the chances of obtaining the revolver apparently against me, he raised the carbine the third time; and as I strained the now desperate rebel to my breast, with his livid face over my left shoulder, he shot him as directly between the eyes as he could have done if firing at a target at ten paces distance.

His hold relaxed, and his ghastly corpse fell from my arms. "Golly, Cap," said Mack, "I could have killed five or six more of them as well as not."

Brown had only wounded his man in the side, and allowed him to escape.

Our position was now perilous. Not a man of us knew the country, except its most general outlines. The rebel camps could not be far away; the whole country would be alarmed in an hour; darkness was intervening; and I doubted not that, before sundown, even blood-hounds would be on our track. One half our party had already scattered, panic-stricken, at the first alarm, and every man for himself, scouring the country in every direction.

But five remained, including the faithful "Wash," who immediately showed his practical qualities by searching the bodies of the slain, and recovering therefrom, among other things, my gold hunting-watch from the person of Lieutenant Whiting, and over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks, the proceeds, doubtless, of their various robberies of our men.

"Not quite nuff," said Wash, showing his ivories from ear to ear. "Dey vally dis nigger at two thousand dollars. I tink I ought to git de money."

We instantly mounted the best horses, and, well armed with carbine and revolver, struck directly for the mountain on our right; but, knowing that would be the first place we should be sought for, soon changed our direction to the south, and

rode for hours directly toward the enemy as rapidly as we could ride, and before complete darkness intervened we had made thirty miles from the place of our escape; and then turning sharp up the mountain we rode as far as horses could climb, and, abandoning them, pushed on on foot through the whole night to the very summit of the Blue Ridge, whence we could see the rebel camp-fires, and view their entire lines and position, just as daylight was breaking over the Valley.

The length of this weary day, and the terrible pangs of hunger and thirst which we suffered on this barren mountain, pertain to the more common experience of a soldier's life, and I need not describe them here.

We had to go still further south to avoid the scouts and pickets, and finally struck the Shenandoah twenty miles to the rear of Early's entire army, and there built a raft, and floated by night forty miles down that memorable stream, through his crafty pickets, until the glorious old flag once more hailed us a welcome.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A WONDERFUL FAT MAN.

AS I was idling about one of those towns the inhabitants of which, entertaining a serious objection to theatres, are obliged to depend, for amusement, on itinerant lecturers, conjurers, comic recitationists, popular preachers, and circuses, and other shows, my attention was drawn to a menagerie by a band of nigger minstrels stationed on the outside of it, playing appropriate airs. Above and behind the musicians a series of wonderful works of Art indicated the wonderful works of Nature to be seen within. Among these paintings was the figure of an enormously fat man, entitled, in large illuminated letters underneath his portrait, "The Second Daniel Lambert." I thought I should like to see this second Daniel, and being what is euphemistically called stout myself, walked up and demanded gratuitous admission on the ground of being one of the brotherhood. But that, the money-taker said, could not entitle me to see the lions and tigers, because, if I was a monster, still I was not a beast. I accepted the compliment, paid my money, and went in.

The Fat Man was in a sort of annexe to the caravan. He panted and perspired very much.

"Hard work, sir," I observed.

Puffing laboriously, he answered, "Yes, sir!"

"I hope, sir," I said, "that your exertions are liberally rewarded by Mr. Saunders"—the name of the showman.

"I am Mr. Saunders, sir. I am my own proprietor."

"No! Are you, though, really? Well, sir, I admire your moral courage. You show your sense, sir, in thus accepting your situation, and making the most of yourself."

"Ah, sir!" he said, "I have made the most of myself indeed. This fat, sir"—he did not say this here fat, but spoke very much like a gentleman—"all this fat is not natural."

"Is it not?"

"No, sir. I am"—here he slightly chuckled—"what you may call a self-made man."

"Ah!" said I, "that's what we stout gentlemen most of us are, I'm afraid. We do make prize-pigs of ourselves with our eyes open—in that particular unlike the pigs."

"I did it on purpose, sir."

"On purpose, sir?"

"Yes, sir, on purpose. When I started this concern, I thought I might as well become part of it, by making an exhibition of myself. I had a reason for it. What are appearances, sir?"

"Full eight yards round," I answered. "Sir, I respect your contempt for appearances, and for the people who are astonished by them, and who come and stare at you. And so you made yourself of this size, sir?"

"I did, sir."

"How did you do it, sir?"

"The old way, sir—eating and drinking."

"What did you eat, sir?"

"Potatoes. I ate a good deal of potatoes. And bread, sir. Ate a good deal of bread. You see, sir, I did just the reverse of what Mr. Banting recommends for bringing this down."

"Did you, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Butter. I ate a good deal of that. Sugar, too; large quantities of sugar. Sugar's very fattening, contains so much carbon; dissolves so fast and runs into fat. Pies, tarts, puddings, sweets of all kinds. Pork too, sir, pork; ate a great deal of pork. Not much bacon; no. Don't like it; too filling to fatten on. Salmon, stewed eels, too; nice, rich, nourishing; very fond of stewed eels. Milk and cream; have two bowls of bread and milk a day. Oil, and starch, and saccharine matter, sir; as much as possible of food containing plenty of oil, starch, and saccharine matter."

"What did you drink, sir?"

"As much fluid as possible, sir; as much of every pleasant fluid. A good deal of tea; 'tis a solvent for the solid food. Beer; ale, good fat Burton. Stout. Fruity port. Clicquot's Champagne. Hot rum and water, strong and sweet. Ah!"

"You must have had a strong motive, sir, to induce you to acquire a bulk which appears to be distressing."

"I had, sir. My wife died, sir, and at the same time I experienced a reverse of fortune. I have one son, sir, to whom I am desirous of giving a good education. Having had an indifferent one myself, I had no means of earning the wherewithal by intellectual exertion. Always rather disliked exertion of any kind. Thought that the least troublesome way of getting money would be riding about with a show. At that time Mr. Banting's pamphlet fell in my way. It made an impression on me. I wanted a wonderful fat man. Couldn't one be made by practicing the contrary of Banting's rules? Why not make one of myself? As I had determined to start a show, fancied that the pleasantest occupation would be that of cramming myself up, as my son says, for its chief attraction."

"Sir," said I, "you are a wonderful father. You are a prodigy of parental affection."

"He's in there now, sir," said the fat man, pointing to a green baize partition at the back of the van. "Home for the vacation from the University."

"Come, governor," called a voice from behind the green baize. "Time to shut up. Want to light my cigar?"

"He's not in orders yet," observed the fond father.

"Come, I say, governor!" repeated the undergraduate.

"Bless you, sir!" I cried, grasping the Fat Man's hand. "May your boy prove a blessing to you! Farewell!"

And I rushed away.

ABOUT A STAR.—Some time ago, Miss Fanny Brown, who will be remembered by all frequenters of our theatres, went away to San Francisco. She made her *début* in that city, recently, at Maguire's Opera House, as "Poeahontas," in Brougham's burlesque, and "Bob Nettles," in a farce.

The day was rainy, but there was an excellent house. Miss Brown appeared as a star.

The critic of THE CALIFORNIAN, who is good authority, says: "We can scarcely chronicle a success for the lady, though we do not intend to stamp the *début* as a failure. It was simply a mistake." Then the critic goes on to lecture about the foolishness of Atlantic stock actors who go to the Pacific coast to star. It seems that Miss Brown had been posted around the streets as "The Queen of Comedy and Song, the Successor of Mrs. John Wood," and this would not work.

"With Mrs. John Wood," says THE CALIFORNIAN, "our public were familiar; and so great a favorite was she with theatre goers, that the simple mention of any other performer as her rival or successor would be certain to provoke comparisons disadvantageous to the claims of the contestant for her place, unless based upon great and actual merit."

We mention this affair as a matter of interest to theatre-goers, and especially to theatrical performers, and we commend to the latter this moral, which THE CALIFORNIAN sagely deduces from the facts:

"To have appeared without a flourish of trumpets would have secured Miss Brown an immediate success as a pretty and accomplished little actress, a valuable addition to any stock company; but her being presented as a star went very far towards preventing the public from giving her that recognition which is legitimately her due."

That is sound doctrine. Actors and actresses, read and reflect?—*N. Y. Leader*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Josh Billings is responsible for the following "Answers to Correspondents" in the New York Mercury:

HENNER: The best time to set a hen is when the hen is red. I can't tell you what the best brood is, but Shanghai is the meanest. It costs as much to board one as it does a stage boss, and you might as well undertake to fatten a mill by running oats thru it. There ain't no profit in keeping a hen for his eggs, if he laze less than one a day. Hens are very long-lived, if they don't contract the throat disease; there is a grate menny goes tew pot every year, bi this melancholly disease. I can't tell exactly how tew pick out a good hen, but as a general thing the long-eared ones are kounted the best. The one-legged ones I know, are the best at tew scratch up the garden. Eggs packed in equal parts of salt and lime water, with the other end down, will keep from 30 to 40 years if they are not disturbed. Fresh beefsteak is good for hens; I serpose 4 or 5 pounds a day would be awl a hen would need at fast along. I shall be happy to advise with you at enny time on the hen question, and—take it in eggs.

MIRACLE—Yu sa you can't understand the mirakel of the whale that swallowed Joner. I don't serpose that Joner, nor the whale, ever fully understood it themselves. I have thought that it was cazyer for the whale to swallow Joner than it was for the outsiders to swallow the mirakel. I can't tell you what Joner did while in the whale's belly; but I know what a yankee would have done; he would have rigged a rudder on the animal, and run him into port, and either claimed the ile for salvage, or sold his chance to a petroleum grease company.

Although bank bills don't grow on bushes they are nevertheless current leaves.

"NOT DEAD BUT GONE BEFORE."

WE weep, yet tears should have no place—
Our mother did not die;
The Christ child sighed for her embrace
And caught her to the sky.
Earth has one loving spirit less,
And Heaven one angel more;
Oh, write this of the name we bless:
Not dead but gone before.

The shroud, the pall, the gloomy state,
Were all a deft device;
The grave was but an emerald gate
That led to Paradise.
And now our mother's gentle hand
Waves from the golden shore—
She calls us to the better land:
Not dead but gone before.

She whispers: Lo! a loved one waits;
My children weep the while—
The angel at the Jasper gates
Will yield to mother's smile,
And open the portals at her prayer
Her loved ones to restore—
We have a mother pleading there,
Not dead but gone before.

And oft when summer roses wave
Their incense on the air,
We kneel above our mother's grave
And breathe our simple prayer:—
Oh, leave thy children not alone,
But guide us as of yore,
And lead our footsteps to the Throne,
Sweet mother, gone before.

C. H. WEBB.

THE GRAND DUKE'S NEW SUIT.

ONCE upon a time there was a grand Duke so fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on his toilet. Whenever he reviewed his troops, whenever he went to theatre or for a ride, it was always for one purpose—to show off his new clothes. Every hour of the day he changed his costume; and, as it is said of a king—"He is in his council chamber," it was said of him—"He is in his dressing-room." The capital was an exceedingly gay city, thanks to the number of foreigners passing through it. But one day there likewise came two rascals who gave themselves out for weavers, and declared they were capable of weaving the most magnificent cloth in the world. Not only were the colors and material of extraordinary beauty, but the garments made from this stuff possessed a marvelous property—they became invisible to every functionary ignorant of the requirements of his office, or to any one of limited understanding.

"Those must, indeed, be invaluable clothes," thought the Grand Duke to himself. "With them I should be enabled to find out the incapable members of my Government, and readily distinguish the competent from the incompetent. Yes, this wondrous cloth is indispensable to me." He then advanced a large sum of money to the two rogues, that they might immediately commence their work.

Indeed, they set up two looms, and made pretense of busy-ing themselves, though in reality there was absolutely nothing on the bobbins. They unceasingly asked for the finest of silk and the purest of gold thread; but they placed all that in their bag, working till midnight at their empty looms.

"I should like to know how the labor is progressing," said the Grand Duke to himself. But he felt his heart sink on recollecting that persons ignorant or incapable of fulfilling their functions were unable to see this magic cloth. Not that he for a moment doubted his own capacity, yet he judged it best to send some one to make a prior examination. The entire inhabitants of the city were cognizant of the marvelous qualities of the cloth, and all awaited impatiently the knowledge of their neighbor's stupidity.

"I will send my good old Minister to the weavers," thought the Grand Duke; "none can judge better of the merits of their work than he, distinguished as he is by his sense and knowledge of the requirements of the position he fills."

The honest old Minister entered the room in which the two impostors plied their empty looms.

"Egad!" thought he, opening wide his eyes, I can see nothing." But this he kept to himself.

The two rogues invited him to draw near, and inquired of him how he found the design and colors.

They at the same time pointed to their looms, and the old Minister earnestly fixed his gaze upon them; but he saw nothing for the simple reason that there was nothing to see.

"Gracious goodness!" thought he, "am I in reality a blockhead? None must have a suspicion of this. Can I really be incapable? I dare not avow that the cloth is invisible to me."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said one of the weavers.

"Charming! most charming!" replied the Minister, putting on his spectacles. "This design and these colors. . . . Yes, I will tell his Highness that I am extremely satisfied."

It is fortunate for us," said the two weavers; and they commenced an elaborate explanation of the forms and beauties

of this imaginary piece of work. The old Minister paid the utmost attention, that he might repeat to the Grand Duke a true and full description of it.

The rogues were continuous in their demands for money, silk, and gold; an enormous quantity was required for this not-to-be-equalled tissue. Of course they pocketed all; the looms remained empty, and still they worked on.

Some time after the Grand Duke sent another honest functionary to examine the cloth and see if it advanced to a termination. The same thing happened to this new deputy as had happened to the Minister; he looked and looked, but saw nothing.

"Is not the tissue admirable?" asked the two impostors, indicating the superb design and gorgeous colors that did not exist.

"And yet I am not a simpleton," thought the visitor. "Can I be incapable of filling my office? It is strange; but I will be careful how I lose my position." He praised the cloth, and expressed his admiration at the choice and arrangement of the colors.

"It is of incomparable magnificence," said he to his master. And nothing was spoken of in the city but this extraordinary cloth.

Finally the sovereign himself desired to see it while yet on the loom. Accompanied by a crowd of chosen courtiers, among whom were the two honest functionaries, he visited the clever rogues, who plied their shuttles continually, though employing neither silk, nor gold, nor any kind of thread.

"Is it not indeed magnificent?" said the two honest functionaries. "The design and colors are worthy of your Highness." And they pointed to the empty looms, believing the others might perceive something.

"What the deuce!" thought the Grand Duke. "I can see nothing. This is terrible. Am I, then, a blockhead? Am I incapable of governing? No greater misfortune could occur." Then he cried, suddenly, "It is magnificent! And I here publicly announce my entire satisfaction." He wagged his head with a contented air, and looked at the looms, not daring to tell the truth. His snite did the same, one after the other, but without seeing anything, and repeated like him, "It is magnificent!" They even advised him to wear garments of this new cloth at the first grand procession. "It is magnificent! it is charming! it is admirable!" exclaimed every mouth; and the satisfaction was general.

The two impostors were decorated and received the title of Gentleman Weavers.

The whole night preceding the day of the procession they sat up and worked by the light of numerous tapers. The labor they imposed on themselves was visible to every one. At last they pretended to take the cloth from off the looms, sent through emptiness with large scissors, stitched with threadless needles, after which they proclaimed the raiment to be finished.

The Grand Duke, followed by his aids-de-camp, went to examine it, and the sharpers, raising their arms as though lifting something, said,

"Here are the breeches, here is the doublet, here is the mantle. They are as light as a spider's web. There is no fear of the body being oppressed by their weight; and in this, above all, lies the virtue of the cloth."

"Certainly," replied the aids-de-camp; but they saw nothing, since there was nothing to see.

"If his Grand Ducal Highness will condescend to undress," said the rogues, "we will try on him the garments before the pier-glass."

His Highness undressed, and the rogues made believe to hand him different portions of the attire. They placed their hands on his shoulder as though in the act of fastening something; it was the train. The monarch turned and turned before the glass.

"Jupiter! How well it fits! What an elegant make!" cried all the courtiers. "What a design! What colors! What a precious costume!"

The Grand Master of the Ceremonies entered.

"The canopy beneath which your Highness is to take part in the procession awaits you," said he.

"Very well! I am ready," replied the Grand Duke. "It seems to me that I have not a bad appearance!" And he gave one more turn before the glass, and cast another admiring look on the supposed splendor of his raiment.

The chamberlains, whose duty it was to bear the train, went through the performance of raising something from off the floor, then lifted their hands level with their breasts, not wishing it to be thought that they saw nothing.

While the monarch proudly headed the procession beneath his magnificent canopy everybody in the street and at the windows cried aloud: "What a superb costume! What a graceful train! What a perfect make!" No person would have it known that he saw nothing; had he done so he would have been declared incapable of holding office. Never before had his grand ducal clothes excited such an amount of admiration.

"But I don't see that he has any clothes on at all," observed a little child.

"Holy Father! only listen to the innocent!" said the parent; and the crowd soon whispered among themselves the child's remark.

"There is a little child who says that the Grand Duke has no clothes on at all!"

"He has no clothes on at all!" finally shouted the crowd; and the Grand Duke was extremely vexed, for it seemed to him that they were right. He, however, was resolved on the course to follow.

"Under any circumstances I must go through with it to the end," thought he.

Then he drew himself up more proudly than ever, and the chamberlains continued respectfully to bear the train which did not exist.

PARAGRAPHS FROM PARIS LETTER.

THE Court have returned from Compiegne. We have several anecdotes of life there. All accounts agree that Mons. Lachand was the lion of his series. He played billiards with the French Emperor and was the *cavalier seul* of the Empress in the only Boulangere danced at Compiegne. One evening the Court played this game: each person gave the other a given number of ivory letters, challenging the latter to guess the word in the former's mind. The Empress gave Mons. Lachand nine letters and bade him form the word she thought of. He tried in vain to class them in some readable word. Seeing his embarrassment, Mons. de Royer, the First President of the Court of Accounts, whispered to him: "It is very easy, see here," and he arranged E L O - Q U E N C E one after the other to let the eminent advocate see the delicate compliment paid him by the Empress. It is whispered that one of the guests, a painter, (a continental newspaper has annoyed Mons. Couture by asserting that the guest was he, which is false) begged hard to be allowed to stay another ten days. He was of course refused. He then prayed that he might be allowed to carry home with him a gold beaker with its dish of great price as a memento of his visit. This was not denied him; the Emperor and Empress prized it particularly and are vexed enough at the indiscretion of their guest.

Mons. Alex. Dumas goes to America in a short time. He expects you will make as great a lion of him as you made of Dickens. Here is an amusing paragraph on the subject which I clip from the Paris papers: "Dumas goes accompanied by several draughtsmen and three secretaries, for he is going to send 'copy' from America to the Parisian newspapers who dispute the honor of signing engagements with the great writer. He reckons upon sending five hundred lines a day at the very least. He intends to give lectures every day in the chief towns. He expects to go to balls, festivals and dinners—they are great dinner givers in America—every evening. After he visits the United States he will go to California and Mexico. Somebody asked him why he wanted to visit California. He replied: 'My dear fellow, I want to know how gold is made, besides since I have been making it I have never had enough left in my hands so long as to look well at it.' But the real object of Dumas' voyage to America is a treaty entered into between him and the President of the North for the pacification of the South. This treaty stipulates that Alexandre Dumas agrees to begin immediately on his landing a novel of great interest—a second *Monte Cristo* or *Reine Margot*—in the *feuilleton* of a Federal newspaper. The impressions of the paper containing the first part of this story will be printed in great number and distributed gratuitously to the Confederate people and army. They both will take absorbing interest in the novel. Then, all at once, when the story has reached its most exciting point, the Federal Government will discontinue the distribution of the newspaper. The Confederate States will be in consternation. The North will instantly send a message by flag of truce announcing that the illustrious Alexandre Dumas, whose liberal ideas are known to the whole world, will not write for slave holders and will not complete his novel unless the Confederates accept peace. Mr. President Davis refuses. The people and army rise against him. They force him to yield. The South is restored to the Union. Dumas ends his *feuilleton* and all is saved."

I heard some days since a chess anecdote which I think is worth the telling. Judge for yourself: "Abd-Allah, Emir of Jaen, dethroned his brother Abd-el-Hamid, and imprisoned him in the citadel of Salobrena, of which the alcade—who was one of his most steadfast friends—was the keeper. The dethroned captive, Abd-el-Hamid, passed away the long hours of captivity playing chess with his jailer. They were nearly matched in skill, they were both passionately fond of the game, and their long games were no sooner ended than they commenced again. History teaches that no usurper rests quietly on his throne so long as the one he wronged still lives, for the victim's very existence is a continual menace and a constant reproach. The lesson was not gainsaid by this instance. One morning while the alcade was deeply engaged in his favorite game he received orders for the immediate execution of his partner Abd-el-Hamid. The death warrant was

peremptory. Its perusal so disturbed the alcade that his schemes of playing became confused and he was beaten with a rapidity and completeness unprecedented in their games. The game ended, he announced as gently as possible the fatal intelligence to his prisoner. Abd-el-Hamid received the mournful announcement with the resignation characteristic of the Moslem race. The only favor he asked was permission to live long enough to offer the alcade an opportunity of revenge for the defeat he had undergone. This wish was too near the secret desires of the alcade to be refused. The stubbornly contested game lasted a long time. Meantime a rumor that Abd-el-Hamid was sentenced to death ran with the rapidity of lightning through the town. It produced great indignation. The people remembered the gentle reign of Abd-el-Hamid and contrasted it with Abd-Allah's violence. They flew to arms. They forced the citadel and discovered the two players absorbed in their game of chess. They proclaimed Abd-el-Hamid Emir, and imprisoned Abd-Allah, who before night had forgotten his troubles in checkmating the alcade. Moral: Learn to play chess.—"Spiridion" in the *Boston Gazette*.

A CRITIC PROTESTS.

IT has become quite the fashion lately for managers and agents to quote the criticisms upon their plays and performers in their advertisements. This is a very excellent idea, for it gives those who read the advertisements the benefit of the best critical opinions. Unquestionably, this is far preferable to the stupid style of managerial puffs. But to be excellent and preferable it must be honestly done, and it is generally very dishonestly done.

Now I am too practical a man to expect managers to pay fifteen or twenty cents a line for the republication of attacks upon their plays or their performers. Of course, when there is a sentence of praise in a column of censure the managers will pick out that sentence to republish as an advertisement, and omit all the rest. This is quite natural, and I don't object to it. But I do object when they patch two sentences together, omitting part and including part of each, so as to make one eulogistic phrase. And I do object when they cut up a sentence so as to make the worse appear the better reason.

For example: That eminent American artist, Mr. Snooks, appears at one of our theatres, and the critics speak of him as follows:

The *Herald* says: "We do not think Mr. Snooks a good actor. Although he was heartily applauded, the applause was rather ironical than complimentary."

The *Times* says: "Mr. Snooks was nervous and ill at ease. He did not know his part, and the audience laughed constantly at his blunders. We hope never to see such acting again."

The *Tribune* says: "We have visited the worst theatres of Paris and London, and have witnessed a deal of bad acting in our day; but for a conscientiously, irretrievably and unpardonably bad performer commend us to Mr. Snooks."

All this being presupposed, what would we find in the advertisements of the theatre where Snooks was acting? Why, something like this:

GREAT SUCCESS OF SNOOKS!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

(From the *Herald*.)

"We do think Mr. Snooks a good actor. He was heartily applauded. The applause was complimentary."

(From the *Times*.)

"The audience laughed constantly. We hope to see such acting again."

(From the *Tribune*.)

"We have visited the theatres of Paris and London, and have witnessed a deal of acting in our day; but for a conscientious performer commend us to Mr. Snooks."

That this is no fancy sketch may be proven from the files of the papers for almost any week—and especially for this week. I care to name no names at present; but only to ask what to call this deliberate misrepresentation? Is it swindling, or worse? How does the critic feel when he finds his remarks thus tortured and mangled, and himself forced to apparently approve what he has so emphatically rebuked? Let us ask the managers and agents who have adopted this practice to consider its criminality, and to desist from it forthwith. When critics say pleasant things, it is easy to quote them; when they say unpleasant things, it is as easy not to quote them. But to profess to quote and then to misrepresent and contradict the evident meaning of the critics is—well, I will say what it is when I see that, in order to stop the practice, somebody must be nailed by the ears.—"Ariel" in the *N. Y. Leader*.

We see it stated that Henry Clapp, Jr., "Figaro," formerly of the *Leader*, Edward H. House, of the *Tribune*, and William Winter ("Mercutio," of the *Abion*), three of the ablest dramatic critics in the country, are all writers for Mr. C. B. Seymour's new weekly paper, entitled the *New York Review*.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

MARGO, or *The Mysteries of the Temple of Paris*, was put upon the Opera House Stage on Monday evening, Miss Heron appearing as "Margo," supported by the regular company. The story of the plot has been so well told in the different dailies and so many have seen the piece that it is scarcely worth while to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that Margo was a noble rag-seller, loved by "Clergo," (Mayo) a noble charcoal vender. Margo retires from business wealthy, and is supposed to have been murdered by "Oliver Giroud," (Hill) but this turns out to be a mistake. "Count Felix de Bertrand," a Frenchman—not from Limerick, (Aldrich) figures largely, but is discovered in the end to be an impostor and a common swindler—singularly enough he does not receive the appointment of Quartermaster to a regiment of volunteers in reward for his political services. "Lacroix" (Barry) and "Lemoine" (Thayer) are the other villains of the piece, and probably get hung for their crimes, though the audience do not have the pleasure of witnessing the execution. "Edmia" (Mrs. Perry) is a pretty and virtuous sister of Margo's, betrothed to de Bertrand, but the no-Count Felix shakes her because he finds out that her sister has been a rag-picker, and is subsequently himself shaken off to prison by *gens d'armes*. In the grand finale, everybody is married that deserves to be, and the curtain falls on unmitigated happiness all around. Miss Heron on being called before the curtain remarked that all the merits or demerits of the piece belonged to her, and that she was indebted to the liberality of the manager for a *carte blanche* which enabled her to put it upon the stage in the way it was—and certainly the piece was splendidly produced.

Mathilde or *The Lone Chateau* replaced *Margo* on Wednesday evening. As a sensational play this has few rivals. "Mathilde" (Miss Heron) is invited to the lone chateau where she expects to play it alone or at least to find her husband, but she has been duped by a villain and comes very near getting euchred. "Durivage" (Mayo) and "Laroche" (Reeves) rush in through the window and rescue her, proposing to brand the villain "Lugarto" (Aldrich) on the forehead with a red hot cheese-knife for his crimes. He gets Mathilde to intercede for him, and, taking a convenient opportunity, shoots the gentleman who proposed to brand him through the back, and the curtain falls on the second act and an audience immeasurably pleased. We would feel more sympathy for Laroche, if, in threatening to shoot Lugarto through the heart, he did not present the pistol directly at that eminent scoundrel's head. Count de Lanery (Thayer), husband of Mathilde, who by a little accident mistook "Ursula" (Mrs. Edwin) for his wife, and took a trip to Paris with her, turns up suddenly, wins his wife's forgiveness, but not Durivage's—whose wife Ursula happened to be—and the latter gentleman challenges him to a duel in which Lugarto acts as second to both. De Lanery gets his ticket for soup at the first pop, but reserves his fire. Lugarto, who never intends to lose a point, and thinks it would be rather a good plan to have both his friends out of the way, as they both have reason to let him out at the first convenient opportunity, rushes up to de Lanery and suggests to him that, mortally wounded as he is, it would be a good idea to revenge himself by drilling Durivage. But de Lanery doesn't see it in that light, and very coolly amuses himself by a little practice with Lugarto, bringing him the first time. It will be seen that very few were left alive at the end of the play, but the dead and wounded came before the curtain in response to the enthusiastic call and bowed their thanks. The house was a crowded one. Our friend "Al," an excellent though somewhat convivial critic and an ardent admirer of Miss Heron's, gives it as his opinion that there is too much fighting in the play and too little drinking. But it must be remembered that Miss Heron's *forte* is impassioned acting, and that these plays, her own, are specially constructed for the purpose of affording her scope. Last evening Miss Heron was to take a benefit as "Camille" and we would almost dare write down that the house was a full one though this paper will have gone to press long before the curtain rings up on the *lorette*. Wambold ought to have had a full house at his benefit at the Academy last night, for an immense number of tickets were sold.

The announcements for the week are the usual afternoon performance at the Opera House to-day, and *Mathilde* in the evening. Miss Heron will appear as "Julia" in the *Hunchback* on Monday night. *Edith*, or *The Earl's Daughter*, is in active preparation and will be brought out soon. It is rumored, or rather positively stated: that an opera troupe has been engaged at the East by Signor Bianchi and Mr. Maguire jointly, and that the first spring month will inaugurate the season. We hope so.

NEW MILITARY DISTRICTS.—A telegraphic despatch states that Gen. Connor has been assigned to the command at Denver, with complete supervision and authority over the overland California route. Gen. Pope has been assigned to the command of a new military district, including the Departments of Missouri, Kansas and the Northwest, with his headquarters at Milwaukee. Gen. Dodge is in command of the Department of Kansas, with his headquarters at Leavenworth.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Carson *Post* intimates that some of the Nevada legislators indulge in the mysteries of draw-poker.

Horace Jones was killed by the caving of a bank of earth in the Oliver Tunnel, Feb. 15th.

On February 14th, Frank King was severely injured near Dutch Flat, by a cave of dirt and gravel.

The new hoisting works of the Ophir and Mexican Mining Companies in Nevada are now in successful operation.

The dwelling house of F. Heath, near the smelting works at Quincy, Plumas county, was destroyed by fire on February 17th. None of the furniture was saved.

Chief Justice Sanderson's house, in Sacramento, was burglariously entered an evening or two ago, and robbed of considerable valuables.

A silver excitement on a small scale has broken out in Folsom, owing to the discovery of silver ore near the line dividing Sacramento and El Dorado counties.

Almond trees were in such early bloom at Sacramento the present season, that they are expected to drop their ripe fruit in April.

The Calaveras river has overflowed its banks, spread widely over the adjacent country, and greatly injured the road leading from Stockton to the Southern mines.

Davidson & Co., says the Colusa *Sun*, have made arrangements to work the oil spring near Botts'. They are going to all the expense of boring, etc., and giving the claimants one-fourth of the oil, in the barrel, at the spring.

The Visalia *Della* is authorized to say that the lands in the Valley of Owens River are now subject to location or sale either by pre-emption or homestead, the restrictions upon the Indian Reservation having been removed December 19, 1864.

The Red Bluff *Independent* states that the average current of the Sacramento river, at low water, is about four miles an hour; common high water, the average is about six miles. During the flood of 1862, it was as strong as ten miles an hour.

The Yreka *Journal* learns that John Stevenson shot a large California lion near his ranch on the Klamath, which had been killing his hogs. The lion measured about seven feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He was a savage looking animal, with teeth at least two inches long.

On the 21st inst., says the Folsom *Telegraph*, the proprietors of the Granite Mills will commence the grading for a new railroad, running from the railroad bridge on the American river, along the west bank of that river, a distance of three-fourths of a mile to their mills. The S. V. R. R. Company are to furnish the iron for the track.

The telegraph reports the death of R. M. Jessup, at Panama. Mr. Jessup was a pioneer of this State, noted for his enterprise and benevolence. He served in the Legislature of the State, and from its organization was a prominent member of the California Steam Navigation Company, of which he was Vice President at the time of his death.

Several of the mining claims on the North Fork, Plumas county, are paying big for this time of the year. Orton & Harris' claim is paying them from eight to twelve dollars per day, and Thompson & Co.'s claim is averaging about an ounce a day to the hand. Several other claims are paying from four to six dollars per day.

The Grass Valley *National* gives an account of a free fight which took place in that town recently, at a dance between a party of Germans on one side and Cornishmen on the other. Clubs, stones, staves, beer mugs, beer kegs, shovels, etc., were the weapons used. About one hundred men were engaged in the muss, several of whom were severely bruised, but none fatally injured.

Charles Lieb, a somewhat noted Western politician, died at Prescott, Arizona, January 21, 1865. Dr. Lieb was a member of the Lecompton (Kansas) Convention, but afterward removed to Chicago and became a warm Republican. Removing to Arizona early in 1864, he ran for Territorial Representative at the first election held in the Territory, but was beaten by Colonel Poston, the present incumbent.

The Folsom *Telegraph* is informed by a gentleman of that town that a corps of engineers have been sent there by the owners of the Leidesdorff grant to survey off the lands upon the grant into small sections, for the benefit of those who desire to purchase. All now living upon the grant will have their farms surveyed to suit themselves, and will have the privilege to purchase in preference to any others.

Herman Wohler, of San Francisco, was shot on the night of Feb. 19th, at Iona Valley, while lying in bed. The assassin fired through a window. The ball passed through his right arm and entered the right breast below the nipple, inflicting a serious, but it is thought not fatal, wound. Deputy Marshal Swain, with a company of troops, was enforcing a judgment in ejectment in favor of the Arroyo Seco Rancho, and Wohler was in line to receive possession. It is therefore supposed that the would-be murderer was a squatter.

(For the Californian.)

THE FABLE.

MYTH of the sages, beautiful and rare
And richer for thine age, like wine
That bubbles in a twilight silence, where
No light may delve the mine

Of ancient shadow caverns, until when
A single golden ray succeeds
In threading all the gloomy halls and then
Is strung with purple beads

That quiver like a thousand rosy stars
A-glow on some bright burning shore,
Each with the fiery brilliancy of Mars
All flecked in battle gore.

A twinkling chain of linked beauties, each
An hundred pleasing hues engage,
From lofty mysteries of the past they reach
Down to this earthy age.

Such is the fable, gleaming from the past—
Rich jewels from a casket old,
Circled with shadows but not overcast,
Strung on Time's thread of gold

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 25th, 1865.

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

AND then at last it was discovered that Francis Tredethlyn, who had volunteered to carry a tea-tray, or a coal-scuttle, or to announce a carriage, or to perform any ignominious part in the drama for Miss Hillary's pleasure—it was discovered all at once that this young man was able to act. He was no untaught Macready, no ready-made Kean, but he was able to do what the best of the government clerks and literary barristers failed in doing; he was able to roll out the melodious blank verse in a big, deep voice, that never failed him to the end of the chapter. The stage is almost as great a leveller as death himself, and on that little platform at Twickenham uneducated Francis Tredethlyn was quite as much at his ease as the well-bred young men about him: more at his ease, for he was not so bent upon distinguishing himself, and was indeed only eager to oblige Miss Hillary. All this had happened before the autumn visit to Brighton, and now when Maude returned to the Cedars she found busy workmen making a perpetual hammering in the apartment which had been chosen for the scene of the entertainment. Mr. Hillary did everything in a superb manner; there was to be no pitiful contrivance of folding-doors festooned by suburban carpenters, but accomplished people from town had come down to the Cedars, and a magnificent archway of white and gold spanned the lofty billiard-room which the merchant had built at one end of his house. All the arrangements were to be perfection: the lighting of the small stage was to be a miracle of art, the grouping of the furniture had been studied by genre painters of no mean pretensions. Poor Maude grew sick at heart as she heard all these details discussed. She looked back, and wondered, as she remembered what a frivolous creature she had been only a few months ago, and how this amateur dramatic performance had seemed a matter of supreme importance to her; and now she repeated the words mechanically during those long rehearsals, in the course of which the amateurs had so many angry disputations, and so cruelly victimized Mr. Hillary's pale sherry.

At last the new year began, and at ten o'clock upon the first night in January long lines of carriages filled the avenue at the Cedars, and the road outside the lodge gates, until the neighborhood was luminous with flaming lamps that glared redly in the winter darkness. People came from far and wide to see Miss Hillary play "Pauline," and to devour Mr. Gunter's supper, though Miss Hillary's heart might be breaking, and the merchant's head splitting with the weight of care that pressed just now upon his overtaxed brain! But people do get through these things somehow; and Lionel Hillary walked about his drawing rooms, looking supremely gentlemanly in a stiff cambric cravat, and uttering mild commonplace for the edification of new arrivals.

People get through these things. Poor Maude's head ached with a dull pain as her maid arrayed her in a dress of white silk, showered rosebuds, and flounced and looped with lace and ribbon. Would any of this finery be paid for? Miss Hillary wondered, as she saw her splendor reflected in the cheval glass; or was it altogether dishonesty and wickedness? She shuddered as she thought of this; but the entertainment of to-night was only a part of the grand hypocrisy which might help to float Mr. Hillary safely over the terrible crisis, and Maude determined to be true to her promise. So she

smiled at Julia Desmond, when that young lady, who was to play "Madame Deschappelles," came to exhibit herself in powder and patches, and with brocade and diamonds, and with half the point lace in South Audley street bestowed upon her handsome person. Miss Desmond had consented with amazing graciousness to perform the matronly role allotted to her; but she had determined to look like a marquise of the time of Louis Quinze, and she had despatched Francis Tredethlyn on half a dozen shopping expeditions, until that gentleman was fain to wonder how a few ribbons, brocaded labrics, and yellow old lace flounces could cost the big sums for which he wrote cheques in favor of the West End tradesmen to whom Julia sent him.

The two girls admired each other's dresses, and the maid joined in a perfect chorus of laudations with a young lady who would play the "Widow Melnotte" in a nine-guinea black *moire antique*, and a point lace cap and apron, and who kept snatching a manuscript copy of her part from her pocket, and furtively gabbling its contents in dark corners. The girls admired each other, and sailed down the broad staircase together, and went straight to a little anteroom, where half a dozen gentlemen, in attitudes expressive of supreme mental agony, were hending over half a dozen copies of the *Lady of Lyons*, and gabbling vehemently.

There is no occasion to describe this amateur performance at the Cedars, inasmuch as it very closely resembled all other amateur performances. Miss Hillary, stepping on to a stage for the first time, was, to say the least, not quite a Helen Faucit, and was on the point of breaking down now and then in some of her grand speeches; but she looked so beautiful in her perplexity and confusion, that the elegant audience encouraged and supported her by the gentlestappings of spangled fans and pattings of tight kid gloves. There were no tiresome boys in the gallery to urge her to speak up; no critical chimney sweeps to murmur their disapproval, or hint that she had better go home and learn her part. There was only admiration for her timid loveliness, and the soft music of her treasured voice.

Of course there were the usual number of dead pauses in the drama, technically known as "stage-waits," the solemn silences in which the actors stood still and looked imploringly at one another, while the voices of amateur prompters—always inciting their victims to the utterance of wrong speeches—were painfully audible throughout the assemblage. Mr. Tredethlyn rolled out his blank verse with a sturdy courage that was worthy of all praise; and if his hands were a little red, and his blue cotton blouse slightly suggestive of Newgate market, he had acted with his brother soldiers in very rough performances out in Van Diemen's Land, and now and then some touch of natural fire, some little bit of tender pathos, startled the well-bred audience into applause. It may be that now and then Francis Tredethlyn found himself carried away by the spirit of the scene. Did not that romantic drama bear some likeness to his own story? This beautiful "Pauline," this unapproachable being whose lovely image filled the peasant's dreams, who was she but Maude Hillary herself? Perhaps if Miss Desmond had been the "Pauline," Francis might have seemed as cold and tame as the rest of the Twickenham amateurs; but the eye that looked at him tenderly or reproachfully to-night were the only eyes in all the world that had the power to move him deeply. He acted well, therefore, as the dullest man will act sometimes under the influence of some factitious excitement; and when the curtain fell upon the final scene of happy and triumphant love, the audience were loud in their praise of "that handsome-looking Mr. Tredethlyn, who was just the very man for 'Claude Melnotte.'"

Then there was a final parting of the curtains and a shower of bouquets, all in the orthodox style, and Maude felt perfumed petals fluttering about her as she curtsied to her indulgent audience.

All through that last act she had surprised those well-bred spectators out of their natural languor. The "Pauline" who had been so tame and unimpassioned in the grand cottage scene, was carried away by a strong tide of passionate feeling in that last act, where the half broken-hearted daughter pleads for her insolvent father. Sobs almost choked Miss Hillary's utterance more than once in this scene; and when at last her head lay for a few moments on Francis Tredethlyn's breast, the young man's martial decorations were wet with real tears. The sight of that emotion moved him strangely, though he beheld in it nothing more than the natural excitement of a highly sensitive organization. After the little ovation that came with the close of the drama, he followed Maude Hillary into the anteroom, where the rest of the amateurs were discussing the night's business, and flirting with the gay Julia, and thence to an inner room, less brilliantly lighted, and quite unoccupied. Beyond this inner room there was another apartment—the study in which Francis had fallen an easy victim to the wiles of the Hibernian enchantress—and it was to this room that Maude hurried, still followed by Mr. Tredethlyn.

He had no business to follow her. He knew that very well. His business was with Julia, who had acted "Madame

Deschappelles" with wonderful spirit, and for whom the evening had been one long triumph, inasmuch as her lace, and diamonds, and brocade, and dark eyes, and white teeth had been the subjects of universal admiration. Mr. Tredethlyn's business lay in that brilliantly lighted antechamber where Julia sat amongst the government clerks, and barristers, and grand military dandies, while an accompaniment of perpetually popping champagne corks mingled pleasantly with the noise of their laughter. He knew this, and yet he followed Maude to the dimly lighted study, where the red glow of the fire flickered on the bindings of the books and the frames of the pictures. He could not leave off being "Claude Melnotte" all in a moment. The exaltation of the mimic scene was still upon him. Just now he had been carried quite away by the influence of the poetic situation; and when he flung down the shaw money, which was to release the merchant's daughter from her hated suitor, a warmer thrill of triumph had stirred his breast than had ever been engendered by the possession of Oliver Tredethlyn's thousands.

And now he could not fall back to his old position all at once. Only a minute or two ago Maude Hillary had been sobbing on his breast—his bride, his wife; and he half fancied he had some kind of right to sympathize with her emotion. He stopped suddenly on the threshold of the study, quite unmanned by the sight of Mr. Hillary's daughter half kneeling, half lying on the ground, with her face buried in the cushions on a sofa, and her hands clasped in a despairing attitude above the fair tangled hair that had so lately lain upon his breast. Her whole frame was shaken by the vehemence of her sobs; and before such a picture as this it was scarcely strange if poor country-bred Francis Tredethlyn quite forgot that he was not Claude Melnotte. He bent over the prostrate girl, and laid his big fingers gently upon one of those little bejewelled hands clasped so convulsively above the fair head.

"Miss Hillary," he exclaimed, "dear Miss Hillary, for pity's sake tell me what distresses you—what has happened—what is wrong—or—I—I beg your pardon—you have over-fatigued yourself, and you are hysterical; let me send for your maid."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the girl, rising to her feet and standing before him, but with her face still hidden from him, hidden by her outspread hands and her dishevelled hair.

"Shall I call Julia? she is in the room yonder."

"Oh, no! I—I want to speak to you, Mr. Tredethlyn; stay just a little, please. Ah! it is so hard, so cruel, but the last chance! In all the world there is no one else who can save me—and my father—my poor, miserable bankrupt father!"

Francis looked at Miss Hillary in complete bewilderment. Her father—her bankrupt father! Why, then, she was still thinking of the scene that was just finished, and the commercial troubles of Monsieur Deschappelles; which character, by the way, had been enacted by a very young man of a sickly cast of countenance and an inclination to hang his head dejectedly throughout the performance of the drama. It is a rule amongst amateurs to assign the elderly and indelible characters to the youngest and meekest members of the company; whereby Monsieur Deschappelles is usually represented as a young person of some nineteen summers, with flour in his hair, dirty streaks, supposed to represent wrinkles, upon his face, and a tendency to squeakiness in his voice.

"I am sure you are over-fatigued, over-excited by the play," urged Francis; "do let me call Julia."

"No!" cried Miss Hillary, dropping her hands from before her face. "Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn," she exclaimed, almost passionately, "can't you understand—can't you see that I am in earnest? Do you think that scene just now would have made me cry as it did if it had not reminded me of my own sorrow? Mr. Tredethlyn—I know you are a good man, that you would not be slow to do a kindness for any one who needed your help; I know that; and I—I thought I should have courage to speak to you, but now the words won't come—I—"

Her dry lips moved, but made no sound. She clasped her hands once more before her face. Heaven knows how desperate was the effort that she made. It is not such an easy matter to borrow twenty thousand pounds; even though the borrower may be young and beautiful, and accustomed to perpetual adoration.

"Miss Hillary, you speak of help—needing help—from me. For mercy's sake, tell me how I can help you. Do you think there is anything upon earth that would give me such pride and delight as to be of service to you?"

The enthusiasm of the moment lighted up Francis Tredethlyn's countenance like a sudden glow of summer sunshine. Maude uncovered her face and looked at him, and saw at once that her cause was gained; her father's preserver was found. She had not counted in vain upon Francis Tredethlyn.

"I want you to lend papa twenty thousand pounds," she said; "I know that he will repay you honorably. He has some difficulties—terrible difficulties in his business—but the loan of twenty thousands would smooth them all away. I know that you are very, very rich, Mr. Tredethlyn, and that you can afford to lend such a sum of money, or I should never have dared—"

"You would not have dared, Miss Hillary? Oh, can you doubt I would give the last sixpence I have in the world, the last drop of my heart's blood, to save you from one pang? Twenty thousand pounds! Take forty—fifty thousand—the utmost farthing of my fortune, if you will—squander it—throw it into the river yonder, if the waste of it can give you a moment's pleasure. Oh, you don't know, you don't know how I love you!"

He had been acting "Claude Melnotte," and the intoxication of the sweet sentimental poetry was strong upon him; beyond which it is just possible that he may have taken a little more sparkling Moselle in the course of his dramatic exertions than can safely be taken by a young man of sanguine temperament. All prudence, all power of reticence left him at that moment, and he dropped on his knees at Miss Hillary's feet, like a lover in a stage play. She was so beautiful—she seemed so far away from him, even now, when her distress had brought her a little nearer than of old—that this attitude of adoration seemed quite natural to him, almost the only attitude in which he dared address her.

"Oh, if you knew how I love you," he cried, passionately—"if you could only believe or understand! But I am so ignorant—so unworthy—so far beneath you."

Miss Hillary drew herself away from him with a gesture of mingled surprise and disgust.

"You dare to talk to me like this, and you are the affianced husband of my friend!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, you take a very mean advantage of my father's difficulties and my distress."

"Yes!" answered Julia Desmond from the doorway. She had been standing on the threshold for the last few moments, watching this interview behind the scenes. "Yes! it is altogether mean and shameful, Maude Hillary. You have taken noble course, I think, when you fling your father's debts upon the man who was to be my husband, and coolly ask him for the trifling loan of twenty thousand pounds." She laughed bitterly as she named the sum. "Twenty thousand pounds—and you ask your friend's lover to turn money-lender; and you bring your tears and hysterical sobs, and a thousand pretty amateur dramatic devices to bear, in order to obtain what you want, and all in the most childish innocence, of course. And then you turn upon the man whom you have lured to your feet by a hundred tricks and artifices, and make charming show of surprise and indignation. Ah! it is shameful, Maude Hillary—mean, and cruel, and false; and bitter shame shall come to you for this night's work."

The Irishwoman was superb in her indignation. Those flashing eyes and glittering teeth, hereditary in the race of the Desmonds, seemed to light her face with an infernal kind of splendor; such a splendor had many a fated victim seen upon the duelling Irish colonel, just before he fell prone on some lonely field beside the Shannon. It was against Maude that the fuller fury of Julia Desmond's rage was directed—against Maude, of whom she had always been jealous, in whom she had continually found a triumphant rival. It was only after that outburst of jealous rage that Julia turned upon her recreant lover. Francis had risen from his knees, and stood a little away from the two girls, with a dogged moodiness on his face: he was sobered by Maude's indignation and Julia's passion, and he was dimly aware that he had acted like a scoundrel.

"As for you, Mr. Francis Tredethlyn," Miss Desmond said presently, "I suppose I have no need to tell you that all is over between us, and that I bitterly repent the humiliation my own folly has brought upon me. I should have known how much I risked when I stooped to regard a person whose code of honor belongs to a different world from that in which I have been reared. I suppose amongst your people it is the fashion for a man to pledge himself to one woman and then make love to another; but such is not the custom in the circles where the Desmonds have been used to be welcome. I should have known what I had to expect when I came into this house. I should have known what I had to anticipate when I trusted in the truth and loyalty of a man who is not a gentleman."

Throughout this speech Julia's hands had been moving rapidly, but with unflinching purpose, though they trembled a little all the while. One by one she had unfastened the diamond ornaments that had glittered upon her head and wrists, her throat and bosom, and now the jewels lay in a little heap at the feet of Francis Tredethlyn. One by one she had thrown them there during that passionate speech. She could not act her play out. She had been unable to support the character she had undertaken. The fiery blood of the Ryan O'Bryan Desmond had asserted itself in spite of all the promptings of prudence, all the bitter schooling of experience. It was very dreadful to be poor and dependent. It would have been delightful to be mistress of thirty thousand a year; but Julia Desmond, coming to the threshold of the study, had heard Maude's appeal for the twenty thousand pounds, and Francis Tredethlyn's impassioned avowal, and patience and policy had alike deserted her. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, she renounced everything. At last Francis Tredethlyn spoke for himself.

"I know that I have acted very badly," he said. "I had no right to speak; I never should have spoken but for that play. I think I must have almost fancied myself that poor garden-er's son, who dared to worship the brightest creature that ever crossed his pathway, and in an evil hour told her of his madness. Ah, forgive me, Miss Hillary; do not hate or despise me for what I said just now; let it pass like the play in which we acted to-night. And you, Julia—Miss Desmond, I am not too proud to ask your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you. I have been very guilty, and I accept your reproaches in all their bitterness. But when I promised to be your true and faithful husband, I only made a promise that I am still prepared to fulfil. You will at least do me the justice to remember that I did not profess any warmer feeling than admiration and esteem."

"Your justification is only a new insult, Mr. Tredethlyn," Julia answered, coldly. "I wish you good night."

Her passion had been something terrible in its suppressed vehemence some moments before, but she was quite calm now. She swept towards the door leading out into the corridor; but as she passed the merchant's daughter she stopped, just long enough to utter one brief sentence close in the young lady's ear.

"You shall suffer for this, Miss Hillary," she said. She left the room; but Maude followed her, crying—

"Julia! Julia!"

She hurried along the corridor and up the staircase, following closely upon Miss Desmond; but when she reached that young lady's room, the door was shut in her face, and only one answer came to her almost piteous pleadings for admission.

"I have nothing to say to you, Miss Hillary. I only regret that I must pass one more night in this house."

So Maude was obliged to go away in despair, and, meeting her maid at the door of her own room, was informed that Mr. Hillary had been inquiring for her, "ever so many times," the maid said; "and I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss, to know when you'd have your dress changed."

Yes, there was to be more changing of dresses before Maude's work was done. She resigned herself with a sigh to the hands of the young person who waited upon her, and then went down-stairs, gorgeous in pink silk and crape puffings, and with a crown of dewy rosebuds on her head, to receive the compliments and congratulations of her father's friends, and to act her part in that social drama which was quite as difficult a performance as the "Lady of Lyons."

Francis Tredethlyn sat quite alone in the little dimly lighted study at the end of the long, rambling mansion, while Mr. Hillary's guests finished the evening with a little dancing, a great deal of flirting, and a perpetual sipping of sparkling wines, in out-of-the-way corridors and lobbies, where there were hothouse flowers and low chintz-covered ottomans, and an air of loneliness conducive to flirtation. Francis Tredethlyn sat alone, with Julia's diamonds still lying at his feet, and brooded over his position. He had outraged Maude, whom he adored. He had injured Julia, to whom he was bound by every sentiment of honor and good faith. No words can express the bitterness of his remorse as he sat pondering upon what he had done. "False to my cousin Susan, false to Julia Desmond," he thought, "nothing but mischief has come to me since I inherited that miserable money. I have no right to be amongst these people. I never should have come to this house, where her presence has always seemed to turn my brain."

He looked down at the diamonds lying on the carpet, and smiled bitterly as he remembered how much money they represented—more than had been spent on Susan Tredethlyn in all the girl's joyless life—ten times more than would have restored the young man's father to solvency and comfort, that time when his uncle refused him the loan of two hundred pounds.

He stooped and gathered together the fallen jewels. There was a writing-table near him, with pens, and paper, and sealing-wax, and all necessary implements. He selected a large sheet of paper, and packed the diamonds into a parcel. But before sealing the packet he wrote a few lines on the margin of the paper:

"DEAR MISS DESMOND: I beg you to retain the enclosed. They were given to you as an evidence of my esteem and admiration, as well as of my gratitude for your indulgent kindness to one so much beneath you as myself. I implore you to forget and pardon what has happened to-night. I am too ignorant of the world in which you live to know what I ought to do; and I can only assure you that I am ready to submit myself entirely to your discretion, and still hold myself bound by every word I said in this room on the day when you promised to be my wife.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRANCIS TREDETHLYN."

No one but the servants knew when or how Mr. Tredethlyn left the Cedars on that first night of the New Year; but a little before one o'clock the next day a letter was delivered to Mr. Hillary—a letter from the assistant manager of a certain bank in the City, informing the merchant that a sum of twenty thousand pounds had that morning been placed to his credit.

(To be continued.)

THE BABY TOWER OF SHANGHAI.

THE following is from a description of the Chinese city of Shanghai contributed to the *Continental Magazine* by H. B. Auchincloss: "The only structure like a tower, if we except the turrets on the city walls and watch-towers erected within the past few years, when the Taepings have threatened the city, is a tall, white monument, rising to the height of twenty feet, and without inscription or distinguishing mark of any description. It looks like a fine, white tomb, higher and more ambitious than usual, and truly it is a 'whited sepulchre!' Baby Tower, it is called by the foreign residents, for it is filled with the bones of infants—not such as have died a natural death as Bayard Taylor asserts, but which have been thrust into this horrid monument of heathen cruelty when but a few hours old. Humanity shudders at the thought! These dazzling white baby towers, with their mockery of purity, their object known to all men, and openly inviting, as it were, the most unnatural and heartless murders, are among the most hideous spectacles to be met with in a heathen land. True, a river or a pond will be pointed out to you in other parts of China or in India, where babies are daily drowned like puppies or kittens; but they do not affect the mind with such a horror as these palpable structures, erected with the best skill of their architects for this express purpose. The water closes over the murdered infant, and no trace of the crime remains; but here is a tower—a high tower with deep foundations, filled with the bones of murdered babes that have been accumulating for ages.

"No wonder that Christian mothers, residents in the East, cannot speak of them or see them without a shudder, and never willingly pass them in their drives. Who knows but they might hear, if they approached the tower, the wail of some poor infant just thrown in, or meet its father returning from his cruel errand!

"At Shanghai the Baby Tower stands on the southwest side of the city, without the walls, but at Foo Chow, where the crime of infanticide is still more prevalent, they use no baby towers, but have provided ponds for the express purpose. It is the saddest part of this great national crime of the Chinese, but it is sanctioned by the mandarins and viewed as a disagreeable necessity, not as a crime.

"It has been the fashion of late years to deny the existence of this abomination: the doubters, wise in their own conceit, insisting that the crime is too great for human nature.

"Human nature, unfortunately, has proved but a frail barrier to crime of this character in all parts of the world, and the facts of Chinese infanticide are indisputable. The witnesses are too numerous, the crime is too public, and the evidence of it too notorious to deny its existence. The children destroyed are girls; the most common methods of destroying them are: first by drowning in a tub of water; second, by throwing into some running stream; third, by burying alive. The last named mode is adopted under the hope and with the superstitious belief that the next birth will be a boy. The excuse is that it is too expensive to educate a girl, but if some friend will take the child to bring up as a wife for a little boy, the parent will sell or give away the infant rather than destroy it. The regular price is two thousand copper cash, or two dollars for every year of their lives, for sometimes a girl will be saved for a year or two, and then sold for a wife or slave. Many instances have come to the notice of missionaries where large families of girls have been destroyed. There is one woman now employed as a nurse in a missionary's family at Fuh-Chow, who says that her mother had eight girls and three boys, and that she was the only girl permitted by her father to live. We never heard of an instance of a boy being destroyed at birth. There is a little village about fifteen miles from Fuh-Chow, which is swarming with boys, but where girls are very scarce. The people account for it themselves by the common practice of killing the girls at birth, a practice which is indulged in by the rich as well as the poor."

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were straitened upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully bedowered, while his quene projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and portentous frills worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

THE END NEAR.

IT really looks now as though a pet phrase which has been in use since the first commencement of hostilities, "the backbone of the rebellion is broken," might be spoken without bringing the utterer into ridicule. For Charleston, the very hotbed of the damnable dogma of Secession, is ours the fortifications which first belched the smoke and fire of disloyalty are in the possession of the government against which the guns were aimed; everywhere victorious, our armies have swept over the whole length and breadth of the State whereof Charleston was the burning and dangerously restless heart. There is not a State in the whole Confederacy where the stars and stripes have not been triumphantly borne, the glory of the banner undimmed of late by a single defeat. Under these sunny influences gold has gone down with the rapidity that should be the natural consequence of its gravity, and greenbacks have risen in the opposite scale with the corresponding speed which befits their buoyancy. There is a very general impression on all sides, well founded in facts, that the war is now near its end and that the backbone of the rebellion is indeed broken.

Charleston in our hands, the question is already being agitated, What shall we do with it? In very many quarters there is a very serious inclination to interpret the old cry, *Carthago est delenda*, into "Charleston must be destroyed." As the city where the rebellion was fostered, "level its walls," cry they; "plough up its streets and sow them with salt, fertilizing the furrows with the ashes of its houses!" But this seems rather an extreme idea—a bitter retribution in the abstract, but a very lame and impotent revenge in reality. On the principle that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him, certainly the worst use that a city can be put to is its destruction. It must be remembered that the North has still a slight interest in the South, for when the historical question of which side began the rebellion is ended, the historical one of who shall pay for it, will be just commenced. To destroy property and deprive the conquered people of town lots and water fronts, will be to deprive them of the privilege of paying their proportion in the final settlement which must ensue as to the fiddling. If the interests of trade demand it, and Charleston harbor is irretrievably sealed up by the obstructions which lie at the bottom of the roads, it may be well to make some adjacent harbor the port of entry; but even then it were but politic to suffer Charleston to stand, though only as a country village of inferior importance. The idea of sowing it with salt is absurd as well as impracticable, for salt does not yield as plentifully to the acre as potatoes, and our government is scarcely in the salt business if it did.

The question, too, arises, what shall be done with the people we have conquered—if present signs hold good—for we fancy that even the most rabid howlers will scarcely insist that their plan of annihilation be indeed carried out to the letter, sweeping every man, woman and child of the Gulf States into the gulf. We imagine that social amenities will have to be brought into play and that an interchange of kindly sentiment and offices will have to finish what an interchange of blows began.

Perhaps, however, it were better to wait until our turbot is fairly caught before we discuss as to how it shall be cooked. True, the fish seems to be well hooked, and the probabilities are that struggles to get free will be in vain and that it will be brought safely to land; but for all that, it is scarcely worth while to heat the frying pan yet or agitate the less important question of sauce and gravy. In this connection we cannot forbear calling attention to Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Voice of the Loyal North," published in another part of this paper. Originally printed in 1861, it has now assumed the proportions of a prophecy. For the tempest has indeed swung "the pine against the palm," and the collision has scarcely turned to the advantage of the latter tree. And the event has proved indeed that it was in an unfortunate moment that those who live beneath the palmetto's shade "played with Northern fire." Let us be prepared to "give all their country each his right," for the end seems near.

ARIZONA.

GOVERNOR GOODWIN and Secretary McCormick of Arizona are receiving much attention from our citizens. This is as it should be, for, apart from their personal merits, they are the representatives of a country in which the people of this coast have a lively interest and the development of which they much desire.

The Governor and Secretary bring to us the most intelligible account of the newly opened portion of the Territory, the region about Fort Whipple and the capital town of Prescott. This district which may be called Central Arizona was almost unknown to the white man until entered by the Territorial officials in the fall of 1863, via the 35th parallel. It is represented as vastly different from the Gila or Colorado country. The climate is exquisite, neither too warm in summer nor too cold in winter. The valleys are large and well watered. Grazing and farming lands are quite abundant and there is an immense extent of pine forest. With these marked advantages the mines are even more extensive and promising than those of any other part of the Territory—fine specimens of ore shown us are certainly worthy to compare with any we have seen from California or Nevada. The lodes are said to be wide and exceedingly well defined.

Prescott is located 150 miles north of the Gila and the same distance from the Colorado, upon a line nearly parallel with that of Williams' Fork. It was laid out in May last, and now contains about one hundred houses. It is to be connected with the Rio Grande and the Pacific by a weekly mail, and wagon roads will be constructed to several points upon the Colorado. The route from the Rio Grande via the pass of Zuni, is one of the best across the continent.

Arizona is now in the Military Department of the Pacific and under the command of General Mason. Additional troops will at once be sent there, and a vigorous campaign be made against the Apache Indians. Their power broken, nothing, we believe, will prevent the rapid settlement of the Territory, and its great prosperity. Those who have been wont to pronounce it a desert can no longer do so. Throwing out the mines below the Gila and upon the Colorado, many of which are of proven merit, those of the central region, a district as great as the State of New York, are sufficient to support a vast population, and the facilities for working them would seem to be unsurpassed.

HOW IT HAPPENED.—The Sacramento correspondent of an interior paper explains the origin of the late party excitement and "social amenity" row, as follows: "The party lately given by General McDowell and his accomplished lady at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, has furnished the Copperhead and Union press of the State indiscriminately with the occasion for gross misrepresentation and abuse. A young man—a Copperhead and a fool, but a clever writer—rooms at the Occidental, and is the regular sensational correspondent of the Sacramento Union. While the party was yet in expectancy he chanced to hear of it, and communicated the fact as a choice bit of gossip to the Union; and for the sake of giving it additional pungency and spiciness, accompanied it with the statement, fabricated by himself or imposed upon him by some reckless wag, that the party was to be given for the purpose of restoring social amenities and reconciling political differences between Union people and Copperheads—or something to that effect. This statement was eagerly caught up by Copperhead papers, and the supposititious "harmonizing" programme of the General applauded and defended, for the very purpose of weakening his influence and destroying his reputation among Union men."

"ARTEMUS WARD, showman," has said some very funny things, and now he notifies the gentleman who left phosphorus in his bed at the St. Nicholas Hotel, that if he will leave his name with General Dix he will hear of something to his advantage. People may say or think of Artemus what they choose; he is a genius, and a droll one, and he possesses enough shrewdness to turn that genius to practical account, making it pay him the interest, at six per cent., of about \$250,000 yearly. Under these conditions he can very well afford to stand the pen-thrusts he occasionally gets.

SOME strange burglars up in Nevada, a short time since, stole a quartz mill. Kleptomania in their case could be pleaded to eminent advantage. A friend of ours who owns a quartz mill in that section declares that the stolen mill will break the parties who undertake to carry it on within three months, and that they could have had his as it stood, on the ground, without the trouble of carrying it off.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—Telegraphic advices from Europe of the 5th February, state that the learned and eloquent Cardinal of Westminster was in a dying condition. His health had been failing for some time.

THE late "Col. Ferguson of California," (says the Boston Gazette of Jan. 21st,) was convicted of larceny in the Superior Court yesterday, and sentenced to one year's hard labor in the House of Correction. His name, also, was stricken from the rolls.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1865.

THE talk of the week, in literary circles, after the death of Edward Everett, is the coming of Dumas, who is by this time fairly en route, accompanied by a secretary and a cargo of cap-paper. He means to convert the republic into ink and carry it away with him. He writes to a Mr. Van Norhausen here that his expenses will be tremendous and that he must have half pay for his literary enterprises in advance. The Harpers, it is intimated, have sent him a handsome remittance in part pay for a book of "eight hundred thousand letters" upon American nature, society and history, which is to be published here at twenty francs in gold, Dumas getting a quarter and the Sanitary Commission a quarter. He also proposes to write the history of Lincoln's Administration, to lecture, and to sell a rejected novel which Bentley, of London, refused. Indeed, Dumas seems to be walking toward us like the Colossus of Rhodes, to slice us with a pair of shears, spit us upon his lusty pen, and drown us in his inexhaustible ink. He is truly a genius, and greater than we on this side imagine, because we associate him with certain feverish stories merely, but the man has embellished with his grand and rapid fancy every capital and province in Europe, illustrated all phases of politics and society, and made his paltriest novels brilliant with the ease of comedy and the power of tragedy. Next to the visit Dickens made us many years ago, this of Dumas will be the most significant personal item in our international literature. It is to be hoped that, in his splendid presence, none of the mean prejudice which the more vulgar among us entertain against color will be manifested. I think it a memorable instance of the growing tolerance and equalization of our Western society that a mulatto of fame can come among us amid general plaudits and throw his genius as he has given his sympathy into the hard cause which we uphold.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

Fry, the Tribune's musical critic, is dead. Having the consumption, he went off to the West Indies, but arrived there just in time to breathe his last. His opera of *Leonore* will preserve his memory very long; but he shared the "craukiness" of all Tribune people, and worked like a pin-wheel in twenty directions, so that he always kept in pretty much the same place. He was an owner of the Tribune in small part.

Everett, to whom I have referred above, has left an honored name, but not a reputation built upon any grand or original conception. He belonged to the eloquent, excellent and "figure-head" school of statesmen. His oration on Washington must have been the best thing of his life, as it brought the most money. His papers for Bonner's Ledger were also very clever.

Since I last wrote to you, Schoolcraft, the prolific searcher out of themes for poetic and romantic illustration, has gone to join the Great Spirit. His was a strange and mystic life, spent upon the far hunting grounds, smoking the calumet in savage wigwags, and blending his pale, thin blood with the stronger current of those whose fading glory he loved so well to recount. The Indian people may never pass away unnoticed while Schoolcraft's mighty tomes stand hewn for their monument.

SCAN. MAO. AND A MAGAZINIST.

When I say that the "Hasheesh Eater" has reached the crisis of his mutations, you will spare me the pain of mentioning him by name. Clever but inordinately conceited, industrious but irregular, and, with all his ideality, possessing a wide streak of sensuality and a most unravellable capriciousness, the last of the younger literati has broken up his domestic arrangements, and made, through his marital infidelity, a greater sensation than by his entire intellectual career. His devotion to literature, as you know, commenced sensationally. He burned his ships behind him, like Cortes, and often walked Broadway of nights houseless but implacable. Then came his book, *De Quinceyish* enough, but still tolerably original, which put him far in the front, where he deserved to be. After fluctuating between daily papers, magazines, and publishers' houses, he quietly won patronage and reached a better social status than usually falls to the lot of "fugitiveists." At the same time he was eccentric and unmanageable, unable to confine his printed expression to definite space, and running wild with vagaries and errotchets. His wife was the envy of cotemporary writers—a miniature being, beautiful in the poetic standard, always girlish in face and motion, but, for the crises of his nomadic life, a true counsellor, and ever patient, charitable and loving. There may have been, behind the screen, incidents of which the reading world did not know. We only hear the sudden and sad announcement that the Hasheesh Eater—in the height of his living fame—has separated from his wife, under staggering circumstances, grieved his friends, and contemplates marriage with a woman who can afford to spare him the expense of a certificate—a

half poetess, of whom the elect only have heard. With this lady the Hasheesh Eater went meandering, and it is even said that he requested his wife to visit the person who had usurped her lawful place. Having borne beyond the limit of woman's sufferance, the Hasheesh Eater's wife departed to her father's house, whither she was soon followed by the Hasheesh Eater himself. The father-in-law forbade an interview, though a ridiculously informal one took place through a key-hole, and as the matter stands H. E. is to permit his wife to sue out a separation; then he is to wed his new flame, who, meantime, and probably with an eye to the present exigency, had obtained a divorce from her own husband. Is this not odd?

On the other side of the water, Miss Evans, the novelist, has been equally derelict, residing "under the protection" at present of Mr. Lewes, author of the *Life of Goethe*. Must folks who think and print be only a remove from the easy disciples of Theophrastus? Verily, in these our days of *cacoethes scribendi*, it is the rule to err and the exception to stand fast. I fear that the Hasheesh Eater will suffer as much, professionally, from this incident as socially. He is the pleasantest magazine writer we have, but as the *Atlantic* has admitted Sala into its pages, it ought not to take umbrage at the actor in one scandal nearer home.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Sala, I may say, despite the fact that he is a vagabond and mercenary fellow, who has abused our country in its calamity and written some of the foulest things of the century, found lots of work to do in New York. The Harpers gave him sundry jobs; Ticknor & Fields made an engagement with him, and his book will, I believe, be issued here simultaneously with its appearance in London. I saw Sala abroad in 1862—a dissipated fellow with a cast in his eye, an incandescent nose, and an entirely coarse, sensual and brutal expression. His life has been worse than represented in the many hard notices made of him. His extraction is one-half Italian, though in address he is a cockney of the extremest aspiration. In New York, while he was writing baseless libels against us, he was taking the turn of the town, after going home to the Brevoort House of nights, drunken to blindness, and rattling off fifty dollars worth of matter before going to sleep. In the morning he would arise, drink till the mercury went up to a certain height, and proceed to scribble again. He is an indefatigable fellow, but always poor and needy, spending an income of twelve or twenty thousand dollars a year in every possible excess. His handwriting is like copper-plate engraving in its unpremeditated finish and intelligibility. He is having sent to him all the "steep" notices made of him subsequent to his return to Europe—his agent in New York being one Hingston, a shrewd theatrical agent, who at one time wrote stories to Sala's illustrations. Sala, besides being a draughtsman and a writer, was once in commerce, and spent some years with a Greek merchant at Athens. He speaks many languages, even some of the Slave dialects, and was the first Englishman to give us a familiar account of Russia. While here he was the guest of many of the best literary people, who may yet have occasion to be ashamed of themselves for their indiscreetness.

A HIGH PRIVATE.

In a former letter I gave you some little sketches of Charles G. Halpin, or "Miles O'Reilly." I see that he has been figuring in a new or rather a public role of late, if we are to believe the *Herald*, which publishes for him one day and abuses the next. The *Herald's* story, of January 18th, is this: that Halpin, intoxicated over Terry and Porter's victory at Fort Fisher, went to a certain club-house bar, sang an improvised song, and the crowd which followed him in broke the mirrors, etc., etc., until a squad of police marched Halpin, his brother, and a confrere to the station house. The *Herald* states that they are to have a hearing at the "Tomb" and that the publican's loss "the county will in all probability be taxed to pay." I have not yet had time to inquire into the truth of this affair. However apt Halpin is to get up canards, he would scarcely have the impudence to print before a half-million people the fact of his arrest and incarceration. Just as I write, a friend informs me, as an *on dit*, that Halpin has brought suit against the *Herald* for \$50,000. At any rate, he is a queer bird, always in for a battle, like FitzJames O'Brien, who in some respects he resembles. I quote three of his stanzas, sung on the occasion of his arrest, and may say in explanation of them that Halpin formerly fought with honor under Terry, whom he eulogizes:

Fill to Porter and to Terry,
They are names that we adore;
From Connecticut to Kerry,
Some in grog and some in sherry,
To the Admiral and to Terry,
Deep libations let us pour.

Bring the picks, and let us bury
On New England's rugged shore,
General Butler, who is very
Far from feeling extra merry,
As he reads about Alf Terry
Of the old Tenth Army corps!

Mr. Lincoln, who is very
Deeply skilled in classic lore,
Is devoted to his "Terry"—
His "Terentius Afer," very,
But we better like Alf Terry,
Of the old Tenth Army Corps!

BAYARD TAYLOR—DARLEY.

Bayard Taylor was forty years old a week ago, and gave a small professional party in honor of the event. He resides on Eighth street, in the rear of the Mercantile Library, in the European style, having a suite of rooms. His wife is acquiring the English language somewhat now. She is a German lady, who did not know an English word when she came here. Taylor made fifteen thousand dollars last year, two-thirds of which came from lecturing. His late indifferent novel of *John Godfrey* has already paid him nine thousand dollars, although it is a little below mediocrity. He publishes for himself, through George Putnam, who is bankrupt and dare not own any copyrights. Taylor has lately taken to drawing and painting. He is a hard worker and has the strength of Titian, who lived ninety-nine years and had to be taken off by a special plague at last. Taylor's taste I think to be inferior to his talent and his talent inferior to his own appreciation of it. He has written some capital ballads and some glittering pieces of superficial prose description, but we miss in all his effusions that keen and profound introspection of character and nature which is essential even to talent. Of genius he has none, I think. His mansion of Cedar Croft, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, is a strange edifice, planned by himself. It stands in an old deserted, unfruitful field, hedged round with scrub firs, but commanding a fine prospect from its brick tower; in the front thereof is set a marble slab, containing this flunkeyish inscription: "Bayard and Marie Taylor, 18—." Taylor is the "great gun" of the Quaker district, and is really a clever man, whose life has been almost cloudless. It resembles in some respects that of Darley, the designer, who stands at the head of his art here, though far inferior to the great designers across the water—Gilbert, Millais, and the like. He is, if I mistake not, a native of the same or the adjoining county with Taylor, and now lives in fine style at Claymont, Delaware. His income is about that of Taylor's also, and a large part of the year he goes off hunting and fishing. Darley has received as much as a thousand dollars for his larger designs. He has no rival on this continent, though we should hope that he will not be a quoted man in subsequent years, when art shall become too well patronized here to leave no appeal beyond one man's excellence.

ABOUT ART—ART WRITERS, AND ARTISTS.

Apropos of art, have you ever read Jarves' (James Jackson) books upon American art? They are recent publications and I am quite in love with them. Who Jarves is I do not know, beyond some idea that he is a travelled critic, aspiring to be the Ruskin of this continent. He is, at any rate, a bold, original writer, a little too rhapsodic at times, but often keen as a Jerusalem blade, and when he pins anything, scalps it immediately. He has done something to classify and explain trans-Atlantic art; but his little book, the *Art Idea*, is the only attempt we have ever had to give the rationale and history of American architecture, painting and sculpture. The mere fact of the appearance of this book and its profitable sale, shows me that the art-taste is expanding here. It is to be lamented that such indications are marred by the erection of such an art-temple as the New York Academy of Design—an expensive building, almost completed, in execrable taste, like the British National Gallery, and fruitful of sneers to every stranger who visits us. The Academy Committee ought to be put in it, bolted up and burnt with their structure!

I have mentioned Millais above, and am told that his sister is the wife of Lester Wallack, actor, of the theatre of the same name. "Old" Wallack is dead, you know—that associate of Sheridan, Byron and Moore. His latter days were apoplectic and waste. Millais, his half son-in-law, if you remember, married the divorced wife of Ruskin, the critic *par excellence*. Old Ruskin, as he grew old, was in better trim to praise Turner than to please his clever wife, so she brought suit for separation, and, as he made no objection, got it. Then she married Millais, an insular Adonis, and the two gifted people live together like a picture. Millais made his wife the model for a picture called "The Eve of St. Agnes," in a late Royal Academy Exhibition. Being a strict pre-Raphaelite, he photographed her almost literally, and so Keats' charming heroine was made to look like a skinny and bony hag whom Careveggio in his bacchanal hours would not have kissed. Millais made a thousand pounds in 1861 for twelve illustrations of the Parables, which looked to me like mummies of Giotto. This was the largest sum ever received by any designer for magazine drawings.

Among the sculptors in town is C. B. Ives of Connecticut, a resident of Rome for twenty years and held in high esteem for his figures of "Pandora," "Rebecca," "Sans Souci," etc. He is a rough, good-natured fellow, and his studio on the Via Margutta is one of the pleasantest places in the Imperial City

to pass an hour. I called upon the grisly old fellow last year and had the pleasure, so far from home, of tapping a bottle of Bourbon with him. Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia" is going round the country, under contract between a Boston speculator and the sculptress. It is a very creditable figure, but laden with drapery. When the artiste executes a nude figure we may the better judge of her.

ARTEMUS WARD—FREE LOVERS.

Speaking of contracts recalls the fact that a speculator named Wilder has engaged Artemus Ward for ten months at fifteen thousand dollars, and is leading him here and there like any other gorilla, to go over and over his picture-book lecture. Society owes to "Ward," or Browne, in a small way, thanks for having so effectively burlesqued the free-lovers and socialists. These strangely defiant and brave folks are not dead yet. They have regular colonies at Oneida, N. Y., and Wallingford, Conn., and an institution in this city known as the Pantarchy (or Earth-Government) which is earthy to the last degree. The two "communities" are worth respectively \$250,000 and \$40,000, and seem to grow richer and better established yearly. They have about an equal number of males and females, who get along together without marriage certificates and embrace all the new dogmas, but individually are ignorant and bigoted as the citizens of Salt Lake.

A PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

The New York "Pantarchy," in Charles street, is a hotbed of theoretical vice, with a fair leaven of practical wickedness. It has been going on about three years under the conduct of Stephen Paul Andrews, a learned and sensual old man, now upwards of fifty years of age, who realizes in appearance and history the ancient ideal of Anti-Christ. He lives in the Pantarchy with a cluster of men and women, most of the latter being mediums, and one of them is his wife. Polygamy without law is the condition of things there. Old Andrews has been working thirty years upon a system of "Universology"—an exhaustive science, one of the objects of which is to form a new language for the use of all mankind, and another the emancipation of wives, daughters and sisters from all moral restraint. Andrews, Henry Clapp, Jr., and Albert Brisbane translated and introduced the writings of Fourier into this market. They were brought to this side of the water by Brisbane, a man of some wealth, who met old Fourier in Paris, where he was living upon a diluted glass of wine and a dead man's portion of brown bread. Returning, he got Horace Greeley to urge the claims of communism, which led to the celebrated discussion in the *Courier and Enquirer* between Greeley and H. J. Raymond. Brisbane does not live with Andrews at present, being probably disgusted with the old sinner's beastly regimen; but he has for an apostle Edward B. Freeland, an erratic being who once organized a sort of wilderness "Brook Farm"—hewing logs with his own hands and building a cabin in the vicinity of the Chipmunks. The real truth about the Pantarchy and all such places seems to be that they begin in incontinence and evil desires, and make the good of mankind their excuse for ruining it. If such reformers as Andrews had the world in their hands six hours, we should see the fable of Sodom realized and a new deluge necessary. John H. Noyes is the Oneida apostle, and he publishes a paper to vindicate it; I suggest to him to print his leaders upon sheet sulphur. The "Reformers," so called, of the Health school, meet at Dr. Trall's water-cure establishment in Eighth street. Most of Fourier's settlements in America, as everywhere, have died out. I see among the health apostles that model of manly strength and lustiness, and anything but model in other respects, Walt. Whitman, author of the *Leaves of Grass*. He is about to get out a book upon the phases of death, disease, sentiment, etc., as witnessed in the hospitals of Washington City, where he has been under salary from the Sanitary Commission. Walter is a graphic character, unreliable, like any practical convert to Mohicanism, and lives with his mother, who has some little property in Brooklyn.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

The *Leader* (weekly newspaper) has lately split in half, and one party, under Henry Clapp, has gone over to the *Weekly Review*, taking "Figaro" and "McArone" along with them. Literature will be benefitted by this change, as the number of its vehicles will be increased. The *Leader* was always able after a fashion, and its new manager, Fiske, is shrewd and hardworking. I am anxious to see which concern will drive the best team. McArone, you understand, of course, to be George Arnold, the son of an agricultural reformer, who founded the *North American Phalanx*—an economical society, which sailed along a little while like a nautilus and sank like a clam. George Arnold is a good writer of rhyme and prose, but fond of his *dolce far niente*.

The book publishers are pretty active just now, and the serial newspaper business is brightening up. An attempt will be made by Charles Gayler and others, during this session of Congress, to have an international dramatic copyright bill passed. This it is thought the publishers will not care to kill, as they did the general copyright movement some years ago.

DESULTORY.

A VERY POLITE PATIENT.

I AM a consulting-physician, as the popular phrase goes, although it does not very accurately define my employment. The younger members of my profession should rather use the future-passive of the verb, about-to-be, (or ready-to-be-at-the-shortest-possible notice) consulted; while the elder members might, if they are tolerably fortunate, adopt the past participle, and call themselves consulted physicians. The latter is the rank at which I have arrived myself. Immediately after breakfast, I install myself in my sanctum at the back of the house, and am prepared to receive patients. Every ring at the front-door bell between the hours of 10 and 12 A. M. has an auriferous sound, and is worth at least a guinea.

The halt, the lame, and the blind I am always delighted to see in my reception-room, at one pound one a head and upwards. I dare say the robust Irish lady who is so good as to sweep the crossing opposite, envies the rich folks whose carriages throng about my door every morning. But I can assure her that they repay the compliment by envying her. One must not speak evil of the bridge that carries us over the river of life, but I can't say that the majority of my rich patients are amiable people. They do not bear their cross of sickness nearly so well as poorer folks, who have so many other wearisome burdens to carry. The difference between the sick whom I see at my own house, and those, similarly afflicted, whom I visit a few hours afterwards in hospital, is very marked. Of course, they all complain; it is one of the offices—and by no means a useless one—of a consulting physician to hear complaints; it is a relief to the sufferer to pour his woes into the ear of one who will at least understand, even if too cruel to sympathize with them. It is neither kind nor wise to cut a fellow-creature very short while he is enumerating his calamities, although we may be thoroughly aware of what he is going to say. "You feel so and so, and so and so, and so and so, don't you?" say some of my professional brethren, putting question after question so fast, that the answer can be only "Yes" or "No;" whereupon the afflicted creature sighs, like one who has been interrupted in his choicest anecdote by some rude fellow's informing him that his story is as old as the hills.

Now, the poor man, although by nature garrulous, seems to be aware that on that long line of beds in the same ward there are others whose cases are at least as serious as his own, and which require to be stated at some length; and he often makes some attempt to condense what he has to say, although that is a feat by no means easy to him. He is a Patient, too, in the best sense submitting to all that is proposed, because he is convinced that the very best is being done for him, to the extent of our ability, as God forbid it should not be done. Whereas my rich friends sometimes seem to consider, conscious of having paid their guinea, and that Time is money, that a shilling a minute is a good deal to pay for enlarging not only upon their particular calamity, but upon various other matters, scarcely within my province. In consequence of which I take care to have a clock on my mantel-piece that strikes not only the hours, but the half-hours and quarters pretty loudly. This gives me the opportunity of referring politely to the flight of Time, and thereby abbreviating the narration of certain unnecessary details which seem to verge upon the confines of Eternity.

The anteroom where my patients assemble is similarly furnished, so that each may know exactly how long he has had to wait before he is admitted—an interval which otherwise is apt to be exaggerated; for not even the most engaging periodicals, or books, or newspapers, can make that period elapse quickly, at the end of which may be delivered a sentence of many years' imprisonment, without hard labor, alas! or anything to do at all—as in some cases of eye-disease; or some fell decree which involves the loss of limb; or even the dread doom of death itself. People who are in such sad straits as these, however, are generally less impatient than those more lightly afflicted; some of whom (as I learn from my servant) do not always behave themselves quite politely, but struggle with one another for precedence of interview with their unconscious humble servant, myself. Suffering gentlemen and afflicted ladies (especially) will even go the length of asserting that they came by special appointment, and upon that false pretext obtain an advantage over the rest of the company; while nothing is more common than for them to be confused as to the exact date of their arrival, and to give themselves the benefit of the doubt, to the detriment of others.

In cases of this kind, the clock is invaluable; my servant sets down to a second the time at which each arrives, and a reference to the calendar thus kept is of course without appeal. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that he takes some personal interest in my morning visitors, and forms some opinion in his own mind respecting them, even if he is not called upon to express it—like his master. Upon a recent occasion he admitted into this anteroom of mine a very polite patient, indeed, whose behavior was altogether so exceptional, that I think it worthy of record, not so much as an example to others—although he was the very pink and pattern of patients (up to a certain point)—as for the instruction of all consulting physicians. This gentleman had never

honored me by seeking my advice before, nor is it probable that the nature of our interview will lead him to resort to me again—although he may perhaps favor other members of the faculty with his society. Yet I shall never forget him while Memory holds her seat at all, and my right hand retains the faculty of recognizing a sovereign and a shilling at first touch through any amount of silver-paper.

The cases brought under my notice had been unusually serious on the morning in question, and about 11:40 I inquired of my servant somewhat anxiously how many patients remained still to be seen, as I had to be at a consultation in the neighborhood precisely at noon.

"There's only one gentleman left," said he; "he arrived an hour ago, but he is so very polite that he has hitherto declined to take his turn."

I was sorry to hear this, for according to my experience such an individual was likely to be in a critical state of health, or perhaps only postponed his interview till last, so that he might prolong it without interruption.

"I hope everybody does come in in proper time, James," said I. "You know what an objection I have to any favoritism."

"O dear, sir, I am sure I never took a shilling from any gentleman or lady in my life, in order that they might be admitted earlier."

"Really, James, I never said you did," replied I severely. "Show the gentleman in."

The patient whose acquaintance I now had the pleasure of making for the first time, had the appearance of a country gentleman; he was well dressed, but there was an absence of that undefinable smartness and completeness in his attire which is only found in town-made garments; moreover, his eye wandered all over the room with an expression very unlike the incurious gaze of a well-bred Londoner. His very politeness had probably arisen from an erroneous idea that it was the fashion in good society to make little self-sacrifices in giving way to other people.

"I am afraid, sir, you have been detained a considerable time," observed I.

"Not at all," returned he, briskly. "I was in no particular hurry. I have plenty of leisure here in London, away from all my usual country avocations, and there were several people in your ante-room who, I am sure, had more urgent need of your advice than I. In fact, I feel that I have scarcely any right to intrude upon your valuable time at all; but I have been a good deal bothered with a cough at night, and I should like to be cured of it."

"Take a seat, sir. Any pain in your chest?"

"I don't think it will be necessary to examine me," observed he nervously; "I can tell you my symptoms, such as they are."

How curious it is that those who are apparently the strongest and most healthy, are often the most morbidly apprehensive. I could not help smiling at seeing this respectable fox-hunter, as he seemed to be, hugging his coat together, as though my stethoscope had been a dagger seeking entrance into his heart.

"My dear sir," said I, "this little instrument will not hurt you."

At this moment, a very singular thing took place: the clock upon my mantel-piece struck the three-quarters past 11, and I seemed to hear the sound repeated from the clock in the next room. It was a muffled sound, but the wonder was how it could have arrived at all through two wooden doors and a baize one. I was so convinced that I did hear it, however, that I immediately strode forward to see for myself whether any of the doors of communication were open. They were all closed. When I returned, my patient had unbuttoned his coat, and assured me that he had no silly objection to being stethoscoped, if I thought it worth while, but that there was nothing the matter with him beyond a troublesome cough, for which he wanted a prescription.

His lungs seemed sound enough, indeed, and I need not have been so long in examining them but for a certain reason. Very different from most hypochondriacal folks, my new friend seemed so very anxious to cut short our interview, that he began to awaken my suspicions as to whether he was a *bona fide* patient at all. I knew that I should discover this if I could only detain him a quarter of an hour, and therefore I prolonged my stethoscopic investigations. At last he jumped up, and throwing down a sovereign and a shilling, with no little ostentation, upon the table, expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "you have not got your prescription."

It wanted then one minute to the hour of noon, but I was still writing very slowly, when the clock on the mantel-piece began to strike; I thought it would never have done, so eagerly was I watching for the first of its companion time-piece, which I felt sure by this time was concealed somewhere about my polite patient's person. He had waited until he had been left alone in the ante-room, to make a clean sweep of everything valuable he could lay his hands upon, the clock among the rest. He had stuffed this at first, I fancy,

into his breast pocket—whence arose his original objection to the use of the stethoscope—but had transferred it, while I went to look at the doors to some other part of his attire. Sagacious as he had been, however, he had omitted, or had not had the opportunity, to silence the voice of my faithful dial. I heard its whisper—its faint "tick, tick," all the time, and now I was waiting for its full voice in denunciation of the robber. At last it came. One can scarcely imagine a situation more embarrassing than that of my polite patient with his stolen clock striking twelve very distinctly in the pocket of his coat-tail, and in the hearing of its rightful proprietor.

"I have found out what is the matter with you, my friend," said I, pressing a hand-bell, which brought in James upon the instant. "You are troubled with the *Tic Douloureux*. Your symptoms are exceedingly striking. This prescription must be made up at once, and my servant will run out for it, while you remain here a minute or two."

Never was prescription so short:

"Jam. fet. a. pol. im."

Or, without any abbreviation, as I had written it:

"James, fetch a Policeman immediately."

INGENIOUS WORD CHANGES.

WHAT is called "putting the cart before the horse," in changing the beginning of words, is thus cleverly illustrated:

O H! for some deep, secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar's line may cease;
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean of grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot.

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er;
I love a shiver with a roar!
No—I mean a river with a shore!

Romantic Erin's sea-girl land,
How sweet with one you love the most;
To watch the cocks upon the roost—
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no—I mean a gipsy tent.

Or, in your solitude to meet,
Some long lost friend, surprised and pleased,
And find you're by his surer pan greased—
No—I mean his grasped hand seized!

In that retirement lone I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shadowy sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's vow;
Your dear one bitten by a sow;
No—I mean sitting by a bough!

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
Whilst she's hard hitting at your nose!
No—I mean hard knitting at your hose!

Perhaps on earthly cares you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!

She smiles you into jest at last,
And pleased to see the spell is broke,
And draw from you a gentle joke—
No, no—I mean a mental joke!

Ah! how you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn,
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No, no—I mean her scarf of lawn!

AUBREY, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me?" and if the other strikes, the bargain holds; whence the phrase, "striking a bargain."

SOME one was praising public schools, to Charles Landseer, and said: "All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron; he was a Harrow boy." "Yes," interrupted Charles, "there's Burns; he was a plough boy."

"PUNCH" advises makers to be more careful. He records the case of a lady being startled and shocked, the other day, by being told that some one was waiting below for her "body."

MORE ABOUT

SEWING MACHINES!

POSITIVE PROOF

THAT THE

"FLORENCE"

TOOK

The Premium

AT THE

Oregon State Fair,

AS IT DID AT EVERY FAIR

Held on this Coast in 1864!

A NEW COMMITTEE APPOINTED

—BY—

THE CONSPIRATORS!

WHEN THE

Regular Committee Fail to

ANSWER THEIR PURPOSE,

BUT WITH NO BETTER SUCCESS!

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.

Marion County,

The undersigned, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Church, of Salem, Oregon, states as follows: On the second day of the late State Fair held at this place, I, together with Mrs. Cocran and Mrs. Gray, were appointed by the Managers of the Fair the regular Committee to examine and award premiums on the articles on exhibition in Class 9 of the Fair, in which class the Sewing Machines were entered, and we entered upon our duties as such Committee.

Among other things in this class we examined the Grover & Baker and the Florence Sewing Machines, then on exhibition, and we unanimously awarded the First Premium to the Florence Machine.

After our Award on the Sewing Machines became known on the third day of the Fair, another—a Special Committee of Five—was appointed by somebody to examine the Sewing Machines, of which appointment we were not informed until we made ready to submit our awards in writing, and then we declined to have anything more to do with the matter.

ELIZABETH C. CHURCH.

The above named Elizabeth C. Church personally appeared before me, and being duly sworn to tell the truth, says the statements which she has subscribed above are true.

J. GASTON, Notary Public.

Salem, Oregon, January 6, 1865.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.

Marion County,

The undersigned, N. O. Parrish, makes the following statement: I am the agent of the Florence Sewing Machine at Salem, Oregon. I was aware of the appointment of Mrs. Church, Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Gray, by the Managers of the late State Fair at Salem, as the regular Committee on Sewing Machines, but never knew the award of said Committee on Sewing Machines.

I then objected and protested against the appointment of any new committee as being discourteous to the regular Committee, and that it was irregular and improper to do so, and informing him that two of the members of the new Committee were owners of the Grover & Baker Machine. I protested that it was unjust to the Florence to appoint persons known to be prejudiced in favor of the Grover & Baker. He (Thornton) curtly cut short our conversation by telling me that "he would do as he pleased in the matter." It was long after the close of the Fair before I could learn with certainty whether the latter Committee really decided in favor of the Florence or not, the records of the Fair being in confusion. I have used the utmost diligence to publish the facts at the earliest possible period after learning them.

N. O. PARRISH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 14th day of January, 1865. Witness my hand and official seal.

J. GASTON, Notary Public.

We republish the affidavits of the three Ladies who are a majority on the last Committee of Five. They are the only ones on said Committee who were not owners of and known to be biased in favor of

the Grover & Baker Machine before their appointment. At the time we published them they were not all sworn to, which is now the case, and the oath was taken at a later date than the contradictory statements published by the Agent of the Grover & Baker Machine purporting to have been made by them, proving one at least, of those presented by him, to be a base fabrication.

" * * * After a careful examination of the Sewing Machines and Machine Work on exhibition, and a long consultation, it was decided and agreed by the Committee, to award the first Premium to the Florence Machine as the best Machine for doing all grades of work, and a premium to the Grover & Baker Machine for embroidery; and the Committee reported such decision to the President of the Fair, Judge Thornton, who wrote out the report and read it to the Committee, as above stated, four of whom signed it without reading it, the other member of the Committee having been called away. The above is a true statement of the views of the Committee and their final decision.

MARY A. HOWE.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.

County of Multnomah,

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, Mary A. Howe, who, being first duly sworn, says the above statement is true, as she verily believes.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal, this 4th day of November, 1864.

(Notarial Seal.)

J. N. DOLPH,

Notary Public, Multnomah County, Oregon.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.

County of Linn.

I have read the above statement, (I being one of the Committee mentioned,) and the same is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EMILY C. GRIFFIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1864.

JAMES ELKINS,

County Clerk, Linn County, Oregon.

I was one of the five ladies comprising the Committee for the examination of Sewing Machines at the late Oregon State Fair, and am the party referred to above as having been called away before signing our Report. I hereby say that the above statements are true as to the decision of the Committee.

MARY MILLER.

Albany, Oregon, December 13th, 1864.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.

County of Linn.

Mary Miller, the person making the above statement, being duly sworn, says said statement is true to the best of her knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1865.

JAMES ELKINT, County Clerk.

By A. F. WHEELER, Deputy Clerk.

That there can be no mistake in the above statements, or that any misrepresentation was made to obtain them, the name of the respected gentleman, Rev. J. L. Parrish, of Portland, (regretting that it is necessary to use his name in this unpleasant controversy,) who took the depositions, is a more than sufficient guarantee, he being one of the oldest residents of the State of Oregon, widely and favorably known both there and in California. The documents are plainly written, signed, and sworn to, open to the inspection of any one. The idea that these statements were not given and taken understandingly and in good faith is simply ridiculous.

PORTLAND, January 26, 1865.

I certify that I am Corresponding Secretary of the Oregon State Agricultural Society; that the original copy of the Report of Committee on Sewing Machines at the Fair of 1864, has never been out of my possession more than 30 minutes since I received it from the Board of Managers, and that J. W. J. Pearson (Oregon Agent G. & B. Machines,) told me in Portland he had written to S. E. May, of Salem, for a copy of it, and that, too, nearly three weeks after the publication by the Agent in San Francisco that he had it in his possession; further that I am in no way interested in the result of the decision of the Committee, or in the final result of the investigation, except as an officer of the Society.

E. M. WAITE,

Corresponding Sec'y O. S. A. Society.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 26th of January, 1865.

LEVI ANDERSON, J. P.,

Multnomah county, Oregon.

We trust it will not be supposed, from our efforts to prove the justice of our claim to the Oregon premium, that we esteem the premium there or elsewhere, over such a competitor, of any value; to be benten, however, by a chain stitch machine, which, when exhibited in honorable competition with any lock-stitch machine, as shown by the records of previous Fairs, has been more frequently classed as second or third rate than otherwise, would be a disgrace indeed.

The instances are numerous where the Agent of that machine has attempted unfair advantages to obtain premiums which he knew could be taken in no other manner—for proof, refer to any one of the San Francisco Sewing Machine Agents.

The developments in the Salem matter show to what perfection long practice and experience in such transactions have brought him. It is certainly amusing to follow the details in this deep-laid, premeditated and wicked plan.

The Agent of the Grover & Baker machine selects a distant point for the field of his operations, hoping by distance to cover the means used to accomplish the fraudulent end in view; he selects a time also when we were engaged in exhibiting the Florence at two other Fairs, which would prevent our giving it much attention at a third Fair. With the President of the Fair apparently pledged to award him the premium if a committee could not be selected who would do so; in fact, with every arrangement made beforehand that would seem to make a failure impossible, he finally ventured to place his machine in competition with the FLORENCE. The result was such as all who know the two would anticipate: a more than disastrous defeat to the unscrupulous champion of the chain-stitch machine.

The facts in relation to the transaction at Salem, now being exposed, are known to too many for the Agent of the Grover & Baker machine to make a successful denial of them. We have hardly begun to "take testimony" yet. The investigation now commenced will be carried forward until every particular in relation to the fraud is exposed, unless the Agent of the Grover & Baker Machine, by silence or otherwise, acknowledges the truth in the premises.

Duty to the Florence will compel us to do this, and while we invite a full and most thorough investigation, we trust no one will make a statement for or against us that they cannot fully substantiate if called upon to do so. We say this not to intimidate but simply that the plain truth and only that may be given.

We would suggest to the Agent of the G. & B. machine that as we are not skilled, even if we had the inclination, in the bombastic and personally abusive style of writing, apparently so much his forte, that he should refrain from it in future as calculated to cover and obscure the real facts in the case.

That the Florence is a substantial and reliable machine, easily understood and operated, doing the heaviest or lightest work, and requiring scarcely no change to be made for anything, all who have them testify.

More than one thousand have been sold on this coast, and we do not know of one that is not giving perfect and entire satisfaction; if there is one not doing this, no matter how distant it may be, if the owner will inform us, it will be attended to without any expense whatever to the party.

Instruction will be given free to any one who may wish to learn to use the Florence, or who wish to test its merits, whether they intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL, General Agent,

1818-20 No. 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,

423 Front street, San Francisco.

1811-6m

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S

PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. McInturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit. Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of baffling winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Grimes; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandlers; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

J. E. JORGENSEN,

No. 28 Third street, San Francisco,

Who will give all information about them. 1817-3m

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direct poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

401 Battery, cor. Clay, San Francisco.

ja25-1f

THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES.

THE

MOST DANGEROUS FOE ANNIHILATED

A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

DR. R. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

AND MODE OF TREATMENT

IS THE ACME OF PERFECTION!

For centuries Catarrh has defied the skill of Physicians and Surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. It is pronounced incurable by the Medical World, and people at large.

For over thirty years Dr. Goodale has battled with this fell disease. His TRIUMPH is complete. His Remedy and mode of treatment cures this terrible malady in all its types, forms and stages, with the same uniform certainty that water quenches fire. It is irresistible.

No Violent Syringing of the Head or other mal-practices resorted to.

The Disease cured by a Harmless Fluid inhaled from the Palm of the Hand.

No Exorbitant Fees for Advice. Instruction Free.

Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send a stamp for DR. GOODALE'S NEW PAMPHLET ON CATARRH, its perfect mode of treatment, and rapid cure. Information of priceless value. Send or call at once.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

401 Battery, corner Clay, San Francisco.

ja25-1f

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents for the Pacific Coast, 401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-1f

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

GLORIOUS news greets the reader's eye in almost every line of the "record" this week. When the electric bell ceased itsappings, it had only prepared the friends of the Union to receive intelligence gladdening to their hearts. We need not recapitulate the victories. Let the patriot read and rejoice, for if ever Peace and Union were at hand, there is reason to be full of hope now:

February 8.—A severe engagement took place at Hatcher's Run, below Petersburg, resulting in an advance of four miles of our lines. Strong earthworks have been erected. The ground was fought over four times, in consequence of the arrival of reinforcements on either side. In order to prevent raids, Grant has thoroughly fortified the rear, making it nearly as strong in that quarter as in front. Every road is strongly barricaded by a heavy line of works.

February 10.—A Union force, 3,000 strong, landed at Grunballs, on Stone river, two miles southwest of Charleston. Another force advanced on the Charleston road near Blue House, and opened with artillery. Some skirmishing took place but no general engagement. The army crossed the Edisto at Bennaker's Bridge and moved on Edisto.

Henry S. Foote, late rebel Senator, sailed for Europe from New York on the 11th. He represents the Confederacy on the eve of disruption, the struggle on the part of the rebels being nearly over. Foote is prepared to issue an address to the South, and urge them to stop fighting, and give up a contest which is so clearly hopeless, as no term but unconditional surrender can be obtained, and to advise them to promptly accept such terms. He says that the mission of Stephens, Hunter and Campbell was only a ruse on the part of Davis—a forced concession to the peace men of the South.

The Richmond *Sentinel* of the 10th says that the Union forces are making raids in Florida, and at last accounts were advancing on Ricor's Bluffs in unknown force.

February 12.—On the authority of the Richmond *Whig* the rebels were falling back before Sherman's advancing column, in the direction of Columbia, S. C., and would probably make a stand at the Santee.

February 13.—Repeated despatches assert that Sherman occupied Branchville and Orangeburg, and was advancing on Columbia, S. C. Portions of his army were destroying all the railroad communications with Charleston, Wilmington and Richmond. Virginia is reported as completely cut off from the South.

Reports from New Orleans state that an order was received from Richmond to evacuate Mobile, and that on the 14th of January Maury commenced at once removing stores, etc., to Selma. There are 15,000 bales of cotton in the city. Maury has ordered them to be destroyed.

February 14.—Admiral Porter, in an official report to the War Department, states that Lieut. Cushing (who blew up the rebel ram *Albatross*) commanded an expedition up the Little river, South Carolina on the night of the 4th inst., landed in the small town of All Saint's Parish, captured some soldiers and destroyed \$100,000 worth of cotton. On the 6th, he surprised and routed a rebel force stationed at Shallotte Inlet to collect stores, and destroyed all the provisions gathered there for the enemy at Fort Anderson. On the 8th, with about fifteen men, he entered Shallotte, destroyed large stores of army supplies and provisions, and about eighty bales of cotton. On the night of the 10th he penetrated Cape Fear River up to the wharves of Wilmington. He discovered the rebel pirate *Chickamauga* sunk in the channel of the river.

A large Union force landed at Smithville, on the North Carolina coast, and, according to Richmond papers, have brought with them locomotives, evidently intending to use the railroad to facilitate operations after the capture of Wilmington.

From Wilmington, despatches state that the National troops formed in line of battle above Fort Fisher, stretching across the Peninsula from the ocean to Cape Fear river—Gen. Ames's division of white soldiers forming the right, and Gen. Payne's colored division the left. Simultaneously an advance was made on the two wings, and the rebels were driven from their line into their main works, and forced to yield a few miles of ground in the direction of Wilmington, which Terry's men held at night. They also lost 100 prisoners; total Union casualties, 60 or 70. Admiral Porter co-operated, subjecting Fort Anderson to a vigorous shelling, which was very feebly responded to.

Two regiments of Hood's army returned to Corinth with only eighty-four men left out of thirteen hundred.

February 17.—The Fifth Corps before Petersburg hold firmly their advanced line of works, and the railroad is now being trended to their position. Numerous wagon roads are also being constructed.

February 18.—Charleston and all its defences, with two hundred cannon, supplies and ammunition, came into our possession this morning. All the cotton had been destroyed by the rebels.

Reports from the Richmond papers state that Wilmington

was being evacuated. Terry is still in the vicinity of Fort Fisher, according to the same authority, waiting for General Hoke.

Gen. Baker was in command of the rebel forces at Goldsborough on the 16th. He reports that the Federals are concentrating at Newbern. Gen. Foster commands at the latter place, and 2,000 of the Eighteenth Army Corps arrived there, making the number of troops at that post about 5,000.

The Richmond papers report that Wheeler attacked and whipped Kilpatrick at Aiken, fifteen miles northeast of Augusta, and drove him back five miles in the direction of Branchville.

The following is taken from the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 18th and forwarded to Washington by Gen. Grant:

"Sherman took possession of Columbia yesterday. The intelligence was communicated to us, by Beauregard, in an official dispatch. Columbia is situated on the north bank of the Congaree River, below the confluence of the Saluda and Broad rivers. From Beauregard's dispatches it appears that on Thursday evening the enemy approached the south bank of the Congaree and threw a number of shells into the city. During the night they moved up the river. Yesterday morning they forded the Saluda and Broad rivers. Whilst they were crossing the rivers, our troops, under Beauregard, evacuated Columbia. The enemy soon after took full possession. The fall of Columbia necessitates the evacuation of Charleston, which we think likely is already in process of evacuation.

February 19.—A correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that an expedition, consisting of three hundred picked men from the Michigan cavalry, after a march of forty miles, meeting no opposition, reached Charlotte Iron Furnace, on Water Lick Creek, which the rebels had in full blast, preparing iron for shot and shell. The establishment, with all its machinery and material, was destroyed. The force then returned, meeting with trifling annoyance from guerrillas.

The main part of the rebel army is said to be near Staunton.

February 22.—The Navy Department, to-day received the following despatch from Rear Admiral Porter, detailing a brilliant naval victory and the capture of Fort Anderson, on the Cape Fear river:

U. S. FLAG-SHIP "MALVERN," }
CAPE FEAR RIVER, Feb. 19th. }

I have the honor to report the surrender or evacuation of Fort Anderson. Gen. Schofield advanced from Smithville, with 8,000 men, on the 17th, and at the same time I attacked the works by placing the monitor *Montauk* close to the works, enfilading with the *Pawtucket*, *Senator*, *Armado* and *Piquet*, the wind not allowing more vessels to get under fire. The fort answered pretty briskly but quieted down by sunset. On the 18th, at 8 o'clock, I moved up closer, the *Montauk* leading, followed by the *Huron*, *McKean*, *Sassacus*, *Pontatone*, *Norotingo*, *Manila*, *Pawtucket*, *Osceola*, *Shamout*, *Seneca*, *Calypto*, and *Little Ada*, and kept up a heavy fire through the day till late in the afternoon. The enemy's batteries were silenced by three o'clock, though we kept up a fire until dark. We also fired through the night. In the meantime, Gen. Schofield was working in the rear of the rebels to cut them off. The latter did not wait for our army to surround them, but left in the night, taking five or six pieces of light artillery with them, and everything else of value. This morning, some of our troops, who were near by, went in and hoisted the flag on the ramparts, when the firing ceased from the mortar boats. There were ten heavy guns in Fort Anderson, and a quantity of ammunition. We lost but three killed, and five wounded.

The public buildings and many private houses around Washington were illuminated on the evening the news reached there. Every main entrance to the State Department had the following: "Peace and good-will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no foreign intervention."

It is reported that in the occupation of Columbia by our forces, a large quantity of engraved Treasury note paper fell into our hands, also a considerable quantity of medical stores.

The condition of the roads in front of Petersburg in consequence of the recent thaw, rendering it exceedingly difficult for the movement of infantry and impassable for cavalry and artillery, it is believed that no immediate offensive operations will be assumed by Grant.

Lieut.-Col. John E. Milford, A. G. of Exchange, publishes an order that in consideration of an early exchange and the speedy delivery of all prisoners held in South Carolina, it is deemed inexpedient to forward either funds or supplies after the date of his order (22d February.) Such articles or remittances as may have accumulated or may arrive at his quarters are to be returned to the shippers.

The rebel Peace Commissioners (Alex. H. Stephens and R. M. T. Hunter) had an interview with the President and Secretary Seward at Fortress Monroe on February 3d. Nothing transpired as to the result of the mission. It is said, however, that a general exchange of prisoners had been agreed upon.

The bill giving the Postmaster General power to contract for mail service by steamships from San Francisco to China, twelve round trips per year, (the contract to go into effect January 1st, 1867,) passed the Senate, February 13th—ayes 25, noes 11.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Simon Kennedy, the soldier who some time ago murdered a fellow-soldier, at Black Point, near this city, has been sent to the Insane Asylum.

Ira P. Rankin and partners (of the late firm of Hubbard & Co.) have been sued by J. A. Fletcher for non-fulfilment of contract for the construction of mining machinery; damages are laid at \$150,000.

Property on Kearny street is advancing in value in consequence of the proposed widening of that thoroughfare. W. W. White sold S. Adams a lot on the west side, south of California street, 20 feet 3 inches by 68 feet 9 inches, for \$10,000.

A little son of John R. Miller, in attempting to get on one of the Central railroad cars, near Laguna street, Wednesday, fell and was caught by the axle-box, dragged some distance and so badly injured that he died next day.

M. O'Brien, a popular citizen, died on Sunday last, and was buried Monday. Broderick Engine Company, No. 1, of which deceased was an active member, draped its house in mourning, and, with delegations from all the other companies as well as citizens generally, in carriages, (comprising one of the largest funeral processions ever witnessed in San Francisco,) followed the remains to the grave. Washington Market, where Mr. O'Brien had for many years been engaged in business, was closed at 11 A. M. The funeral took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, the Very Rev. James Croke officiating.

Nine boarding-house "solicitors" attempted to board the *Great Republic*—or perhaps merely contemplated boarding her crew—before she had fairly made fast to the wharf. They were arrested on charges of misdemeanor. Boatswain Howard and Assistant Boatswain Ross, of the same vessel, have been arrested, charged with brutal treatment of the crew on the recent trip from New York to this port. Warrants were also issued for the first and second mates. Take it altogether, the *Great Republic* is likely to yield lawyers' fees and items in proportion to her size, and will prove a "big thing" in all respects.

San Francisco put on holiday attire, Wednesday, and commemorated the birth of Washington in a joyfully becoming manner. The entire Second Brigade of State Militia marched through the city "with glad and gallant tread," and were reviewed by the Governor on Harrison street, near Third; flags were displayed on all the public buildings; the news of Union successes animated every true American countenance and added patriotic enthusiasm to the pleasure of the occasion, blending a hope of swift-coming peace in our country with grateful memories of the hero and statesman to whom our Republic is indebted (more than to any one else) for its existence.

J. N. Goodwin, Governor, and R. C. McCormick, Secretary of Arizona Territory, are in this city. S. J. Poston, the contractor for carrying the mails from San Bernardino, Cal., to Albuquerque, New Mexico, left with the first through mail yesterday. An arrangement has been effected with General McDowell by which it is hoped the Indians of Arizona may be subdued and the neighboring "dukedom" prevented from putting on too many French airs. Arizona is to be a sub-Department under command of Gen. Mason.

John Jackson, an old soldier, was picked up by the schooner *Shooting Star*, Tuesday, between Angel Island and this city. He was a noted swimmer, and it is possible had been bathing, and becoming so benumbed as to be barely able to float, had drifted about awaiting rescue; assistance came too late, as he expired a few minutes after being taken from the water.

A telegraphic cable, crossing the Bay at the Heads, was laid Tuesday, from the Government wharf, near Fort Point, to Horse shoe Bend, near Lime Point. The frigate *Niagara* wasn't there, but the steam-tug *Merrimac* took a scow with the cable on board, at 2 P. M., and in less than fifty minutes placed the wire in position to connect with the Sacramento line. The cable weighs about eight tons, is one and a half inches in diameter, and a mile and a half long.

We see it announced that the State Guard will have a benefit at Maguire's Opera House, Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, on which occasion Miss Heron will appear in *Gamea* and *The Honeymoon*. The company have never before been the recipients of a favor of this kind, and now that their friends have an opportunity of testifying their regard, we feel assured a crowded house will gladden their hearts and replenish their treasury. Our citizen-soldiers devote a great deal of time and are at no little expense in maintaining organizations which are a source of public pride and pleasure as well as a guarantee of safety, and a due appreciation of their merit should be cheerfully manifested.

The advertisement of Brewster & Co., carriage manufacturers, 372 Broome street, New York, is worthy the attention of all who intend to import carriages of any description. Knowing the peculiar wants of California in their line, the firm never fail to give perfect satisfaction when orders are sent from this coast. Their liberality and enterprise, it is gratifying to observe, are meeting a due reward.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
 Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
 Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
 Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
 San Mateo, 20, railroad.
 Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage.
 Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
 Redwood city, 30, do. do.
 Mountain View, 38, do. do.
 Santa Clara, 47, do. do.
 San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 51.
 Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
 Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
 Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
 Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
 Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
 San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
 Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
 Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
 Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
 Sacramento, 117, do. do.
 Stockton, 117, do. do.
 Martinez, 33, do. do.
 Pacheco, 33, steamer and stage.
 Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
 Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
 Vallejo, 28; Maro Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
 White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
 Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
 Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
 Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
 Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
 San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 21.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 1/2 ounce or part thereof.
 Drop Letters, 2 cents.
 Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors); otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the country where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each 1/2 ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each 1/2 ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

BOOTS AND SHOES.—We could scarcely do a greater favor to a friend than to inform him where a boot or shoe can be obtained which will be a source of comfort, pride and pleasure, as he mingles with the passing throng on life's journey. Mr. Harkins, 151 Fourth street, achieves the highest excellence in his art, and gives perfect satisfaction to those who call on him. Ladies are always pleased with his work, and as they speak well of him nothing further is necessary.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-plugs, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Corns of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses; and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist coiffeurs will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the coiffure of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
 'y30 1m Over Parrott's Bank.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645

Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
 Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
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He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in my style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

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THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salubrious and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

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SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LITTON, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24-3m

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NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

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This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens in California accompany every bottle.

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A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

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Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers, Ring Worms,

OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
Directions and Certificates within.

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CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES.
Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin.
CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles.
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ALLEN'S**LUNG BALSAM!**

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

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CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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UNEQUALLED
PREPARATIONFOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSINGTHE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

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A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE

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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

ja25-tf

Agents, San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO'S**Carriage Manufactory,**

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES,
and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

NEW YORK.

dc17-5m

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING**Amalgamator.**

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street,
San Francisco.

WISTAR'S BALSAM

—OF—

WILD CHERRY

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are combined with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Bunnbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

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FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
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GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

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Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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y2

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T. MAGUIRE PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON TREASURER.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

MISS MATILDA HERON,

Supported by

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

This Saturday Evening, February 25th, 1865.

In the Play of

MATHILDE;

OR, THE LONE CHATEAU.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, February 25th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

And a Musical Melange by

The Eureka Minstrel Troupe.

MONDAY EVENING,

THE HUNCHBACK.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

BENEFIT

—OF THE—

State Guard, Company A,

On Tuesday Evening, February 28th, 1865.

Miss Matilda Heron

Will appear in two pieces on the same night, for the first time in San Francisco.

First, in the very interesting play of

GAMEA;

OR, THE JEWISH MOTHER.

Second, in Tobin's capital Comedy of

THE HONEYMOON.

She will be supported throughout by Maguire's talented DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Mr DUBBIN VAN VLECK, (a Member of the State Guard,) will recite, between the plays, Lover's

SHAMUS O'BRIEN,

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, \$1; Reserved Seats, 50 cents extra; Parquette, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents.

Box Sheet open at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning.

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THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

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ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF PURCHASING a valuable HOUSE AND LOT at a bargain, for CASH, can hear of a chance, by applying immediately at the office of THE CALIFORNIAN. The property is within 10 minutes' walk of the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, is in the southern part of the city, and in a neat private street and pleasant neighborhood. The House contains two Parlors (with sliding-doors, gas chandeliers and marble mantel), a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, and four bed-rooms on the second. Planked yard, flowering vines, outhouses, etc. Water in three different places on the premises and gas fixtures all through the house. It is built in a thorough and substantial manner, and is now under a monthly rent of \$30. Size of Lot, 24 feet, by 80 feet in depth. Title, PERFECT.

Satisfactory reasons for selling will be given to a purchaser by applying as above. fe19-1f

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San Francisco, Feb. 20, 1865.

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HENRY GEORGE,
ISAAC TRUMP.

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COMBINATION OF MUSICAL TALENT,

BY THE STAR TROUPE OF

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

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P. B. Isaacs, W. Bernard,
Lew Rattler, Mons. Charles,
C. F. Shattuck, M. Lewis,
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Sacred Concert!

Every Sunday Evening, by the Troupe,

Messrs W J Hill, John Gregg, J. Schlotte, and

50 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Saturday afternoon performances by the Minstrels, at the Opera House.

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Is Now Open,

And will continue to receive Visitors DAILY from 10 A M until 10 P M.

Terms of membership Five Dollars
Single Admission Twenty-five cents

Annual Subscriptions, Five Dollars, which entitles the subscriber to free admission to the Gallery; also, to an Engraving or Photograph of some Picture in the exhibition and a chance in the distribution of the property of the Association at the close of the season, according to the plan of the various Art Unions of Europe and the Atlantic States. ja28-1f

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MARCH 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THROUGH IN 21 DAYS!

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LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

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ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

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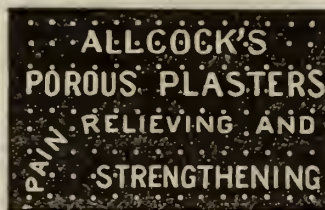
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Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

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W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late east INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' instrument by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;

STEAMBOAT GIN;

OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY,

(from Bond direct.

For sale by

V. SQRZA,

ja28-1f 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

ATTRACTIVE NEW BOOKS.

A. Roman & Co.,

TAKE PLEASURE in announcing the following list of NEW BOOKS just received from the East:

Enoch Arden. 1 vol. small quarto, elegantly illustrated. Blue and Gold edition.
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The Poems of Winthrop Blackwelder Praed, with a memoir. 2 vols. 12mo, gilt top, tinted paper.

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In addition to the above we have a large list of other NEW BOOKS, together with a complete stock in

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE!

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

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de31-3m

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL

This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.

Terms easy.

fe18-1f

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PIONEER CONFECTIONERY!

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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS,

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N. B.—All CANDIES sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's Double Refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Country orders promptly attended to. de3-3m

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 14.
OFFICE, No. 328 MONTGOMERY STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 4, 1865.

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50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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The Davenport Brothers Exposed.
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At the Ball—By C. H. Webb.
Outcasts.
God Save the People.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS:

A Condensation of the Telegraphic War News of the Week.

NEW YORK LETTER:

From our Lady Correspondent.

DRAMATIC MENTION:

The Theatrical and Musical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, March 4th, 1865.

THE date which I have just written reminds me that it is precisely four years ago that the united voice of the nation spoke to the weak-kneed gentleman whose aged limbs quietly reposed in the Presidential chair, telling him the time of day and the day of the month in the two expressive words; March Forth!

If I joined in the celebration to-day I should become festive, not so much over the inauguration of Lincoln as the dismissal of Buchanan from the public service, with a month's wages instead of the customary warning, and without a character to recommend him to another place.

Lincoln is a friend of mine—I might say a long friend—and I am heartily glad he was elected, but San Francisco when it becomes festive is too much for me, and I invariably put out into the country to spend the day. At the present moment I am balancing the respective temptations of the Cliff House and the Bay View Park as quiet places of retirement from the sin, folly and ingratitude, of a world where people are expected to pay what they owe, and no money is loaned over the counter.

My pious friend, the proprietor of the Bay View, who has a mania for disseminating tracks, and is known to be outrageously addicted to prayer, tells me that at last he has got his race-course shelled. Of course it ought to be by this time, for while he has been bothering with that little road of his, Gillmore has shelled every street in Charleston besides husking the city.

I advised Billy, Son of William, to change his course some time since, or there was no telling where his ponies might land him in the gray of some of these fine mornings; and of course he took my advice and laid down a substratum of coarse couchifera for the benefit of coursers. For it must be understood that he never does things by halves, being so particularly opposed to anything on the half shell that in this instance he purchased the finest and most lively oysters and clams the market afforded; and now they have the most exciting races out there in the world. I do not mean that many matches are made between these mollusks, but if any dispute that when in proper condition the shell fish are pretty lively on their feet, let them go out to the Bay View and see them make tracks!

When I was out there last week I saw a brown gelding oyster cavorting around, that I'd back against Ingomar or any other clam any day in the week for any sum that the owner of that rare but not rapid animal is willing to lend me, the terms being play or pay and repeat—emphasis on eat.

The Cliff House is an excellent place to go to, but now-a-days the proprietor suspects every one who comes Cliffward without a certificate of good moral character of an intention

to steal his marine glasses. He has lost four of these telescopic contrivances within the past six months, and I am authorized to offer in these columns reward of fifty dollars to the man who recovers the property and whales the thief.

The idea of making this corner an advertising medium I borrow from my friend McCormick, late of Arizona, and proprietor of a paper in that flourishing Territory. He tells me that his subscription list isn't large, which is principally the fault of the Apaches, the presence of those hostile savages interfering materially with a country circulation and confining one chiefly—Apache Chiefly—to the limits of the town. But he says he has the Government printing and advertising, by means of which he contrives to pay his way comfortably, as his advertising rates are five dollars a square for the first insertion and ten dollars for each subsequent one. This is doing things on the square with a vengeance.

One piece of advertising, as regards the Cliff House, I will do here without charge to anybody. This is it: The firm of Inigo and Foster was last Saturday dissolved by mutual consent, and I hereby warn and caution people against trusting that gentleman hereafter on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts, either of his or my own contracting after this date.

The reasons for this seemingly harsh announcement are as follows: When last out there it puzzled me to decide what to order for lunch, and he suggested an Oregon grouse—serving me up a salt mackerel, thinking, perhaps, I didn't know the difference. Again: he has had L. S. engraved on all the glasses about his establishment, and when people ask him what the initials mean he winks and says: "L. S.—*locus sigili*—Place of the Seal, me boy," but he doesn't put quotation marks in his speech, nor in any way does he intimate that I am the patentee of the joke.

How the celebration is to be conducted to-day I have not the slightest idea, but I imagine the programme is the stereotyped one, varied perhaps by Samuel Brannan—who has lately gone into partnership with one of the largest glaziers in the city and become of course a supporter of the glazing interest—bringing a battery or two of field-pieces into the streets and firing salutes, until every window-pane in town is broken. The last time he tried this experiment there was not a pane of glass left within four blocks, which was doing putty well for a new beginner, I think. If there be any City Ordinance for such a demonstration, please show it me.

I would like to stay in town and assist in celebrating the acquisition of Wilmington as a new Terry-tory, but I haven't time. To tell the truth I am so busy now a-days that I can scarcely find time for dissipation, let alone anything else. Occasionally, however, I manage to steal an hour away, and if any do not think that I contrive to make that hour tell, they can win my money.

The first real leisure that comes I intend to devote to the service of the Dashaways. A friend of mine across the way and myself have imported at large expense a reformed drunkard, and are loaning him out to those who need his services. In our own cases he effected a cure some time ago, and latterly we have placed him at the disposal of our acquaintances. He has his hands so full just now, however, that he has to be spoken for three days in advance, like seats at Miss Heron's performances.

Apropos of this lady, I discover that a wine-maker in France has stolen the title of two of her plays as a brand for his bottles. *Margo* and *The Lone Chateau* he has yoked together as "*Chateau Margeaux*," which infringement of her copy-right is right wrong.

I have hinted at going out of town to-day, but, to tell the truth, I haven't told the real reason of my going yet. I'm afraid of the waiters!

About five hundred of these noble but misguided individuals—I'm in the laboring interest, you see—laid down their arms, on Wednesday, and struck. With great ingenuity, they contrived to strike while the soup was hot, leaving the guests at the various hotels half served—thus serving their friends as badly as they did their employers.

An acquaintance, or rather a distant relative of mine—very distant, for he lives out in the neighborhood of the Mission—remarks that "They also serve who only stand and wait," but I scarcely think the author of that quotation intended it to apply in this connection.

The gallantry of the gentlemen guests at my boarding-house was remarkable. As with one accord they rose from their seats and waited on the ladies, sometimes bringing hash instead of hominy, but it is gratifying to know that in all cases their intentions were honorable.

I took up a tray the moment these waiters played the deuce, and departed myself with that conspicuous grace and polished politeness which has made the name of INIGO a household word in the mouths of all intellectual and appreciative ladies.

There was considerable fun at the Occidental on the occasion. Mr. Leland went so far back on his dignity as to go around among the tables asking his friends what they'd have to eat—once or twice by mistake he asked them what they'd have to drink. Jerome, with a white skull-cap on his head and a white sheet tucked under his chin, glided around like the ghost of Julius Caesar, a carving knife in one hand and a soup-plate in the other—his assistance was wholly superfluous. Mr. Olmstead, as usual, was quiet and didn't say much, but did more than any other two men in the house. Mr. Forbes took a short cut to promotion by carving the mutton in the back room, while the accomplished head-cook jumped around in a fashion that furnished a remarkable example of spring in Auguste. Mr. Cunningham was exercised to an unprecedented degree, and really made himself remarkably useful. A close observer going into the meat-room could not have failed to observe the features and form of the Hon. Wadsworth Porter, who stood at a dresser with bared arms, washing dishes as though he had never done anything else in his life. It was always my private impression that he could clean out plates more rapidly and thoroughly than any other man in the house, and as for washing tumblers—contriving at the same time to rinse out his throat—I have long known that he hadn't his equal in town. But on this occasion he surpassed even his usual self. Any one who does not think he can wash more dishes in less time than any ten Chinaman in town can just break me!

I have spoken as flatteringly as I could of all these gentlemen, because, if another strike occurs among the boys, I wish to be sure of getting something to eat.

To make the affair a sort of a stand-off, the Occidental refuses to re-employ any waiter before employed there, and not without reason. For I do think that they used the propriety of that hotel badly. It grieves me to think that I shall no more see the plush-covered pate of my faithful friend James, and never more hear the persuading accents of his voice as he proposes to give my cold mullins to the Sanitary Commission and assures me that warm ones "are on the coals." Then there is Michael, always an angel in disguise, whose soothing words and attentions fell on one's soul as kindly as dumplings; the gentlemanly-looking Stanly, who was always forcibly connected in my mind with Marmion; the good-natured and ready Tom—but why call over the roll of these boys who will never again bring rolls to me. They are traitors, and I defy them forever.

Mr. Leland proved himself equal to the emergency. The next morning he marched a regiment of dragoons—he acted on the spur of the moment, I suppose—into the breakfast-room, and they have been stationed there ever since. They make pretty good waiters for new beginners, and that they will arrive at perfection in the course of time is possible. But that there is room—a whole dining-room, in fact—for improvement, cannot be denied. They try to make themselves useful, and are very particular about placing the knives and forks in geometrical order and brushing away crumbs, but they sometimes commit the mistake of putting the soup into my lap or an egg into my ear, when I do think it would be better to lay either, the latter especially, upon the table.

Looking at the number of this slip, for which the impatient printer stands waiting, I find to my surprise that it is marked ten. Here I simply prove that I have not learned the lesson of life properly, for at my age a man should be able to put all he cares for on this earth in two sheets. With a respectful submission of which proposition, I affix to it the green seal and signature of

INIGO.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

I HAD been for twenty years a clerk in a merchant's office, without a hope of ever rising much higher or of being able to do more than secure a modest provision for old age by dint of small economies and much self-denial. One morning I awoke and found myself a man of property. The post had brought an announcement of the death of an old uncle of my father's to whose property I was heir-at-law; no will having been found since his death.

After all, it was not a very grand inheritance. But it was an independence, and quite enough to satisfy all the modest wants and wishes of a merchant's clerk.

The notary who had announced my succession to my grand-uncle's property met me at the railway station near my future home. My first question was how he knew of my relationship to the deceased, who had long ceased to hold any communication with his family, and had been almost forgotten by them.

"I knew it from a will that I made for him last December," he said, "which document if it had still existed would have deprived me of the pleasure I now enjoy of making your acquaintance. I must tell you that some five years ago your grand-uncle took a young girl into his family, the orphan daughter of a farmer whom he had known many years. This girl assisted the housekeeper, Madame Lemaitre; and, when the old gentleman was ill, nursed him with the affection and devotion of a daughter. To her he left all his property, except a small legacy to yourself as his sole living relative."

"But the will? What became of it?"

"It was not to be found after your kinsman's death, and the housekeeper asserts that he destroyed it himself, and was about to make another in her favor, but was prevented by his sudden death."

"Why had he altered his intentions?"

Doricourt shook his head.

"The old woman asserts that he had had, of late, some cause to doubt the honesty of the young girl Suzanne. He had lost a great many articles of value. Suzanne has a brother who bears a very bad character, and Bornand believed (according to Madame Lemaitre) that the girl had robbed him to supply the necessities of this good-for-nothing relative."

"Truly," said I, "he was right, then, to change his mind. But it is fortunate for me that he did not execute another will, since a servant was still to have been preferred to his kinsman. What has become of Suzanne?"

"Well, you see," replied the notary, with a little hesitation, "she takes charge of the poultry, and is invaluable as a dairy woman; therefore I would not dismiss her until you arrived and could suit yourself with another maid. I must beg your charitable consideration for this poor young girl who is homeless and destitute, and at present without a character to obtain another place."

"And who hoped, doubtless, to possess the farm itself," I added, considerably touched by the sad change in this unfortunate's circumstances. We talked of her and of the property, till Doricourt, suddenly pointing with his whip over his shoulder, exclaimed:

"There is your farm."

It was a substantial-looking house, with tall chimneys, surrounded by apple orchards, but certainly not possessing any claim to be considered a picturesque dwelling.

We drove up to the door, which was opened by a young girl of nineteen.

As we passed into the house I looked at her with interest. She was a tall, well-made young woman, with a fair, fresh complexion, large blue eyes, and light brown hair. There was a certain pathos in her voice, and a resigned sadness in her countenance which excited my pity.

My dreams that night were all of Suzanne—of this disinherited, accused orphan.

The jealous eye of old Lemaitre detected an understanding between me and my servant, and it was not long before Suzanne suffered for it. One day, as I was passing an open door of one of the bed-chambers, I heard Lemaitre scolding the poor girl cruelly. She reproached her with deceit, with artifice, and with unmaidenly forwardness. At first Suzanne made no reply; when she did at last answer it was with angelic mildness and patience. Her meekness appeared to provoke the old fury still more, and she actually struck the young girl a blow on the face. This was more than I could endure. I entered the room, and sternly demanded what she meant by such conduct? Her answer was a storm of accusations against Suzanne, whom she called a thief and a hypocrite.

"If you wish to be safe in life and property, you had better dismiss her at once," she screamed. "She won't get honestly angry—not she! She is waiting her time to give me a quieting potion, I suppose."

A low ejaculation of horror from Suzanne interrupted her. "Madame Lemaitre," said I sternly, "you cannot know what you say. But I will not suffer so ungovernable a temper. You will quit my service at once."

"Very well," she replied, insolently. "If it hadn't been for an evil chance or worse I should have been mistress here."

That girl has got round you with her big blue eyes and her calm face—but she will sell you yet to Jacques."

(Jacques was Suzanne's brother.)

Poor Suzanne murmured words of meek sorrow and gentle reproach. My own temper was fairly roused.

"You shall quit the house this very day," I said; "I wonder you dare to be so insolent. Suzanne, leave the room, and do not see this woman again."

Thus I dismissed Madame Lemaitre. I installed Suzanne in her place.

The days went on smoothly but monotonously. Winter at last stole on us. The weather was dark and dreary; the cold intense.

One evening I bade Suzanne bring her work, and come to keep me company. I found this young girl well-read in our best authors, shrewd, intelligent, even witty. I desired her to come again the next evening, and it became an established custom henceforward that she should make my coffee for me.

One evening I was amusing myself when she entered by looking at the few family jewels which I had inherited from my great uncle. Doricourt had given me the old casket containing them on the day of my arrival at the farm; but hitherto I had had neither time nor inclination to examine them.

They consisted of a pair of bracelets of enamel, clasped with diamonds, which had probably belonged to my great-grandmother, judging from their antique fashion; a huge pair of massive gold buckles, and a garnet necklace; there was also an old watch inlaid with stones. While I still held the bracelets in my hand Suzanne entered the room. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. "Oh, sir, what beautiful bracelets!"

"They are very handsome," I answered; "did you never see them before?"

"Oh, no, sir. Our poor master kept that casket and the plate at his banker's. Doricourt only brought them here the day you came."

"Why were they kept at the bank?" I asked.

"For fear of robbers, I suppose, sir. This part of the country is not very safe. They would cut a man's throat for less than one of those bracelets."

"But," I said, after that first startled pause, "no one but yourself, Suzanne, knows that I keep these jewels in the house, or that the plate is in my dressing-room."

"That is true, sir," she answered, simply.

"Then mind you mention it to no one," I commanded.

"You shall be obeyed;" and her eyes lingered admiringly on the ornaments.

"I have not forgotten," I said, more gently, "that you once were to have possessed this house and these very jewels. Tell me, Suzanne, why did my grand-uncle destroy the will made in your favor?"

She blushed crimson, up to the very roots of her hair.

"Sir," she said, tremulously, "I was wickedly belied to my master. I do not know by whom. But I have my doubts and suspicions as to my secret enemy. I have a brother—alas! a very bad young man. He is always in some trouble or another. He came here to try and obtain a little help from me in his sore need. Now, when I came into service here I did so on condition that I should hold no further communication with my brother. But one day Jacques stood at our kitchen door, looking as if he were nearly dead with hunger. I could not see my brother perish! He was at the last extremity of want and misery; I gave him food; but I went without dinner myself that day that I might not even thus rob my good master. I gave him also my wages—but nothing more—oh! nothing more, I assure you, sir;" and she clasped her hands in earnest asseveration.

"Madame Lemaitre came into the kitchen and found me speaking to Jacques," she continued, "and she was very angry. She told my master, and declared she should be afraid to sleep at night lest Jacques might come to rob and murder us. But though he was wild and idle, Jacques was incapable of such a crime. Imagine my distress, my anguish!—the very next day there was missing from master's own room his silver snuff-box, his watch, his purse! No one had broken into the house; the doors and windows were as safely fastened as when we went to rest. The whole house was searched for the lost things in vain. We never saw them again. My master was very angry, and, alas! still more grieved. He accused me of having stolen them, and given them to Jacques. He was deaf to my protestations—to my grief and shame and misery. He told me had left me his property, but that it should never now be mine. And he burned his will before my face. Madame Lemaitre says he intended to have made another in her favor, but, happily, he did not."

"And he did not dismiss you under these circumstances of grave suspicion?" I said, seriously.

"No, sir. My master was the most benevolent of men. He well knew the value of character to a woman! He retained me. He had pity on my youth, he said. He was kind and good to me to the last."

"It was a frightful position for you to be placed in," I said.

"Have you any idea what had become of the lost articles?"

"At first I feared Madame Lemaitre had been very wicked and had hidden them to get me into trouble; but I don't think now she had—I watched her so closely, I searched so constantly.... No, it is a mystery which only the good God can reveal in His own good time."

I talked but little that evening. I took a book, and the women conversed in whispers. But my thoughts wandered constantly to the strange robbery which had deprived Suzanne of my inheritance. It vexed me greatly that such a doubt should have rested on Suzanne, and my feelings about it revealed to me the fact I had wilfully ignored hitherto, that I—a staid man of forty, who had never yet felt the slightest tenderness for living woman, and had been long ago set down as a confirmed bachelor—had absurdly fallen in love with my female servant! It was a severe mortification to me.

I determined to struggle against my misplaced passion to the best of my power. Now, I resolved to send Suzanne away with an annuity for her life; then, again, to sell my farm. In the midst of these perplexities I fell asleep.

But the next morning found me reluctant to make myself miserable. I had not sufficient pride to be heroic in the matter. I determined to keep my own secret and wait. And... every day made Suzanne dearer to me.

Love, like other juvenile diseases, is worse when we take it late in life. Assuredly my infatuation for Suzanne would have raised my youthful scorn had I witnessed it in another. It made me very unhappy. I could not bear the thought of marrying my servant. I could not bear to part from her. I can never forget the nights I passed while this struggle was going on between my pride and my love. And then, as if to make matters worse, I suddenly began to doubt Suzanne's share in the singular robbery from my predecessor's chamber.

I had slept in it hitherto; I vacated it now and went into another, for a fancy possessed me that there might be some hidden entrance into it.

On the same day I effected this move Lawyer Doricourt came to see me on business, and remained the night. I put him into that same chamber.

In the morning he descended, looking a little uneasy.

"Bornand, my friend," he said, "did I leave my watch down stairs last night?"

"No," I replied; "I saw you look at it just as we were saying 'good-night' outside your chamber-door."

"It is very strange," he observed; "I thought I remembered winding it up and putting it on the table last night. To-day it is gone."

"But who could have taken it? The house has not been entered. Do you fasten your chamber-door?"

"No; I am afraid of fire. And do you know that once in the night I woke and heard a movement in my room. I asked if any one was there, and received no answer. My night-light had gone out."

I felt seriously uneasy. We summoned the servants and told them of the loss. Suzanne turned visibly pale and trembled. The sharp eye of the lawyer instantly detected her emotion.

When the women had left the room, ostensibly to search for the lost watch, Doricourt said to me:

"I trust I have not led you into harm by begging you to retain Suzanne. Did you notice her change of countenance just now?"

"Yes; but surely it was natural, when you recollect that a similarly mysterious loss ruined her worldly prospects. You can not," I continued, warmly, "you cannot really think she would be guilty of so barefaced a robbery?"

"Not so impossible as you believe. You know that Suzanne has a worthless brother?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, I saw him, only yesterday, hanging about your premises, and warned him off. I said nothing about him, because I thought he meant to obey me, for he turned and walked off in the direction of the town."

I felt troubled and alarmed, I confess. Had Suzanne been so foolish as to admit the man into the house? I rang at once. When she obeyed the summons I asked her if she had seen her brother the previous day.

"No; she had not seen him since I had arrived at the farm."

And she looked the image of candor as she spoke.

But Doricourt was not so willing to place faith in her as I was.

"I don't believe her!" he exclaimed, after I had dismissed her. "With your permission, I shall at once place this affair in the hands of the police."

But I persuaded him to wait an hour or two and to let me accompany him to the town.

"Have you lost any thing yourself?" he added, while we waited for luncheon.

"No; at least not that I am aware of; but since this place is so mysteriously haunted by an invisible robber, I think I will take my few valuables with me and place them in the care of my banker."

With this intent I went to my bureau for the casket. It

was not there! . . . I fancied I might be mistaken; that I had locked it up with the plate which was not in daily use, and I hastened to ascertain the fact. Alas! some of the best pieces of plate were also gone, and the casket was not to be found. Nor did my losses end here. Many small treasures, only precious as heir-looms or *souvenirs* of dear friends, were also gone, and all had been removed from places of which I myself retained the key.

The amazement of Doricourt and myself was extreme.

"This can not be endured," he said, indignantly. "I have to ask your forgiveness for exposing you to such wholesale plunder. False keys have undoubtedly been used. Only a domestic traitor could have done this! I expect that some day you will awake and find yourself utterly stripped, and Suzanne gone."

What could I say? What could I object to his determination?

He ordered his carriage and drove off.

Suzanne, with a white, despairing face, brought in my early dinner. My heart ached as I gazed on her. Even if she were guilty (and I could not quite doubt her even yet), I loved her still.

"Suzanne," I said, "do you know what Doricourt is gone to do?"

"I can guess, sir," she said, sadly.

"Listen," I continued, "I do not wish to expose you to a long imprisonment, nor even to the questioning of the police. Fly while there is yet time!"

Large tears rolled down her pallid cheeks.

"You are too good, sir," she said, gently; "but you will pardon me if I say I would rather die first. No! let them torture me if they will. I am innocent; and sometimes I think if my good old master had not hushed up his losses to save me it had been better for me. The dreadful mystery might have been explained before now."

"You are quite innocent, then, Suzanne?"

Her look of pitiful surprise and rebuke answered me.

"Oh, sir! But why should you not doubt me?"

And she left the room weeping. I certainly was a very foolish elderly man! I could scarcely resist following her and telling her how I loved her.

Towards evening Doricourt returned with the police. They instituted a rigorous search all over the house, but without effect. No trace of the lost property could be found.

Then they questioned and cross-questioned Suzanne for an hour, which seemed to me endless.

And yet never had I seen her beauty so touching as when she stood meekly answering their impertinent interrogatories. Once and again I interfered in her behalf, to their no small amazement, especially as I saw they had no doubt of her having at least admitted her brother, and aided him in robbing me.

She was to go to jail; but it was too late to convey her thither that evening. The roads were nearly impassable, and the officers were not unwilling to partake of my hospitality for the night. Ah, that night! I can never forget it!

Before we retired to our rooms we were startled by a loud crash in the kitchen, and for the moment believed that a gang of robbers, headed by the redoubtable Jacques, were effecting a violent entrance. Doricourt and I hastened to the spot. It was only a stupid servant, who, having to get supper for the police (Suzanne was a prisoner in her room,) had broken a bottle of wine to shivers on a kitchen-table. I scolded her for her awkwardness; but as the table was only one standing by the side of the wall—not that on which the supper was spread—the loss was supplied, and the meal not interrupted.

I paced my room for more than an hour after I had wished Doricourt good-night. My anguish of mind was unspeakable. I felt that even if nothing could be proved against Suzanne, the mere disgrace of a trial, and the apparent improbability of clearing her from suspicion, would divide us forever.

I did not then feel that any former pride or reluctance on my part had already divided us.

But if she were found guilty?—if the property were discovered in the hands of her brother? . . . I could not bear to think of it. I suffered tortures. Oh! my despised desk; my strict, but just employers. You were avenged! How I wished at that moment that my grand-uncle had left a will!

At length, exhausted by my emotions, I threw myself on my bed, and fell into a feverish slumber, and dreamed.

My dream was only a repetition of one that had recently haunted me; *i. e.*, that robbers were in the house, and that I was endeavoring to conceal my treasures from them. I awoke from it, fancying Suzanne's brother had just swept off my foot with a reaping sickle.

But the pain I dreamed was real and sharp; and where was I? I uttered a shrill, piercing cry of alarm. I was standing on the table by the kitchen wall, amidst the broken glass of the bottle, and the blood was flowing from my wounded feet!

My cry roused the man who was watching in the sitting-room. He came out, bringing his lamp.

"Why, sir!" he cried. "What are you doing? You are hiding your pillow!"

And it was true! I was trying, or rather had been trying, to squeeze my pillow through a small hole in the roof or ceiling above the table; it was still protruding from the hole over my head, and one of my hands grasped it.

His words awoke me fully; and like lightning the truth flashed on me. I was a somnambulist! I had hidden my property myself! Doricourt was called by my desire. He came; and one of the officers, after removing the glass, mounted the table and examined the hole, while I wiped and bound up my bleeding feet.

Yes! there was Doricourt's watch! and there were my casket, and my plate, and my small *souvenirs*, and—double marvel!—there also were the silver snuff-box, watch and purse of my late kinsman! Could it have been that somnambulism ran in our family, or that Madame Lemaitre had made the hole to conceal the articles she wished her master to believe were stolen? I am inclined to think the latter; though Suzanne prefers believing that the good old gentleman actually had robbed himself as I had. The hole had very much the appearance of having been made on purpose, and artfully designed to escape notice, as, in fact, it had that of the young girl.

Of course her innocence was at once fully established.

"And so it was *you* who stole my watch, Mr. Somnambulist!" laughed Doricourt, the next morning. "What could have caused such a disease? Have you been subject to walking in your sleep?"

"No," I replied; "I never did such a thing before. But the truth is, Doricourt, that a country life doesn't suit me—I have grown watchful and restless at night. It is not pleasant to sleep in fear of cut-throats; and my lonely life makes me nervous. So, if you will be good enough to sell my farm I shall be satisfied with the proceeds and my uncle's savings, and return to my old life."

And so it was settled. We sold the farm, and returned to town—I say "we," for, of course, the reader has divined that I made Suzanne the only reparation I could for the unworthy suspicions my kinsman and myself had cast on her—I married her.

We live very happily. It is not known in town that I married my servant.

Suzanne is well educated, pretty and genteel; and her humble origin is as little suspected as that the grave Antoine Bornand, now a prosperous merchant, was once guilty of robbery—in his sleep.

FRANKLIN PREPARING FOR THE FRENCH COURT.—Dr. Franklin, we are informed, began his preparations by ordering a wig; since no man had yet dared to contemplate the possibility of exhibiting uncovered locks to a monarch of France. Mr. Austin used to say, that not only was the court costume exactly prescribed, but each season had its own costume, and if any one presented himself in lace ruffles, when the time of year demanded cambric, the chamberlain of the palace would refuse him admission. Readers of Madame Campan remember her lively pictures of the intense etiquette which worried the soul of Marie Antoinette in these very years. So Dr. Franklin ordered a wig. On the day appointed, says tradition, the peruquier himself brought home the work of his hands, and tried it on: but the utmost efforts of the great artist could not get it upon the head it was designed to disfigure. After patiently submitting for a long time to the manipulations of the peruquer, Dr. Franklin ventured to hint that, perhaps, the wig was a little too small. "Monsieur, it is impossible." After many more fruitless trials, the peruquer dashed the wig to the floor, in a furious passion, exclaiming, "No, Monsieur; it is not the wig which is too small; it is your head which is too large." It was too late, continues the anonymous chronicler who recorded this anecdote, to procure another, and, therefore, the audacious philosopher resolved to approach the presence of majesty "without a bag." "The size and appearance of Franklin's head," he concludes, "became a subject of common conversation." "Yes, sir," was the usual remark, "*Ile a une grosse tete, et une grande tete*." He has a big head, and a great head." Having abandoned the wig, he ventured to discard the still more indispensable sword, as well as the universal chapeau that was carried under the arm. On the morning of the great day he dressed as he would have dressed if he were going out to dine with the President of Congress—in a suit of plain, black velvet, with the usual snowy ruffles at wrist and bosom, white silk stockings and silver buckles. And a more superb costume than that has never been worn by an old gentleman in any age or country. So General Washington was attired on occasions of State, with the addition of yellow gloves, a cocked hat and plume, and sword with steel hilt and white leather scabbard. Dr. Franklin's costume, I need not say, was a most brilliant success. Mr. Austin intimates that the chamberlain hesitated a moment about admitting him, but it was only for a moment; and all the court were captivated at the noble, well-timed effrontery of his conduct. Better for the whole tribe of chamberlains if that chamberlain had done his duty, and sent the American home for his wig. The recoil from the French Revolution (in which we are now liv-

ing) has given the chamberlain class another century of life, but Franklin really announced their departure when he went to court without a court dress, amid the extatic applause of Europe. Mr. Dean and Mr. Lee, as was proper, conformed to the custom, and wore both wig and sword.

OUTCASTS.

THEY haunt the streets of the city by night,

But are banished from day forever;

They come and go like the shadows cast

By clouds on a flowing river;

The ghost of a sweetness long since lost,

Unpitied and dead to pity,

They wander lonely and tempest tost,

Where blackness covers the city.

They live their lives, forgotten and dead

Forgiveless and unforgiven—

But the angel of childhood seems to smile

Them back through the portals of heaven;

While far away among eastern dales,

In beautiful country places,

Old couples whisper in hed o' nights,

And talk of the absent faces.

The old, old tale with doleful end!—

A heart either wicked or broken,

A vacant place by the ingleside,

A name that is never spoken.

The end?—It is yonder beneath the grass;

The sin, the pain, and the patches;

Or in yonder house where a woman dies

To a chorus of drunken catches.

The end?—a shriek from the moonlit bridge,

A plunge to the death beneath,

And a bubble of light 'round a fluttering dress

Where the waters circle and seethe.

What curse lies yonder without the town,

Where the blue fresh rivers run.

There, in the pastoral homes whose hearts

Are smiled upon by the sun?

What taint is alive in that free, clear air

Which comes not hither to woo us,

That it sends this pitiful shadow forth

To mock and to undo us?

What light is upon it that it gives

These wandering daughters to us?

They load the girl with their homely gifts,

They rear her in wifely arts,

They dream of the girl in her bridal dress,

While she sins and breaks their hearts.

Ah, me! to see the faces that haunt

The streets with ghastly mirth,

To watch the vacant delight, and see

The woman so gross with earth,

To see the sinner sweetening sin,

Mad with a wild unrest—

And then to think of the mother's hope

As she smiles on the babe at her breast!

O City, rich in money, and mirth,

Richer in work divine!

Whose is the sorrow, and whose the sin?

And how much of the sin is thine?

Enough to know that the sin was born

Of a bitter delight or sorrow;

That the sorrow and sin can be cleansed away,

Neither to-day nor to-morrow;

Enough to know that the broken heart

Needs the beauty of Christ to mend it,

That ere we labor to kill the sin

We must labor to comprehend it.

We men are narrow, and harsh, and vain,

We are petty amid our scorn!

But, oh! to gaze on the crowded street

Where the sinners wander forlorn,

And then to kiss our daughters and wives

And our little babes new-born!

To see the sin and sorrow that flaunt

When the beautiful day is done,

And then to think of the homeless heart

Which mourns for the absent one—

Of the free, blue air and country dales,

Where the bright fresh rivers run—

Of the girl that sings in her mother's house,

And the children that laugh in the sun.

A CONVENIENT GARMENT.—Messrs. Jay, of Regent street, London, have produced a dress which they call the "Neoclaiue," the object of which is kindly and useful, namely, to save the trouble of changing from a morning to an evening costume, when time presses, or the occasion is not convenient for so doing. The rearrangement of this new dress is so perfect, that none could suspect the dress which appears now, as a beautiful evening costume, was the one of so totally a different character for graceful morning wear.

WAAT'S IN A NAME?—A bookseller in Philadelphia lately received an order for a book called "*In a Garden*." He sent what was desired—Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, which the rural bibliophile, having heard somewhat hastily pronounced, understood to mean what she wrote. Washington Irving used to make his friends merry about an English bookseller who ordered "*The Earl of Hamboro*," instead of *The Alhambra*.

(For the Californian.)

WHITE LILIES.

THE Lily is the nun of flowers;
For her whiteness, for her whiteness
Is as lucent as the moon
When with perfect round it lingers
Just above yon breezy bowers,
Where the glory of its brightness
Slideth down in sudden swoon:
Then dim fingers, then dim fingers
Stir the cool and quiet stillness
Of the lake, and break the chillness
Of the holy silent hours—
Gentle Lily, nun of flowers.

Lily, hily, swing thy cup;
Fairest chalice, fairest chalice;
Floateth from its ivory walls
Fragrant breath as from a censer:
Night will fold thy beauty up;
May no bitter tongues of malice
Wound thee; Heaven heed thy calls
As sweet dispenser, sweet dispenser.
Lo! thy hidden heart of hearts
Is transfixed with fiery darts;
Lily, bow thy purest brow,
Very truly, nun art thou!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4th, 1865.

(DELAYED LETTER.)

NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, January 3, 1865.

BETWEEN Christmas and New Year's, household records are meagre, with the exception of those of dyspepsia. The domestic Fate compels us to eat odds-and-ends of salads, mince pies, bon-bons and made-over dishes till the demon of indigestion issues from the casket of the stomach, and appears a worse and bigger genius than the one in the *Arabian Nights*.

The most remarkable social event which cast its shadow before has been the prevalence of a fashion of sending cards to gentlemen with the intimation that visits were expected on the second of January. What the female sovereigns will do with the gentlemen who do not comply with their mandates remains to be seen.

More money, it is said, has been spent in these last holidays than in former ones. Magnificent presents have been given and exchanged. Tough Admiral Farragut received a handsome New Year's gift from the merchants, in the shape of a package of bonds worth \$50,000. A great many happinesses arose on the occasion of exchange of presents. Here is an example: McEntee, the landscape artist, sent Stoddard, the poet, one of his delicious pictures, and Stoddard sent McEntee a sonnet with a characteristic gift. They paid each other in kind, on the plan of trading at the country stores—yarn tea and eggs for calico. I copy the sonnet, and should be pleased to copy the picture if I had the power, for it is better than the poem:

TO JERVIS M'ENTEE, ARTIST.

JERVIS, my friend, I envy you the art
Which you profess, and which possesses you,
To mimic Nature; unto her so true,
Your pictures are what she is to the heart,
The Mystery of which it is a part,
That gladdens when we brush the vernal dew,
And saddens when leaves fall, and flowers are few;
Nor quite forsakes us in the noisy mart
Whence she is banished, save in ships of sky
That swim in mist, or drip in dreary rain,
No glimpse of peaks far off, nor forests nigh,
Only dark streets, strange forms, a barren pain;
Till to my wall I turn a longing eye,
When you restore me mountains, woods again!

We are as extravagant as the Romans were in the last days of their Empire. What does it denote? It is a bad sign to see Gerry selling a *pate de fois gras* at six dollars, yet he sells it. It is a bad sign for the villain Frenchmen to sell chocolate candy at four dollars a pound, and bon-bon boxes at a hundred dollars each, yet they sell them. I think chocolate bon-bons are better this year than they ever were.

Speaking of presents, reminds me that the President has released Mrs. Hutchinson, who was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the House of Correction for attempting to send a sword to the rebel Major Harry Gilmore. It seems that "Peace on earth and good will to man" does not include the sending of gifts to our enemies. [Scarcely, when the "gift" is palpably a long way in advance of the "plough-share" era of which the sacred authority quoted gives promise.—ED. CAL.]

That amiable, veracious, and spirited sheet, the *Richmond Examiner*, in its comments on the fall of Savannah, decries the merits of that town greatly; in its opinion, Savannah is a place of no account whatever. It also criticises Sherman, and says he has done nothing more than a band of escaped galley slaves could have done.

The Unitarian minister, Richard Frothingham, has written

a book which he calls *A Tribute to Thomas Starr King*. It is scarcely a "Life" of King, but rather a synopsis of his career as minister, lecturer, and orator, with a few of King's own letters interspersed, and the opinions of his friends regarding him. I quote a readable passage, and a correct one probably: "Thos Starr King was not considered as profoundly learned; he was not regarded as a remarkable orator; he was not a great writer; nor can his unrivalled popularity be ascribed to his fascinating, social or intellectual gifts. It, to quote another writer, 'was the hidden interior man of the heart, the invisible character behind all the rich possessions, intellectual and social of this gifted man, that gave him his real power and skill to control the wills, to move the hearts, and to win the unbounded confidence and affection of his fellow-beings.' He was one of the magnetic men—a modern and Christian Alcibiades."

The Dead of the Year are illustrious. Hawthorne, Savage Landor, Schoolcraft, Starr King, George P. Morris, Mrs. Kirkland, Catherine Sinclair, Dr. Potts, Professor Silliman, Meyerbeer, Robson the burlesque actor, Wallack, who died on Christmas Day, as Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, Captain Speke, Giddings and Leech. These names I have selected from a list of nearly a hundred celebrated persons who have joined the "innumerable caravan" in the last year, and who are on the way to the world of souls, where no anniversaries occur unless they are those of earthly remembrance.

"Carlyle said he wanted to know all about Margaret Fuller, even to the color of her stockings," quotes the compiler of the new volume of *Elia*, "and the admirers of 'Elia' want to possess every scrap and fragment of his inditing." It is perhaps a tribute to the fame of Lamb, that an American should search out and discover in old musty periodicals the neglected essays of this charming writer. The contents of this volume consist of essays, sketches, tales, poems and letters; they are not to be compared with the best productions of Lamb, but they contain more or less of his humor, sense and observation. The reader who remembers the dissertation on "Roast Pig," will value this collection, and keep it on his book-shelves.

Roberts Brothers have issued the first reprint of Leigh Hunt's *The Seer*, in elegant form, color, paper and print. In this case, Lamb and Hunt, friends in life, in death are not divided. *The Seer* is a collection of papers taken from the *London Journal*, the *Liberal*, the *Tatler* and the *Round Table*, by Hunt himself. In its preface he says: "Given at our suburban abode with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window at the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the very green and invincible year of our life, the fifty-sixth."

If ever there was a writer that could claim the titles of "dear" and "darling," it is Leigh Hunt, even if he deserved the name said to be given him by Dickens in one of his novels, "Harold Skimpole." The papers of *The Seer* are tender, pathetic, cozy, and witty. They are the delightful kind of lazy, appetizing, suggestive reading. Read for instance, "Windows Considered from Inside," "A Rainy Day," "A Pinch of Snuff," or "A Human Being and a Crowd." Each and all are excellent. "The Cot by the Fire," is a bit of natural history, with a vein of philosophy running through it that is unsurpassable.

Mrs. General Lander, *née* Davenport, is about to return to the stage; she will open at Niblo's next month, and intends to bring out some translations of French plays. Mr. Charles Pope, an actor who has been absent from New York a long time, will support her. The death of the veteran Wallack makes a gap in the annals of the stage; in point of taste, his management was first rate, his pains-taking unwearied to the last. It was the fashion in the Wallack family to make a tableau of itself, and I have often seen old Wallack, Lester Wallack and the handsome grandson of the former, a boy of a dozen years, posed in photographs and posing at the Maison Doree, and in Broadway. It was a spectacle which made me smile, but I am rather sorry that I shall never see the sight again.

E. D. B. S.

SAFELY HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Warren Leland, who knows how to keep a hotel on two oceans, has recently completed a trip across the continent—from the Metropolitan in New York to the Occidental in San Francisco. His object was a benevolent one—to find out the cheapest and best places for securing supplies for his cuisine. Among the incidents of the journey he witnessed an execution performed upon a warrior of the Snake Indians. The sentence was carried into effect by the Chief, who not only maintains justice but administers it. The unpleasant duty consisted of killing and scalping the unfortunate red man. This gave Mr. Leland the idea of a capital way of serving hair. At Utah he was introduced to twenty of Brigham Young's wives, and it is needless to say that he regards the Salt Lake Ducks with much favor.—*New York Weekly Review*.

A WESTERN paper chronicles as follows the recent explosion of a steamboat, on one of the great rivers: "The captain swam ashore." So did the chamber-maid; she was insured for \$15,000, and loaded with iron."

THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XI.

"Waugh! waugh! who is this strong God that pulls me down?"
[Dying Exclamation of Clovis, King of France.]

IT is true that every death is the final scene of a solemn tragedy, though that death be a peasant's, the bed a heath; but it is also true that some of those scenes, although the grand lesson of mortality is taught by all alike, are infinitely more impressive, illustrate the supreme warning with a more startling commentary, a more vivid illustration, than the daily deaths of thousands of ordinary men and women.

Take, for example, the death witnessed on the last day of August, 1483, in a spacious apartment, hung with leather, stamped with fantastic golden devices, of a fortified castle on the banks of the Loire, at no great distance from Tours. The dying man writhing with torture upon a state bed is Louis the Eleventh of France, whose general character has been traced with sufficient accuracy by Sir Walter Scott in *Quentin Durward*. The pitiless King, who had played with human lives as if no more precious than those of the beasts that perish, to whom a decree of instant death upon the slightest suspicion, sometimes from mere caprice, had been little more than a pastime—now that his own hour had come, was shrieking for help to be saved from death, furiously threatening his attendants with death themselves if they did not relieve his agony—drag him back from the terrible tomb! Few of those who have read the narrative—not that penned by Philip de Comines, the historian, and perhaps the only worthy man who really esteemed Louis the Eleventh—but must still, as the fearful scene surges up from the depths of memory, distinctly hear those shrieks, entreaties, threatenings, through all the roar and tumult of intervening centuries.

Present in the death-chamber were the King's physician, Jacques Courtier; Oliver le Dain, commonly called Oliver the Devil, his Majesty's barber; Philip de Comines, the historian of his age; Francis de Paul, a monk and pilgrim not long arrived from the Holy Land, since beatified, and the bearer of a rich reliquary, the touch of which Louis, in his agonizing despair, tries to hope will bring back health and strength. The sixth and sadly observant person present was Jean Burnet, a priest belonging to the church of Notre Dame de Cléry, and generally resident at the castle palace. In a corner of the apartment lay a white hound, which had been gored by a wild boar a few days previously. The King, a skilled hunter, had been fond of the hound, and yet when Jacques Courtier told him the animal would recover, Louis fiercely resented the intelligence as an injury and insult to himself. Why should a dog, for whose preservation no lavishly paid-for prayers went up to heaven, for which relics possessed no healing virtue, have life, and not he—an anointed king? Twice anointed, indeed: for when some years before he had been in great danger, Louis had sent for the *ampoule*, at Rheims, and had the sacred balm, the portion which had not been used at his coronation, poured upon his head. His Majesty was unquestionably a believer in the solemn verities of the Christian religion, though its teachings in no wise influenced his actions. The names of Christ, of the holy Virgin, of numerous saints, were forever on his lips, their leaden images in his hat; but the examples of their lives he never for a moment dreamt of imitating in the most distant degree. A liberal benefactor of churches, too, but only in pursuance of his plan, suggested by a perversion of the sacred injunction to lay up treasures in heaven—a working for wages, in fact, making an immeasurably profitable investment of the gold of earth, to be repaid by the joys of heaven. And yet it would seem that his Majesty must have had fearful forebodings that his offerings had not been accepted, or he would scarcely have trembled with such horror when summoned to receive his reward.

On a pillow, within easy reach of the King's hand, lay a silver whistle. With that his Majesty could summon his guards stationed on the top landing of the winding, narrow stone stairs leading to the chamber, every turning of which was commanded by their arquebuses. Louis the Eleventh had but to sound that whistle, and in one minute, had the command issued from his lips, every man in that chamber would have been a corpse. He had committed atrocities equal to, if not surpassing that, which might not perhaps be possible. All there knew this, and it may have been this knowledge that had so blanched the cheeks of Oliver the Devil, and of Jacques Courtier, the physician. Philip de Comines could scarcely have apprehended danger from any delirious access of rage on the part of the furious monarch, nor could the priest of St. Cléry: and as to Francis de Paul, he, from what is known of him, would have disdained the danger, if by his presence there he might help to save a sinful soul.

Francis de Paul is kneeling by the King's bed, praying aloud that his Majesty's malady be healed, but above all supplicating for his soul's health. Louis, I should state, had been struck for the second time by apoplexy; but it was not that attack which was thrusting, primarily thrusting him into the grave. It did so in a secondary sense only, by having weakened his power to bear up against the internal disease which was killing him with torture. The King has not, it seems, unbounded confidence in the success of the monk's prayers.

The relics have not been tried as yet, for his anxious, glaring glance is fixed upon the physician's countenance, whilst that functionary feels the royal patient's pulse. Hark! Breaking in upon the monk's prayers you hear the chantings of the priests in the King's chapel, where they swell to a louder strain than usual. You hear more than that: a scream of agony, more than once repeated, finds a faint echo in that chamber. Those screams are wrung from Philip Gaultier, an obscure individual, suspected of being concerned in some absurd plot against the life of Louis: and they are torturing the wretched man to make him confess who were his accomplices. The probability is, that to be relieved of that maddening agony he will give the names of men utterly innocent of the "plot," if there was one. Those piteous screams do not arrest for a moment the attention of Louis the Eleventh. They are old familiar cries. Perhaps he doesn't hear them, nor does he apparently Francis de Paul's prayers. His eyes continue fixed upon the face of the physician, who having satisfied himself of the state of the King's pulse, retires softly to the foot of the bed, without uttering a syllable. Then the countenance of the King fell, and over his white, wasted features the shadow of an unutterable despair visibly deepened.

The physician is about to speak. "Stop! stop!" cried Louis, in shrill, screaming tones, in part due to the intense agony he was suffering—"stop! If you, Courtier, will relieve me of this agony—if you will save my life, if only for a few months—nay, weeks—I swear by the holy saints to double your salary. Where you have now twenty thousand livres you shall have forty thousand."

The physician replies, only by a look and a sardonic smile. Within an hour, as he well knows, Louis the Eleventh will be as poor as the most miserable beggar that ever died.

The physician's look and smile threw the King into a transport of rage. "Ha!" he shouted, rage lending him momentary strength—"ha! traitors! fools! I am not so ill as you pretend to believe. It is the closeness of this room which weakens, stifles me. Let my horse be saddled, I will ride out—ride out at once!" and he actually got out of bed, and bade Oliver the Devil help him to dress. The wounded hound, amazed by his master's voice, and seeing him, ran feebly towards Louis, and was at his feet when the King fell back, fainting, upon the bed, into which he was immediately helped. "It was the dog—the dog," feebly murmured Louis, whilst big drops of agony and fear stood upon his clammy forehead. "The dog threw me down; I could else have gone out, I am sure I could."

Francis de Paul had continued praying aloud—not ceasing for the incidents just related; he knowing, as well as the physician, that, unless the relics worked a miracle, Louis the Eleventh would pass to his account ere another hour chimed from the palace belfry. Despairing of medical, the King, as a last hope, sought spiritual help. "The reliquary, holy Francis! the reliquary! Miracles have been worked ere now by sainted relics, and—quick! quick!" Francis de Paul rose from his knees, took the reliquary in his reverend hands, and approached the King.

"One moment! one moment! If by virtue of these holy relics my life is preserved, I solemnly promise to endow the church to which you belong more richly than any other in France."

The monk smiled a sad, compassionate smile; and on his knees presented the relics to be touched by the King, he himself praying fervently in silence the while.

There was no help in the relics. The King screamed in a more than usually severe paroxysm of pain. When it had partially subsided, Louis beckoned Philip de Comines to approach. "Bend down your ear close to my mouth," he feebly whispered. "This illness may, I say may, terminate fatally. That is not likely—but possible. Should Courtier tell you that it *must* so terminate, tell me yourself, in a whisper. Say only, 'You must compose—tranquillize yourself.' Nothing more I shall understand, and will devote what days and nights may remain to me in prayer to the saints. Enough!"

Whilst this incident was passing, Courtier was talking, *sotto voce*, to Oliver le Dain, or the Devil. Oliver had been encouraged by Louis for many years to treat the monarch, when alone, with great freedom—to tell him disagreeable truths. Oliver the Devil imagined he might, without danger to himself, exercise the same privilege now.

Gliding with his customary cat-like steps to the head of the bed, he "loudly, rudely," says Philip de Comines—"not gently, soothingly, as a mighty monarch in his last agony should be spoken with—loudly, rudely said, 'It is time this farce were finished. You will not live half an hour. The holy Francis de Paul and his relics cannot prolong your life a moment. Prepare, then, to die as a King of France ought.'"

The royal barber's words acted as a galvanic shock might have done upon the moribund. Louis rose on end in the bed, his haggard face, his darkening eyes aflame with rage. "Audacious traitor!" he screamed, "dare you so speak to me? But whether I live or die, I am master here whilst I do live; and your life, Oliver the Devil, is, with all others, in my

hand. I swear to you by my soul's salvation, as I hope for heaven, I will not be the first in this room that shall die. That I swear, invoking all the saints to bear witness to my oath. Oliver le Dain, you shall precede your master to the tomb."

Louis snatched the silver whistle, and was putting it to his lips, when Francis de Paul interposed. "In the name of God, King Louis, before whom you must shortly appear, do not at this supreme moment stain your soul with murder. Put down that whistle, for the sake of your own eternal welfare."

The King hesitated, still eyeing Oliver the Devil with ferocious hate. That person said nothing; but the cold sweat which covered his face, and no doubt the whole surface of his body; his trembling knees, which knocked against each other, showed that he felt the imminence of the peril he had rashly drawn upon himself.

"Oliver the Devil is a villain, an assassin, a poisoner, guilty of a thousand crimes," gasped Louis. "It will be a meritorious act to end that wicked life."

"It will be murder, without excuse."

"God will absolve me! You, holy father, will absolve me!"

"That I will not, dare not do! O King of France, descendant of Saint Louis, put away these bloody thoughts. Fix your eyes, your thoughts, upon this image of Him by whose passion and sacrifice you can only be saved from eternal perdition."

Louis seemed to be most affected by the declaration of St. Francis de Paul, that he would not—dared not give him absolution if he took the life of Oliver le Dain; and the monarch directed his inquiring gaze to Jean Brunot, the priest of Notre Dame de Cléry. The absolution of one priest, he no doubt argued, must be as efficacious as another. There was no encouragement in Brunot's answering glance. He continued praying, as could be seen by the motion of his lips.

"But my oath—my oath, just uttered!" resumed Louis, in rancorous but feeble tones. He was loth to lose his murderous clutch of Oliver le Dain. "My oath! Have I not sworn by my soul's salvation that I will not be the first in this room that shall die? Shall I appear before the judgment-seat—if I *must* so soon appear there—but it is not—cannot—shall not be true! You are all combined to cheat, to terrify, to madden me! Shall I—should I appear before the dreadful judgment-seat with an unfulfilled oath upon my conscience?"

"I can absolve you from that. God will absolve you. It is a fearful crime to fulfil a wicked vow, especially when warned not to do so by the Church; and the Church through me warns you. O son of the sainted Louis, lose not your own soul for the gratification of a miserable craving for vengeance."

Louis the Eleventh was startled—awed. Still, the orthodoxy of even Francis de Paul might be at fault. That hideous oath which he had uttered but a few minutes since, might he not in the unseen world have to make a terrible expiation for its non-fulfilment?

At that moment the hound gave a faint howl, caused, no doubt, by pain. A sparkling light gleamed in the eyes of the dying King. "Ah, my oath was, that I would not be the first in this room to die. I remember the words clearly. I did not say the first *man*. Oliver, kill the dog!"

Oliver obeyed with alacrity; he killed the dog, which expired with a loud howl.

King Louis the Eleventh rapidly sank after this; his failing brain, revealed by the childish comments that he made, gave unmistakable token that the end was very near. He tried to talk of governmental policy, to send instructions to his son through Philip de Comines; but every topic slipped from his mental grasp. He commanded that the slain hound should have a monument; declared that he had always intended to build four churches in honor of the Virgin Mary—seven for the Seven Dolours, seven for the Seven Joys, of the Mother of Christ,—would do so; it should be his first work were his life spared.

The darkness grew thicker, the icy hand of death colder. The King went on muttering prayers by habit, of whose purport his mind must have lost all perception; and thus, with the prayers of Francis de Paul, the chantings of the priests in the distant chapel; the screams of poor Gaultier, which had not yet ceased, though now but faintly heard, the soul of Louis passed to its account.

And yet it cannot be denied that Louis the Eleventh was a great, sternly wise monarch. His remedies for the times were the gibbet, the sword, the rack; but they *were* successful remedies to a great extent. France, as a nation, owes him much; and, what should recommend him to a certain party in this country, he was pre-eminently a "peace" man. One thing, too, is certain. He laid the basis for the union of the provinces of France, only finally consummated when they were fused in the flaming crucible of the great Revolution.

A GENTLEMAN in Scotland has preserved an old number of the *Greenock Advertiser*, containing the following announcement: "Notice to Correspondents: T. C.—The lines commencing, 'On Linden when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte."

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Louis R. Sowers, an estimable citizen, and chief clerk of the State Treasury under Finley, died Feb. 25th.

Lieut. A. J. Sansoni, Company G, Fort Alcatraz, has been presented with a splendid watch by citizens of Marysville.

Lassiter of Vallecito, Frank Gardner, S. W. Whitmore and Jacob Sherr (as we learn from the *Wilmington Journal*) have all been recently murdered by Apaches in Arizona.

It is reported (says a correspondent of the *Call*) that Curtis, late of Shasta, has been appointed U. S. District Judge for Nevada.

The "Pennsylvania Petroleum Oil Company" was incorporated at Santa Cruz on the 25th instant; the intention is to bore for oil on the Refugio rancho. Capital stock, \$100,000.

James Brooks lost both hands by the premature discharge of a cannon while a Union-victory salute was being fired at Dutch Flat, Feb. 27th.

The *Pajaro Times* says: "The whale which was 'captured' a few weeks since, after it had washed ashore, at Soquel, by Mr. Fred. Ray, yielded twenty-eight barrels of oil—worth \$12 per barrel."

A building belonging to B. S. Ward, and used as a school-house, in Shasta county, lately took fire from an ash-box, and was entirely destroyed, together with the school-books and other materials.

A Chinaman offered a quartz nugget for sale, recently, (says the *Weaverville Journal*), which weighed sixteen ounces. It yielded, when pulverized, about \$160; the nugget is supposed to have been taken out at Long Bar, above Lewiston.

A. T. Nelson, of Sacramento, on behalf of residents of Lowell, Mass., desires information concerning Eben James, who is supposed to be in California, and who has not been heard from by his friends since September last.

An exchange tells us that the mining claims of Patrick Cody, in Downieville, have been sold for \$35. A few ciphers have probably been omitted by the printer; if not, Patrick is getting a great deal of advertising for very little money.

Henry I. Thornton, once a member of the California Legislature, has been heard from. It is said he has been on Bragg's staff, and *was* at Charleston. He ought to be there now; he was always regarded as a "bright" boy, is still young, and doubtless Schemmelfinnig would make something of him.

From the *Nevada Transcript* we learn that the Bear Valley and Dutch Flat ditch, owned by the South Yuba Canal and Water Company, has been completed, and the water will soon be turned into it. The ditch is twenty-four miles long; it has cost about \$80,000.

We have seen (says the *Marysville Express*) some elegant specimens of coal oil taken from the oil springs in the Coast Range, Colusa county, which we think surpass anything of the kind which has been found on this coast. This oil will burn freely in lamps without being rectified, in its rough state, just as taken from the spring.

Twenty-three buildings were destroyed by fire at Mokelumne Hill on the night of Feb. 25th. The Union Hotel (insured for \$7,500) was the first building consumed; from it the fire extended to all the wooden structures on the north side of Stockton street up to McFadden's store, nearly opposite the Court House, and east and west of Main street, down to Weighes' dwelling. Loss not stated.

C. T. Wheeler, of Sacramento, one of the incorporators of the Alacran Mining Company (working a mine in Copala District, Sinaloa, Mexico), has received from one of the persons interested a specimen in the shape of a silver goblet weighing one pound and two ounces. The silver (says the *Union*) had been smelted from the ore, and by the patient and ingenious labor of a blacksmith, with anvil, hammer and other tools, had been skilfully wrought into its present form.

Many improvements are noted in the Sacramento papers as about to be made in that city. A "high grade" is the popular demand; and we observe that in the pending election for City Trustee, the question is, which candidate is most earnestly and unfalteringly in favor of placing the entire city above the danger of overflow? Think of that, after all the trials our strong-hearted Capital city has undergone, and the taxation to which she has been subjected! The world cannot show a parallel for the faith, courage and perseverance of her citizens.

The *Marysville Appeal* has been shown a letter from Mazatlan, from which it appears that there is rather an uneasy feeling among American miners there. The writer makes a suggestion which should be heeded, but which we presume will have little effect upon the "heavy-article" gentlemen who straighten up the affairs of the nation at so much per column. He says: "Please tell your newspaper folks that the agitation of the Mexican question and the Monroe doctrine is jeopardizing the lives and safety of all Americans here; and as paper pop-guns do not kill any one, they had better keep still and let Uncle Abe do what he thinks best when he is ready."

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

WHEN wilt thou save the people;
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away—
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save the People!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.
God save the People!

When wilt thou save the People!
Oh, God of Mercy, when?
The People, Lord, the People!
Not thrones and crowns, but men
God save the People! thine they are—
Thy children as the angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair
God save the People!

—Ebenzer Elliot.

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOMETHING LIKE FRIENDSHIP.

MAUDE HILLARY did not rise very early after that New Year's entertainment at the Cedars; painful emotions, troubles, doubts, and perplexities that had been unknown to her through all her previous lifetime, had crowded suddenly upon her within the last few weeks, and it was scarcely strange if she well-nigh fainted under the burden. She slept for some hours on that first night of the year—slept the feverish, heavy slumber that waits upon trouble of mind and exhaustion of body. The winter sun shone with a chill brightness between the rose-colored draperies of her window when she awoke from a painful dream to a dim sense of actual trouble that was still more painful; she remembered the scene of the previous night, her own desperate appeal for help, Francis Tredethlyn's avowal, and Julia's indignation. She remembered all this with a burning sense of shame, and with a tender and pitying regret for Julia's wrongs.

"And he did not love her!" she thought, "when I fancied they were so happy and united, so much what lovers ought to be; it was all false, after all, and he had deceived her. But why? What motive could he have for doing her so great a wrong?"

Miss Hillary pondered upon this mystery while she dressed—unaided this morning, for she did not care to endure her maid's sympathetic remarks upon her pale face and heavy eyes; unaided, for how soon that pretty Twickenham paradise, with all its dependencies, might pass away from her, unsubstantial as the fairy palace in which Princess Balroubadour floated away to Africa. Maude put on her plainest morning dress and went straight to Julia's room, intending to make her peace with that young lady, at any cost of self-humiliation. No base thought of Julia's obligations, no remembrance of the favors that had been heaped upon the Irish girl in that hospitable habitation, had any place in Maude Hillary's mind; she thought of her friend as tenderly as she might have thought of an only sister, and she remembered nothing except the great wrong that had been done to Julia by the defection of her lover. The breach between them was not to be narrowed. When Maude entered her friend's bedroom, she only found an empty and desolate-looking apartment, in which open wardrobes and drawers, and a dressing-table cleared of all its pretty frivolities, bore witness to the angry Julia's departure.

Miss Hillary's maid came running along the corridor, while her mistress stood amazed in Miss Desmond's deserted chamber.

"Oh, Miss," cried the girl, "to think as you should get up and dress yourself without a bit of help, while I've been waiting and listening for the bell these last two hours! Miss Desmond, she have gone, Miss, above an hour ago, and have took all her boxes in a fly to the station, but wouldn't have none of the servants to go with her; and oh, Miss, she looked as white as that toilet cover."

This was all Maude could hear of her sometime friend's abrupt departure from that pleasant dwelling-place in which she had enjoyed such a luxurious home. This was all that the servants could tell their young mistress about the splendid Julia; but in the study, where the scene of the previous

night had been enacted, Maude found a letter directed to herself, in Miss Desmond's handwriting. It was a very brief missive; almost such a one as an English Elizabeth, or a Russian Catherine, might have written.

"For your father's hospitality," wrote Miss Desmond, "I shall always remain grateful, and shall be sorry to hear of any evil that may befall him. The debt I owe to you I shall also know how to remember, and shall wait the time and opportunity for its repayment.—J. D."

Maude sat for some time musing sorrowfully upon this oracular epistle. She was not in any wise terrified by her friend's threats; she was only sorry for Julia's disappointment.

"She must have loved Francis Tredethlyn very dearly," Miss Hillary thought, sorrowfully, "or she would never feel his conduct so deeply. And yet I have often fancied that she spoke of him coldly, almost contemptuously."

Poor Maude Hillary's lesson in the mysteries of every-day life had only just begun; she had yet to learn that there are other disappointments than those which wait upon true love, other pains and sorrows than those which have their root in the heart, and that there are such things as marrying and giving in marriage for the love of thirty thousand a year.

She spent a weary day in the pleasant drawing-room, where the red glow of a great fire illuminated as much prettiness in the way of china, and Parian, and bronze, and ormolu, and enamel, as would have stocked a *bric-à-brac* shop in Wardor street. She spent a tiresome day, that seemed interminably long, lying on a low sofa near the fire, thinking of her father's troubles and Julia's desertion. She thought also of that cruel scene, in which she had seemed to play so contemptible a part. What bitter humiliation it was to look back upon, now that the mad impulse of the moment, the desperate courage that had made her snatch at any chance of help for her father, had altogether passed away! How mean and pitiful the whole business seemed now to her calmer judgment, looked upon in the cold light of common sense! A borrower, a beggar almost, a miserable suppliant to her friend's affianced husband. What wonder that Francis Tredethlyn had basely taken advantage of that false position, to avow a passion whose least expression was an insult to her on the lips of Julia Desmond's lover? And then what wasted humiliation, what unnecessary shame; for had not she turned upon him and upbraided him in the next moment, forgetful of her father's desperate need!

Such thoughts as these were scarcely pleasant company all through that brief January day, which seemed so long to Maude Hillary. The slow hours crept on, and she still lay tossing restlessly on the sofa, which offered all that upholstery can offer for the consolation of a troubled mind. A servant brought lamps, and crept from window to window, drawing the curtains as stealthily as a burglar would have cut a square out of the iron door of Mr. Hillary's plate-room. The first dinner-bell rang out in the old-fashioned cupola upon the roof, and informed all Twickenham that it was time for the people at the Cedars to array themselves for the evening meal; but Maude still lay upon the sofa, hiding her flushed face in the pillows, and trying to quiet the throbbing in her burning head. What did it matter? The poor inexperienced girl broke down all at once in her social comedy. She could act the wearisome play no longer; she wanted to give up all her share in this world, and to go to bed and lie there quietly till she died. All the common business of life seemed unutterably loathsome to her—the dressing and the dining, the simpering small-talk, the finery of a grand house no longer honestly maintained. Oh that it could all be swept like the vision engendered out of some troubled slumber; giving place to a suburban cottage and a life of toil!

"I have seen girls—well-bred, good-looking girls, trudging in the muddy London streets, with music portfolios in their arms, while I have been out shopping in my carriage," she thought. "Oh, if I could only be like one of these, and work for papa, and see him happy, smiling at me across our little table as I gave him his dinner, and not brooding as he does now, hour after hour, hour after hour, in this grand drawing-room, with the same settled look of trouble on his face."

It was not only of late that Maude had watched her father anxiously and sadly. Very often during the year just past, and even in the year preceding that, the girl had been alarmed by Lionel Hillary's moody looks and long gloomy reveries, out of which it was his wont to rouse himself in a mechanical kind of way when strangers were present. But the merchant always gave the same explanation of his sombre looks. Those headaches, those constitutional headaches, which came upon him constantly through the fatigue and worry of business—those terrible headaches made an excuse for everything, and Maude's fears about her father related solely to his health. How should she understand the dismal diagnosis of commercial disease? How should she imagine that there was any limit to the fairy purse of Fortunatus, any chance of a blight in Aladdin's orchard of jewelled fruits?

The second dinner-bell rang, and there was no sign of the merchant's return. It had been a common thing lately for Lionel Hillary to keep his cook in a fever of vexation over

the hot plates and furnaces, where the viands for the dinner banquet simmered and frizzled in their copper receptacles. Maude felt no special alarm about her father. Why should he hurry home to lengthen the long evening of brooding thought and care? Why should she wish him home: when, out of all the depth of her love and devotion, she could not conjure one word of comfort wherewith to greet him?

She was thinking thus, when the door was opened suddenly by an eager hand, and Mr. Hillary came into the room.

His daughter rose from the sofa, startled by the suddenness of his entrance. It is a small action, that of opening a door and entering a room: but there was as great a change in Mr. Hillary's performance of it as if twenty years had suddenly been lifted from his life.

"My darling!" he cried, taking his daughter in his arms, "it is you whom I have to thank. It was your doing, was it not?"

"What, papa?"

"The money—the twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

She thought the burning pain in her head had engendered some sudden delirium. She could not believe that this was her father's face, lighted by a hopeful smile, such as she had not seen upon it during the last three years.

"What twenty thousand pounds, papa?"

"The sum that has been placed to my credit to-day, anonymously. The bank people refused to tell me the name of my benefactor. I look to you, Maude, to solve the mystery. There is only one man whom I know of, rich enough to advance such a sum of money—young enough to do it in so Utopian a manner. There is only one man, Maude, and his name is Francis Tredethlyn. Tell me, my dear, have I guessed rightly?"

"You have, papa. Yes, I am sure you have. Poor fellow! and I was so angry with him last night. It was very good of him to do this, papa."

"Good of him!" cried the merchant—"good of him to lend twenty thousand pounds, without a halfpenny worth of security! Upon my word, Maude, it is good; and I can assure you it's a kind of goodness that is very uncommon in the City."

(To be continued.)

THACKERAY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

IT was when he was between the ages of thirteen and fifteen and a half or sixteen that I knew Thackeray best. He was then a rosy-faced boy with dark curling hair, and a quick, intelligent eye, ever twinking with humor, and good humor. He was stout and broad-set, and gave no promise of the stature which he afterwards reached. It was during a short but severe illness, just before he left school, that he grew rapidly, leaving his sick-bed certainly a good many inches taller than he was when he entered it, and heading at once nearly all his contemporaries. No man ever owed more of his mental growth to time and exercise, and less of his bodily stature.

For the usual schoolboy sports and games Thackeray had no taste or passion whatever, any more than in after life for those field sports which seem to have been the delight of his school-fellow and fellow humorist, Leech. Such amusements would have come, probably, next to Euclid and algebra in his list of dislikes. But he was by no means what a good many men of genius are said to have been in their youth—disposed to isolation or solitary musing. For a non-playing boy he was wonderfully social, full of vivacity and enjoyment of life. His happy *insouciance* was constant. Never was any lad at once so jovial, so healthy, and so sedentary. Good spirits and merriment seemed to enable him to dispense with the glow of cricket or foot-ball; and if in his still earlier days he ever "fagged out," it must have been most bitterly against his will. We were now and then, indeed, out together in small fishing parties, but it was for the talking, and the change, and the green fields, and the tea abroad instead of at home—cakes, etc., accompanying (for he was always rather gustative, never greedy)—that Thackeray liked these expeditions.

I have just now lying on the table beside me, in Thackeray's handwriting of some forty years ago—his handwriting was always beautiful—a little programme of "Bombastes Furioso," enacted by himself and some three or four of his schoolfellows, in which he took the part of Fusbos, and to the best of my recollection, did it very well; but the thing dropped through, and there were no repetitions; the rest had very little dramatic zeal. This was almost the only amusement in which I ever knew him to join, *con amore*. He had a passion for theatricals, of course kept under restraint at school, but now and then gratified when he visited friends in London, on the half-holidays.

There was also a little speaking club in which he would sometimes take part merely out of good nature, for he hated speaking then, and I do not believe he liked it much better afterwards.

He was eminently good-natured to all, especially the younger boys, and nothing of a tyrant or bully. Instead of a blow or a threat, I can just hear him saying to one of them, "Hooky," (a *sobriquet* of a son of the late Bishop Carr, of Bombay) "go

up and fetch me a volume of *Ivanhoe* out of my drawer, that's a good fellow; in the same drawer you will, perhaps, find a penny, which you may take for yourself." The penny was, indeed, rather problematical, but still realized sufficiently often to produce excitement in the mind of the youth thus addressed, and to make the service a willing one. When disappointed, it was more than probable that the victim would call Thackeray a "great snob" for misleading him, a title for which the only vengeance would be a humorous and benignant smile. In the two or three years that I am recording, I scarcely ever saw Thackeray seriously angry, or even his brow wrinkled with a frown. He has been called a cynic; it is doubtful whether a real cynic could ever be manufactured out of a boy who had such powers as he had of sarcasm, and who used them so little unkindly. Nor is it to be believed, by those who knew him well, that, though in after life he had his eruptions of wrath, and moments of severity, after he had undergone the tremendously searching hot and cold ordeal of great trials and great triumphs, his nature was radically changed.

Thackeray had nearly all the materials that usually go to the making of a first-rate classical scholar. He had a wonderful memory, an absolute faculty of imitation, which might have been employed in following the great classic models of verse and prose; he had the power of acquiring language; and, it is needless to say, an intense admiration of the beautiful. He got to love his Horace, and was, no doubt, *actually* a better scholar than many of our first-rate writers of English; but he was not, and never pretended to be, a high classical scholar. I speak of the fact; none but a pedant would think of detracting from him on that ground: we have five hundred, five thousand high classical scholars, without getting a Thackeray out of them. "*Son esprit était libre allure*," as Lamartine says of one of his school friends. He had no school industry. One would be sorry to let any schoolboy read the long list of great literary men of whom the same might be said. Probably, too, as a younger boy he had been ill-grounded, and so lost confidence when he came to cope with those who had been better initiated, and gave up the race in which he thought he might fail, for he had plenty of pride and ambition. Not one of us would have given him credit for that "stalk of earl hemp" with which he met subsequent misfortunes and difficulties, and that firm and noble perseverance with which he worked his way gradually upwards, when the cheers of encouragement were comparatively faint and few. No one could in those early days have believed that there was much work in him, or that he would ever get to the top of any tree by hard climbing.

Thackeray, then, experienced the usual amount of nausea, and perhaps of difficulty, in making verses and translations, and was, at fourteen, more thankful, perhaps, than most boys are for a helping hand. I see now, on the back of one of his drawings, on the same sheet with a portion of an old exercise, this acknowledgment in intentional doggerel:

These verses were written by William Ewbank,
And him for his kindness I very much thank.

His exercise was, indeed, constantly left to the very last moment, while he was busy with a burlesque sketch of its subject, or deeply engaged in a volume of Shakspeare, Scott or Southey, from whom he took his real lessons, not from Chapman or Churton.

Though keenly ambitious, and very sensitive of failure, Thackeray was wonderfully free from anything like vanity or conceit. He had small confidence in his own powers, and was naturally inclined to rate himself below his mark. The better scholarship of many of his contemporaries may have had something to do with this. However, the want of confidence showed itself in many ways afterwards, and even at a time when his genius and his fame were at their full growth. For example, he was, even to the last, sensitive of blame, to a degree scarcely ever found in men satisfied of their own powers. Like other great but inwardly modest men, his first impulse was to overrate rather than underrate the ability of others, and he readily accorded the "clever fellow," uttered in perfect sincerity, though when he came to a thorough examination of their performance, he was keen critic enough. Not many years ago, he complained to me, with most earnest sincerity, of the poorness of his memory, when every book that he wrote was giving fresh proof of its retentiveness, and the readiness with which it recalled everything that he had read or seen—a faculty that gave him a power of varied allusion *without cram*, in which he seems to have only one rival among the writers of fiction of the present day. To his friends he talked freely of the difficulties he experienced in writing. His own final and great and deserved success, he never anticipated. Some years before the publication of *Vanity Fair*, he told me, while passing a day with me in the country, that he had a novel in his desk which, if published, would sell, he thought, to about seven hundred copies. Could this have been *Vanity Fair*? I rather think it must have been.

I dwell the more upon this point, because it appears to me to be a key to a certain characteristic of his writing, the con-

struction of the *non testis* est, both as regards things in general and his own lucubrations upon them. His first *sobriquet* of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" had a great deal of meaning for those who knew him well. His beau-ideal was serious and sublime; he was too familiar with, too much a master of, the humorous, to think as much about that mystery as his admirers did. I have heard him speak in terms of homage to the genius of Keats which he would not have vouchsafed to the whole tribe of humorists. But when he himself launched out of the playful into the serious, how often do we find him half "mocking himself and scorning his spirit," not for "smiling," but for the contrary. He seems to shrink from the idea of incurring the satire conveyed in these lines of Churchill:

When humor was thy province, for some crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime.

And he descends quickly again to the humorous, were he fancied himself, though he was not, more at home.

Let me be pardoned for this excursion if I have struck upon a key which has been missed in the general criticisms on Thackeray, by those who knew little or nothing of his early character.

Men are reluctant enough—boys, perhaps, even more than men—to allow more than one forte to the same individual: all would have accorded two to Thackeray. First and foremost, his power of drawing, especially caricature; it was probably the high esteem in which this was held by his friends and school-fellows, that led him afterwards to think of the pencil as a resource before the pen. Leech, at Charter-house, was too much his junior to cope with him, and so he was *facile princeps* in drawing of an amusing kind; indeed, very much of his time was taken up with it. I have now in my possession a great number of his sketches and drawings, long carefully guarded in affectionate remembrance of those early days, when I little anticipated the fame of the draughtsman. It seems to me sometimes, as I look them over, that his power of drawing fell rather back as he advanced in authorship: at least, in his early drawings the types were much more varied—indeed, they seemed scarcely to have any limit.

From Homer, from Horace, from Scott's poems, from Cooper's novels, from an author he happened to have in hand, he found subject for fantastic and humorous illustrations; while we looked on, wondering at the quickness of his brain and fingers.

Thackeray was decidedly musical as a boy, and had a capital ear: but just as he disliked formal speaking, so it was his nature to shrink from the small amount of personal display involved in singing a song—i. e., after the age of self-consciousness. In short, he was highly nervous in all such matters, and could never, I think, in his earlier years, be made anything of as a small "show-child of genius." However, if a school-fellow hummed or whistled the air of one of his favorite songs, it would often set him embodying its subject.

There are very few, I believe, who have acted more faithfully up to what they thought and wrote than Thackeray did. Instances of the contrary in great writers are endless. I will take one: Goldsmith's Essays are an epitome of keen observation, sound common sense, and worldly wisdom; his life was full of imprudences and weakness. Though sadly swindled in early life, from too much generous confidence, Thackeray had great practical common sense; nor was the following use of the word by the deed easy in his case, for the conceptions of the just and the generous were of a heroic compass. One consequence, however, of this was, that every "break-down" of human nature striving after good, contributed rather to feed that *rive la bagatelle* feeling, to which other peculiarities of his mind also tended as I have endeavored to show elsewhere.

Thackeray had an intense dislike for anything like meanness, shabbiness, pretentiousness, or tyranny, and a very quick eye for discovering them; he had, too, just a smack of social pride, which led him afterwards, in his "Snob Papers," to deal rather hard measure not merely to snobs in heart and feeling, but to sheer imbecility, foolish dressing, and helpless ignorance of conventional manners and good breeding. This, however, he observed, never prevented him in his days of prosperity from holding out the hand of aid and fellowship to men his inferiors in what is usually called social position. Let me add that it was his high gentlemanlike feeling which, in spite of great natural love of ease, saved him from that lapse into a state of dependence into which a vast number of men of genius have been content to fall, which made him trust to himself, while he aided others, and wrestle with the dark angel of adversity till she brightened and blessed him.

A kindred accomplishment to that of caricaturing was his art of parody, afterwards brought to a climax in his imitations of eminent novelists. This, however, he practiced rarely, comparatively speaking. I subjoin what I believe to I have been about his earliest essay in that line; it has never been in print. He must have been about fourteen when it was written. The parody I copy from memory, for the original I have been obliged to refer to poor L. E. L.'s poems, who in those days wrote in the *Literary Gazette*, where I

fancy Thackeray caught sight of the hues, and thought them over sentimentally:

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS! deep blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets:
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the sun, wooed by the gale,
None with the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet.

I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath,
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords
That rung to my dark-eyed lover's words;
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the East and bands of gold,
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the dark blue violet.

And when the grave shall open for me—
I care not how soon that time may be—
Never a rose shall blow on my tomb,
It breathes to much of hope and bloom;
But let me have there the meek regret
Of the bending and deep blue violet.

CABBAGES.

CABBAGES! bright green cabbages!
April's loveliest gifts, I guess,
There is not a plant in the garden laid,
Raised by the dung, dug by the spade,
None by the gardener watered, I ween,
So sweet as the cabbage, the cabbage green.

I do remember how sweet a smell
Came with the cabbage I loved so well,
Served up with the beef that beautiful looked—
The beef that the dark-eyed Ellen cooked.
I have seen beef served with radish of horse,
I have seen beef served with lettuce of Cos,
But it is far nicer, far nicer, I guess,
As bubble and squeak beef and cabbages.

And when the dinner-bell sounds for me—
I care not how soon that time may be—
Carrots shall never be served on my cloth;
They are far too sweet for a boy of my broth,
But let me there have a mighty mess
Of smoking hot beef and cabbages.

If the reader can bring to his mind and instance of biography in which the school-boy *bon mots* of a great man have been carefully recorded, he may blame me for not making here a record of Thackeray's. They have passed away with the hours which they enlivened, and the laughter, or more often the smiles, that they raised. He was, as may easily be believed, our great humorist, and touched most of our weak points good-naturedly and without offence. Nothing in character escaped him.

He was not, I think, in those days an inventor of stories: certainly I never knew him try his hand at a plot; this power was gained afterwards, and gradually, as must be very evident to those who have followed his works in their series. He was an omnivorous reader, that is of good English books; a trashy volume he would have thrown down in five minutes. His taste selected good books, and so his style was in a continual course of formation on good models. Memoirs, moralists like Addison and Goldsmith, and fiction and poetry from the best hands, were his favorites; but in those days he never worked in earnest at anything serious in the way of composition, or put his power to the stretch in any way. *Extract from an article in Once a Week.*

TAKING A CUP TOO MUCH.—A certain charming lady, called Mlle. Charlotte, who gives the most delightful supper parties in Vienna, was about to retire, one night, when her maid entered her room in great consternation, telling her that a theft had been committed in the house. Mlle. Charlotte, much alarmed, asked what had been stolen. "A teacup," was the reply. The mistress laughed, and said that most likely the maid had broken it. The latter persisted that this was not the case, and on being further pressed, owned that she had seen a certain M. de — put it in his pocket! A moment's reflection revealed to the fair supper-giver the nature of this strange robbery. M. de — was one of her most ardent admirers, and the cup, by one of the many new appliances of photography, was ornamented with the owner's portrait! It is needless to say that the thief was not prosecuted.

SOLITUDE, though silent as light, is, like the light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned into God's presence no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.—*De Quincy.*

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

LIBEL SUITS.

IT is seldom, probably, that a day passes in a newspaper office without some man rushing in with a grievance done him by a neighbor which he wishes made public, or the story of a wrong which he desires to have redressed in print. The general impression seems to be that a paragraph acts as an alleviating plaster on the woes of the aggrieved and as an intolerable blister on the back of the aggressor, and that there is no way in the world to get even with the man who has kicked you down stairs or swindled you in business like persuading an editor to put him in print. Here we have an acknowledgment of the power of the press eminently gratifying to those connected with it, but a nuisance as well which is at times excessively annoying. The multitude cannot be made properly to understand that it is no part of a newspaper's business to publish to the world that John Smith trod upon the toes of Thomas Jones without cause or provocation, or that Bridget Mullony sold a pint of peanuts, which proved utterly rotten and worthless, to Widow Callahan's little boy. Men of the world, sensible men, when they find that a disadvantage has been taken of them by others, and that there is considerable doubt whether or not legal redress can be obtained, quietly pocket the loss or swallow the injury—and endeavor to get even the first convenient opportunity. Fools, under similar circumstances, either go to law or to a newspaper office—and if in the latter place they meet with fellows—by fellows we mean generous and impulsive editors—the thing is done, and the path to a libel suit opened up at once.

A case has lately been decided in the Twelfth District Court which admirably illustrates the point we wish to make. Several confiding gentlemen were induced to purchase mining stock at prices varying from \$30 to \$150 a share, under the impression—an impression confirmed by the vendor, that in a very short time it would go to at least \$1,000. On the contrary, however, it went down with that rapidity which is only equalled by the descent of a kite when its tail gives out, and never stopped until it reached a value somewhat less than nothing. One or two of the gentlemen who bought went to the *Bulletin* and told how they had been duped and swindled. The case was clear enough; and that generous, warm, uncalculating sheet rushed into the arena in defence of its friends with that unhesitating glow of good feeling that has always distinguished it. The world was made acquainted with "The story of a promising mine and what came of it," and everybody laughed and declared that a more readable article had not appeared in the columns of any city paper for a long time. But the man at whose expense the story was told did not admire it much, and took legal issue with the *Bulletin*, not upon its literary merit, but as regarded the right of the publishers to tell a story, wherein he appeared as hero, without first consulting him. He thought that he should have been consulted in the premises, and was so fortunate as to find twelve men who agreed with him in opinion, the result being a verdict in his favor of damages to the amount of \$7,500.

This verdict has been variously received by the public; some thinking it unjust, while others endorse it to the full. As one of the newspaper guild, we should, perhaps, side wholly with the defendant in this matter, but our ideas of what newspapers have and have not a right to publish have always been rather peculiar. We are in favor of seeing the libel lines drawn pretty closely and tightly. Where the public service is concerned, where public interests are at stake, it is the duty of the press to speak out like the great Netherlands bell, of which Motley tells us, which was tolled whenever the State was in danger; but with private affairs it has nothing to do. If a man be appointed to office who is unworthy, let the appointment be denounced and protested against—let the public good be subserved on all occasions. But with private business transactions the press has legitimately nothing to do. There are some thousands of men in this city engaged in the arduous occupation of seeing which can cheat the other, and sometimes the game goes fluctuating, now turning to the advantage of this man and again of that. A leader on each

one of the mining transactions, where one party has lost or some one has been swindled, would necessitate twenty editorials a day, to the utter exclusion of news and advertisements. It were well enough, when a story came like that which filled the *Bulletin's* sensitive ears, to speak in a general way; advising the people to buy shares in no mine they had not seen and to be very careful even if they had; telling them that sharpers were on the constant lookout for soft snaps and were sometimes so temerarious as to tackle hard ones; that cases every day occurred where men were ruined by their ventures, and imploring every one to look before he leaped, if leap he must. Further than this we do not think the *Bulletin* had a right to go. It had not been swindled and had no wrongs to redress—consequently it meddled with something which was scarcely its business. If a palpable fraud had been perpetrated, the law offered its aid, and if it could not be made clear to a jury that fraud had been practiced, how was it to be demonstrated to a newspaper? The public were not concerned, and no bulkhead interests or widening of streets were at stake. In short, no newspaper has a right and is not called upon to hold up any man before its readers as a swindler, without at least consulting him and hearing what he had to say in his defence. The contrary practice, however, has prevailed in this city to an almost unlimited extent; and we are not at all sorry to notice in the result of a late trial that the day for that species of journalism is well nigh done.

THE STEAMSHIP PIONEERS.

ON the morning of the 28th day of February, 1849, the steamer *California* came to anchor in this port—the first steamship to ruffle with its wheels the waters of our beautiful Bay. She brought 400 passengers, principally from Panama, but many of them picked up at various points along the coast; for in those days the rush was for California, and people starting from Eastern shores got as near to it as possible, trusting to Providence, canoes, or some other chance to bring them the balance of the way. The *California* herself, however, made the perilous passage of the Horn, tossing the smoke from her black pipes to mingle with the pale Magellan clouds and astonishing the Patagonians with the fires that flashed from her decks across the darkness of the southern nights.

It may be taken for granted that the *California* was crowded on the passage up, for her dimensions by no means equalled those of the magnificent ships which have replaced her. But the remnant of the four hundred could find passage back on her comfortably enough, for sixteen years have rolled their round since then; many of the number have been called to make a voyage to the shores of that distant sea from which there is no return, and others have been scattered by the freaks of fortune and the vagaries of fate until now scarce a corporal's guard can be mustered to the annual celebration of the anniversary of their landing. For it has been the custom of these steamship pioneers for the past eight years to gather together on the evening of each 28th day of February, dine in company, recall reminiscences of the past, and travel their memorable trip on the *California* to California over again. Though known by the generic name of Steamship Pioneers it would scarcely be correct to band these veterans together as a Society, for their meetings are informal, the result of a mutual understanding, and not compelled by any rules or by-laws, and they occur only annually. One year one steamship pioneer claims the privilege of entertaining his fellows, the next year another insists upon being host, and so the regular round is kept up like the signal torch of the feudal times, by being passed from hand to hand. Each year, however, the circle narrows down; and the day is not very far distant, perhaps, when the last of the number will sit down to his lone dinner in solitary grandeur, with none to clink glass with his or exchange words of kindly greeting. Last year Alexander Austin, our well-known pioneer drygoods man, gave the dinner: this year it fell to the privilege of H. F. Williams, Secretary of the Society if Society it can be called—to furnish the entertainment.

It was given at Gamba's. Only seven who rightfully belonged there were present: Dr. A. B. Stout, President of the Society, who came around the Horn in the *California* as surgeon to the ship; H. F. Williams, Secretary and Macenas of the evening; Hon. H. E. Robinson; Rev. C. C. Wheeler; Alexander Austin; Capt. A. Jones Jackson, and Edward Tichenor. It must by no means be supposed, however, that all the balance of the band are to be counted among the dead. Eugene L. Sullivan was prevented from attending by business engagements in the interior; some of the number are in Europe, some are astonishing the natives of a green-back country with glimpses of the gold they have gathered hereaway: some are in one place, and some in another—but none, we believe, are in San Quentin. Of invited guests there were present, Col. L. D. Stevenson, who as a pioneer can discount even the steamship pioneers; Gov. H. P. Burnett; Abel Stearns; E. V. Sutter, son of the general of that name, who as a pioneer can discount Col. Stevenson; Mr. Winous, President of the pioneers who came out here the best way they could; Capt. W. F. Thompson, who commanded the *Falcon*, the first ship that sailed from New York for these

shores; Dr. Gerry, and C. H. Webb. An introduction of the guests to Mr. Williams, as their host of the evening, was made by Dr. Stout: a blessing was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, and the party sat down to a most generous entertainment. The only trouble was that the bill of fare was printed in French, and this occasionally got our pioneers, for very few of them travel on their acquaintance with that language. Mr. Austin, however, being well versed in its mysteries and a native Parisian, acted the part of translator for those who desired one, though the majority were content to rest in the assurance that nothing was there but what was good, throwing the burden of selection upon the waiters. Each guest had a bouquet at his right hand—and the wine had a bouquet as well. Sociality was the order of the evening. The contrast between the fare then enjoyed and that spread before them on the up-trip they celebrated, was forcibly and humorously drawn. Allusion was made, too, to the advantage they now had in the point of elbow-room to what was afforded them on the crowded *California*—but the thought that each year this elbow-room increased checked much mirth in that direction. The roll was read by the Secretary, and against the names of those who had gone to join the innumerable caravan during the year, the sad word "dead" was written. One was reminded of the *non respondat* of the old Roman legions when the muster-roll was called after battle. Remarks, full of interesting reminiscences, were made by both the pioneers and those among the invited guests who were authorized by fellowship as early comers, and an occasional "speech" was volunteered by indiscreet ones who did not consider the fact of their not being invited guests any bar to their taking and keeping the floor. Well in the morning the "party," with its social amenities, broke up, and the guests went their several ways to dream of the days of '49, and pray that none of the number might be missed from the social board when next the 28th of February comes around.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

ON Monday night the *Hunchback* was put upon the Opera House stage, Miss Heron appearing as "Julia." The play scarcely affords her scope for that breadth and power of delineation wherein she excels, nor does the character furnish her opportunity for the wild sweeps and gusts of passion which she so well portrays. On Tuesday evening she appeared in *Gamea* and *The Homecoming* for the benefit of the State Guard, to a crowded house, winning enthusiastic applause. As "Juliana" she satisfied not only the audience, but also, a more difficult task still with an artist, herself. Wednesday evening witnessed the production of *Edith* or *The Earl's Daughter*. The plot of this play is borrowed from *East Lynne*, but the names are changed and the text is not identical with that of the novel. Miss Heron's "Edith" is Miss Bradon's Lady Isabel. The story is an exciting and thrilling one, and of course the play is equally exciting. The misery and remorse of the erring and suffering wife were excellently portrayed, and the transformation into "Madam Vine" was startling in its effectiveness. *Edith* was repeated Thursday evening; Friday evening *Fazio* was put upon the stage, Miss Heron of course as "Bianca;" to-night she will appear in her great character of "Camille"—really her best part. Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week *Gamea* will be given. There is the usual afternoon performance at the Opera House this afternoon.

Owing to no connecting steamer at Aspinwall, the departure of Birch, Backus and Shattuck is postponed for ten days, and they will appear during this time at the Academy of Music in conjunction with the newly-organized minstrel troupe, consisting of Geo. H. Coes, A. J. Talbot, J. B. Howe, P. Loomis and J. H. O'Neil. The benefits with which the minstrels have preluded their departure have proved immensely successful, and they will go East, as Birch would say, "healthy in the pocket." We wonder whether Manager Magnire would have an equally crowded house were a benefit announced for him, and whether the public ever think to whom they are really indebted for their entertainment and one of the handsomest theatres on the continent. Whether profit or loss accrue to him, still his engagements go on, and still his people draw their salaries with unfailing regularity. Very few actors of note visit America without his managing that our public shall see and hear them at their own doors. It was wholly owing to him that we had the Keans, and therefore few managers anywhere that would have dared take the financial risk he did in securing them. Some day, perhaps, the theatre-goers of San Francisco will come to understand to whom they are really indebted for their amusement.

Cold winds, hail and frost have made San Francisco feel their presence during the week. Such a general shivering, grumbling and exchanging notes as to the thickness of the ice in various parts of town had not been known for years. Carrying a red nose does not carry conviction of intemperance, this weather. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath an empty wood-shed? Be on the alert, philanthropists! for while it is well to receive Jack Frost as good-naturedly as possible, let us not forget that there are thousands of families in this (individually) wealthy city who find it very difficult to give him a warm reception.

AT THE BALL.

IS the ball very stupid, ma mignonne?
Pauvre petite! you look *ennuied* to death—
There is Bête-n'est-ce pas? in your eye,
And a soupçon of yawn in your breath.

Of a truth, it is stupid, ma mignonne;
The giver is wrinkled and gray!
The dances are older than Rome,
And the dancers as well are *passé*.

The wine that they give us, ma mignonne,
Is but vin ordinaire, thin and poor—
It comes from a shop in Rue Jacques,
And it costs but ten sous, I am sure.

There's a ghost stirring somewhere, ma mignonne;
The lamps all burn dimly and low,
And the music would do for la Morgue—
Allons? . . . Not quite yet. . . . I won't go.

Come, sit on this fauteuil, ma mignonne,
And show me the make of that glove:
It is Jouvin, I think . . . Now you're wicked,
Reste tranquille un moment; that's a love!

Who called the ball stupid, ma mignonne?
'Tis the best we have had for a week;
The dances are lively enough,
And for music—j'attends, please to speak!

One glass à ta santé, ma mignonne;
On the rim of my cup print a kiss—
Never tell me again of Bordeaux;
There's no red wine in life like to this!

Who said lamps burned dimly, ma mignonne?
Look! the salon is brighter than day—
It was queer to find fault with the light;
Not enough! there's too much, *verité*.

At what time did ta maman, ma mignonne,
Suggest that the carriage should call?
Sainte Vierge! it is striking the hour—
Do you wish to go home from the ball?

C. H. WEBB.

MEG MERRILLIANA.

A DECLARATION OF FIRST LOVE.

I HAVE an exceeding great affection for the fair-haired Liliputian who carries THE CALIFORNIAN;—(the best carrier it ever had, by the way, since he does not keep one waiting two-thirds of the day for its arrival)—said weakness on my part being identical in date with that which witnessed my appearance before the public as the author of a certain non-intercepted letter. On hearing his plaintive voice at the hall door, on that memorable occasion, I rushed wildly down stairs—to the astonishment and alarm of Bridget, whose feelings were strikingly depicted upon her classical and expressive features—with the desperate determination of asking him in to take a drink; such being, as a friend of mine *who knows*, informs me, the invariable rule among modern authors. Unfortunately, I was too late to catch more than a parting glimpse of a very short hat and abbreviated coat-tail disappearing 'round the nearest street-corner; so I gave him my blessing, mentally, swallowed the disappointment in lieu of the wine, and, assuming a masculine and consequently very thoughtful demeanor, walked into my room and THE CALIFORNIAN, by way of ascertaining how I looked in print. That I was not very well satisfied may be inferred by my second appearance in these columns.

NOT TO BE DISCOURAGED.

I remembered reading several years ago—and perhaps, some of your readers during their literary perambulations may have met with the same—a very vigorous, terse and moral little poem, commencing:

"'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!"

It made a great impression on me at the time. It does now. So much so, that I never listen to its melodious measure, without that same delicious and indescribable *thrill* which one experiences upon hearing the sharp, sudden stroke upon a slate of a very jagged, multitudinous-pointed pencil.

I took its precepts very much to heart; and I think by continuing to do so, and following them up occasionally, I will become a second Dickens, or—who is the best writer for THE CALIFORNIAN?

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

I have a confession to make. Confession, they tell us, is good for the soul, and I don't doubt it; especially when you are confessing the faults of your neighbors. I have become sadly addicted, of late, to the street-cars. It is a horrible habit, I know—only equalled by those which the ladies drag through the streets, during this dirty weather; but then I am influenced by a very laudable motive, which is nothing less than the study of phrenology, physiognomy, and human nature generally.

It serves to amuse one, too; and is infinitely better than going to the theatre to cry one's eyes out, and blow one's nose into a state of distracting inflammation over counterfeited sorrows in some play wherein everybody dies and nobody is miserable—I mean nobody dies, and everybody is miserable—bah! I can't get it right, and would defy any one else to, so long as that piau keeps up its drum-drum-drumming, next door. I wish the *Camanche* were anchored off our yard for about five minutes, and I was her "Cap'n."

I'd have a neat little bullet from one of those Deringers she carries plumped right through the corner of the room occupied by that infernal instrument; and if that didn't make sharp work with the notes, why, I'd be content to let them pursue the natural tenor of their way, thenceforth. As it is, it's a downright double base outrage upon the peace of the neighborhood; and that's flat!

ABOUT THE STREET CARS.

But I was speaking of street-cars and confessions, and the valuable information respecting the characters and dispositions of our fellow-citizens generally, to be derived therefrom. I don't mean from confessions, (Heaven preserve me from ever turning father or mother confessor to any one—having sins enough of my own to answer for, without being burdened with those of other people!)—but from those very convenient vehicles first mentioned, and by close observation of your fellow-sufferers—passengers, I should say—both masculine, feminine and *neuter*.

To make my meaning clear, my very dear reader, won't you jump in this approaching car with me, and ride to its North Beach terminus? Observe, first, with what a graceful and majestic sweep of the hand the moustached and be-"Jocky-Club"-ed Conductor motions you to the opposite corner of the street, as the only point whereat the obliging conveyance could possibly stop for you. Of course, he does not perceive that, whereas our present position is in all respects a desirable one, the other to which we are motioned, is a standing pool of mud and water, and that not having adopted the—upon such occasions—very desirable bloomer-costume, neither being apparelled in our liege lord's unwhisperables, we must, perforce, sacrifice something of the immaculate neatness of our attire at the very outset of our excursion. However, with a harmless feminine oath, uttered *sotto voce*, we step upon the platform, and—carefully, my friend! evidently you are unaccustomed to this species of locomotion. Don't you know they never wait for one to be seated?—and that if you do not balance your step by the motion of the car you are bound to be precipitated into the lap or arms of some unfortunate individual near by?—just as you were into those of the obese, little old gentleman who was evidently settling himself for a nice, comfortable, five-minutes' nap. How unpleasant of you to disturb him! Stop, though; let me have a look at him. Short in stature, standing much in need of advice from Dr. Banting; face of a brilliant tint, approaching *Solferino*; mouth small, nose ditto, eyes *ditto-er*. That bald head with its side fringes of white hair is, doubtless, very venerable; but *veneration* in him, together with all the higher "moral faculties," as you will observe, is sadly deficient. I didn't envy you the look he gave you from under those heavy brows when you disturbed him by the manner of your entrance, although he covered it with a beaming smile, than which nothing could be more charming. I do not like that way he has of rubbing his soft white hands, continually, one over the other. In fact, though at first sight he appears such a dear, innocent, good-hearted old fellow, I don't like him, and am not a bit sorry that you discomforted him by rendering him a temporary stumbling block; for, if I'm not very much mistaken, he has been a stumbling block in the way of many people of more worth than himself, before now.

Some one has said that *fat* people are never ill-tempered—seldom if ever wicked; in a word, that vice and obesity are sworn enemies. I don't believe a word of it. Persons grow fat for the same reason that they grow lean, because they can't help it. It's a way they have, and *temper* has nothing to do with it. Your two-hundred-pounders may, perhaps, never fly into a passion, because they are physically incapable of the exertion; but for a quiet, persistent, malicious, most-provoking-of-all tempers they can beat Pharaoh's "lean kine" all hollow. As for the rest, I think they come in for a full share of the vices "which *flesh* is heir to;" their consciences, as I have learned by personal experience, being much like their waistbands—capable of great expansion, and fully as often called upon to exercise their yielding capacity.

I like that lady on the opposite seat much better. Now don't toss your head contemptuously, at my having called her a *lady*, although she is plainly dressed, and her fingers are less white and soft than those of our fat friend yonder—*unlike* his, also, in their total want of diamond hoops. She wears her diamonds, and they are of the "first water," in her heart, my friend. Her face is expressive of patient suffering, of perfect health, of clear, honest, upright purpose. I'd trust that woman to the uttermost ends of the earth. She is as pure and free from guile as the darling little golden-haired child she carries in her arms.

Whom have we here? A party of fine looking, dashing, well-dressed women, talking dry-goods and milliners. Pass them over; there is nothing of them but their clothes.

And this young girl, who is just entering, and who is evidently no stranger to the conductor? Beautiful as an houri, (what lovely girls there are in San Francisco!) attired in the "latest style"—which is at once pretty, jaunty and picturesque. But how rudely she conducts herself; with what an unfaltering *stare* she returns the glance of her fellow-passengers. Ah, my child, you are very fair, very youthful, very vain and froward. God pity and protect you!

If I were a young man, and wanted a wife, I'd make love to that young lady in the far corner of the car. She is just pretty enough to be pleasing—with that peculiar kind of face which grows fairer to our eyes the oftener we behold it; she is neatly apparelled, in a costume which suggests the idea of perfect fitness and harmony, is quiet and modest in demeanor, and evidently a dear, sweet, sensible girl, who has been well brought up by a *good* mother, and will never do injustice to her teachings.

But do look here! Tripping daintily across the street, balancing his light walking stick in his gloved fingers—a perfect walking advertisement of his tailor—comes an individual who, I think, falls properly under the designation of *neuter*. For he is not a *man*, most certainly, though in masculine form he appeareth; and woman he is not—or I forswear my sex. Enter Dandy: parts coat-tails carefully before sitting down, adjusts moustache, and leisurely raising his gold-rimmed eye-glass, coolly proceeds to the inspection of the company, dwelling longest upon the face of the young lady in the far corner. Evidently he is amused at the indignant flushing of her face at finding herself the object of his prolonged scrutiny; for he turns away with an impudent smile which says, just as plainly as words, "Chawming assumption of modesty; aw—weally quite we-fweshing, you know!" Confound the fellow—I'd like to chuck him out of the car!

Ring, ring! what, still another passenger? Why, we are full now! No, we are not; it's one of Uncle Sam's boys, and there is always room for our soldiers.

Carefully, conductor; don't you see the man is crippled? Help him in, and here is a seat for him.

Did you see how Dandy gathered up his coat-tails, for fear of their coming in contact with the soiled dress of the soldier? Why, yon atrocious little jackanapes, don't you know that one square inch of that old blue coat, worn and faded as it is, is worth ten times more—ay! a thousand times more—than the whole of your broadcloth suit, with the Dummy which it contains thrown in!

In proof of which, *instinct* as well as reason comes to my aid; for just look at that little "Golden Hair" whom we imagined fast asleep in her mother's arms. She has crept softly down from her parent's knee and toddled along to the soldier's side, putting her round, dimpled hand in his, and looking up half-timidly, but wholly loving into his face. Dear little baby! I am almost certain that some strong, stalwart arms have gathered you lovingly to a heart which throbbed beneath a coat like that, and, giving you a father's last fond kiss, commended you, in the agony of the parting moment, to the God of Battles and of Right! It's no use talking, friend: I never see one of our returned soldiers, but I feel like going up and giving him my hand as freely as does that little child. But, dear me, here we are at the "terminus." North Beach is not so bad a place, after all. How grand the Bay looks with its white waves dashing on the shore, and stern old Alcatraz yonder, standing like a tried and faithful sentinel keeping watch and ward over the hidden treasures of the deep. Confess, now, we've had a pleasant ride. I would like to say something about those gentlemen on the platform—especially that fine, manly young fellow who helped the lame soldier to alight, and slipped an apple into little "Golden Hair's" hand when she passed him. He's a "good boy," whoever he is.

Monsieur Dandy, I perceive, has gone into the bathing establishment. I hope he'll get half-choked with salt water.

Good-by, my friend, I'm off for a ramble along the beach! but when you take another ride in the cars, and desire a companion by the way, just call on

MEG MERRILL.

SOMETHING IN NAMES.—The Philadelphia *Transcript* of Jan. 29th publishes an extract from an article which appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN of Nov. 26th, over the signature of INIGO, as a "moral essay" sent to that paper by "Harding, the Confidence Man, alias William the Whistler." The "essay" being purely a local one, it is rather remarkable that "William the Whistler" had not stolen something better adapted to the latitude and longitude of the oil wells. The fact that both preface and story are taken bodily from these columns shows that the enterprising Whistler is not in the habit of doing things by halves, and our Philadelphia cotemporary proves the admirable adaptation in its case of name to character, in this as in several other instances, by furnishing its readers a perfect "transcript," while its contributor fully establishes his claim to the *sobriquet* of "Confidence Man" by claiming the production of another as his own.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS EXPOSED.

ANY person witnessing an ordinary conjuring trick for the first time, will probably find himself so baffled by the rapidity of the performance as to be unable to give any explanation of it; it is precisely the same with the spectators of the Davenports' exploits. But when the tricks of the Davenports or any juggler are watched time after time, and the peculiarities and short-comings noted, it is then only that a tolerable explanation can be arrived at, if the tricks are not positively seen. The following brief account gives a narrative of the information gained by repeated visits to the Davenports' séances, a rigid examination of the cabinet, and one or two things really seen:

The performance is divided into two parts, totally different in themselves, although the lecturer attached to the Brothers strives to his utmost to make them appear alike. The first part is where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by some uninterested party from among the audience; and the second part where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by themselves or by spirits, or by "preternatural philosophy." The performance under the last condition is quite unlike the first-mentioned. The next point is, that the construction and arrangement of the cabinet should be well understood. If the manifestations were really straightforward, and no duplicity necessary, two doors would be sufficient for this thing, but the peculiar nature of the manifestations require three; if there were no tricks to be found out, these three doors might all fasten from the outside, but the tricks make it convenient to fasten the two outer ones from the inside, and the middle door only on the outside. It will be seen from this that should any hitch unfortunately occur, the middle door being opened first from the outside, the party opening the case (generally the lecturer) will then thrust his hand in to open the two side doors from the inside—a convenient design for giving a minute or two for the performers to settle themselves or for the lecturer to rectify any shortcomings.

Keeping to the cabinet, a mysterious bar runs across the middle, on the level of the Davenports' knees. To a person examining the case before the exhibition began, it would not be at all clear what this bar was for; but in the second part of the performance, the Brothers are invariably tied by the legs to it. One might think this was what the bar was inserted for; but it really answers a far more useful purpose, viz., to take the part of the bow when the guitar is played, for be it noted the guitar is never *fingered*, but always performed upon as a violin. This will be explained directly.

The cabinet is so made, without glue or screws, that it takes to pieces very readily, so that it may be packed up in a box. This is extremely useful to the Brothers, inasmuch as the seats are fastened to the back and front by small tenons, slipping into mortice holes. These holes are shallow of necessity, as the cabinet is so very slight (made only to exclude the light.) We now come to various holes drilled into the seat, to run the ropes through; by this cunning trick the Brothers can only be bound to the seats, and not to the cabinet, for, on a slight pressure being applied from the inside to the back of the cabinet, the seats are immediately disengaged (this thrust is generally applied by the lecturer when he puts his arms in, as he always does just before he shuts the middle door;) the Brothers can then stand up with the seats bound to them, and move about the case, and then, bound as they are, they pick the instruments up in their *mouhls*, and one shakes the bell or tambourine, while the other scrapes the guitar on the bar (generally with one hand.) This accounts for the imperfection of the music; on the signal being given, the Brothers sit down again, and shuffle the tenons into the mortice holes; of course, the instant the doors are opened the Brothers are found bound hand and foot to the seats, apparently just as they were left; and at the moment the middle door is opened, and the light turned on, out flies the tambourine and bell, propelled by a dexterous jerk from the Brothers' *mouhls*. It will be seen that sealing the knots, filling the Brothers' hands with flour, etc., makes no difference, as the knots are never untied at all during the concert.

The above description principally applies to the first part of the performance. When the Brothers are tied by strangers, it always happens that a considerable time elapses before they are untied, sometimes six or eight minutes; but when they tie themselves, as soon as the doors are shut the music begins, for the simple reason that knowing the trick of tying they can readily disengage a hand to ring the bell or shake a tambourine, or to slip a hand through the opening in the middle door. The lecturer is always very emphatic in saying that in the position the Brothers are bound, they cannot reach the opening: but when the seats can be disengaged and as readily slipped into the mortice holes again, this truism falls to the ground. In the first part, again, six or eight minutes frequently elapse before the hand appears out of the opening; but when they tie themselves, no sooner is the middle door shut (after some haggling with the side doors) than the hand is thrust out; this hand is always the one that is nearest to the back of the case when the Brothers are sitting, and without doubt that is where the artful knot is that can be so readily untied after

they have bound themselves. When a troublesome spectator is present, and he insists on opening the door as suddenly as the case will permit, the guitar does not play—that is too difficult under the circumstances; but the tambourine and bell do, for this simple reason, that when the Brothers are bound, the seat is so placed, that they can only possibly be tied up in a certain manner, and that admits of their stooping *as they sit* and picking up the two instruments mentioned in their mouths. These they shake about till the rickety door is about to open; and on the instant of the opening they jerk them from their mouths, while the guitar is stationary at the bottom. This instrument is seldom thrown out. When it is, it is thrown from one of the hands nearest the back of the case, that can be readily slipped into a complicated coil of rope. It is never thrown out but on one occasion—that is, after they have tied themselves and understand the knots. It can be observed that when the tambourine is thrown from the *right* compartment, the lecturer opens the right door *the last of the three*, so as to give this Brother a minute more time. These statements have more value than mere speculations or surmises, as they have been positively *seen*; and by taking a seat so as to get an oblique view of the structure, they can be seen by any other spectator.

Neither is the coat trick a feat of extreme difficulty if two or three minutes are given. The Brothers tie *themselves*, and the ropes are examined. As soon as the doors are shut the Brother loosens the seat, stands up and slips all off, including seat, for in this as in other tricks, there is a great advantage in having two in the cabinet, for if one gets undone first he soon gets the other out of any difficulty. On one occasion a gentleman who tied one of the Brothers caught the hand just as it was going back, and held it for three or four minutes, but he could not expose the performer inside, as he could only just reach the opening at a stretch, and could not with his left hand undo the door; besides he had the Professor hovering unpleasantly near him all the time.

One word in conclusion, suggesting how the best half of the manifestations could be put an end to. This could be done if some one among the audience would insist on tying the Brothers' heads back to the ends of the case, or by tying their mouths effectually up. As the cabinet is at present constructed, however, it is not clear how this could be readily done, and the Professor constantly ignores all suggestions likely to mar the prompt execution of the "manifestations." In the meanwhile the above facts regarding the Brothers may be of some value to the uninitiated, gathered as they are from repeated observations of the performers and personal examination of the cabinet.—*Once a Week.*

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.—The last volume of "Transactions" issued by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society contains the elaborate report of a committee of the society appointed "to inquire into the uses and the physiological, therapeutical, and toxical effects of chloroform, as well as the best mode of administering it and of obviating any ill consequences resulting from its administration." The report is accompanied by many details exhibited in a tabular form. The following are the "Physiological Conclusions:" "Chloroform at first increases the force of the heart's action; this effect is slight and transient. When complete anaesthesia is produced by chloroform the heart in all cases acts with less than its natural force. The strongest doses of chloroform vapor, when admitted freely into the lungs, destroy animal life by arresting the action of the heart. By moderate doses of chloroform the heart's action is much weakened for some time before death ensues: respiration generally, but not invariably, ceases before the action of the heart, and death is due both to the failure of the heart's action and to that of the respiratory function. The danger attending the use of chloroform increases with the degree of stupor it induces. Apparent irregularities in the action of chloroform mainly depend on the varying strength of the vapors employed, on the quality of the chloroform, and on the constitution of the patient." The committee state that the results of 2,586 capital operations performed before, and of 1847 performed since, the introduction of anaesthetics, collected from all authentic available sources, show that anaesthetics have in no degree increased the rate of mortality.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM.—The New York *Review* says the prevailing modes for ladies were never so *bizarre* and brilliant as now; and the sudden irruption of crimson, yellow, blue, green and scarlet, gold braid and buttons, can only be traced to the effect of the prevailing military spirit of the country. Our gay Zouave and Chasseur uniforms have produced a sort of contagious fever for bright colors and singular patterns, which has at once seized upon the sex, with which dress is an important consideration. And this military origin of the fashion further shows itself in the actual insignia of the soldier, which are complacently adopted by the ladies. Chevrons, army buttons, corps' badges, etc., are now a standard portion of the *modiste's* wares; and if the rage continues, we may expect to see our wives and daughters actually wearing swords and carrying cartridge-boxes.

PERVERTED INGENUITY.

IT is lamentable to think how many instances of remarkable and even wonderful ingenuity, misapplied to useless and in many cases ridiculous purposes, are found in the history of the mechanic arts, and how much more advanced might have been the civilization of the world had that ingenuity been devoted to the obtainment of useful results.

The great aim of the earlier mechanicians seems to have been to inspire a feeling of wonder, for some of the earliest Greek historians have left us accounts of wonderful statues, which imitated the various movements of living beings; some centuries later, Archytas of Tarentum, who flourished about four hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era, added to his renown as a truly wise man and a great mathematician the reputation of having constructed a wooden pigeon, which was "animated by a concealed spirit," and could fly; and Archimedes, who is considered the greatest of the earlier mechanicians, has also the reputation of having constructed similar automata, but of these we have no particular account. Descending to comparatively modern times, we find that a water-clock was presented Charlemagne by Haroun al Raschid, in the dial-plate of which there were twelve small doors, corresponding to the hours, which doors were opened to allow of the egress of twelve little knights on horseback, who struck the hours upon a brazen bell. A few centuries later, Albert, Bishop of Ratisbon, spent thirty years in constructing a human figure, which advanced to a door when any knocked, opened it and saluted the visitor. Subsequently John Muller made a wooden eagle, which is reported to have flown to meet the Emperor Maximilian when he arrived at Nuremberg, on June 7th, 1470. After saluting him like a good loyal subject, the sagacious bird flew back to the gate of the city, and perching upon it waited the Emperor's approach, stretching out its wings and making other signs of welcome. Of about the same date we have accounts of an iron-fly and a crawling steel-spider. At a still later period chemistry was called to the aid of mechanism in producing those wonderful imitations of animals; for it is related of the peacock of Vergennes and the duck of Vaucanson, that not only were both externally perfect imitations of nature—one walking about and picking up grains of corn, and the other muddling in the water, eating, drinking, and crying "quack! quack!" but they actually laid eggs for their fortunate owner. The last mentioned inventor also constructed automatic-players of musical instruments; and according to his own account of his flageolet-player, the pressure of air required for the highest note was fifty-six pounds, and that for the lowest only a single ounce! Since the date of these last mentioned inventions, we have had accounts of an automaton which drew human figures and other objects, another which performed wonderful feats of "ground and lofty" tumbling; and there are still in existence miniature-birds, which not only hop from branch to branch of a tree, but warble like the feathered tenants of the woods.

We have now become so familiar with the automatic machinery employed in our manufactories that mechanisms of the above description have, in a great measure, lost their interest; and surprising as they may appear even to the scientific spectator, the astonishment speedily wears off, leaving a feeling only of regret that so much ingenuity has been perverted from useful purposes. We have, however, still the satisfaction of believing that such inventions have not been entirely without result, for there is no doubt that many of our most useful mechanical movements were invented and first applied in these otherwise useless automata. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the crawling-spider, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer which guides our ships through the ocean; and the irregular-shaped wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton has served, in the present age, to guide the movements of the embroidering-machine. Sir David Brewster has remarked on this subject: "In whatever way the power of genius may invent or combine, and to whatever low or ludicrous purpose that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and though the value of the seed may not be at once recognized, and though it may lie long unproductive in the ungenial soil of human knowledge, it will some time or other evolve its germ and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest."—*American Artisan.*

A SAILOR'S LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a ship-yard the other day, a tar from a man-o'-war was observed watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went, see-saw, see-saw; pull, push; push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw; and as one was an immense big chap while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he sung out, "Now run, you beggar!"

STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

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Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

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Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers,
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Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, — FIFTY CENTS.
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Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

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A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and rosy hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

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THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

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CELEBRATED

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AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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THE GREAT
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PREPARATION
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RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
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Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

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The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

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will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

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to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
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THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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MARCH 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

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New No. 624 CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17)

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Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and
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Office—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of
Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2 & 3 and 4, San
Francisco
y2

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

STILL another victory for the National arms! Wilmington and all the forts surrounding it fell into our hands on the 22d, thus effectually closing against the rebel army the greatest of all their sources of supplies. Gen. Terry, after properly garrisoning the city and its defences, was at last accounts pursuing the retreating Confederates. The latest despatches are ominous of a great impending struggle. A battle was expected hourly: Sherman, marching resistlessly onward, was closing up on the south, and was in co-operation with Schofield's entire army on the southwest; Grant, in front of Petersburg, is ready to strike when the opportune moment arrives. From nearly every point the Federal armies are pressing towards Richmond. Meantime, Lee is concentrating all his powers: Beauregard was retreating along the line of the railroad from Charlotte to Salisbury. Sherman is between that rebel and Hardee. The rebel leader sees the circle which environs him narrowed every day; all his strategy, all his bravery, all his indomitable generalship fail before the consummate skill and genius of our Generals. With Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington in our hands, is it not safe to say that the game is our own? The Southern soldiery have become disheartened, the Richmond press howls despondingly; but the leaders will not give up. They are determined to prolong their resistance to the torrent which they know full well they cannot stem—like prize-fighters they show a disposition not to throw up the sponge until a final blow knocks them entirely "out of time." But the wires are out of order again! Just when the anxiety for important news is raised to the highest pitch, the magnetic clock stops ticking, and the people are compelled to wait feverishly for the next raising of the Overland Telegraph signal flag.

February 21.—The N. Y. *Tribune's* correspondent, writing from Charleston harbor on the 18th, gives the following particulars of the evacuation of the city:

Early last evening, Gen. Schemmelfinnig, commanding the Northern District of the Department of the South, discovered indications which led him to believe that the rebels were about to evacuate Charleston and its defences. Accordingly, he ordered the pickets and the picket boats to keep a bright lookout, and report immediately any movement on the part of the enemy. About half past three o'clock this morning, a terrific explosion took place in Charleston, which shook every ship in the harbor and on the bar. Almost simultaneously with the explosion, flames broke out, and could be distinctly seen in different parts of the city. It appears that the first explosion took place at the Wilmington Depot, the fire from which rapidly communicated with the adjoining buildings, causing a general conflagration of all the dwelling-houses in the vicinity, the inhabitants trying to extinguish the fire. The second explosion which took place resulted very disastrously, causing a terrible loss of life among women and children, who are represented as having been horribly mutilated.

About six o'clock this morning Schemmelfinnig moved his force and occupied the city and its defences. The formidable earthworks on James Island were found abandoned and the guns spiked. At eight o'clock a detachment was sent to take possession of Fort Sumter, and raised the flag which Anderson hauled down nearly four years ago. At nine o'clock the flag was raised amid deafening cheers. As fast as the forces could be thrown into the city they were set to work to put out the fire, which up to the time of leaving was raging fiercely in different parts of the city.

The old men, women and children were rushing frantically to and fro in an agony of despair, at the loss of their homes and the killing and mutilating of their friends. It is impossible to estimate the amount of cotton destroyed by the rebels. Several thousand bales were collected at different parts of the city, and were set on fire almost simultaneously with all the principal depots and warehouses. No doubt the rebels intended to burn the city to the ground, despite the misery it would entail on the thousands of women, children and old men, of which class the inhabitants of Charleston are now almost entirely composed.

Following is Gen. Gilmore's official despatch:

Charleston and all its defences came into our possession this morning, with about 200 pieces of good artillery and a supply of ammunition. The enemy commenced evacuating all the works last night. Maj. McBeth surrendered the city to the troops of Gen. Schemmelfinnig at nine this morning, at which time it was occupied by our forces. Our advance on Edisto from Bull's Bay hastened the retreat. The cotton warehouses, arsenals, Quartermaster's stores, railroad bridges, and iron-clads were burned by the enemy. Some of the vessels in the ship yard were also burned. Nearly all the inhabitants remaining behind belong to the poorer classes.

On the report of the news of the capture of Charleston, the Army of the Potomac was in great glee, and fired a shotted salute throughout the whole line in honor of the event.

A party of rebel cavalry dashed into Cumberland, Va., before daylight on the morning of the 21st surprised and captured the pickets, and carried off Gens. Crook and Kelly. Cavalry were sent in pursuit, but were unsuccessful in rescuing them.

February 22.—The national forces marched into and took possession of Wilmington to-day. The following is an extract from Rear Admiral Porter's official report:

After the evacuation of Fort Anderson, I pushed forward the gunboats as far as the water would permit. The army pushed up at the same time on the right and left banks of the river. After sounding and buoying out the middle sound at Big Island, I succeeded in getting five gunboats over and

opened fire on Fort Strong—a work commanding the principal obstructions, where the rebels had also sunk a large steamer, the *North Eastern*. Our fire soon drove the rebels away from the fort. Now and then they would fire a shot, one of which struck the *Sassacus* below her water mark and set her to leaking badly. No lives were lost. On the night of the 20th the rebels sent down 200 floating torpedoes. I had a strong force of picket boats out, and the torpedoes were sunk with musketry. One got in on the *Osceola*, and blew her wheel-house to pieces and knocked down her bulkhead. No damage was done to the hull. Yesterday evening Gen. Ames with his division moved within a short distance of the fort and had a sharp encounter with the rebels. On hearing the musketry and seeing where our troops were, I opened a rapid fire on the fort and all along the enemy's line. The fort responded with three or four shots, but was soon silenced, and this morning we heard that Gen. Terry was within the works, and the road was clear to Wilmington.

Speaking of Fort Anderson, the capture of which was mentioned in the last "record," a correspondent says:

It is a work of great extent, covering nearly as much ground as Fort Fisher, and is of immense strength. The front is like that work, being a series of large mounds or traverses rising 25 to 30 feet above the waters of the Cape Fear river, on which it fronts, and to the northeast, extending in alternating mounds, traverses, angles, embrasures and ditches, enclosing an area of about four square miles.

A special despatch to the *Democrat* from Nashville the 23d, says: Intense excitement exists at Knoxville from a report that Longstreet's command was moving on that place.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, says that the struggle for freedom shall never be given up, and he prayerfully entreates the people to rise, and says all the disasters the South is suffering are caused by the soldiers being absent without leave.

February 24.—Correspondence from the Army of the Potomac states that 200 rebels left for their homes from one brigade. Hoke's division of Longstreet's corps is the only large body of troops which has been sent south from Lee's army. It is estimated that the strength of the rebel army around Petersburg is 30,000. When the news of Sherman's successes in South Carolina became generally known throughout the rebel army, it caused a feeling of universal depression.

February 25.—The Richmond papers say that Sherman is pushing rapidly north for Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro and Danville, thence to join Grant in an attack on Richmond. Unless Sherman is soon checked, he cannot be stopped at all. They also state that a telegram from Goldsboro, the 19th, says: A Union force has set out from Newbern for Tarboro to cut the road from Wilmington to Richmond. Another force was moving up on the south side of the Neuse river to cut the railroad. A Yankee force is also reported moving east from Tennessee to join Sherman in his march north.

The rebel journals give some Texas items of interest, including accounts of the defeat of a rebel force on the South Concha river, in that State, in January, by the Indians. The fight is said to have been a most desperate one. The Indians are giving the rebels there much trouble. The *Austin Gazette* is suspicious that present operations are the forerunners of a grand advance of the Union troops on Western Texas in the spring by way of Red river. The works found at Galveston are being improved and enlarged. It was said that the Mexican town of Matamoros has ceased to be a free port.

February 26.—A letter to the N. Y. *Herald* from the Sixth Army Corps the 23d, states that several brigades of Hill's corps have gone south to reinforce Beauregard, and the whole of Lee's army is under marching orders. Deserters state that a great portion were ordered to take four days' cooked rations and to carry considerable ammunition.

February 27.—The Charlotte (N. C.) *Democrat* says it is rumored that a fight took place between Ridgway and Columbia last Saturday, in which the Union forces were defeated.

Great preparations are making in Virginia for a most desperate struggle between the two armies. Lee is concentrating his forces, and Grant is collecting his great strength for the conflict. A corps of surgeons and nurses has been sent to Wilmington, which is to be Sherman's base of supplies.

The Richmond papers are in a fever of excitement. They view their situation with the most intense alarm. The *Enquirer* calls upon Jeff. Davis to arm the slaves without authority of law. It says these States and this cause stand to day in need of a man who will take the power of the people and use it for their preservation. Farther on it says: "Sherman is rushing through the Carolinas like an avalanche. Report says he has captured 100,000 bales of cotton at Columbia. Grant is gradually, perhaps surely, extending his lines around Petersburg and Richmond, threatening every moment to burst over the lines that intervene, and the Senate are doing the conservative. History furnishes no parallel for this."

The City Hall Bell was removed, Wednesday, to the old Union Hotel building, where it will hereafter sound the alarm in case of fire. Hand-power will soon give place to electricity in directing the fire-ladders where to report for duty, as Mr. Kennard promises to have the fire-alarm telegraph in complete working order by the first of April.

LOCAL ITEMS.

There are indications that throughout the State the recent Union successes and the second inauguration of President Lincoln will be celebrated to-day by a general jubilee. In this city ample preparations have been made to demonstrate popular feeling on the occasion. Standing-room in the vicinity of Platt's Hall will command a premium to-night.

Diphtheria has been quite prevalent in this city of late, particularly among children; many of the cases prove fatal.

For the current year the school revenue of this city is about \$325,000.

Apples recently brought from Oregon, of superior quality, were sold at prices ranging from \$3 50 to \$4 25 per box.

The San Francisco and Alameda Railroad has been finished to San Leandro, ten miles; four trips each way will be made daily.

William Naemyer, a sailor, was stabbed by Barrega, at a house on Pacific street, Saturday night last; he died at the County Hospital, Tuesday.

The Tehama House is to be removed, (having been sold at auction for the sum of \$2,350;) in its place the California Bank Company propose to erect a brick building.

The new (consolidated) water company has elected as Trustees: John Bensley, Nicholas Luning, H. S. Dexter, Charles Mayne, Erwin Davis, W. F. Babcock.

J. B. Bayerque, of the firm of Pioche & Bayerque, of San Francisco, died of consumption, recently, at Mazatlan. The body was brought to this city for interment.

James Morrow, a Canadian, aged about twenty-one years, was found dead in his bed at the What Cheer House, Thursday, having apparently died from a congestive chill. He was a stranger here, recently from Victoria.

L. L. Robinson, of Sacramento, and Levi Parsons, of San Francisco, have recently purchased the Market-street Railroad in this city. Horse cars will be used. Mr. Frank McCoppin, the efficient Superintendent, retains his old position.

John Heron, a pioneer citizen, an attaché of the *Alta*, died on Friday last: he was buried in the lot of the Eureka Typographical Union, Sunday. The Pioneer Association has appointed a committee (consisting of Messrs. Livingston, Hittell and Reed) to draft resolutions of regret and condolence.

The Scandinavian Society of this city celebrated its sixth anniversary, Tuesday evening; it numbers 240 members, natives of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Songs, speeches, social converse and a fine collation made the occasion one which will dwell pleasantly in the memory of the members and their guests.

The members of Pennsylvania Engine Company, No. 12, have presented to Capt. Lewis T. Grant, formerly a fellow-fireman, a beautiful regulation sword. Atkins Massey made the presentation speech, complimenting the Captain, (who has met with extraordinary success in recruiting for the C. V.,) in terms of well-deserved praise. The speech was received with great enthusiasm.

A German named Barengas was stabbed in the head and neck, last evening, on Turk street, near Filmore, by William M. Darling. The knife inflicted an ugly wound, cutting into the head behind and close to the left ear, extending obliquely downward to the throat, and narrowly missing the jugular vein. Darling was arrested. The difficulty occurred in consequence of a misunderstanding about property.

The "California Law Institute" has recently found a name and existence in this city; it begins with thirty-eight members, who have formed a class for the purpose of qualifying themselves for admission to the bar. It is proposed to obtain a charter from the next Legislature. The present officers are: J. Dischecker, President; A. S. Whitney, Chancellor; C. Van Pelt, Treasurer.

Our citizens will be afforded an opportunity to contribute to the relief of one of the "California Hundred," John A. Hill, who has ample evidence of faithful service under the flag of the Republic, and of honorable discharge in consequence of ill-health. His physician advises him, his lungs being weak, to try the effect of mountain air, and the friends who have hitherto aided him very properly appeal to the general public to give the further assistance which is needed and due.

The Angel Island passenger schooner *Shooting Star* is becoming an "object of interest." She came in collision with another schooner on Thursday, while rounding the island, receiving considerable damage. On the day following, she was carried away from her moorings, by the tide, while two men on board were asleep, and drifted as far as the Heads before the sailors were rocked into a state of wakefulness. The steamer *Senator*, as she entered the Gate, was made acquainted with the facts, and reported to the *Shubrick*, which went to the relief of the truant vessel. Owing to adverse winds, the *Shooting Star* was driven several miles to sea before the *Shubrick* reached her. She was brought back to port safely, her crew none the worse for their involuntary voyage.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibuses, four trips a day.
 Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
 Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibuses, two trips a day.
 Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
 San Mateo, 20, railroad.
 Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage.
 Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
 Redwood city, 30, do.
 Mountain View, 38, do.
 Santa Clara, 47, do.
 San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
 Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
 Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 61.
 Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
 Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
 Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
 San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
 Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
 Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
 Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
 Sacramento, 117, do. do.
 Stockton, 117, do. do.
 Martinez, 33, do.
 Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
 Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
 Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
 Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
 White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
 Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
 Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
 Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
 Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
 San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 21.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce or part thereof.
 Drop Letters, 2 cents.
 Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.
 Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsent circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors; otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery).

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

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FROM THE CITY		
10:00	10:40	11:20

And so on till 6 o'clock.
 Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
 my25 F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

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Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

328 MONTGOMERY STREET,

BY

P. J. THOMAS, A. A. STICKNEY, AND JOHN COLLNER

C. H. WEBB, Editor.

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But also as being

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ODD NAMES.

GREAT care should be exercised by parents in selecting names for their children, especially if the surname should happen to be an odd-sounding one. By neglecting this precaution many ridiculous results have followed.

Many of my readers doubtless have heard how a Mr. Ashe had a son of his christened Caleb, and how the school-boys perverted the youngsters name into "Calabash," by which cognomen he was known even after he had grown to manhood.

Also, a Mr. Rose, romantically inclined, who called his daughter Wild. When she became a young woman her name was admired by all the young folks. But alas! she married a gentleman by the name of Bull, and was changed from a "Wild Rose" into a "Wild Bull."

Again, A Mr. Frogge desiring two given names for his son and heir, decided on calling him after an old friend of his. The result was that before the ridiculous blunder was discovered the boy was christened James Bull Frogge, which the companions of the boy finally curtailed into Bullfrog.

Having given the reader a few instances of odd names so as to prepare him or her for what they may expect, I shall now lay before them such cases of a similar kind as have come under my notice:

I have an intimate acquaintance who rejoices—no, he suffers—under the singular name of Abraham Street Sleeper. Dropping the first name and using the initial only, he becomes A. Street Sleeper. Should he get disgusted with either of his names and resort altogether to initials, he would write himself an A. S. S. He had once thought of having his name entirely changed, but finally resolved to retain it, at all hazards.

The oddity of his name created in him a desire to ascertain how many more such could be found in the city, and to make the search thorough he had recourse to a directory, which, with strolling around town—he being a man of leisure—gave him great facilities for gratifying his suddenly acquired taste. He was as fond of a joke as any man living, and never missed an opportunity whenever or wherever it presented itself. This new field—namely, odd names, of men and women—was calculated to be varied and highly amusing.

Passing along the street one day Abe saw a tailor's sign, which read thus: John Fell, tailor—the word "tailor" being beneath and quite pale. Going in, he saw a woman alone, attending the shop; he asked: "Did John hurt himself?"

The woman became excited. Her husband, who bore the odd name, had gone to a fire an hour ago, and she, of course, thought by Abe's question that he (John) had met with some mishap. She asked our joker where her husband was, and how he had come to hurt himself.

"Madam," said Sleeper, solemnly, "I know nothing of your husband; never saw him to my knowledge. I noticed on a sign at the door that John Fell, so I humanely called on you to ascertain the extent of his injuries."

Of course when Abe pointed to the sign and explained, Mrs. Fell saw the joke. They parted with great indignation on her part, and a deal of merriment on his.

Seeing one day on a door-plate the name "I. C. Jones," he could scarcely resist the desire to ring the bell and inform the inmates of the dwelling that he also saw Jones.

The next name that attracted him was that of a dancing-master called Malon Colley. "If I were in his place," thought our hero, "I would change either my name or my profession. He ought to be an undertaker or a sexton, but a dancing-master can scarcely be inclined to melancholy."

Abe knew a very large, fat man, who rejoiced in the title of Isaac Matthew Livingood. But the gentleman usually wrote it "I. M. Livingood." He handed a card to our joker, one day, with the above name on it. Abe read it, and then remarked: "One would think that you were living good, judging by your appearance."

A sign reading "Adam Good, shoemaker," came under his observation soon after. By erasing the first letter in "Adam" and marking a large A immediately above it, on the sign, he caused it to read "A dam Good Shoemaker."

Next morning he called on the man, and ordered him to measure him for a pair of shoes, remarking at the time: "If you really are all that your sign says, I think I could scarcely find a more suitable man for my purpose. But I'd advise you to be less profane, for you might lose many good chances from pious folks, who would object to patronizing you on that account."

Abraham pointed to the sign, and roared as he saw the consternation of Mr. Good, who suspected the joker to be the culprit. The last words that saluted the joker's ears, as he left the shop, were, "A dam good licking!"

Another time he read a sign, having on it "B. Ware." Rushing into the store, he anxiously asked the proprietor: "Beware of what?"

"Of a chastisement!" exclaimed Mr. Ware, seizing a yard stick, and making toward our hero, who made a hasty exit. The man had had that joke played on him before.

He saw a sign once, which read "M. T. Head, attorney at

law," and observed to a friend who was with him, that, "the gentleman was not the only lawyer in the city who could boast of an empty head!"

Abraham's uncle was named Horne. He had a son born, and gave our hero the privilege of naming him. Now Abe knew that this same uncle had chosen the abominable name of Abraham Street for him, so he vowed to pay him off, by selecting a ridiculous name for his infant son. The child was accordingly christened Abraham Green Horne, which was eventually abbreviated into "A. Greenhorne."

"I rather think," remarked our hero afterward, "that A. Street Sleeper sounds as nice as A. Green Horne."

A family named Goodman christened a son after the surname of a wealthy bachelor uncle, who was called Solomon Avery, in hopes of having him become the legatee of that relative.

Mr. Avery heard of it, and wrote the following letter to the father:

"You have called a son of yours after my surname, which gives him a right to style himself Avery Goodman. But fearing he might grow up a bad man, despite his name, I decline, most respectfully, to make him my heir.

SOLOMON AVERY."

When our joker heard of this he remarked: "I called that man a very Solomon to make so wise a decision."

Once seeing pasted on a wall the name of "B. A. Goodfellow, for Alderman," he remarked: "That's just the fellow we all ought to vote for; there are so very few good ones in office."

Entering a cigar store once, Abe remarked to the tobacco-const that he ought to be a minister.

"Why so?"

"Because you are good enough," was the reply. The man's sign read: "U. R. Goodenough."

For this pun our hero was presented by the proprietor with half-a-dozen of the best cigars the house afforded, and Abe went on his way rejoicing.

However, his jokes did not always terminate so happily. He stepped into the store of a Mr. Dampman, and asked one of the clerks to weigh him a pound of tea.

"We don't sell groceries," was the remark.

"What, then?" asked Abe, with a simple stare.

"Dry goods," was the curt reply.

"What!" exclaimed Abe, affecting astonishment, "a Dampman professing to sell dry goods!"

"Young man," said the proprietor, seizing him by the arm and pushing him toward the door, "you had best leave, right off, or I may turn you into a piece of damp goods by tossing you into the gutter!"

Abe needed no second bidding, but speedily lengthened the distance between the irate Dampman and himself.

Not long after that he called upon an old cobbler, and informed that person that he was wanted at a certain broker's office. The old fellow hastened to the place named, but no one there seemed to be aware that he was needed. Abraham, who was outside, now came forward and addressed the broker and his attendants thus: "Gentlemen, I saw you very busy in packing up gold, silver and pennies, and it occurred to me that you might require aid; so I made bold to send this man to you as a most suitable person, for he is a Penny-packer!"

Before the laugh had subsided, Abe was around the corner. He had grown cautious since the threat of Dampman, the dry goods man.

He once remarked to a friend that their mutual acquaintance, Mrs. Havisham, never wore a real diamond ring, although her husband was a millionaire.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Because she is bound to Havisham"—(have a sham!)

He entered a pawnbroker's shop one evening, and offered a ten-dollar watch in pawn, and asked twelve on it. The broker examined it, and offered two and a half.

"Your sign made me drop in," remarked Abe, "and I expected to make a fine thing out of you because you are E. Z. Jacobs. But I find you are a confounded hard Jacobs—nothing easy about you!"

As our joker stepped out, he heard the man muttering a word that would rhyme with "lamb;" the broker, being evidently angry, had grown profane.

Abe had a lady friend who married a man named Nathan Ellwood Husband. He once remarked to her: "I should judge, Mrs. Husband, that you were not very hard to please in selecting a partner for life."

"What makes you think so?" asked she, half angry.

"Because you were satisfied with N. E. Husband," replied Abe. But the lady required a full explanation before she would be pacified.

He once incurred the displeasure of a friend of his by remarking: "Mr. Ball, I am surprised to learn that, in spite of your well-known know-nothing proclivities, you have married an 'Emma Grant.'"

Mr. Abraham S. Sleeper came near being knocked down one day, by a man on whom he called, saying: "I've heard that a celebrated oculist just arrived in town, and I'd advise you to call on him; he may possibly render you essential service, if not effectually cure you of your unpleasant infirmity."

"There is nothing the matter with my eyes," said the man, in astonishment.

"Then take down your sign," said Abe, "for, I am sure, by it you acknowledge being cross-eyed." The sign read, "I S. Quint." By a timely duck of the head our hero escaped being knocked into the gutter.

Only a week ago he advised a lady friend not to walk along the streets during the day if she would avoid being annoyed.

"Why, what have I to fear?" asked she.

"Because," replied Abe, with a grin, "you know the city authorities have of late shamefully neglected their duties, which has resulted in the accumulation of piles of ashes in the streets. And should the folks see you promenading along, they would beset you with all manner of vessels filled with ashes, expecting you to take them away."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked the lady, in supreme astonishment.

"Because you are Ann Ashmann," was the reply.

At another time he electrified a tailor, named Owen, by remarking: "Why are you never out of debt?"

"Mr. Sleeper," replied the tailor, "what do you mean? I do not owe a penny."

"Yet you are 'Owen the tailor,'" remarked Abe, with a laugh.

Again, he said to a person he presumed he would never reach a ripe old age; on being asked why he thought so, he replied: "Because you will always be a Greenman."

A man was once committed to prison for shamefully beating another. Abe remarked that this was the first instance he ever knew of a person being imprisoned for beating A. Drumm.

The last joke he uttered was a pun on his own name. He was on his death-bed, when he called to a friend and said:

"I am not an Irishman, but promise me to observe the custom of that country after I am no more; have a jolly wake over my body."

"Why do you make such a strange request?" asked all who heard him.

"Because it is the most natural thing in this world to wake A. Sleeper," was his reply.—*Pacific Monthly.*

CHEMISTRY SIMPLIFIED FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.—How to make a Light in a Dark Room.—First darken the room. Then take of spirits of wine, two ounces; deal shavings, as much as you can carry; gunpowder, about a wine-glass full. Mix well together, and place them on the floor in the centre of the room. Procure a red-hot poker; apply it to the mass. This will soon light the room up.

How to burn a Hole in a Piece of Velvet with Water.—Get your mother's best velvet mantle. Take about two drachms of nitric acid, put them into a test-tube. Say it's water; if they don't believe you, ask them to taste it. Pour it on the velvet. It will burn a hole right through it. This will gladden your mother's heart.

How to Make a Precipitate.—Take of detonating powder about two tablespoonful, sky-rockets one bushel, blank cartridges, twelve or more. Wrap them in a paper parcel. Make the company stand round with their backs to the fire. Give the parcel to any nervous old gentleman and tell him to put it in the fire. It will go off; so will the company, and precipitate themselves out of the room. Don't try this experiment more than twice a day.

DISSENTING MAHOMMEDANS.—A sect of dissenters has sprung up in the Mahomedan church, numbering already over forty thousand adherents, and including some of high rank. They may be considered liberal Mahomedans. Their peculiarities are, that they disavow polygamy, drink wine, disregard the feast of Ramazan, acknowledge the sacredness of the Old and New Testament scriptures, demand that the Koran shall be printed in Turkish, without note or comment, which has never been done, and claim that no man ought to be considered an infidel and be persecuted for his religious faith, they also ask to be recognized as a sect within the Moslem faith, and to have privilege of a mosque for themselves, which the government refuse for the present.

I BELIEVE that the time will come when serious attention will be given to the education of woman. Her nature demands peculiar care. The best qualities she may possess are sometimes of great detriment to her—and then again, her very greatest faults may be of service to her; at times she can be everything—at others nothing. These discrepancies must be toned down. The theory will require careful consideration—the practice a wise and skilful hand.—*Madame De Staël.*

WHAT is "Humble Pie?" C. W. Smith's *Clerical Elocution* gives the following explanation on this subject: "Humble pie" is an incorrect spelling of "umble-pie," a pie made of "umbles," a plural noun, meaning a deer's entrails. To eat 'umble-pie' is to eat of the poorest dish.

On most occasions the importance of calmness is in exact proportion to its difficulty.

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. Murn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit.

Stephen Oliverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of hailing winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; E. G. & Wickman, Ship Chaulders; J. B. Quilatin, builder; Philip Cadue, Esq.

Manufactured by J. E. JORGENSEN,

No. 28 Third street, San Francisco, de17-3m
Who will give all information about them.

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Home Insurance Company,

Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

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Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tiltall & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U.S. Gold coin.

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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Douchoe, Ralston & Co.

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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

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EVERYBODY USES
THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP, OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effectual.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally. Manufacturer, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco. ju7-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
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For sale by
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The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden paus of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

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For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY

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In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

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DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

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Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

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First Premium,

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FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,



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In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

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known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

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Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz. William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Cartridges on the Pacific Coast, viz. Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballard's, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

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WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

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A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

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LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS'

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS
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No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,

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Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Groats, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large, Hominy, Small, Oatmeal, Oat Groats, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

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WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

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As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

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Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every description, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

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Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

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SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here, while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under \$10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; or others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff; vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Ind. Rev. Stamp, WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LUTCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Ch cC, Delany, Pl: 11: 2110 de24-3m

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W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT!

MISS MATILDA HERON,

Supported by

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

This Saturday Evening, March 4th, 1865.

In the Play of

CAMILLE.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, March 4th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

The Drama of

THE WILLOW COPSE,

And a Musical Melange.

MONDAY EVENING,

GAME A.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

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WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP,
WHOOPIING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD,
LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease,
and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater
extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its opera-
tion, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poi-
sons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical know-
ledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable
kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appella-
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INVALID'S FRIEND.

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REDINGTON & CO.,

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FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

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FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,

Burns, Cuts,

Flesh Wounds, Boils,

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Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,

Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,

Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,
AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS
GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the
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THOMAS MAGUIRE, - Proprietor.
GEORGE H. COES, - Stage Manager.
B. P. ISAACS, - Musical Director.

Owing to the probable detention of the steamer on the
other side of the Isthmus,
BIRCH, BACKUS, and SHATTUCK,
have postponed their departure until the 12th instaat.
They will appear nightly in conjunction with the follow-
ing

GREAT

**COMBINATION OF MUSICAL TALENT,
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!**

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
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VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

Sacred Concert!

Every Sunday Evening, by the Troupe,
Messrs W J Hill, John Gregg, J. Schlotte, and

50 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25
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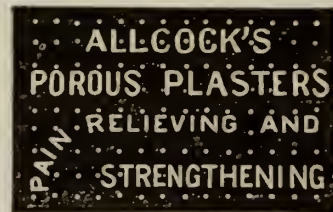
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(For the Californian.)

SONNET.

LAST night, in blue my little love was drest;
And as she walked the room in maiden grace,
I looked into her fair and smiling face
And said that blue became my darling best.
But when, next morn, a snowy virgin vest
And robe of white did the blue one displace,
She seemed a pearl-tinged cloud—and I was Space:
She filled my soul as cloud-forms fill the west.
And so it is that, changing day by day—
Changing her robe but not her loveliness,
Whether the gown be blue or white or gray,
I deem that one the most becoming dress—
The truth is this: in any robe or way
I love her just the same, and cannot love her less.

C. H. WEBB.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11th, 1865.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, March 11th, 1865.

IT has become pretty generally known that San Francisco attempted a celebration on Saturday last, though the oaths of several well-known citizens were necessary to establish the fact.

WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FOURTH.

Commendation of the success which crowned the attempt might go much further if one could stop with the first syllable of the affair aimed at, for one could then write that it was a capital cel—an excellent cel—leaving the balance of the word to be filled up on the coming Fourth of July.

My idea of a celebration in this town is that a few of the oldest and wealthiest citizens get drunk and little boys explode fire-crackers and torpedos in the most frequented streets annoying sober people and scaring horses almost as badly as the broken-down lawyers and dilapidated politicians do who always avail themselves of these occasions to make stump speeches.

The term stump speeches originated, I suppose, from the fact that when speaking these gentlemen take the stump of a cigar from their mouths, and put it on the platform, or beer barrel by their side, to be resumed when the audience has dispersed.

Why we couldn't get up a better Jubilee in this town I do not see, for the Lord knows there are enough Jews here.

I only regret I cannot add that Gentlemen are plenty in the same proportion.

MY RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY.

Last week I announced my intention of going out from town when the affair came off, and I am now very glad I carried that intention out, for that one virtuous action of my life spared me considerable mortification.

I returned yesterday morning, and my friends all asked where had been for a week back.

To which I of course replied that I hadn't got a weak back, and hadn't been anywhere for one.

It grieved me to find several fellows whom I left in excellent health confined to their rooms and suffering from the pangs produced by prolonged dissipation.

One of them in particular, who is an excellent and a worthy man, notwithstanding that he is a proficient in the seven deadly sins—which may all be lumped together as seven-up—I took by the hand and talked to in a sensible way.

HOW I TALK TO MY FRIENDS.

"John," said I, "*cave adsum*—which may be liberally translated, as beware of being caved in the head by the adze of the cooper who made the whisky-barrel around which you linger overmuchly latterly. It has surprised me several times of late to find one who was fond of that neat gentleman's game, Seven-up, down on All Fours. Illustrative of the little moral lecture I propose for your benefit, last night you were High—if you asked me what further you made, I could only reply that you made a fool of yourself. But this morning you are Low—natural enough, for your friends all remark that latterly you are running to the deuce. And unless you pay a little more attention to saving your tens—as well as your twenties—and beg oftener, some day you'll be swung for, Jack will be caught, and going it a Lone Mountain will be the only thing left for you; there they'll turn up a spade for you and there you'll have to remain till the last trump is played."

My friend, who understands 'Oyle thoroughly, and, aside from the bad lead he lately struck has been doing remarkably well, thanked me for my advice, pardoned me for boring him, and said he had a large petroleum interest at the East, in which he would give me an interest if it turned out well.

He has promised never again to drink enough to prevent him from spelling and pronouncing General Schemmelfinnig's name, and that is quite equivalent to signing the pledge. He may be set down as a sober man forever hereafter.

To return to the celebration: I fancy that one reason of its failure comes from the fact that, notwithstanding their boasted liberality, when it actually comes down to the point, and the plate is passed around, the people of this city of ours are lamentably mean and opposed to spending money for a celebration, or anything else, if the issue can be dodged.

OUR BOASTED LIBERALITY.

They give tolerably well to the Sanitary Commission, but they take remarkably good care that their names shall find their way into print and are eternally telling how much they have given—blowing more over their liberality than could a pair of Bellows.

After all, when the figures are examined carefully, it is discovered that California has not yet given her proportion to support the war, notwithstanding that she has purchased exemption from the drafts and from all the horrors that deluge the other states which have contributed more money as well as their best blood to the cause.

The money contributed here was the result of much eloquence, considerable coaxing, and no little flattery. The warm-hearted oratory of Thomas Starr King was the wand in the prophet's hand which struck the Horeb of our hearts and drew thence a living and gushing spring.

All this I tell to my fellow-citizens with no tender regard for their exalted opinion of the magnitude of that liberality which they have been persuaded into believing that they possess. It is but the other day that a woman died simply of starvation, not a stone's throw from the doors of one of the most wealthy churches in our city. People of wealth assisted to bury her when dead, I am told; but show me the one who gave her bread when living!

O people of this great, growing and populous city! where Yellow Jacket has lately risen to twenty-five hundred dollars a foot, Crown Point to fifteen hundred—and I haven't got an inch of either; sometimes I feel like telling you, openly and plainly, the substance of what I delicately insinuate when I say that, notwithstanding all your pride and pretension, when we come down to the bed rock you are in the majority of instances desperately mean.

To illustrate which proposition it is only necessary to state that the ingenious device of buttons for contribution boxes was discovered in this city, and that it was here, a few years since, that the preacher announced a collection in about the following words:

"My Christian friends, a collection will now be taken up for the benefit of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands. And here I wish to warn those of you who put in buttons against the too prevalent custom of flattening down the eyes, which, while it has no effect in deceiving the poor heathen into the use of these articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for buttons."

THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS EXCEPTIONS.

Of course there are great and glorious exceptions to all general rules; for aside from my own personal friends I have now in my mind's eye, a number of generous souls who subscribed most liberally to THE CALIFORNIAN. But a little eleven—that is the exact number of the persons to whom I allude—cannot leaven the whole lump. Why does not everybody subscribe without regard to age, size, sex or condition? Tell me that, and having told me that go on and tell me why this is thus!

HOW THE STRIKE STRIKES US.

Those who live, move and breathe at the hotels, tell me that they suffer much at the hands of the new waiters, and that they'd like to see the old ones back, even if the proprietors had to pay them lower wages.

I for my part have found the boys of the new regime active and willing, though even with my prepossession in their favor I cannot pronounce them experts.

Many of them are evidently accomplished gentlemen, accustomed to the higher walks of life. One, for instance, has previously been a hod-carrier, and must have been eminent as a lad on a ladder. Another was for several years a banker, whom the people of Mud Springs yet esteem and venerate. Then we have a green-grocer's clerk, a retired fish-merchant, a gigantic stevedore, a gentlemanly drayman from an interior town, a man who assisted materially in building the Market-street railroad, the returned Superintendent of a Mexican mine, one of the jurymen in the late libel case, a dragoon who was discharged from the foot service with a pension, and the inventor of a patent washing-machine.

It sometimes embarrasses me to ask these gentlemen to bring me things, and the other day I could not resist the temptation of inviting one of them to sit in a vacant chair by my side and have a glass of wine with me, in a social way.

Really, it touches my sensibilities to see talent so thrown away and exerted in spheres where it is not appreciated. Is there no other circle of usefulness where they can move, and which they are calculated to adorn?

A SCARLET PLUME FOR THE HERON.

Hester Prynne is now having a run on our theatrical boards. It is dramatized from one of Hawthorne's best novels, *The Scarlet Letter*—so named I suppose by the author because he wanted his work to be well red.

I have not time this week to write anything about the play, owing principally to the fact that this paper will be put to press a few hours before the play is brought out, but I intend to see it, and I also advise all my friends to avail themselves of an opportunity which may never occur to them again. As an afterpiece they might put on *The Encyclical Letter*, and perhaps Wheatleigh might be allowed to lend his *Bull in a China Shop* as an afterpiece to the latter.

OPEN FOR A BRIBE.

Having occasion to drive out this afternoon on the Bush street road, the idea occurs to me that were I a Supervisor, and did anyone offer me two hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin and a box for permission to repair the mud-hole on the corner of Mason street, making the road passable, I'd accept it even at the risk of getting into a bad box myself. For, in its present condition, that corner is one of the most villainous sink-holes and provocatives to profanity that the city affords.

INIGO.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

"C'est agréable à faire des châteaux en Espagne."

THERE'S a castle in Spain, very charming to see,
Though built without money or toil;
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
And paramount lord of the soil;
And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
And live, like a king, in my Spanish Chateau!

There's a dame, most bewitchingly rounded and ripe,
Whose wishes are never absurd;
Who does n't object to my smoking a pipe,
Nor insist on the ultimate word;
In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know;
And she lives, like a queen, in my Spanish Chateau!

I've a family, too; the delightfulest girls,
And a bevy of beautiful boys;
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls
Whose pleasure is mischief and noise:
No modern Cornelia might venture to show
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Chateau!

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
And always mind what they are at;
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
And slander the innocent eat;
Neither saucy, nor careless, nor stupidly slow
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Chateau!

I have pleasant companions—most affable folk—
And each with the heart of a brother;
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,
And beauties who're foud of each other;
Such people, as you never may know
Unless you should come to my Spanish Chateau!

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name
In kindness unflinching is shown;
Who pay to another the duty they claim,
And deem his successes their own;
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe;
You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Chateau!

"O si sic semper!" I oftentimes say,
(Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain)
To think that again I must force me away
From my beautiful castle in Spain!
Ah!—would that my stars had determined it so
I might live the year round in my Spanish Chateau!

[J. G. Saxe.]

A STORY OF SWEDEN.

CHRISTINA of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant faith, ascended the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nursed into more than masculine strength. Her wilfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she had advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, as she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetries. Hereby hangs the tale we have now to tell.

The young Queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fete or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fete had a peculiar character, and one which doubled its splendor and attractions, while exhibiting, at the same time, the ruling foible of the heroine of the north. Christina wished, for one night, to have the pleasure of openly and expressly bearing the character of the English princess, and to resuscitate around her all that was brilliant and distinguished at the Court of her model. For this purpose she had given orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and, in particular cases, she conferred on individuals the honor of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of "Essex" and "Leicester" had a significance attached to them which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play "Burleigh," as easily as is done in Mr. Puff's famous drama; but no common man durst assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favor, however, might venture on the garb of a "Raleigh," and more than one young courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter, on this brilliant evening. The Swedish Queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and, in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal persons to be represented. Thus the verisimilitude of the scene was rendered perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both, indeed, from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of discrepancy apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to show herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself as much as possible out of the common eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the Queen, as she moved from place to place in the splendid assembly. Ultimately, the young cavalier appeared to succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation, though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned, from their secluded nook, the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humored review.

"Ah," said the lady, "look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?"

"Poor fellow! he does not see that the Queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him into such a garb!" said the gentleman in return.

"Lord Burleigh's representative," continued the lady, "has got the wig at least—but nothing more."

"And see," rejoined her companion, "how 'Sir Christopher Hatton' bears himself! The English cavalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking minuet."

In such a style did the cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last, the lady, with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion: "Apropos—the Queen herself—how do you like her?"

"The Queen!" replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

"Yes," continued the lady; "do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?"

"Between us—just as much as *Madame Laura* resembles *Maria Theresa of France*!" was the youth's answer. As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale. His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark. "Admirable!" cried she, and signalized her sense of the joke which was conveyed to her by the words, by a hearty laugh. But her mirth received a sudden check as her eye fell on the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

"Who is this *Madame Laura*?" said the Queen Christina: for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overheard all that had passed.

At this question, the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to lean on the window. But he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the Queen's interrogatory: "Madame Laura, please your Majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honor to resemble the Queen of France—both in dignity of manners and beauty."

Christina looked on the speaker with an air of doubt and indecision. "Count d'Harcourt," said she after a pause, biting her lips at the same time, "this is a trait of French gallantry for which the Queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period." Nodding slightly and haughtily to the Count's fair companion, Christina then turned away, and with majestic step moved to the spot where a band of courtiers were engaged at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue: "The Queen has spoken particularly to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made." The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment uttering to himself, "I am ruined—lost!" And taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went directly to the Ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd. "I have a favor to ask of your excellency," said she, "under the seal of secrecy."

"Your Majesty has but to speak," said the diplomatist gravely, "and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power."

"I assure you," returned the Queen, "your power will not be severely taxed at present. It is but a trifle—a bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire but to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of *Madame Laura*?"

"Madame Laura—Madame Laura!" rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes on the ground.

"Yes, Madame Laura," said the queen impatiently; "does your excellency know her?"

Upon the diplomatist avouching that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed. "Then your excellency," said she at length, with an imperious voice, "will have the goodness to favor me by finding out the lady. Let an express set out for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay with full details respecting the position and character of this Madame Laura." The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the Queen of Sweden imitated or at least resembled Elizabeth in her fashion of coquetting with some favored noble of her court. The personage on whom, at the date of our story, the favor of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman, who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The Queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helena, of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own, and the widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned d'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked ball, Christina had herself designed to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on answering the hint of the Queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sidney, widow of Sir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his countess, the baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. Hence the unwillingness of d'Harcourt to attract attention at the masquerade, the baroness being then his companion. Well would it have been for the young noble had he been equally cautious with regard to his speech! But in reality, the costume of Christina, which had called from him the mysterious remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat ridiculous. The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual dress, with all its other stiff and stately points, were very much out of place on the restless, careless, and petulant Queen of Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious of this on reflection, and the more galling was the idea of being an object of ridicule to the man she favored, and, above all, to her rival in his regard.

The impatient Queen received an answer from Paris in eight days, so actively did the courier fulfil the orders given. "Madame Laura," said the document which he brought, "is a Court lady, who has become mad. Her mania consists in a belief that she is Queen of France, and in her endeavor to rival the real sovereign, Maria Theresa, in all her dresses and decorations. The poor woman passes her life in this sole occupation. The Queen never assumes a habit which is not seen immediately afterwards on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive as ridiculous, nobody meddles with her, and she is everywhere known in Paris by the name of the 'Queen's caricature.' This dispatch had additional details of the same kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portraiture of poor Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and looking inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the Queen of Sweden knew no bounds. She had conceived that there was some little point about d'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavorable, but to find that she had been compared altogether to a vain and ridiculous madwoman—she, the heroine and pride of the north—she, who had almost allowed the author of this gross insult to know that she loved him—she, to be an object of contempt to this strange youth and his Lady Sidney, the woman for whom he seemed to reject herself—such a thought was torturing to the heart of the proud and wilful princess. "Wretches!" she exclaimed, "this is the comparison you would have had me to believe a compliment!" Filled with such emotions, the queen again chanced to look at the detailed account of Madame Laura. "Innocent as the madness of the lady really is," said one part of the paper, "she is an austere sovereign, and by no means inclined to admit clemency among the royal virtues. She speaks ever of executing justice." The passage tallied with the state of the queen's mind. "Yes," cried she, "if I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to her in all things." Then she set herself to discover a fit chastisement for d'Harcourt. None appeared to her sufficiently heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper passed the day on which she received this galling document from Paris.

Sleep, or the calm of night, brought a change over her feelings. She arose with an altered mind from her couch, and in place of an order for his confinement, in a dungeon, she sent

to d'Harcourt, on that morning, the brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The Count, who had been preparing himself for leaving Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on receiving this intelligence. He was the more so, as he had not the least doubt but that the Queen must have discovered the secret of his allusion to Madame Laura, from some of the Frenchmen about the court. The conduct of Christina thus appeared to him in a most magnanimous light, and a light very dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness de Steinberg. Still more was this the case, when after the lapse of but a few months, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and, subsequently, on the occasion of his performance of a gallant action, was honored with the rank of general, and the key of chamberlain of the household. He was induced also to become a naturalized Swede, as a step to further greatness.

All eyes were now turned upon the rising young Frenchman, and it was thought that the premiership, if not a higher honor, was within his grasp. He was in a trying position. He was charmed with the Queen's generosity of heart, and believed that she must love him, though nothing but her kindly actions, and, it may be, her looks, had indicated it hitherto; and he had never dared to enter upon such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was by the prospect of personal favor from a young, powerful, and not unlovely princess, d'Harcourt still felt his heart to be with the Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the latter, and his ambition, came at length to a direct trial—a struggle for superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg had seen, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the elevation of her lover, but the sense of pain predominated. She saw that ambition was estranging him from her. One day, accordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her intention to leave Stockholm that evening, but plainly indicating that if he yet loved her enough to retain her, she would not go. At the same moment, almost, the Count received a letter from the Queen, desiring his immediate presence at a private consultation with her council. This was equivalent to an announcement of a new honor awaiting him. The Count was deeply agitated by this dilemma, but ambition, or what he would fain have called *duty*, gained the day. He neglected the invitation of the Baroness, and went to the palace, seals and portfolios dancing before his mind's eye by the way.

The Queen was seated in council when he was announced. All smiled upon the favorite; but Christina signified her wish for the whole to retire, and d'Harcourt was left alone with her. She was pale, and he also was agitated. It seemed to him as if the moment was come when a crown was to fall on his head. After a pause, the Queen lifted a portfolio, stamped with the royal arms, the symbol of supreme if not royal power, and holding it out, said: "Do you desire it?"

The smile of the Queen made the intoxicated young noble interpret this into, "Do you love me?" and he fell on his knees, exclaiming in answer, "Yes, I love you, as much as I reverence and admire you!" He continued in this strain for a short time, when the Queen interrupted him—and what an interruption!

"Enough!" cried she, in a tone that froze the blood in the Count's heart, a tone resembling that of a player who casts aside a mask he has worn for a time. The dismayed Count would have risen, but she imperiously signed to him to remain. "At length," continued she, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "at length I see you *there*—and the hour of my revenge is come!" d'Harcourt fell back, with his head upon a fauteuil, dumb and motionless. "Yes!" resumed Christina, "I knew that you *loved* me, but I wished to hear you declare it, as I can now say, as a *woman*, what I might long since have said as a *queen*, that I—scorn and despise you!"

A groan was all the reply of the undeceived and unfortunate Count.

"Yes, I have raised you," continued the Queen, "only for the enjoyment of this hour. Elizabeth raised the Earl of Essex step by step to place and honor. So have I done by you. But there is a further step. If I cannot be Elizabeth, as Madame Laura, whom I resemble so much, and who is equally cruel as mad, I may fairly finish the similitude. You remember the end of Essex!"

"Death!" exclaimed the agitated Count, involuntarily.

"Yes! death on the scaffold," said the Queen. "I have taken care to naturalize you in Sweden, and you are at my discretion. But I will conclude this affair in a manner more worthy of Madame Laura, and consequently of *me*," added Christina bitterly. As she spoke, she summoned the councilors to re-enter.

"This man," said she to them, "is insane. Let him be conveyed to the madhouse!" Dumb with horror, the Count d'Harcourt was taken from the royal presence.

Insanity really attacked the unhappy man. But, from the tenderness of one woman, he found a partial remedy for the cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom, which was mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg, forgetful of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her future days were dedicated to the solacement of the broken-spirited Count d'Harcourt.—*From the French.*

INEZ DE CASTRO.

THE lengthened and varied annals of the Peninsula contain no episode more deeply interesting than that which the reader will find laid before him in the following brief and unvarnished narrative. The scene of the story was Portugal, and the time the middle of the fourteenth century, when Alfonso IV. sat upon the throne of that country. This prince had been distinguished in his youth for the display of almost every bad quality, having rebelled more than once against his father, and so embroiled the kingdom in repeated civil discords. When he ascended the throne, he exhibited that total disregard for his new duties which might have been expected from his previous conduct, until a solemn and bold warning from one of his chief nobles effected a compulsory reformation, rendered comparatively durable by fears for his personal safety. The caution referred to was thus given. The council of state had long waited for him one day, having affairs of consequence to transact. Alfonso had gone a-hunting, and when he appeared at length in council, it was only to entertain the grave statesmen and nobles there assembled, with an account of his day's sport. "Sire," said one of the councillors, "we did not come here to listen to things fitted for the ears of huntsmen. If your highness will attend to the necessities of your subjects, you will have humble and faithful vassals; if not"—"What then?" cried the angry king. The minister calmly proceeded—"If not, they will seek another king!" Alfonso broke forth into a torrent of invectives; but something in the manner of those around him compelled him ultimately to moderate his passion, and to promise that, from that time forward, they would find in him "not Alfonso the hunter, but Alfonso the king."

To this seasonable warning, history tells us, the Portuguese people owed many public benefits during the remainder of Alfonso's reign; but the reformation did not extend to the king's private conduct. His son and heir, Dom Pedro, was united in marriage to Constance, daughter of a powerful Castilian prince. The affections of the Infante, as the heir-apparent was called, were not consulted or engaged in this match. He was strongly attached, in fact, to another lady, named Inez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian who had sought refuge in Portugal from perils incurred in his native province. This attachment was mutual, yet Pedro remained true to his vows to Constance, and lived in unbroken harmony with her. It is admitted by all annalists that the virtuous fidelity and self-command exhibited by the Portuguese prince were as commendable as they were rare, in stations like his, at that period of the world's history. However, King Alfonso was aware of his son's passion for Inez de Castro; and from the fear that circumstances might yet occur to bring about a match between them, which he regarded as one unworthy of the royal house of Portugal, the king caused Donna Inez to stand godmother to one of the Infante's children by Constance, thus creating a spiritual bar to the possibility of future wedlock between the two parties. The Church of Rome forbade the union of the sponsor of an infant with its real parent.

Nevertheless, when Constance died, as she did after being married but a few years, Dom Pedro's attachment set all such obstacles at defiance. He obtained a papal dispensation, and married Inez de Castro. At the same time, he concealed his marriage from his father and the public, the lady consenting rather to bear the imputation of an illegal connexion, than to subject the Infante to the risk of Alfonso's anger. For some years, Inez lived in great seclusion at Coimbra, where she bore four children to her husband, namely, Alfonso, John, Dennis, and Beatrice. Unacknowledged as this union was, the court, nevertheless, suspected something of the kind. In his private conduct, Pedro not only exhibited all the affection and constancy of a husband as regarded Inez, but peremptorily declined entering into any of the new matrimonial engagements which his father was perpetually proposing to him. Inez de Castro, therefore, could not but be an object of suspicion to Alfonso and his confidants, and she unfortunately incurred, through other circumstances, a degree of additional odium, which brought on the crisis of her fate. The despotism of the reigning sovereign of Castile caused many of her countrymen to fly to Portugal for protection; and by gaining for them the favor of her husband, the Infante, she was able to place them in a position that excited the envy of the native courtiers. A strong party was by degrees formed against Inez, and to these persons it became an object of importance to dispose of the unfortunate lady, ere the demise of Alfonso called his son to the throne, and consolidated her power beyond all possibility of overthrow.

This inimical party commenced operations by working on the fears of the old king, and persuading him that the life and rights of Ferdinand, his grandson by Constance, were endangered by the influence of Inez de Castro. They brought Alfonso to the belief that the death of that unfortunate lady was indispensable to the security of the royal line, and the general peace of the country; and at length the king consented to the execution of the cruel purpose to which his mind had thus been made familiar. Pedro was absent on a lengthened hunting excursion, and, during that absence, Alfonso betook himself to Coimbra, accompanied by Gonsalves,

Pacheco, and Coelho, those of his courtiers most hostile to Inez de Castro. He entered the dwelling where she had lived so many years in peace with her family. Alone, with her protector and husband far away, the unhappy woman beheld this intrusion with mortal alarm. She gathered her children about her, as if her feeble arms could save them from peril, and prostrated herself along with them at the feet of the old king. She implored him to have pity on his innocent grandchildren, and on herself, their mother. The king was not without natural feelings, and these were touched by the appeal made to him, and by the sight of his son's lovely offspring, and their still beautiful mother. He left her uninjured, and rejoined the three courtiers, who eagerly waited outside, expectant of a summons to complete the bloody act in contemplation. Their arguments speedily cured the king of his humane relents, and he gave them authority to return to the chamber of Inez, and dispatch her with their daggers. The three courtiers waited for no second orders, but in a few minutes had dyed their weapons in the blood of the defenceless wife of the Infante. They then hurried with the king from the scene of their barbarous crime.

Dom Pedro's rage and grief were violent in proportion to his affection for Inez, and to the happiness he had enjoyed during their wedded life. From the hour of her death, his very nature seemed to be changed, and one absorbing, overwhelming passion, the desire of revenge, took possession of his soul. In the first burst of his resentment he took arms against his father, and commenced a bloody civil war. The contest was terminated, however, by the interposition of the aged queen, who represented to her son the injustice of continuing to punish the whole country for the crime of one or a few. Pedro was alive to the justice of this appeal, and laid down his arms, to save the nation from further calamities. He submitted even to a reconciliation with his father, who thenceforth employed all possible means to appease his son, and divert his thoughts from the murdered Inez. However, Alfonso allowed the actual assassins to quit the country, and take refuge in Castile. Whether or not the old monarch succeeded in banishing the remembrance of Inez from the breast of the Infante, was made apparent soon afterwards, when the latter, by the demise of his father, was called to the throne.

The first act of the new king was to conclude a treaty with the reigning sovereign of Castile, by which all fugitives were to be given up on both sides. Pedro of Portugal showed a desire to effect this compact at any cost. He betrothed his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian sovereign, though these daughters were illegitimate, being the offspring of Maria de Padilla, a lady for whose sake the King of Castile had cruelly misused his wedded queen. By giving his assent to this arrangement, and any others stipulated for by the other contracting party, Pedro accomplished the grand object of his wishes—the gratification of what had become the ruling passion of his life. He got into his hands the murderers of Inez de Castro. From these men Pedro had certainly received a mortal injury, and one that deserved the punishment of death. They had cruelly and treacherously violated the privacy of his home, and forever ruined its happiness, by dipping their hands in the blood of an unoffending woman, the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his infants. But the death which Pedro inflicted on these men was one not to be excused even by the greatness of their crime. Gonsalves and Coelho (for Pacheco escaped seizure) perished by tortures too painful to describe. Naturally a man of no ungentle nature, and even admittedly possessed of many virtues, Pedro is said to have glutted his eyes with the sufferings of his victims, all other feelings being lost in the gratification of the one great passion of revenge.

Nor was the monarch satisfied with this offering to the manes of his wife. After the execution of her slayers, he assembled the cortes, and solemnly took oath that he had obtained a papal dispensation for his marriage with Inez de Castro, and that that marriage had taken place in presence of the Bishop Guarda and the equerry of his own household. These individuals confirmed by their oaths the statement of the king. This ceremony ended, a new scene took place, of a character almost unexampled in history; a scene so strange, so solemn, so fearfully impressive in its nature, that it is little marvel that the name and fate of Inez de Castro should have afforded a theme for the poet and the painter in all lands, and throughout all succeeding times. In presence of the whole assembled court, the body of Inez de Castro, raised from the quietude of the tomb after a sleep of several years, was placed on the throne beside her husband, and there, gorgeously attired as became the consort of a powerful monarch, was crowned with the queenly diadem of Portugal. The heir-apparent of the sceptre, Prince Ferdinand, son of Constance, knelt in homage before the corpse, and kissed her cold hand, as the first of her subjects. The whole Portuguese nobility, lords and ladies, followed the example of the prince; and, in short, every customary rite was performed which might have accompanied the coronation of the most powerful and popular of living princesses. Pedro, meanwhile, looked on in stern enjoyment of the honors paid to the remains of his beloved wife. The body of Inez was conveyed, immediately after this ceremony, to the royal burial-place at Alcobaca, and there

magnificently re-interred. Pedro closed the scene by formally establishing the legitimacy of the children of Inez, and by profusely rewarding all who had ever served her, or had any claims upon her gratitude.

Thus closes the extraordinary history of Inez de Castro. It is but fair to the memory of Pedro to state, that when he had avenged the murder of his consort, and done all in his power to clear her memory from stain, he became to Portugal a just and even popular ruler. To the last, he administered the laws with severity, but at the same time with undeviating impartiality. These qualities perhaps rendered him a ruler more fit for such times than one of milder and more merciful sentiments. He showed, also, that a sovereign austere just could also be habitually generous, and even munificent. Up till the hour of his death, Pedro retained his affection for the memory of Inez de Castro unchanged and undiminished, and it was his frequent custom to retire to her tomb, and there indulge in meditation upon her virtues and her fate.

FROM PODGERS.

NEW YORK, February 21, 1865.

DEAR CALIFORNIAN.—I was unable to jot anything for your columns last steamer in consequence of a most delightful cold caught on board that elegant specimen of naval architecture the steamer *North Star*; and when I say "a cold," I mean one of the old-fashioned kind that enables one to speak French with that nasal accent so requisite, and makes one feel as if every bone in his body had been pounded for a month. The passengers that left San Francisco January 4th, landed in New York in a state of frigidity that made them look and feel like so many icicles.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE PASSAGE.

For three days before reaching this city we had severe cold weather. Every drop of water froze as soon as it touched the deck, and the bow of the steamer looked like an iceberg. There was no provision for warming the cabin, no stoves, and no bedding. The first cabin passengers had a narrow thin specimen of what was termed a blanket, about thirty inches wide, four being requisite to make a pair—for it was evident that a pair had been split lengthwise to make four—which was ingeniously economical but not comfortable. The second cabin passengers were not so well off, as they had none at all. The water in the staterooms froze solid, and women and children were huddled together for warmth, vainly endeavoring to keep warm by wrapping themselves in all the clothing they could get on. To say we were uncomfortable would fall far short of the facts—we suffered. I know I never was so cold, or suffered so much from cold since I was born. There was no place to go to; no shelter from the piercing wind except below, and there it was Babel broken loose; children crying, mothers scolding, dishes clattering, and waiters rushing to and fro—trying to keep up circulation, I suppose, for all their efforts failed to keep us but a slight degree removed from starvation. The ship was not provided with food for half the number of passengers, and the fare was bad and scarce.

We had heard so much of the "reforms" since the new Company had acquired the line that we *did* expect to find things a little improved, but we were woefully disappointed; it was, if anything, a little worse than ever. It is but just to say that the officers and waiters were civil and obliging, and did the best they could with the little they had to do it with.

WHAT COMPLAINT EFFECTED.

Having learned that the agents, or rather the Board of Directors of the Company, were desirous of doing the "fair thing," and that an effort had been made on their part to have things "all right," I considered it my duty to call and tell them that they had most signally failed to come up to their promises or the requirements of the public. I was received very courteously, and assured by Mr. C. K. Garrison that it was their intention and determination to furnish their ships with good provisions and plenty of them, and also plenty of clean bedding, blankets, etc., but that the *North Star* had by some error been allowed to go to sea improperly provided. Mr. Garrison said that hereafter there would be no cause of complaint, and I imagine when the ship left for her next trip she was in better shape. He also informed me that a celebrated caterer had been engaged to superintend the provisioning of the ships of the line, and that orders would be given to put everything on board necessary for the comfort of travellers. So the fuss kicked up by the *North Star* passengers will result in some good, probably, and hereafter, if the travelling public are not properly provided it is their own fault, for the Atlantic Mail Company seem desirous of doing the fair thing, and, if their attention is called to any "short-comings" will, they say, rectify all errors. There certainly is an ample field for their philanthropy, and I hope it will be exercised to the benefit of those who come and go hereafter.

WHO WANTS TO GO HOME?

If any man, woman or child in California indulges in the folly of wishing himself or herself in New York about these days, it would only be necessary to enjoy the delightful cli-

mate of this city about five minutes and they would be cured of their desire, for it is cold enough to freeze the whiskers off a brass cat. It is blowing, snowing, and the north wind goes right through a fellow. Every man you see has icicles hanging from his moustache and beard, and the ladies, despite furs and muffs, look anything but lovely with their red noses.

THE CURIOUS COSTUMES OF GOTHAM.

Speaking of the ladies obliges me to assert that arbitrary fashion has never come so near making them perfectly frightful as at the present time. They all look alike and dress alike, regardless of their different style of features, and the prettiest woman is so disfigured that it is difficult to conceive that she ever could have been good-looking. It is the style to dress the hair so as to make every head look like a last year's bird's nest. The moisture is all taken out in the process of "frizzing," and a handful of tow would answer all the requirements. Light hair is the fashion, and great ingenuity is shown in making it look as much like a flaxen wig as possible. Old and young wear their dresses tucked up, the rule being that the drapery come no lower than the top of the boot; and as the boots are considerably on the "top" order, it follows that the display of ankle is extremely liberal. One woman looks as much like another as two "peas," and all look equally ugly, so that a proper appreciation of them must necessarily be "an acquired taste," like that for oysters and tomatoes. If San Francisco is behind the age, may we remain forever in that state of ignorance, which, in this case, is bliss indeed!

The most comical-looking things are the opera bonnets. Quarter an orange, take the peel from one section, put it over the top of the head, draw the points down to the ears, and you have the pattern exactly; two frizzles in front and a cataract behind completes the picture, and a "rum one" it is to look upon. "Such is fashion."

White chokers, round-tailed dress coats and a reckless display of shirt-hosom is the opera costume for gentlemen. The Dundreary whiskers have had their day, and the moustache and imperial only, worn long, are the style.

CALIFORNIANS AT THE EAST.

Californians are abundant, and many faces, familiar in Montgomery street, are met in Broadway. They all look disconsolate, and wear an expression of "I-wish-I-were-back again"-itiveness. In Washington I met dozens of them, every one having an axe to grind, of course. The new Senators from Nevada had entered upon their duties, and were doing their country good service. Gov. Nye looked lovely, and Stewart has already earned the reputation of being "a good worker." The general impression is that Nevada is both ably and respectably represented. The Hon. Judge Field and lady, and Andrew McCreary and his bride, were at Willard's.

W. R. Garrison and Charley Smith, Esq., arrived in good order and condition, and both look lovely in their new clothes. Charles has gone to the moral town of Boston for a visit.

Mr. Hayward of San Mateo, who came East to get his son discharged from the army, has succeeded in his mission, and is expected here in a few days from Savannah with him.

HOW HORSES FARE WHERE GREENBACKS ARE CURRENT.

I dropped into Mr. Leonard Jerome's stable the other morning as I was going down town, and I could not but wish myself a horse to enjoy its luxuries. There are thousands of people in good circumstances in New York who don't live in half the style Mr. Jerome's horses do. The building is elegant, and attached is a private skating-pond, not for the horses but for children. Everybody skates; it is the fashion, and a lady who is not *au fait* in this accomplishment is nobody. They do not all skate well, however, as many a bump and ungraceful tumble testifies.

Frank Baker has advertised his stud of horses, his carriages, harness, etc., for sale, on account of his departure for Europe, where he goes in the Spring, and, although ordered to remain in doors in consequence of a cold and cough, I could not resist the temptation of a visit to his stables, which are scarcely inferior to Mr. Jerome's.

I saw the team that trotted in 2.23½ and was reminded of the old captain's remark about his ship, which he said was "a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go." So with Baker's horses; his fast nags are all under size, and this appears to be generally the case here. Small, light horses are universal, and everything must be long-tailed. Short-tailed nags are entirely out of date; it is a mystery what has become of them all, for none are seen in the streets, and it is almost impossible to find a purchaser for a pair of "bobs," no matter how stylish or how fast. Carriages and wagons are very "loud" in the way of paint, and the style would shock San Francisco. I remember being severely criticised for coming out in a "yaller-striped" buggy once upon a time, but that was tame in comparison with the present rainbow hues of a carriage or wagon; and their use is by no means confined to "shoddy," although there is a certain attempt at plainness by the would-be aristocracy; they affect a plainness in dress bordering on slovenliness, and a shabbiness in the way of a "turn-out" that makes the real affectation very apparent. Taking it all in all, Gotham is a pretty fast village, and it takes a cord of greenbacks to live even plainly.

GENERAL "PODGERINGS."

Washington bids fair to be very gay this season, and is crowded to its fullest capacity. I counted five Major-Generals and fifteen Brigadiers in one group; they had come from the front to get warm, although, as a general thing, they have found it pretty warm work on Grant's line.

I heard a good thing as coming from Sherman. When told that the attack on Fort Fisher had failed, he smiled and remarked: "If my boys had been before it, and had been told that there were two dozen chickens inside, they would have had it sure!" The rebels would have called it fowl play of course.

The oil fever continues to run high, and fortunes are made by speculation in oil grounds and claims. If I am not much mistaken the community will have a little chance to discover that they need not go to California to be swindled. They will find the elephant nearer home, and have a chance to ascertain that all the sharp ones have not emigrated, a few more of the same sort being left behind for seed.

California must look to her laurels. Quartz has been discovered in Vermont that pays by actual working \$300 to the ton. A company, embracing several old Californians, has been formed to work it.

The most uncertain and precarious of all speculations hereabouts is in gold. The fluctuations in twenty-four hours make and break hundreds. It goes up on the rumor of a success and goes down on its confirmation, the fluctuations being as much as ten per cent. a day without any good reasons for either its rise or its fall. Money is abundant, and a man requires a bushel of it to live decently.

People who contemplate coming on here to sell California mines might as well stay at home and save their money, for "ile" has run quartz leads out of sight, and now we never mention them. They say California is a humbug, and too slow in comparison to Pennsylvania.

Have you an opera yet? There's plenty of it here, which I will tell you about when I hear it. For the benefit of several gentlemen in San Francisco, who were troubled with Richings on the brain or heart, I will mention that Miss R. is playing and singing, and of course charming the good people of her native city, Philadelphia, where she draws large houses—long may she wave! More anon, which means when I feel more like it than I do at these presents.

PODGERS.

SKIMMINGS FROM AN OLD RECEIPT-BOOK.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, we have obtained a sight of a manuscript receipt-book, written early in the last century, and which latterly seems to have belonged to the Honorable Margaret Murray, a sister of the first Earl of Mansfield. Such books were to be found in every house of any consequence, before printed manuals of cookery had become common. They were generally compiled from one another, with such additions as each lady housekeeper could give from her own skill and experience, or as could be obtained from the skill and experience of her nearest friends and neighbors. Accordingly, many of the receipts were of indefinite antiquity, while others might be considered as nearly contemporary with the date of the particular manuscript in which they appeared. The book before us contains many curious matters, illustrative of the habits of thought and the habits of common life which prevailed rather more than a hundred years ago.

The receipts in this book are not, it must be observed, cookery receipts. They refer to the more refined parts of house-keeping, as the preserving of fruits, the compounding of sweet cakes, and the making of cordials and medicinal preparations. Common cookery would, we presume, be left to servants, who would conduct it according to traditionary rules which no one ever thought of improving; while the ladies themselves would deem it a fair part of duty, to study the mysteries of pastry, preserving, and the concoction of specifics. Not even the highest rank seems to have been exempted from such labors, for, amongst these nostrums, is one entitled "The Countess of Rutland's Receipt for making the rare Bambrury Cakes which was so much praised at her daughter's wedding." If we might judge from the volume in our possession, we would say that much more attention must have been bestowed by the ladies of those days upon confectionery than upon learning, for the spelling is generally of a very original kind, and the handwriting in many parts by no means distinguished for elegance.

It does not seem necessary to bestow any particular notice on the great mass of the receipts in our volume, these referring only to ordinary objects, as "To make marinolate of oranges," "To make a goosberry Fnnl," "To make Cherrie Water," "To make Gilly Flowrwater," "To make Steill Carvie," "To clarify Sween's Saine," "To make goosberry Wine," "To make Curran Wine," etc. Here the titles, we presume, are enough. Our attention, however, is irresistibly arrested when we come to such a characteristic and peculiar receipt as "To make Oyll of Swallows," which proceeds thus: "Take swallows as many as you can get, ten or twelve at the least, and put them quick into a mortar; and put to them lavender cotton, speke, cammouyle, knot grass, ribwort, balm, valerian,

rosemary tops, woodbine tops, strings of vines, French mal-lows, the sops of ale hoof [and other ten or twelve like things.] of each of these are handfull; *beat all these together*, and put thereto a quart of neat's feet oyl, or May butter; *stamp them all together*, and beat them with one or two ounces of cloves, and put them all together into an earthen pot; stop it verie clos with a piece dough round about, so clos that no air can come out; set them nine days in a cellar, and then take them out and boyle them six or eight hours on the fire, or else in a pan of water; but first open your pat and put in half a pound of wax whit or yellow, and a pint of sellat oyle, and strain them through a canvass cloth." For what purpose on earth could our ladies have designed this unhallowed mixture!

"King Edward's Perfume" is highly characteristic of the age when floors were strewn with rushes, and only cleaned once in a few weeks. "Take twelve spoonfulls of right red rose water, the weight of sixpence in fine powder of sugar, and boyll it on hot embers softly, and the house will smell as *though it were full of roses*; but you must burn the sweet cypress wood befor, *to take away the gross air*." "A Cordiall Water of Sir Walter Rouligh's" is also worth giving. "Take a galloun of strawberries, and put them into a pint of aquavita: let them stand four or five days. *Strain them gently out*, and sweeten the water as you pleas, with fine sugar or with perfume."

Here, however, is a much greater marvel than any of the above, namely, "A Sovereign Water of Doctor Stephen's, which he a long time used; wherewith he did many cures; he kept it secrett till a little befor his death, and then gave it to the bishope of Canterbury in a writing, which is: Take a gallone of good Gascon wine, and take vinegar, gallingall, cinnamun, nutmegs, cloves, grains, anniseeds, fennell seeds, of every of them a dram; then take carroway seeds of red, mintes, rose, tyme, pelletory of the wall, rosemary and wild tyme, camomyle, the leaves if you cannot get the flowrs of small lavender, of each a handfull; then bray the spiret small, and bray the herbs, and put all into the wine, and let it stand twelve hours, stirring it divers times, then still it in a lembik, and kep the first water, for it is best; then put the second water by itself, for it is good, but not of such virtues." Hear, reader, the virtues of this water: "It comforts the vital spir-its, and helps all inward diseases, that come of cold. It is good against the shaking of the palse. It cures the contrac-tion of the sinews. It kills the worms in the belly and stom-ach; it cures the dropsie; whosover useth this water morning and evening and not too often, it *preserveth him in good lik-ing*, and will *make him seem young verie long*, and comforteth nature marvellously. With this water did Master Stephen preserve his life till extream age wold not let him goe nor stand, and he continued fyve years when all the physicians judged he [wold] not live a year longer, nor did he use any other medicine but this!"

It will be observed that Dr. Stephen's sovereign water includes an ingredient which has generally been allowed to have a direct effect in "comforting the vital spirits." The same principle is found in all the other cordials described in our receipt-book. We have "The Lord Spencer's Cherrie Water," the basis of which is "ane pottle of new sack," and which is "good for faintings and soundings," likewise "The Lady Spotswood's Stomach Water," the basis of which is "white wine ane pottle;" and "Doctor Butler's Cordial Water against melancholy, most approved," which seems at first to be a mere decoction of a great list of gay spring flowers, until, on looking a little closer, we discern that it, too, has a substantial foundation, in "a quart of Canary wine," so that even we modcrus may well believe the concluding passage—"take of this water at one tyme three spoonfulls thrice a weick, or when you are ill; it *cureth all melancholy fumes*." So also "A Cordial Water called Sanatifera" rests upon "a Chopine of Brandie," which is only, as it were, by the by, ordered to be poured upon "the ingredients;" not to speak of the concluding direction to "take a spoonful or two amongst a litle warme ale."

There is "A Receipt of Water much magnified by the Hylanders and Italeans, for thikening the hair wher it is, and making it grow where it is not;" but the ingredients are not to be enumerated before polite society. At the bottom of "a Receipt against Melancholy and Madness," we are informed that "the eating of a roasted magpie is very good against Madnness, *tho occasioned by witchcraft*;" but if it makes the patient worse, vomiting well will make it good." As further illustrations of the habits of ladies of high rank in those days, we have "To make chees, Lady William Hay's way," "How to make Cherrie Brandie, the Countess of Linlithgow's way," a "Receipt to make Gillie of Hartshorn, my Lady Hyndford's way," a "Receipt for Goosberry Vene-gar, my Lady Ormiston's way," and a rival receipt to the last by "Colonel Keith's lady." Lady Balcanquhal, Lady Wood-hall, and Mrs. Isobel Stirling, also appear as authorities on these grave matters. Nor was the sterner sex above lending their aid. The Lord Spencer's Cherrie Water has already been alluded to. We have also "The Lord Barron Halmon's True Receipt of the Queen of Hungarie's water," and "Lord Neill Campbell's Receipt for a Squinancy, which he bought

for 3 guinies from a mason who lived by it when he could not work." This Lord Neill was a younger son of the famous Marquis of Argyll, beheaded at the Restoration. That men of such rank should have put faith in obscure nostrums practised by the humblest and most ignorant of the commu-nity, shows in a striking light the imperfect wisdom of those times.

(For the Californian.)

M E R I D I E M .

FILL once again with wine, the best and last,
The hour has come the dregs are to be cast—
The regal opulence of Youth is past.

Here let dear memories mingle, as is fit—

The glow of embers ne'er to be re-lit.

The tunes of Song, the genius-gleams of Wit;

Fill, fill! fill high! Fill to the crystal brim!

And while the sparkling hubble-jewels swim,

Drain to the echo of a dying hymn.

Drain to the murky bottom of the glass—

Drain while the Noon of Life is at high mass—

The shiver of the cups shall cry, "Alas!"

Join in with reckless tongues of hopeless men,
The closing cadence of the grand HAS BEEN—
Ring out this requiem of a Soul's amen!

Oh, for the supple bow for aye unbent!

Oh, for the jocund sense of young content!

Oh, for the star-designs the storms have rent!

Oh, for the passion-second's crimson flight!

Oh, for the moments of supreme delight!

Oh, for the full moon and the honey night!

Oh, for the red, red draught of drunken blisses!

Oh, for the aromatic rapture kisses!

Oh, for the love-hooms and the dream abysses!

Oh, a million times! and all in vain—

The Spring will ne'er return to me again,

With dappled skies and balmy drops of rain.

The lustrous fires that flushed me full of zest,

The amplitude of warmth that overleest,

Have flamed!—and sank to everlasting rest.

In Indian summer retrospect I view

The gorgeous hours my wanton luxury slew,

The while their velvet lips were wet with dew—

Dash down the glasses! Let the fragments lay—

Come, penance of exhaustion and decay,

This, this is Pleasure's terrible death-day!

O vanished fragrance of the morning air!

O torrid splendors lost beyond repair!

The icy night-winds cut me to despair!

And why do I despair? 'Tis that I think

I never more will hear god-glasses clink,

And nevermore of Nature's blood-wine drink.

But say you, when I'm gone, "His heart was bold,"

And say you, too, "He was no slave to gold,

And laid no joys away to rust and mould."

Now with the glistening fragments at my back,

I face the Sun upon his palling track,

Declining swiftly into darkness black.

Come others to the revel's vacant seat,

With glasses brimmed and lips of virgin sweet—

After the carnival we'll fitly greet.

O Spring! O Summer! O unsunned decline!

Sad season of dead thirsts, I now am thine—

At last the Flagon-World is drained of wine!

W. A. KENDALL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11th, 1865.

OUR PETROLEUM ON ITS TRAVELS.—Big stories seem to grow bigger by travelling. No great excitement was produced here by Professor Silliman's remarkable discoveries in the Lower Country, but New York saw them in a different light. And the following item we clip from the *Irish Times*, a Dublin news-paper:

PETROLEUM IN CALIFORNIA A New York paper states that Professor Sullivan examined part of Southern California in the summer and found oil equal in quality to the best in Pennsylvania struggling to the surface and running to waste down the river for miles. It has been regarded as a nuisance, rendering barren tracks of land of perhaps a mile square in the midst of a fine agricultural district.

It will be noticed that the name Silliman has been Hiber-nicised into Sullivan. The name which the Professor received at the baptismal font, however, read in the light of his reports and predictions about mines which in no instance proved cor-rect, seems his most appropriate one. It is gratifying to know that measures have been taken to prevent the oil from run-ning to waste in rivers after its struggles to reach the surface, and to make the wilderness which it has created "blossom like the rose"—like rows of barrels in fact.

PATENT CARPET CLEANING.—The old system of beating dust in the carpets, as well as out of them, has been super-ceeded in all the cities of the East, by the "patent steam-power beating machine," which thoroughly cleanses the car-pets without the least injury or strain. J. Spaulding & Co., announces elsewhere in our columns, the depot where all or-ders may be left.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Inauguration Day (Saturday last) was honored with a will, but—owing to defective arrangements, in part, liberally sec-onded by weather of a character calculated to dampen the ardor of the most patriotic—the will took the place of the deed. As the celebration contemplated not only a testimo-nial of satisfaction at the re-election of "Honest Abe," but a rejoicing for the important victories lately won by our armies, all loyal men had sufficient incentive to assist in making the demonstration worthy the city and one befitting, at least, one or the other of the events referred to. How-ever, it is better in reviewing this first grand celebration-failure in San Francisco, to draw consolation from the fact that if the Committee *had* invited the military, who "stood ready to accept," and *had* made such other preparations as were naturally expected, the unfriendly agent of the consoli-dated celestial water-company would have spoiled the fun, at last, for the greater portion of the day. Had city-editors taken this view of the matter, and omitted sundry suggestive paragraphs, doubtless the Committee of Arrangements would have been better pleased, while many people would have still regarded the three speakers' stands in Montgomery street as a fine display of architectural skill, and the tar barrels which illuminated the intersecting thoroughfares as gorgeous crea-tions of pyrotechnic ability. Some people seem to think if they demonstrate to their fellows that they *are* miserable, and ought fully to appreciate the fact, something has been achieved for which mankind should be grateful; but we can't help regarding their theory as slightly erroneous.

During the night of March 7th two slight earthquakes shocked our citizens; on the following morning a heavier discharge from the subterranean battery knocked some of them out of their beds. (We say "some," for a lad of our acquaintance assures us that he was ousted from his comfort-able pulu in that manner, and we would not risk incurring the displeasure of the invisible artillerist by supposing that the effect stopped with one small boy.) If any one likes this sort of amusement, all right; but to our notion, the pains-taking artillery practice of Samuel Brannan is preferable.

The semi-annual election of officers by the San Francisco Olympic Club took place on Monday, resulting as follows: R. H. Lloyd, President; G. W. Ramage, Vice President; D. Wilder, Secretary; W. H. Eldridge, Treasurer; Arthur Nahl, Leader; S. W. Holladay, John H. Coleman, Ellis M. Furbush, G. S. Haskell, Directors. Messrs. Eldridge, Nahl and Haskell were on the Independent ticket; 230 votes were polled. The increasing interest taken by our citizens in sys-tematic development of the physical man, is full of promise that the time will come when Americans will not be prover-bial for their neglect of those manly accomplishments which are not only a source of health and strength to the body but of vigor and effectiveness to the mental faculties. Success to "Olympic" clubs everywhere.

The following are among the casualties of the week: A man named Farr was severely injured while working at a hay house on Market street, opposite Steuart, by a falling scantling, which struck him on the head. . . John Murray, Jr., aged about five years, was drowned in the Bay, near the Ma-rine Hospital; he had been playing on the wharf with several of his little friends, and fell into the water while trying to re-cover his hat, which had blown off. . . Skinner's patent roofing manufactory, at the Mission, narrowly escaped destruction by fire, the asphaltum on the furnace having ignited; that any-thing was saved may be attributed to the proximity of En-gine Company No. 13, the members being on hand with their usual promptness. . . Patrick King, teamster, while driving a stone-laden truck on Turk street, to Lone Mountain, slipped and fell between the wheels. The body of the truck passed over his prostrate form; his injuries are severe. King was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. . . A runaway horse, with a buggy accompaniment, dashed along Sansome street, and at the in-tersection of Market knocked down and ran over a lady; her head was badly cut, and other less serious wounds were in-flicted. . . Antoine Pascal was driving a spirited horse on Du-pont street, when the firing of a salute by the California Guard frightened the horse. Result—fracture of Pascal's right thigh bone and dislocation of his shoulder. . . Jessup & Co.'s match factory, corner of Fourteenth and Folsom streets, was destroyed by fire. It will take several weeks to rebuild the establishment and replace the materials.

The Mechanics' Institute held its annual election of offi-cers, Monday. Eighty names had been recently added to the roll of membership; 478 votes were cast—about 330 more than at the last election. The following gentlemen were elected: Chas. M. Plum, President; Josiah Moulton, Vice President; P. B. Dexter, Recording Secretary; C. S. Higgins, Corresponding Secretary; Edward Nunan, Treas-urer; A. A. Snyder, H. K. Cummings, W. W. Hanscom, James R. Deane, David Dwyer, D. A. McDonald, J. W. Reay, Directors.

R. B. Woodward opened his garden and art-gallery to the public, at fifty cents admission-fee, Tuesday afternoon, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

MISS. M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POOR FRANCIS

FROM the second day of the new year things went pleasantly enough in the Twickenham household. How could Maude do otherwise than rejoice in the salvation of her father's honor—to say nothing of his commercial prosperity—even though that salvation had been obtained by a great humiliation upon her own part? She would have borne that humiliation very willingly, and would have freely acknowledged her obligation to Francis Tredethlyn, could she have seen Julia Desmond reconciled to her lover. But the separation between these two, which had arisen out of the scene on New Year's night, was a perpetual reproach to Maude Hillary.

She was not able to be quite happy, therefore, even though such a terrible burden had been lifted from her—even though she saw the dark cloud swept away from her father's face. Her girlish frivolity had departed from her forever on that terrible night in her father's study at Brighton; and there was a womanly softness, a pensive tenderness in her manner now, that made her even more bewitching than of old. Her affection for her father—always the ruling passion of her simple mind—had been intensified by that fiery ordeal through which she had so lately passed; and there was something very beautiful in the union which now existed between the father and daughter. Mr. Hillary had been surprised into confidences that made a new tie between himself and his child. He could never again entirely withhold his secrets from that tender friend and consoler. He could never again think of her as a beautiful, frivolous creature, only intended to wear expensive dresses and float about in graceful attitudes amongst the costly *bric-à-brac* of a fashionable drawing-room. He had learned to trust his child, and poor Maude applied herself diligently to the study of the customs and dealings common in that mysterious region known to her as the City. She tried to understand her father's position—for she was tormented by a feverish anxiety as to the repayment of Francis Tredethlyn's twenty thousand pounds; but the complications of an Australian merchant's trade, as affected by wars and rumors of wars, by alterations in the rate of discount and the price of Consols, were a little beyond Miss Hillary's comprehension, and she was fain to give up the attempt in despair, and to accept any statement which her father cared to make to her respecting the altered aspect of his affairs.

There was less company at the Cedars than usual during the bleak early months of the year. Mr. Hillary worked very sedulously in the City during this time, and did not care to fill his house with frivolous young idlers or penderous City-bred matrons and their fashionably-educated daughters. The recklessness engendered by the contemplation of inevitable ruin had given place to the careful dealing of a man who has a difficult but not impossible task allotted to him. You can scarcely expect the daughters of King Danaus to labor very ardently in the filling of those buckets which they know will not hold water; but if the buckets are only thin at the bottom, and may possibly carry their contents safely to the well, it is worth while to work conscientiously.

Francis Tredethlyn's twenty thousand pounds had done wonders for Lionel Hillary; but the dry-rot had been for a long time at work in that stately ship of which the merchant was captain, and the successful navigation of the vessel, amidst all the rocks and shoals and tempests of the commercial ocean, was by no means an easy duty.

But Mr. Hillary was sanguine, and his daughter saw the new hopefulness and brightness of his face, and was very nearly happy. She was not quite happy, for Harcourt Lowther's letters grew more despondent and complaining by every mail. He reproached Maude Hillary for her prosperity and her indifference; she must be indifferent, he argued, or she would have succeeded ere this in obtaining her father's consent to her marriage with the penniless officer. "There are girls who will go through fire and water for the man they love," he wrote, in an epistle that was half filled with fierce reproaches. "I have seen the power of a woman's devotion; but then that woman was only a poor simple creature, and not the daughter of a millionaire. I cannot believe that you could fail to influence your father, if you really cared to do so. If you loved me, Maude, this business would have been settled long ago."

Did she love him? That was a question which she had never set herself to answer. Had they not engaged themselves to each other in the prettiest and most sentimental fashion, like a modern Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton? Maude took the fact of her love for granted. All the sweetest and tenderest dreams of her life were mingled with the memory of Harcourt Lowther. He was so superior to all the other men who had paid her their homage; and it may be that

his contemptuous bearing towards those other men had been a part of the fascination of his manner. He had affected that modern Edgar Ravenswood tone—that elegant Timon of Athens-ism—which is so intensely charming in the eyes of a very young woman, however spurious it may be. And with all this, he had been so devoted, so delightfully exacting, so deliciously jealous! Maude looked back to the one sentimental period of her life, and saw Harcourt Lowther's image radiant in all the light of her own youthful fancies. So the worshipper in a village chapel sees some poor painted wooden figure of a saint, glorified by the glitter of tapers, the brightness of flowers and draperies and decorations. How was she to separate the lamps and the flowers about the shrine from the image which they adorned? How was she to discover the paltry nature of that clay out of which the graceful figure was fashioned? Harcourt Lowther represented to her all that was brightest and best in her early girlhood; and sitting alone, through long and thoughtful hours, in the empty rooms at the Cedars, Maude Hillary brooded very sadly upon the only love story of her life.

She had ventured to speak of Harcourt to her father once since the beginning of the year; but her timid pleading had been met by a cruel repulse.

"Understand me at once and forever, Maude," Lionel Hillary said, sternly; "such a marriage as that can never be. If you were the great heiress people think you, I might gratify this whim, as I have gratified other fancies, foolish and extravagant in their way. But the road I am now treading is by no means too secure under my feet, and I cannot afford to see my only child the wife of a penniless adventurer. I want to see you happy, Maude, but not after a sentimental girl's notion of happiness. I know what all those pretty theories about a suburban cottage and poverty come to when they are put into practice. I have seen the slipshod maid of all work, and the miserable dinners, and the Kidderminster carpets, and stale bread and rank butter, that belong to love in a cottage. And more than this, Maude, I know that Harcourt Lowther is the very last man to ally himself to a dowdier wife."

"Ah, how little you know him!" Maude murmured, softly. She thought she knew her lover so well herself, and fancied him the most generous and devoted of men because he had given her a few half-guinea bouquets, purchased on credit from a confiding florist. "Ah, dear papa, how little you know him! He is always reproaching me for my fortune, and lamenting the gulf it has made between us. Let me tell him of your difficulties, let me tell him that I am no longer a millionaire's daughter, that am free to marry the man I love. Ah, let me tell him—"

"Not a word, Maude," answered Lionel Hillary—"not a word to that man, if you have any love for your father. Remember that I have trusted you with secrets that a man seldom confides to his daughter."

"And your confidence shall be sacred papa," Miss Hillary replied, submissively. And thus ended her intercession in favor of Harcourt Lowther.

She was fain to be contented, however, remembering the great trouble which had been so near her, and which a merciful hand had lifted away; she was fain to remember, shudderingly, the feverish horror of that night at Brighton, and to think gratefully of Francis Tredethlyn, to whom she owed her father's rescue; she was grateful to him, but she could not put entirely away from her the sense of shame left by that scene in the study, and Julia Desmond's passionate reproaches; she could not forget that it was for her sake that Francis Tredethlyn had helped her father, and that the burden of a great obligation must rest upon her shoulders until that loan of twenty thousand pounds was repaid. Poor Maude's unbusiness-like mind entirely ignored any such thing as interest for Mr. Tredethlyn's money. She only thought of the loan itself, and the question of its repayment was perpetually in her mind. Had she not been the suppliant, at whose suit the money had been lent? and was she not in a manner the actual debtor?

Things were much better in the City; but upon two or three occasions when she had ventured to hint her anxiety respecting the early payment of Francis Tredethlyn's money, the merchant's answers had filled her mind with vague disquietude. There was an indifference in Mr. Hillary's manner that alarmed Maude's keen sense of right and honor.

"Tredethlyn is too well off to want his money in any desperate hurry, my dear," he said; "he is not likely to become a very pressing creditor."

The hedgerows about Isleworth and Twickenham were green with their earliest buds before Francis Tredethlyn came again to the Cedars. Mr. Hillary had called upon the young man at his hotel several times before he succeeded in seeing him, and had only with great difficulty wrung from him an admission of the fact that he was the anonymous lender of the twenty thousand pounds that had saved the merchant from ruin and disgrace.

"My dear Tredethlyn, why should you insist upon any disguise?" Mr. Hillary said; with a pleasant ease that not every man could have maintained in such a position as that in which

the merchant found himself with regard to this simple-minded, country-bred Cressus. "Is it not enough to have been the most generous of men, without trying to carry generosity to the verge of Quixotism? How can I doubt the identity of my preserver? I know that Maude betrayed my necessities to you, under the excitement of those unfortunate theatricals, and I know that loans of twenty thousand pounds do not drop from the skies. My dear fellow, I am most heartily thankful to you for what you have done. It was a very noble thing to do, an action that any man might be proud of doing. If I had ever doubted your having good blood in your veins, your conduct in this one matter would have settled my doubts. But I never did doubt it, my dear Tredethlyn. I have recognized you from the first as a gentleman; not by the right of an accidental thirty thousand a year, scraped out of all manner of commercial gutters by a miserly uncle; but by virtue of the best blood in the West of England."

And then Mr. Hillary stretched out both his hands, and shook those of Francis Tredethlyn in his vigorous grasp; and altogether the interview could scarcely have been more entirely satisfactory had the merchant written a cheque for the twenty thousand on the spot. Indeed, to Francis, any immediate repayment of that money would have been a grievous mortification. Was it not delightful to him to remember that he had been of service to her father? Was not the money advanced to the merchant a kind of link between Maude and the man who loved her so dearly and so hopelessly—only a very sordid, earthly link; but better than none?

"I offended her very much that night," Francis thought, "but perhaps she will forgive me, and remember me kindly, when she thinks that I have been useful to her father." But when Mr. Hillary begged Francis to renew his visits to Twickenham, the young man resisted those friendly invitations as obstinately as if the Cedars had been the most obnoxious place upon earth. He could not muster up courage to encounter Maude Hillary after that scene in the little study. What if he had offended too deeply for forgiveness? What if she slew him with a frozen glance from her lovely eyes? Again and again in his lonely rides, emboldened by the dusky twilight of the early spring evenings, he had ventured to haunt the neighborhood of the old brick-built mansion by the river; but he could not bring himself to go any nearer to the shrine of his divinity, and he made all manner of lame excuses in answer to Mr. Hillary's cordial invitations.

He was only a clod; only an uneducated rustic, newly cast upon a strange world, open to all the pleasant snares which are laid for the simple-minded possessor of thirty thousand a year. Heaven only knows the perils and temptations into which some young men would have fallen under similar circumstances. It is something in Francis Tredethlyn's favor that his worst mistake was to fall desperately in love with Maude Hillary, and wear his horse's shoes out in disconsolate rides in the twilight lanes and roads in the neighborhood of her dwelling-place.

And in the meantime Messrs. Kursdale & Scardon were supposed to be busily employed in their search for the missing girl, who might or might not have any right to another name than that of Susan Tredethlyn. Very little came of the lawyers' endeavors; several advertisements had been inserted in the *Times*; but it is to be feared that the lost and missing advertised for in those columns are too often wanderers in a weary region, far removed from that comfortable sphere of life in which the morning papers are punctually delivered to enliven the breakfast-table. No reply came to any of those mysteriously-worded appeals to Francis Tredethlyn's cousin which were concocted by the young man and his legal advisers; and the image of the friendless girl grew paler and fainter day by day in the mind of Maude Hillary's adorer.

At last Fortune—who will generally do anything in the world for us, if we have patience enough to await her own time for doing it—brought about the result which Francis Tredethlyn had so obstinately avoided, yet so fondly desired. Lounging against the rails one brilliant April day at the corner opposite Apsley House, Francis saw Maude Hillary's carriage drive into the Park.

Yes, there she was, her sunny hair framed in spring blossoms and white aeroplane. The young man seemed to behold the vision of an angel in a Parisian bonnet, and half-wondered if the folds of her white burnous were not a pair of downy pinions floating away from her divine shoulders. He grew very red and uncomfortable, and in another moment would have yielded to the impulse that prompted him to seek refuge in flight; but before he could do so the carriage was close to the rails, Maude Hillary had recognized him, and had told the coachman to stop.

She was not offended with him then; she forgave him, and thought of him kindly. His heart swelled with a rapture that was almost overpowering. Ah! this was love. How different from that placid sense of affection with which he had regarded his cousin! how much more delicious! how infinitely more painful!

"I have wanted so much to see you, Mr. Tredethlyn,"

Maude said, after shaking hands with her bewildered adorer; "why have you never been to Twickenham?"

"I—I—don't like—I thought you were angry with me," stammered Francis, very awkwardly. Ah, how sad it is that the presence of those we love best, and in whose eyes we would most desire to appear at an advantage, should entail upon us the annihilation of anything like ease or grace of manner! Mr. Tredethlyn felt himself becoming purple and apoplectic under the influence of that seraphic creature, whose image had filled his mind unceasingly for the last six months.

"Angry with you!" exclaimed Maude; "how should I be otherwise than grateful to you, when I remember how good you have been to papa? Believe me, Mr. Tredethlyn, I am not too proud to own the extent of our obligation. I thank you most sincerely. You can never know how grateful I am for the service you have rendered my dear father."

She bent her head, and the spring flowers in her bonnet were very near him as she said this in a low, earnest voice. But in the next moment the memory of that uncomfortable scene in the study flashed back upon her, and she felt that she must always be more or less in a false position with regard to Francis Tredethlyn; she made a little effort to set herself right before she parted from him.

"You have seen Julia; you and she are reconciled, I hope?"

"No; indeed, I have never heard from her since—since I left the Cedars. Your papa told me that she—oh, Miss Hillary, I think it was better that we should part. I don't think that we had either of us ever really cared for each other. It was better that it should end as it did."

"But I would give so much to find Julia, to hear where she is."

Francis shook his head hopelessly. He had a vague idea that he had not done his very uttermost in his search for his cousin, and he recoiled with terror from the idea of having to engage in a hunt for Miss Desmond.

"Good-by, Mr. Tredethlyn, I hope that all will come right after all; and I hope that you will believe I am grateful for your goodness to my father."

She held out her hand, and the Cornishman took it in his own with almost as reverential a touch as if it had been some relic handed to him from an altar. The carriage drove off immediately after this, and Francis saw that seraphic bonnet with the spring blossoms melt away and lose itself among mundane bonnets. He lingered at the rails till the carriage came back again, and still lingered after that, thinking that Miss Hillary's equipage would again return to Hyde Park Corner; but after out-watching all the loungers by the rails, and seeing the last of the carriages leaving the Ladies' Mile, he was fain to go home, resigned to the obvious fact that Maude Hillary had left the park by the Kensington gates on her homeward route.

He went home, but not disconsolate. Had he not seen and spoken with that divinity before whom he was the simplest worshipper who ever bowed before an earthly shrine? Was he not assured of her forgiveness?—nay, even of her gratitude? Her gratitude—Maude Hillary's gratitude, in exchange for that vile dress which he had ever held so lightly. Money was indeed good for something, if it could buy the rapture of that little interview across the park rail, in which Francis had played so very poor a part. He went home, and carried Maude Hillary's image with him, and walked up and down his big sitting-room in the Covent Garden Hotel, smoking a cigar and thinking of the woman he loved; he thought of her quite as hopelessly as ever "Claude McNotte" could have thought of "Pauline" before "Beauseant's" diabolical suggestions had prompted him to his treacherous wooing. He thought of her as innocently as a schoolboy thinks of the stage fairy queen in a Christmas pantomime, and no ambitious or selfish dream had any abode in his mind; only when a brief note reached him from Lionel Hillary, renewing the old unceremonious invitation to the Cedars, poor Francis could no longer resist the voice of the charmer, but was fain to pack his portmanteau and drive down to the merchant's office, whence Mr. Hillary was to convey him in the mail phaeton to Twickenham. She was not angry with him, and he might bask in the sunshine of her presence! For a little while he might enjoy the dangerous delight, and then the officer to whom she was betrothed would come back to claim her, and there would be a wedding at the old church by the Thames; and he, Francis, would see his divinity radiant in bridal robes and crowned with orange flowers before he departed forever into the outer darkness where she was not.

(To be continued.)

THERE is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind a thousand accidents may and will interpose between our present consciousness and the sweet inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort may also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.—*De Quincy.*

HARRY AND I.

WE stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us—
The air had the smell of June—
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow—
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered
"I love you, Margery Lee,"
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair;
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at your feet.

"My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud overcharged with rain;
O tell me, Margery, darling,
How long we must love in vain?"
With blushes and smiles I answered—
(I will not tell what)—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only—
I promised to love but him—
Till the moon fell out of the heavens
And the stars with age grew dim.
O the strength of man's devotion!
O the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow
With a dozen grown up girls.
And I—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart, do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again;
And a low voice keeps repeating—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together—
"I love you, Margery dear."

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
And not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender.
And noble and pure and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's,
And so I am glad you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow
Instead of Margery Lee.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A MANIAC.—An intimate acquaintance waited on Madame Camporese one evening, to make a request. In the hospital for the insane, a man was confined, literally music mad; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labor of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city of Milan, and conceived a strong desire to hear her. For a while his representations passed unheeded; he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressed for an evening party when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it; then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, "Come, then." "Whither?" "To the Ospedale." "But why?" "There is no occasion to go now; to-morrow, or the next day." "To-morrow!—no, indeed; if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly." They went. Being shown into a room separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed, and at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered; she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under his bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and he handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music; but Camporese, running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness that the music seemed excellent. "Sing it to me once more," said the maniac. She did so, and departed, accompanied by his prayers and the tears of the spectators.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A LADY was followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her, saying with a profound sigh: "Yet the alms I asked you for would have prevented me executing my present resolution!" The lady was alarmed lest he should commit some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back, and gave him a shilling, and asked him the meaning of what he had just said. "Madam," said the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to work!"

"I WOULD," says Fox, "a tax devise
That shall not fall on me."
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For those you never see."

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

AN English journal lately contained the following announcement: "To be sold—130 lawsuits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

SIR DAVID BAIRD, with great gallantry and humanity, had a queer temper. When news came to England that he was one of those poor prisoners in India who were tied back to back to fetter them, his mother exclaimed: "Heaven pity the man that's tied to my Davy!"

"THE very first manuscript (says George Coleman) which was proposed to me as a Director of a theatre, for representation, on my undertaking theatrical management, was from a nautical gentleman, on a nautical subject; the piece was of a tragic description, and in five acts, during the principal scenes of which the hero of the drama declaimed from the main-mast of a man-of-war, without once descending from his position!" A tragedy was offered to Mr. Macready, in thirty acts. The subject was the history of Poland, and the author proposed to have five acts played a night, so that the whole could be gone through in a week.

A TAILOR sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer directed the boy to tell his master that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must have the money. "Did you tell your master," said the lawyer, "that I was not running away?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he bade me tell you that *he* was."

QUIN was at a small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house begged him to take. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is the pudding?"

AN Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

LAMB said to a brother whist-player, who was more clever than clean: "M., if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold?"

AFTER O'Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief in the ecstasy of his gratitude, cried out, "Och, counsellor, I've no way here to thank your honor; but I wish't I saw you knocked down in me own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?"

A LADY, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said: "Alas! I am near thirty." A doctor, who was present, and knew her age, said: "Do not fret at it, madam; for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

A SCOTCH woman having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he had accepted, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "if ye're dead, I'll not expect ye."

A SCOTCH lady who was discomposed by the introduction of gas, asked with much earnestness, "What's to become of the puir whales?" deeming their interests affected by this superseding of their oil.

THE Bishop preached: "My friends," said he,
"How sweet a thing is charity,
The choicest gem in virtue's casket!"
"It is, indeed," sighed miser B.,
"And instantly I'll go and—ask it!"

"I SWEAR," said a gentleman to his mistress, "you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* * Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

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DR. ALFRED WEILLER is an authorized Travelling Agent for THE CALIFORNIAN.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

MUCH as we like and admire the long-headed and long-bodied gentleman whom the country has a second time returned as the head of its councils and the representative of its policy, we must candidly confess that we do not like the address which he put forth on the occasion of his last inauguration. The merit of brevity has been attributed to it, but the circumstances scarcely warrant that commendation, for its last half actually contains nothing at all, and might have been omitted to the benefit of the document.

It is strange that President Lincoln had not distinguished in his own mind between the substance and style that might befit a sermon and those which should enter into the composition of a state paper. Mr. Lincoln's piety in the present instance reads like affectation; as a chapter from the exhortation of an elder, or a leaf from one of the excellent tracts which so many worthy people are actively engaged in circulating, it would have been admirably in place, but in the paper before us it savors of plagiarism and suggests the idea of an attempt at parade.

Devoutness and gratefulness to the Supreme Being should be elements in all messages, but there is a common sense and practical tone that should pervade their expression in a State paper, between which and the stilted style which is only effective in exhortation the line of demarcation is broad and distinctly drawn. Coming from the pen of one who is certainly more noted for puns than for piety, it suggests the idea of burlesque, reminding one of a little story that was told early in the war. It was said that a lady attributed the success of Stonewall Jackson in his early raids to his prayer and fasting, to which the answer was made that our President prayed, too, and ordered fasts, "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but then the Lord thinks he is joking." This last paper of Mr. Lincoln's is not at all an improvement on his former ones, but it leaves room for a deal of improvement upon it, as regards future ones, and we trust that our President will avail himself of the opportunity.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

FAMILY SECRETS, a companion to *Family Pride* and *Pique*, is published by the Peterson Brothers. A critic, in speaking of the authoress, declares that she "at one brave bound achieved immortality." This is a base plagiarism from a very famous criticism by the accomplished William Stewart of New York, long editorially connected with the New York daily press, and latterly manager of the Winter Garden theatre, who wrote of Matilda Heron that "she clutched the dramatic diadem at a single bound." Of the novel itself, it is cleverly written, professing to be the autobiography of a young English girl born out of wedlock, whose mother died in giving her birth, and whose father, a high-toned officer in the East India Company service, never saw her until she was fifteen years old—then to spurn her from him. The main object of the book seems to be a careful consideration of true and false Christianity, the development of the plot showing that a young girl, poor, unfortunate and under a social ban, is sure to find a deal more of the latter in the world than of the former—this result holding good as regards all religious creeds and professions, without exception, including in its broad sweep High Church, Low Church, Dissenters, Ranters, Catholics etc., all of whom, according to the author, row in pretty much the same boat, being alike devoid of gentle charity, mercy and good will to men, and all similarly unsound on the main eternal issue. It is a readable and interesting book, notwithstanding the elaborate religious reflections that so frequently occur in its pages. Moreover, the conclusion is a happy one, as the girl, after swimming through a chopping sea of doctrine for several years, at last fetches up safely on the shores beyond, marrying the man of her choice and being happily and proudly acknowledged by the salacious colonel, her father, who in the meantime had turned clergyman.

As is very well known, William Banting was a fat man of London, who was much troubled by his obesity—which he

terms his parasite—and determined to get rid of it. In furtherance of this wish he tried several plans, all of which proved futile, until he at last hit upon a system of diet which reduced his weight rapidly, and enabled him once more to obtain a glimpse of his knees. Out of sheer benevolence, he published a pamphlet detailing his experiences for the benefit of fat people, and so interested were both fat and lean in its pages that it speedily ran through several editions, attracting more attention and creating more excitement even than did Bishop Colenso's famous work on the Pentateuch. Moved by a kindly consideration for the sufferings of the obese of this coast, Roman has republished the pamphlet from the third London edition, combining with it a review of the work from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and an article on corpulency and leanness from *Harpers' Weekly*. Six months hence we despair of seeing either extremes of bodily condition in San Francisco, as the Greatorex will get rid of their superfluous lard, while the Laukys will rush to Banting instead of to a lawyer to decide about their lien.

Mattie: A Stray, printed by the Harpers, is one of the series of select family novels which they regularly reprint from the other side of the water. The authoress is known as a good moral essayist and a graceful writer, the chief drawback to her style being the disposition she at all times shows to make a great deal out of nothing, and to clothe a rather threadbare plot with any amount of verbiage. "Mattie" is a girl who gets lost early in life, and subsequently "comes up," so to speak, by herself, preserving ever and always her honesty and purity of purpose. In the course of time she recovers her father, and together they go into the stationery business. A young man figures as one of the central characters of the novel; he is in love, and in fact, engaged to a pretty girl, who goes back on him to a great extent by fancying she is in love with some one else. By and by he is stricken with blindness, and Mattie becomes his right bower and confidant. He offers his hand to her and proposes to go into the stationery business with her and her father, but she defers an answer to his suit until such time as she has given the matter full consideration, though very much stuck after him. In the meanwhile the young man who had come between our hero and his first love repents and brings a physician from France who cures our hero's blindness, and then the former wicked and "hated rival" goes to work to repair the other injury he had done. Eventually it is all made up between the two lovers, though the young man would have married Mattie had she not, seeing how matters stood, refused him. Her refuge then was Africa, whither she accompanied her father who went as missionary, and where it is to be hoped she found a solace for the pangs of disappointed and disinterested affection. If desired to explain the moral of the book we should say to all young ladies: Nip a man while you have him, because in all such cases delays are dangerous and there is no telling what may turn up if you let the golden moment of acceptance slide. For Mattie could have married her young man before his eyesight was restored; and think what a blessing to a woman it must be to have a blind husband!

The Three Scouts, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of *Cudjo's Cave*, is printed by J. E. Tilton & Co. It is a story of the present war, the heroes being three scouts, who undergo a variety of adventures. Life within the rebel lines is described and the unpleasant situation of a Union family residing there is portrayed. The book is intended for boys.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MENTION.

SATURDAY evening last Miss Heron appeared at the Opera House in her great character of "Camille." *Gamea* was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Wednesday *Matilda* was revived, with the afterpiece of *The Honeymoon*, Miss Heron appearing as "Juliana." Thursday evening, the occasion being Mrs. Stewart's benefit, *Medea* was put upon the stage, followed by the serio-comic burletta of *Oliver Twist*, the beneficiary appearing as "Nancy Sikes." Mrs. Perry was the Oliver of the evening, and furnished in that character a Roland to the other boy parts in which she excels. Mrs. Saunders as "Mrs. Corney" and Mr. Anderson as "Bumble," exerted themselves to amuse. Mr. Mayo's "Bill Sikes" was that gentleman's usual rendering of his somewhat exaggerated idea of the *personnel* of a desperado. Mr. Aldrich, who seems to be the recognized "old man" of the company, will play such parts as "Mr. Brownlow" better when he acquires a little more repose of manner and less hasty articulation. Barry's "Fagin" was quite creditable. Mr. Percy made his first appearance here as the "Artful Dodger;" he seems to possess fair average ability. Miss Land as "Mrs. Bedwin," of course borrowed an additional feather for her cap from the pillow of that character, and Miss Clarkson, the last *débütante*, looked as pretty as possible. This young lady only lacks self-possession on the stage—but she will soon acquire that and conquer all natural diffidence. Of the whole play we must say that it dragged and moved tediously. One great cause of this was a disposition on all sides to make too much out of minor parts. Mrs. Stewart played "Nancy" with that ex-

cellence which always distinguished her and made her the general favorite she is. It was pleasant to attend the benefit of this long-time supporter of the legitimate drama, but the pleasure was marred by the thought that it distinguishes the occasion of her departure.

Hester Prynne, dramatized for Miss Heron from Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, was announced for production at the Opera House last evening. From our knowledge of the character of Hester, as developed in the novel, we should imagine that it must prove one of Miss Heron's best and most impassioned personations. The reader will doubtlessly remember—for who has not read Hawthorne—that the plot of the story is laid in New England in the old Puritan days, and that Hester, who sinned, leads a life wherein repentance and remorse are strangely mingled—carrying her punishment by her side in the elfish child that was born to her. There is no need that we explain the signification of the scarlet letter "A." Years have passed since we read the book, and we do not remember it sufficiently to now attempt to give the plot in detail, but the impression of weird and exciting interest it excited in our mind cannot be effaced. The scene where the eloquent, earnest clergymen whose robes have never been sullied by suspicion, takes his stand by Hester in the place of punishment, and avows himself the partner of her guilt, or rather the author of her shame, is one of the most effective ever portrayed by the pen of novelist. The old Physician, the quarrelling religionists—all come up at this moment vaguely yet distinctly as the memory of a dream which carried with it the semblance of reality. The announcement of the production of a dramatization has made it impossible to procure a copy of the work at any book-store or library in town, all being "gobbled up" by the eager public, and this must form an excuse for our imperfect mention of the story. But we advise all our readers to go and see the play, for in Miss Heron's hands it cannot prove otherwise than eminently effective.

The first of the series of subscription concerts of the San Francisco Philharmonic Society was given on Thursday evening at the Academy of Music, a large and critical audience assembling for the occasion. The programme was made up of selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Meyerbeer and Von Weber, with a mixture of minor composers. The vocal part was entrusted to Mlle. Tourny, who sang a romanza from *Robert le Diable* and an English ballad. The orchestra was good, rendering the music of the great masters both brilliantly and effectively. The "Symphony in C," from Mozart's *Jupiter*, was the gem of the evening, the four divisions from the *Allegro* to the *finale*, being full of sparkling and delicious harmonies. The overture to part second—*Dichter und Bauer*, or "The Poet and Peasant,"—bearing the name of "F. Suppé" as its composer, was one of the most brilliant things we have heard for many a day—a solo passage on the violoncello, by Mr. Hildebrandt, being especially charming. Charley Schultz, who played a concerted piece on the piano with an orchestral accompaniment, was called before the footlights to receive the plaudits of his friends. It is amusing to notice the awkward modesty of this talented young musician. There is a peculiar, swinging mannerism about him that he never cares to divest himself of. Whether he play a solo on the violin or pianoforte, lead an orchestra or run at the head of his Hook and Ladder Company wielding a speaking-trumpet, he is still the same careless-looking, uncertain "Charley." Yet very few professionals in the State excel him as a musician. If his idiosyncracies were not well known in San Francisco, where he has become a sort of local institution, having been with us both as boy and man for years, we should say that his appearance before the audience on Thursday evening to perform a difficult composition without any notes before him, was either downright egotism or unjustifiable affectation. There were around him some twenty musicians, all answering to the leader's baton with nervous precision, while he sat before the piano, occasionally running a symphony, rubbing his nose, playing with his fingers, or shuffling himself about on his chair—apparently a very awkward and uncomfortable chair, indeed—but always performing the score with precision and excellence. There was a lack of vocal talent at this first performance, Mlle. Tourny, though a sweet singer, not being equal to the general execution of the instrumental parts. Taken altogether, however, we unhesitatingly say that the concert was a success, and if the society continue to cater to the musical tastes of San Francisco, as well in the future as they did in their initial effort, they will, we have not a doubt, be sustained.

The minstrel troupe have returned to the Eureka Theatre, and their nightly performances meet with the usual unvarying success. Birch and Backus are announced as positively to sail on the next steamer—no postponement on account of the weather. Several new novelties peculiarly adapted to the talent of the new members of the troupe, are in preparation. Our old time lively entertainments, the Sacred Concerts, have been abandoned to the melodeon people. This afternoon the minstrels appear at the Opera House, where *Oliver Twist* will also be given. All ladies and children are invited to attend.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1865.

LITERATURE in the middle walks goes limping along, and we want an asylum for indigent writers, badly. In Mexico they are giving out offices to newspaper censors, playwrights, and pen flourishers of all sorts, and we think of sending a ship's load of neglected geniuses out to Maximilian. The angel that stirred the pool every seven years might be able to stir up the daily papers here, but nothing short of his interposition can keep the barnacles from growing even then. Now and then in the dust and splutter of quill-driving we get a glimpse of green fields, as in my first illustration:

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

You remember, of course, Major Jack Downing, one of the many humorists who lived and laughed his prime, and was extensively praised and quoted. Well, Seba Smith—for so he was called in private life—has bought a little farm about fifty miles out Long Island, where with his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the poetess, he is spending the close of his days in a delightful and pastoral manner. He works only in his garden, where the hoe supersedes the pen, and Mrs. Smith is said to be the best housewife between New York and Mount Point. She wrote, as you know, the *Newsboy*, and many other local fictions, and has produced some plays as well. Her eldest son, at the beginning of the war, was thought to be somehow connected with the rebellion, and found his way in and out of Fort Warren. He has now a plantation or *ranch* in South America, and is doing well. Edward, another son, is a dramatic editor and writer, and translated the play of *Narcisse*, which Bandmann, the German, afterward produced. Mrs. Oakes Smith, although past fifty, is still a beautiful lady, and has not quite given up literary composition.

A HOWARD, A HAWK AND AN "EAGLE."

Joseph Howard, who forged the President's Proclamation for a draft, or rather anticipated it, has commenced the publication of a small paper in Brooklyn, known as the *Critic*. Howard also writes, if I am well informed, the Brooklyn "Wide Awake" letter in the *Weekly Review*. He is a handsome fellow, aged about thirty, with dark olive complexion and luxuriant beard. As a writer he is of little consequence, but for local reporting is possessed of great shrewdness and energy, with enough freedom from bashfulness to avail himself of an extensive personal acquaintance. Any man but Howard, with his Fort Lafayette experience, would have made a sketchy and splendid book, describing the episodes of the prison-house. He is pretty generally tabooed in the dailies. Mattison, who assisted him with the proclamation, is at work on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, owned by Mr. Van Arden. It is the only suburban paper that pays "salt." Van Arden is worth two hundred thousand dollars. The architect of his fortune was an Irishman named Henry McCloskey, who took charge of the *Eagle* about ten years ago, and, by vigor and independence, pushed it into influence and credit. When the Administration, three years ago, stopped the *Eagle* for its radical Democratic tone, the condition upon which it was allowed to resume publication was McCloskey's discharge. His Democracy was of a howling and unbearable tone, but his discharge proved his fortune. The Brooklyn City Council, out of sympathy, made him clerk, at a salary of three thousand dollars a year, and he was admitted to the bar at the same time. His income is about six thousand per annum, whereas he used to make twenty dollars a week and get no sleep. This is what it is to graduate out of journalism.

BROOKLYN AND ITS NOTABLES.

Brooklyn, I may say, incidentally, is a lodging-house to New York, nothing more. Its religious and gossipy character is world-famed. Mrs. Grundy, settled there many years ago, and all the walls have ears. There are seven thousand-odd boarding-houses in the place. Henry Ward Beecher is its Prophet; his salary for the year ensuing is something more than seventeen thousand dollars. His pew rents have advanced fifty per cent., and the first choice thereof brought five hundred dollars more than the fixed price. This "premium" smacks of Wall street somewhat. Mrs. H. B. Stowe (Beecher's sister) lives in the Uncle-Tom house at Amherst, paid for and furnished out of the proceeds of her first novel. She has never since produced a telling one; her style is too diffuse, and her subsequent characterizations have been ideal beyond all recognition, so that lacking the "touch of nature which makes the world kin," the public has failed to appreciate them. When Mrs. Stowe took the MS. of *Dred* to the Jewetts, they refused to pay her more than ten per cent. on the sales, the customary reward of authors. She demanded more, saying: "Nothing that I write, sir, can sell less than a hundred thousand copies." "Madam," answered the publisher, "you will write a book before long that will not sell five thousand copies." And the result has verified the prediction.

Rev. Calvin Stowe, husband to the novelist, is an awkward, homely man. Neither of them will be ever hung for beauty. His great trouble is said to be his beard, which grows fast and

jagged, so that he is greatly in need of time to shave. Once Billings, the designer, was called to Amherst to get the "points" for some illustrations to Mrs. Stowe's advertised book of Foreign Travel. While the good lady, in her demure way, was laying down the law to Billings, Calvin, with a razor in his hand, rushed through the room, and stumbled over a stool.

"Mr. Billings," he said, "if I were not a licensed preacher of the gospel, I would be tempted, by this beard, to—to—in in short, to swear!"

TWO ARTISTS.

Billings, by the way, is preferred by Jarves in his *Art Idea* to Darley, as an artist. He certainly has more versatility. Darley, with all his excellence of composition, harmony of outline and correctness of anatomy, repeats himself constantly. His pictures are unmistakable, whereas Billings, less of a genius, perhaps, has more variability and is less recognizable. Billings' sepia designs bring as high as five hundred dollars apiece; but he is a careless business man, and has fallen into some reproach by his loose management. He is an architect as well, and designed Ralph Waldo Emerson's villa at Concord. Emerson once told him that he had never found patience enough to read any of Hawthorne's novels, considering them terribly unnatural. The two authors lived, as you are aware, in the same town.

EMERSON AND WALT. WHITMAN.

Emerson's mode of preparing his lectures and magazine articles is original. He strolls around his grounds, thinking up good, epigrammatic things, and putting them down at random in a note-book; when he has enough of them he looks up a title, and his article is complete. This gives all his effusions that rambling, disconnected shape, like a poetical dictionary.

Emerson was rash enough, some years ago, to praise Walt Whitman's strange volume called *Leaves of Grass*. When he came to New York, he asked Walt to dine with him at the Astor House. At the appointed time the poet—whose book commences thus:

"I am Walt Whitman, one of the roughs,"—

made his appearance in a red fireman's shirt, collarless, and insisted upon going, so dressed, to the public table. Emerson bore the infliction, but afterward remarked to a friend: "Why can't we have the god, without the growl?"

MISS HOSMER'S ZENOBIA.

Hattie Hosmer sailed hence for Europe some two weeks ago. The undue praise which her "Zenobia" and "Beatrice" received in England was not resounded to here as she wished, and the article in January's *Atlantic*, over her signature, was in truth only a personal defence of herself, she being accused of plagiarizing the designs of both figures from an Italian whom she employs. You recollect that she sued the London *Athenaeum* for libel on the same charge. She was tolerantly treated in New York, but her anglicized manners made her the butt of a good many coarse jokes, one of which, particularly, I do not care to repeat.

WEEKLIES AND MONTHLIES.

The *Weekly Review*, to which I have alluded in a previous letter, has taken to itself the Bohemians in a lump. Its first number was crude, its second quite creditable, its third excellent. The best articles in it have been analytic of Broadway architecture; it has much of the spirit of the *Round Table*, and if the musical column be reduced, will become, I should say, a popular weekly. Between the *Leader* and *Review* the rivalry is brisk and interesting. Clapp, who seceded from the former, is a native of Nantucket, and is called here the Bohemian King. His literary works have been various. He translated Fonrier into English, and as a dramatic feuilletonist has always ranked high. I know too little of him to express an opinion as to his manner and habit; he has a weakness for *coterie's*, and is always at the head of one. My opinion of literature has ever been that it should have no personal subdivisions beyond those of geography. I do not agree with one Mr. Gardette, who gravely proposes to start a magazine with a certain crowd, and have nothing to do with outside contributors. The circulation of such a publication would soon be limited to its proprietors. True philosophy suggests that the doors be thrown wide open, that by the attrition of many intellects, all the sparks may be garnered up. One-ideaism is a haggard and pestilential thing. It has been gnawing at the vitals of the *Atlantic*; it has killed the *Cophtinental*. The latter concern was owned by Robert J. Walker, and edited by his wife. It was dry and indigestible, and must have died easy, as it exhibited no signs of vitality for a long time previous to its interment. I have my own theory of a monthly publication, which I do not mean to disclose till I realize it. Very possibly the secret will expire with me, as most great secrets do—except in plays. The *Pacific Monthly*, recently issued here, is well meaning enough, but I am at a loss to know with what classes it is intended to circulate. Its name was a half plagiarism, and its typography seems to be its chief genius. Unfortunately, in this life, the men who know the least about literature wield most of the capital for it.

Among the new enterprises in the East is one in Boston called the *Leader*, an imitation of the paper of the same

name here. It is distinguished mainly for failing to pay its bills to writers. Verdant Green owns it.

The *Home Journal* is getting along smoothly, though Willis's articles have no longer their wonted fire. Phillips, the new partner, seems to be a man of taste. The paper serves no interest of literary men, as it is chiefly kept up by novices; the youth who writes its dramatic criticisms is a clerk in Stewart's drygoods house, where I hope he is more efficient than in journalism. He lately informed us that *Hamlet* was an over-rated play, and Matilda Heron has been waiting to box his ears for a long time.

A POET AND A CRITIC.

Gardette, of whom I have spoken above, is a young poet of unequal ability, who has recently had quite a *botte* with "Doctor" R. Shelton Mackenzie, the literary editor of a provincial daily. Mackenzie was betrayed into giving credence to a poem by Gardette as emanating from Edgar A. Poe, and, finding that he had been swindled, made a savage assault on Gardette, calling him a "respectable dentist's son." The latter published a pamphlet, too silly for the great opportunity he had. A better man would have manipulated Mackenzie, with such a chance, till he roared on his marrow-bones.

Mackenzie is one of a type of our illustrious literary foreigners; his stalwart age has impaired all but his irascibility. He was a subordinate editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, and held a Government position. He left with his money savings, and went upon the New York *Times*. About the time that he had made enemies of all the New York literati, J. W. Forney gave him a place on the Philadelphia *Press*, which he holds at present as a pension rather than a position. He is about seventy-four years of age, married a second time, and became a father in his seventy-first year. I should call him a seventy-four man-of-war, but he don't show fight except under protection. He has been twice married: once on the other side of the Atlantic. I do not spare him in this paragraph, as I have never yet seen anybody whom Mackenzie spared. The opinion that I set down is the representative one of journalists.

ABOUT ACTORS AND THEATRES.

A few nights ago I went to see Booth's "Hamlet" for the —th time. It is a pity that so much expense for furniture and scenery *apropos* should not be sustained by fair actors in the inferior parts. The worst Horatio, Ghost and Laertes I ever saw are upon the same boards with one of the best Hamlets. I am one of the few daring enough to confess that the rough, original, and powerful Hamlet of Forrest pleases me better than the handsome Hamlet of Booth. I like to carry something home from the theatre besides my play-bill.

Booth and Clarke have leased the site of the old Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, and are about building a new and spacious "Temple of the Drama," as the posters say.

Hackett is giving pleasant egotisms here; Lester Wallack is doing well with his father's old property; John Owens has dropped "Solon Shingle" after five months' playing; Mortimer, our best light comedian, is playing the trashiest piece at the Olympic; and Barney Williams, the worst Irish comedian I ever saw, is making money by the barrel-full at Niblo's. Such are the anomalies of life, which make the last paragraph of my letter melancholy. Better cheer next time.

DESULTORY.

CURE FOR CORNS.—The *Alta* having discovered a new use for petroleum, is responsible for the following corn cure:

"Cut the corn down as thin as possible with a knife, saturate a bit of cotton with coal oil, and bind it upon the corn on retiring for the night. Two or three applications will effectually relieve the pain of the worst old acher in the world."

To make the cure thoroughly effectual, our cotemporary should have gone further with the letter of its instructions, and represented to sufferers the necessity of getting up early next morning and removing with a sharp knife the cotton, coal oil, and toe, planting the whole in an obscure corner of the backyard, and so securing a cure *in toto*. Under such circumstances the planted corn was never known to grow.

CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin's* special Washington despatch of March 7th states that a man named Clemens had been turned over to the civil authorities by the military, against whom evidence was positive that he had all his plans arranged for the assassination of President Lincoln on Inauguration day.

To the rumor that a distinguished San Franciscan of former days, Ned. McGowan, is Chief of Ordnance of a rebel brigade in Louisiana, the Stockton *Record* replies that it is informed the rumor is incorrect, a gentleman lately from New York having assured the editor that the ubiquitous Edward is publishing a flash paper of the black mail stamp in that city. Mr. McGowan's journal is called *The Town*. The editor was thought to be on the town while yet a resident of this city.

The Howard Benevolent Society of Sacramento issued during the month of February 225 dispensations.

JOHN HAMPDEN AND HIS GRAVE.

JOHN HAMPDEN, one of the most venerated of English patriots, was the descendant and heir of a family of Saxon origin, long settled in Buckinghamshire, and possessed of extensive property both in that and adjoining counties. He was born in the year 1594, his mother being Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to Oliver, afterwards Protector of England. In 1609, John Hampden entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and there distinguished himself highly in his studies. Ten years afterwards, he was married to Elizabeth Simson, heiress of Pyrtou in Oxfordshire, and spent some time afterwards in the placid enjoyment of a country life, and of the society of a wife whom he dearly loved. His rank and importance, however, rendered it incumbent upon him to enter Parliament in the beginning of 1621. In this new situation, he immediately attached himself to the anti-royalist or popular party; and though he never attained to the very highest eminence as a speaker, his strong good sense, cultivated mind, and resolute spirit, together with the natural influence attaching to him as one of the wealthiest commoners of the country, gave him a degree of prominence in the public eye alike honorable and perilous. In the second Parliament of Charles I., when the King resorted to a new mode of raising supplies, Hampden suffered a temporary imprisonment, along with others, for refusing his share of the subsidy. Getting more and more deeply embroiled, as time ran on, with his parliaments and people, the King at length attempted to revive an obsolete tax known by the name of ship-money. "On this occasion, John Hampden (says Hume) acquired by his spirit and courage universal popularity throughout the nation, and has merited great renown with posterity, for the bold stand which he made in defence of the laws and liberties of his country." He resisted, in his own case, the payment of the tax. It was not the extent of the imposition, for the sum amounted to no more than a few shillings, which made this resistance memorable, but the principle which dictated it, and the fact that the nation at large viewed Hampden as a champion who had put himself forward to defend their rights. The King nominally gained the victory in the legal struggle which followed; but the conviction of his arbitrary purposes was strengthened in the minds of the people to his ultimate ruin.

Hampden's first wife died, leaving nine children, and he married a second time. But he tasted few of the comforts of home and domestic society in his latter days, being constantly engaged in the still darkening affairs of the state. Finally, the King and his Parliament came to an open rupture, and mutually took up arms. Hampden, of course, continued to side with the popular party, and in the outset of the civil war, displayed as much courage in the field as he had shown in the Senate. But he did not live to see much of this great contest. On the 18th of June, 1643, a battle took place between the royalists under Prince Rupert, and the army of the Parliament under Essex, at Chalgrave Field, and John Hampden there received a mortal wound. The circumstances attending the receipt of this injury have long been a source of doubt and dispute, and have given origin to an inquiry of a strange and peculiar kind, even in our own day.

Lord Clarendon and the majority of historians relate that the patriot was "shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone," and caused his death, "three weeks" afterwards. Hume, following Sir Philip Warwick, narrates that a prisoner taken by the royalists in the action at Chalgrave, "said that he was confident Mr. Hampden was hurt, for he saw him, contrary to his usual custom, ride off the field before the action was finished; his head hanging down, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck. Hume also states that he died "some days" after the event. But another account of the fatal injury differs materially from these. It is presented in the following terms in the Earl of Oxford's papers:

"Two of the Harleys, and one of the Foleys, being at supper with Sir Robert Pye, at Faringdon House, Berks, in their way to Herefordshire, Sir Robert Pye related the account of Hampden's death as follows: 'That, at the action of Chalgrave Field, his pistol burst, and shattered his hand in a terrible manner. He, however, rode off, and got to his quarters; but finding the wound mortal, he sent for Sir Robert Pye, then a colonel in the parliament army, and who had married his eldest daughter, and told him that he looked on him in some degree accessory to his death, as the pistols were a present from him. Sir Robert assured him that he bought them in Paris of an eminent maker, and had proved them himself. It appeared, on examining the other pistol, that it was loaded to the muzzle with several supernumerary charges, owing to the carelessness of a servant who was ordered to see that the pistols were loaded every morning, which he did without drawing the former charge.'

In the year 1828, Lord Nugent, being then engaged in writing a memoir of Hampden, and therefore desirous of ascertaining the real cause of the patriot's death, bethought himself of having his grave opened, in the hope that his remains might yet be in a condition to throw some light upon

the question. He therefore made application to the Earl of Buckinghamshire (to whom the family estates had descended) for permission to make search for the grave in Hampden church, and to open the coffin and examine the body. Leave to this purpose having been granted by his lordship, and confirmed by the rector, the search took place on the 21st of July, in the presence of Lord Nugent, Counsellor (now Lord Denman), the Rev. Mr. Brookes, and nearly twenty others, onlookers and assistants. The circumstances have been thus detailed by an eye-witness: "It is remarkable that so distinguished and wealthy a family as that of Hampden should never have possessed a private vault for the interment of the respective branches of the family; such, however, is the case; they have, from a very early period, been buried in the chancel of the church, about four feet deep. On the morning of the 21st of July, we all assembled in the church, and commenced the operation of opening the ground. After examining the initials and dates on several leaden coffins, we came to the one in question, the plate of which was so corroded, that it crumbled and broke into small pieces on touching it. It was therefore impossible to ascertain the name of the individual it contained. The coffin had originally been inclosed in wood, covered with velvet, a small portion only of which was apparent near the bottom at the left side, which was not the case with those of a later date, where the initials were very distinct, and the lead more perfect and fresher in appearance. The register stated that Hampden was interred on the 25th of June, 1643; an old document, still in existence, gives a curious and full account of the grand procession on the occasion; we were, therefore, pretty certain that this must be the one in question, having carefully examined all others in succession. It was lying under the western window, near the tablet erected by him, when living, to the memory of his beloved wife, whose virtues he extols in the most affectionate language. Without positive proof, it was reasonable to suppose that he would be interred near his adored partner; and this being found at her feet, it was unanimously agreed that the lid should be cut open to ascertain the fact, which proved afterwards that we were not mistaken. The parish plumber descended, and commenced cutting across the coffin, then longitudinally, until the whole was sufficiently loosened to roll back, in order to lift off the wooden lid beneath, which was found in such good preservation, that it came off nearly entire. Beneath this was another lid of the same material, which was raised without materially giving away. The coffin had originally been filled up with sawdust, which was found undisturbed, except in the centre, where the abdomen had fallen in. The sawdust was then removed, and the process of examination commenced. Silence reigned. Not a whisper or breath was heard. Each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the result as to what appearance the face would present when divested of its covering. Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and first removed the outer cloth, which was firmly wrapped round the body—then a second, and a third—such care having been taken to preserve the body from the worm of corruption. Here a very singular scene presented itself. No regular features were apparent, although the face retained a death-like whiteness, and showed the various windings of the blood-vessels beneath the skin. The upper row of teeth was perfect, and those that remained in the under jaw, on being taken out and examined, were quite sound. A little beard remained on the lower part of the chin, and the whiskers were strong, and somewhat lighter than his hair, which was a full auburn brown. The upper part of the bridge of the nose was still elevated; the remainder had given way to the pressure of the cloths, which had been firmly bound round the head. The eyes were but slightly sunk in, and were covered with the same white film which characterized the general appearance of the face. Finding that a difference of opinion existed as to the indentation in the left shoulder, where it was supposed he had been wounded, it was unanimously agreed to raise up the coffin altogether, and place it in the centre of the church, where a more accurate examination might take place. The coffin was extremely heavy, but by elevating one end with a crowbar, two strong ropes were adjusted under each end, and it was thus drawn up by twelve men in the most careful manner possible. Being placed on a trestle, the first operation was to examine the arms, which nearly retained their original size. On lifting up the right arm, we found it was dispossessed of its hand. We might, therefore, naturally conjecture that it had been amputated, as the bone presented a perfectly flat appearance, as if sawn off by some sharp instrument. On searching under the cloths, to our no small astonishment, we found the hand, or rather a number of small bones, enclosed in a separate cloth. For about six inches up the arm the flesh had wasted away, being evidently smaller than the lower part of the left arm, to which the hand was firmly united, and which presented no symptoms of decay, farther than the two bones of the forefinger loose. Even the nails remained entire, of which we saw no appearance in the cloth containing the bones of the right hand. At this process of the investigation, we were perfectly satisfied that, independent of the result of any farther examinations, such a striking coincidence as the loss

of the right hand would justify our belief in Sir R. Pye's statement to the Harleys, that his presentation pistol was the innocent cause of a wound which afterwards proved mortal. It was, however, possible that at the same moment, in the heat of the action of Chalgrave, when Colonel Hampden discharged his pistol at his adversary, that his adversary's ball might wound him in the shoulder; for he was soon after observed, as stated by Sir Philip Warwick, 'with his head hanging down, and his hands leaning upon his horse's neck.'

In order to corroborate or disprove the different statements relative to his having been wounded in the shoulder, a close examination of the parts took place. The clavicle of the right shoulder was firmly united to the scapula, nor did there appear any contusion or indentation that evinced symptoms of any wound ever having been inflicted. The left shoulder, on the contrary, was smaller and sunken in, as if the clavicle had been displaced. To remove all doubts, it was adjudged necessary to remove the arms, which were amputated with a penknife. The socket of the right arm was perfectly white and healthy, and the clavicle firmly united to the scapula, nor was there the least appearance of contusion or wound. The socket on the left shoulder, on the contrary, was of a brownish coat, and the clavicle being found quite loose and disunited from the scapula, proved that dislocation had taken place. The bones, however, were quite perfect. Such dislocation, then, must have arisen either from the force of a ball, or from Colonel Hampden having fallen from his horse when he lost the power of holding the reins, by reason of his hand having been so dreadfully shattered. The latter, in all probability, was the case, as it would be barely possible for a ball to pass through the shoulder without some fracture either of the clavicle or scapula. In order to examine the head and hair, the body was raised up and supported with a shovel; on removing the cloths, which adhered firmly to the back of the head, we found the hair in a complete state of preservation. It was of a dark auburn color, and, according to the custom of the times, was very long, from five to six inches. It was drawn up and tied at the top of the head with black thread or silk. The ends had the appearance of being cut off. * * * He was five feet nine inches in height, apparently of great muscular strength, of a vigorous and robust frame; forehead broad and high, and the skull altogether well-formed—such a one as the imagination would conceive capable of great exploits.

Here I close the narrative—one of singular interest to those who were eye-witnesses of the examination, which presented a scene so novel, so ghastly, but at the same time so full of moment, that it will ever prove a memorable event in the short era of our lives. We recalled to mind the virtuous actions of the deceased, his manly defence against the tyranny of the Star-Chamber, his abandonment of every social and domestic tie for the glorious cause of freedom; and whilst we gazed on his remains, remembered that that voice which was once raised on behalf of his country, had contributed in no small measure to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, which, but for his warning, might to this day have been withheld from an enlightened people."

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.—Why was the refusal of a "private gentleman to pay twenty or thirty shillings to the king's service argued," says Clarendon, "before all the judges of England?" Because, in those twenty shillings one party saw the germ of a tyranny, and the other of a rebellion. Why will a lawyer warn you against permitting a neighbor to claim the gathering of even a leaf upon your estate, without contesting his right? Because the gathering of the leaf may invalidate your title to the whole estate. Why will a wise politician contest so earnestly for the form of a word, or the wearing of a hat, or the title of a writ? Because each of these will become a precedent; and in precedent is involved principle. Why will an engineer be alarmed at the first drop of water oozing through a dam? Because the rest, he knows, will follow it. Why is the discovery of one little bone in a stratum of a rock enough to overturn a whole theory of geology? Because the little bone, like a pack-thread, will draw after it the whole skeleton, like a coil of rope, and the skeleton will imply the power which brought it to its site; and that power will be vast and pregnant with other influences: and thus the whole system of the science will be dragged into peril, as many other systems have been perilled, and have been upset by the merest trifle, by one little fact. Why will a spot of blood betray murder? Why will the print of a nail discover a thief? Why will a whole neighborhood take flight at the sight of a little boy, with only a little spark of fire, going into a magazine of powder? or a crowd disperse upon the ice at the sound of the slightest crack? Because nature, as well as theology, has her Athanasian creed, and her damatory clauses for those who neglect iotas; because nature, as well as theology, does not know what a trifle is.—*Sewell's Christian Morals.*

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ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

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DR. STEPHENS'**CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!**

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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THE GREAT
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PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING,
BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

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A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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BREWSTER & CO'S**Carriage Manufactory,**

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA, will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALTY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,

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NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING**Amalgamator.**

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street,
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CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases
and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers
or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
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fe11-6m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

MARCH 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THROUGH IN 21 DAYS!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will
despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY - - - - - COMMANDER

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, - - - - - MARCH 13TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid
Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,
3,500 Tons, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A haggamaster will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

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Up stairs, San Francisco.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
Fine Clothing
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GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS.
TRUNKS, VALISES, CLOTH BAGS, &c.,
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NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2 & 4, San
Francisco

y2

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

WITH the exception of the still onward movement of Sherman, and a succession of rumors of another victory for Sheridan over Gen. Early in the Shenandoah Valley, we have nothing of moment to lay before our readers. Yet the "record" is full of incident; every indication points unerringly to the final consummation which every true patriot so devoutly wishes. That there is to be no "dissolution of this Union," that we are eventually to triumph over our enemies, domestic and foreign, not the most weak-kneed sceptic has room to doubt. Republican liberty out of this great baptism of blood will arise regenerated, disenthralled—acknowledged by all mankind to be the truest and most humanizing of all the governmental systems of the earth.

March 1.—Some 200 rebel deserters who came into the armies of the Potomac and James report that the Petersburg theatre, filled with rebel stores, had been burned.

Deserters and refugees who came into our lines at Wilmington on the 1st, report that Gen. Sherman, by a flank movement, compelled the rebels to evacuate Florence, and was moving in the direction of Fayetteville, which is on the direct route to either Goldsboro or Raleigh.

Joe Johnston assumed command of the forces in front of Sherman, which were lately commanded by Beauregard.

The city of Columbia, S. C., was burned on the 18th of February. It is stated that it was destroyed by order of Sherman as a punishment for the citizens firing on our troops after the city fell into our hands.

The alarm created last week at Louisville, Ky., arose from a guerrilla raid under Magruder and Davison, who were attacked by Maj. Hamilton's command at Painsville, and completely routed. Magruder is reported wounded and Davison captured.

Deserters from Kirby Smith's army are constantly coming into the Union lines at Little Rock.

The draft is resumed in New Orleans after four days suspension. The people there are not pleased with the state of things.

Mobile was reported as on the eve of being evacuated. The latest news contradicts this statement, and further informs us that the garrison was being materially strengthened, and reinforcements were arriving in the city daily from every available place. Gens. Beauregard, Dick Taylor, Chalmers, Frank Gardner, Mowry and others were there on the 14th. The city, it is said, is not at all invested by the Federal troops.

Generals Crook and Kelly, who were captured by rebel raiders last week, are confined in the Libby prison, Richmond.

The following despatch was transmitted to the War Department by Gen. Gillmore:

Headquarters, South Carolina, Charleston, February 22. The inspection of the rebel defenses of Charleston show that we have taken over 450 pieces of ordnance, being more than double what I first reported. The lot includes 8 and 10-inch Columbiads, a great many 32 and 42-pounders, some 7-inch Brooks' rifled, and many pieces of a foreign make. We also captured eight locomotives and a great number of passenger and platform cars, all in good condition. Deserters report the last of Hardee's army was to have crossed the Santee river yesterday, bound for Charlotte, N. C., and it was found that Sherman had already intercepted their march. It is reported on similar authority that the last of Hood's army, 12,000 strong, passed through Augusta last Sunday, the 19th, on their way to Beauregard. Georgetown has been evacuated and is in our possession. Deserters are coming in constantly. We have 400 already. GILLMORE.

March 2.—News had been received at Charleston that Sherman had marched on Augusta, and that the enemy at once evacuated the city.

The U. S. steamer *Mahaska* captured the blockade runner *Delia* under English colors. She had a cargo of pig lead and some sabres.

Acting Admiral Strybing destroyed the salt works on Western Bay.

A despatch to the Columbia, S. C., *Enquirer*, dated Marianna, Fla., February 26th, says:

Dickenson captured 85 prisoners, including 1 colonel, 3 captains and 10 wagons, 60 horses, 1 ambulance, arms, etc. The enemy lost 5 killed, including an adjutant, and 4 wounded, including their colonel. Not one of Dickenson's company was lost.

A correspondent of the *Montgomery Appeal*, at Grenada, Miss., says:

"Affairs on the border are in an intolerable condition. The country is filled with bands of jayhawkers and robbers, principally deserters, whose deeds rival the famous days of Dick Turpin. Such a reign of terror has been inaugurated that travel is almost completely broken up in some portion of the country. Coupled with these, are large numbers of soldiers returning to their homes on furlough, who are vowing vengeance on the northern counties, who have refused to take Confederate money for corn and other necessities of life, from their families. Unless something is speedily done by those in authority we may look for a desperate state of affairs here during the present month."

The rebel Gen. Forrest publishes an address to his troops, recounting the results of his operations during the past year. He says they have fought 50 battles, killed and captured 16,000 of the enemy, captured 2,000 horses and mules, 67

pieces of artillery, 4 gunboats, 4 transports, 20 barges, 300 wagons, 50 ambulances, 5,000 stand of arms; and have destroyed 40 block-houses, 38 railroad bridges and 200 miles of railroad, 6 locomotives, 100 ears, and \$15,000,000 worth of property. In accomplishing this he admits they were occasionally sustained by other troops, but says their regular number never exceeded 5,000, 2,000 of whom have been killed and wounded, and 2,000 taken prisoners.

Lee has ordered Goldsboro and Kingston to be fortified. He says Goldsboro must be held at all hazard.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* estimates the number of guns captured from the enemy since the first of the year at 1301.

The rebel pirate *Chickamauga* was destroyed on Saturday in the Cape Fear river, to prevent her falling into our hands.

March 5.—Various despatches in relation to the reported defeat and capture of Gen. Early by Sheridan, and the capture of Charlottesville, have been received by the War Department. The following, from Gen. Grant, are significant:

CITY POINT, March 4th.—Refugees confirm the statement of deserters of the capture of Early and nearly his entire force. They say it took place on Thursday, between Staunton and Charlottesville, and that his defeat was total.

March 5th, 2 A. M.—Deserters from every point of the enemy's lines confirm the capture of Charlottesville by Sheridan, and say he captured General Early and nearly all his entire force, consisting of eighteen hundred men. Four brigades were reported sent to Lynchburg to get there before Sheridan if possible.

As late as the 6th there is nothing definite. The concurrent testimony of all deserters and refugees from Ord's right is, however, that Sheridan surprised and encountered the rebels under Early at Waynesboro, midway between Staunton and Charlottesville, utterly routing and capturing his entire force, securing among the prisoners, Daughley, the general commanding. It is reported from Hancock's headquarters at Winchester that Sheridan defeated Early, but that Early himself was not captured.

The *Herald's* Washington special says: "Authentic information from Richmond has been received that Sherman's advance had reached Fayetteville, N. C." The despatch also says that Porter's gunboats had reached that point. It is stated that Gen. Grant credits the report that Sherman and Schofield have united their forces at Fayetteville.

March 6.—A portion of the New York cavalry and one company of the 1st North Carolina, mounted lately, surprised and captured a company of rebel soldiers, near Greenville, N. C.; they then dashed into the town, destroyed the commissary stores and captured other prisoners. The Admiral has issued orders for the maintenance of the authority of the United States. The first says that, conformably to the laws of the United States, slavery no longer exists within the limits of the Union, and persons residing there who thus become freemen, will in future enjoy the fruits of their own labor.

Eight hundred Union prisoners arrived at Wilmington for exchange; they were sick, starved, emaciated and naked.

Admiral Dahlgren captured Georgetown, S. C., on the 23d of February. Fort White, a splendid work just below the city, mounting 17 guns, was also taken. The sailors and marines landed and took possession of the city. Rebel cavalry charged on them in the streets, but were repulsed, with a loss of several killed, wounded and prisoners.

March 7.—A large number of negroes are reported to have been at work throwing up fortifications along the Roanoke river. It is surmised that if Lee is compelled to fall back from his present position he will form a new defensive line along the banks of that stream.

March 9.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *World*, writing from Washington N. C. the 28th of February, says our advance under Terry, was twelve miles from there at that date, on the Northwest branch of the Cape Fear river, with Hoke's troops confronting it on the other side.

The Richmond papers express their belief that Grant will attack Lee's lines around the rebel capital so soon as the ground will permit. A meeting to obtain subscriptions for provisions for Lee's army, was held recently in Danville, Va. The Richmond *Whig*, in noticing it, says "Lee's army must be fed, or we lose all."

The *Shasta Courier* says: "For long years, Grave-Yard Hill, in the vicinity of Horsetown, has been a point upon which prospectors have cast longing eyes, and therein has been sunk many a prospect hole. Tunnels, too, have been run for limited distances, only to realize the color in a sort of pipe-clay. Recently a couple of enterprising miners concluded to go deeper and see the result. Four inches farther down in an abandoned tunnel a pan of dirt was obtained and washed out with an agreeable result of a little over ten dollars. A few hours afterward that hill was staked off and claimed. This discovery of an under-strata of pay dirt, if it continues to be developed, will bring Horsetown back to its palmy days."

The Sisters of Charity have purchased the Beatty House in San Leandro.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

A steam fire engine purchased in Philadelphia for Confidence Engine Company of Sacramento arrived by the *Golden Age*, March 9th.

The *Virginia Union* says that the water in the Ophir shaft is still one hundred feet deep, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

A friend (says the *Pajaro Times*) who has been prospecting for oil near Arthur's Ranch, says the excitement in that section is intense, everybody owning oil springs. It is in contemplation to build and run an oil canal between that point and San Jose.

J. H. Murry, deputy Surveyor-General, has been appointed (says the *Mendocino Democrat*) to run the line defining the boundaries of Mendocino and Humboldt counties. Mart. Baechtel accompanies him as commissioner for Mendocino county.

At the recent annual election of officers of the Sacramento Valley Railroad Company, the following-named gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Geo. F. Bragg, R. S. Fretz, James Freeborn, L. L. Robison, F. L. A. Pioche, Levi Parsons and Jonathan Hunt.

The store of E. Richards in Sonora (says the *Democrat*) was entered, a few nights since—the robbers effecting an entrance by cutting through the solid stone wall of the building, which must have occupied hours—and robbed of \$40, all there was in the drawer. There was an attempt made to rob the house of Mr. Lucas, at Shaw's Flat, lately.

A life-like representation of President Lincoln on a white horse was carried in the torchlight procession at Marysville, on the evening of March 4th, says the *Appeal*. As far, at least, as the "pale horse" is concerned, we should call it a death-like representation. If Uncle Abe had seen it, ten to one he would have had his "little joke" over the "emblematic spectacle."

Thomas R. Graham was taken from the State Prison to Sacramento, recently, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and upon examination of the facts connected with his commitment the Supreme Court gave him the freedom of the State. Graham was convicted three years ago, in Sonoma county, of receiving stolen goods, and sentenced to five years imprisonment.

Jesse Clark, an old resident and merchant of Alder Creek, near Folsom, was found dead in a shaft eighteen or twenty feet deep, March 4th. He had been suffering from *delirium tremens*, and had been warned by "spirits," as he believed, that the hour of his death was appointed. One of his friends employed strategy against spirit-power, by "tampering" with the clock. Clark was greatly disappointed at the apparent failure to dispose of him as arranged and agreed upon. A few hours afterward his body was found in the shaft, his head downward; it is presumed that he fell in accidentally.

Thieves in Folsom have no respect for persons or places. A few weeks since they called at the Episcopal church during the "small hours" and took away various articles of service, if not value; more recently the same edifice was again entered and robbed, the rector's surplice and gown and a silver cup valued at \$75 being among the articles selected. The Catholic church was also entered and a clock stolen; the clock has been recovered—in what manner is not stated, but perhaps the rascals thought it better to relinquish their hold on time than all their hopes of eternity.

The Commencement Exercises of the Toland Medical Institute took place March 6th, and were well attended. Owing to the inability of Mr. Felton to be present, the oration was omitted. The occasion, nevertheless, was a very interesting one, and being the close of the initial term in the Institute's history, bore an importance as presenting the auguries for its future. There were eight young men in the graduating class, Messrs. Davie, DaMour, Welch, Stivers, Pond, Debois, Handy and Weeks. Besides these, diplomas were granted to three practicing physicians, graduates of other colleges. Dr. Wm. O. Ayers, Dean of the Faculty, presented the diplomas, and Dr. Toland followed in a valedictory address to the graduates, in which he laid down, as on a chart, their future course in the honorable pursuit of their profession. Allusion was made to the auspicious infancy of of the institution, the building they were assembled in having been erected without any collateral assistance, and being entirely free from debt. The speaker himself having erected the college edifice and furnished the laboratory at his individual expense, now indulges in the warranted hope that an appreciative community, who are to be benefitted by the project of which he has assumed to become the founder, will second his efforts and manifest their appreciation in such a manner that the Institute may not long remain deficient in the necessary adjunct of a library. The Doctor took an affectionate leave of the young men of the graduating class, and asked of them, for the future, in the days of their success, a grateful recollection of this their *alma mater*.—*Morning Call*.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
 Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
 Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
 Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
 San Mateo, 20, railroad.
 Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage.
 Half Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
 Redwood city, 30, do. do.
 Mountain View, 38, do. do.
 Santa Clara, 47, do. do.
 San Jose, 50, do. do.
 Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
 Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
 Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
 Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
 Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
 San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
 Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
 Wurin Springs, 37, do. do.
 Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
 Sacramento, 117, do. do.
 Stockton, 117, do. do.
 Martinez, 33, do. do.
 Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
 Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
 Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
 Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
 White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
 Geysers Springs, 118, do. do.
 Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
 Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
 Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
 San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 21.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 1 ounce or part thereof.
 Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors); otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each 1 ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

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RICHERS HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

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AND THE

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AT

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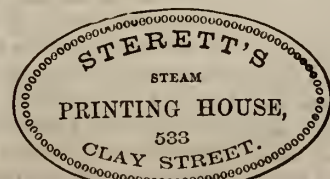
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NARRATIVE OF AN AUSTRALIAN DETECTIVE.

I AM a detective in the Victoria police, and have been one for some years; and I was formerly one in Paris, and I was employed as such in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Since then I have been in various parts of the world; in fact, there are very few of the force that haven't knocked about the world a good deal. However, at last I've settled in Australia, and hope my roving is ended. I have never had but one crack case intrusted to my care; I have sometimes tracked thieves from the diggings into the interior, and found them boundary riders or stations, or clerks that did not keep their accounts straight, and found them bullock-driving up-country, but these were small affairs; a pair of bracelets soon settled such. But once I had a hard matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience.

Some four years ago there lived about a mile down the Glenelg River, beyond the bridge, an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good "pile." He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat down or haggle about the prices of anything. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbor was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprang up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day, and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money no one knew, and his churlish ways forbade any one to ask him; he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care anything. In this uniform but curious mode of life weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being that, although Stevens the shoemaker had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores but had ready money for all he needed.

One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his "cutty" as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township, greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T—— at the inn, told him that not having seen old Jeffrey all day he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H—— is a police station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still nothing was proved, nor could be proved until the body could be found; for, eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H—— as he had once made his appearance there?

As soon as intelligence of this affair reached headquarters at Melbourne the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promising me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel. I took the little steamer *Western*, Captain Lucas, to Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a few days at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by mail for the far interior. After three days' journey I arrived at H—— as a "traveller" looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this with my pannikeu and billy gave me all the appearance of a *bona fide* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T——, the hotel keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand. I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Toward evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T—— that I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr. T—— my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and my authority from headquarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

As groom I remained here seven months; able for a while to do nothing; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding everything that might lead any one to suppose I was anything but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse, and give him feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track. Over the never failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man; on such occasions he would generally fix his eyes upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his brow, which convinced me that he knew more of this affair than I did. Frequently at the close of our conversation, in which Stevens was making these unconscious self-revelations, would he say, "I hate talking of this dismal subject, let's have another glass." On such occasions he always said: "I'll shout; you are only a groom, I can afford it better than you." Gradually he took to regular drinking; morning, noon, and night he was to be found at the bar. When joked about his finances he had his answer ready: he had sold his horse, or an old mate had called and given him some cash. So long, however, as he "shouted" freely few cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clue to my researches. Summer was now coming on; though it was a late summer it was a regular hot Australian one; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of water-holes to appear. Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighborhood of H——, and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this I said, "You or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward." I noticed this gave him quite a turn; and although he tried to conceal it I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn't so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered. I replied: "No one said that Jeffrey was murdered; you have always said he made away with himself."

"I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am that he was murdered."

"That has to be proved," said I, and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in one of the water-holes near his hut."

This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus: First, Stevens was a slight-built man, and supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far; and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and quickly said, "Well, let's have a nobbler; I can't stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man."

We had our glass and parted for the night; but my mind was already made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals. I admit that we often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower. Prompted by me Mr. T—— obtained, from a neighboring magistrate, orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of Jeffrey's hut. As soon as this was known Stevens was down at the bar trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of whisky. Directly the police commenced searching the river, I discharged myself, and having obtained my check, proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as everybody knows, means staying in the bar and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do; I kept myself sober as a judge; behind the scenes I prompted everything; through Mr. T—— I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country know that it is no easy matter, and that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day, on others more. While this was going on Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childish curiosity as to the result of the search.

"Have they found anything?" or, "Haven't they found anything yet?" or, "Well I should have thought they would have found something by this time," were expressions that frequently fell from his lips. It was, I think, the fourth day

of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up as drunk and disorderly. I too, though perfectly sober, affected to have been out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night-charge-list as drunk and disorderly. I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains; and no sooner was the lock turned on me than he clasped me by the hand as the "Groom that had always been so friendly," and began to cry, piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right I began: "I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body? It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?"

"Did I? what did I say?"

"You said if they would let you off you would show them where his money was." (This he had said in his sleep.) Upon this he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw and exclaimed:

"Yes, I killed old Jeffrey—but don't peach on me; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whisky. Let me sleep; I'll tell you everything to-morrow; but don't peach and I will make a clean breast of it."

Before the morning broke he had confessed everything to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T——'s groom everything. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and, fool that he was, put in his own lapstone along with the other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage. The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this I had left the room, and greatly to the bewilderment of every one, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H—— was in his uniform, bringing his charge against Stevens, founded on his own confession, of murdering the old hermit Jeffrey.

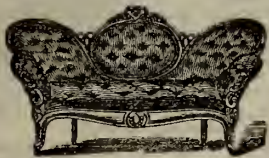
The sequel is soon told; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a mate in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station making a stake and rail fence.

TWO BAD HABITS.—There are two weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as, for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last, justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly amiable. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy or temperance, or anything else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual.

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**IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIF-
TEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,**

and for the City and County of San Francisco,
HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff; vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defend-
ant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
JAMES H. RAY, Defendant:—You are hereby required to
appear in an action brought against you by the above
named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the com-
plaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day
of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons
—if served within this County; or, if served out of this
County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; other-
wise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said Com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin,
the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to
plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an
account stated, as set forth and alleged in plaintiff's com-
plaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of
two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs
of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear
and answer the said complaint, as above required, the
said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in
U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as afore-
said and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the
Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th
day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand
eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By G. C. LERCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Ch - - - - - cC. Delany, Pl. 21. 2110 dc24-3m

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OR THE SCARLET LETTER.

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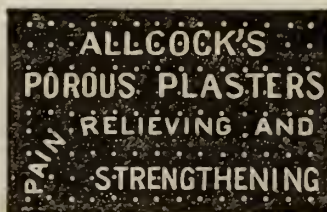
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NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

REPRESENTATIVE RECKLESS JOURNALISM.

A GOOD "GOAK."—A cotemporary calls THE CALIFORNIAN newspaper a "loyal" journal. This, we take it, is a good "goak." The editor of THE CALIFORNIAN is as bitter a Copperhead as ever went unhung. If our cotemporary meant by the word "loyal" to convey the idea that THE CALIFORNIAN is a Union paper, he is most wonderfully mistaken. The editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, like the editor of the Express, is loyal to the Southern Conthieveracy, loyal to the rebellion, and loyal to anything in opposition to our Government. Marysville Appeal.

It is rarely our custom to comment upon what cotemporaries say of us, especially when they speak to our discredit: but in the present instance we cannot refrain from republishing the above notice and referring to it briefly. A better illustration of the reckless journalism we have so often taken occasion to deprecate and denounce could not be desired. We do not know the editor of the Appeal, even by name; have never seen him to our knowledge, and certainly have never interchanged political views with him. Yet he, without the slightest warrant, takes occasion to denounce "THE EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN" as "AS BITTER A COPPERHEAD AS EVER WENT UNHUNG!" This is scarcely courteous; we would characterize the assertion as untruthful by the only English word which befits it, were it not that we are opposed to bandying those words in print which men very seldom speak to each other, and never except to inflict a brand which is more disgraceful than a blow. Our friends in this city are well acquainted with our political sentiments, and we do not care to explain them to every stranger who chooses to arraign us. THE CALIFORNIAN in its course has always been consistently and unequivocally loyal. Supporting measures, however, it does not always think it necessary to support men, and it is not at all given to apotheosis. The election of Lincoln was advocated because it was plain that the return of McClellan would prove disastrous to the National Cause. We do not consider it necessary, however, to laud him as a grammarian or compliment him upon the style of his State papers. His best personal friends sometimes lament that he

does not produce documents more calculated to win respect for him as the Head of the Nation, for the impression that rhetoric and republicanism are not necessarily at swords' points with each other, is universal. In this particular, while advocating his election we never urged his rail-splitting experience in youth as his most prominent qualification for the Presidency, though many of the journals which now oppose us were eloquent upon that theme. The present editor of THE CALIFORNIAN graduated in the editorial rooms of the New York Times, and was for some time an army correspondent of that paper; he was the first to denounce—in a letter to that journal, which even the Appeal will scarcely accuse of disloyalty—the inactivity and incompetence of Gen. McClellan—while most mouths were full of the folds of the anaconda—and he was among the first to urge vigorous measures and offensive movements for the suppression of the rebellion. He has never uttered or written a treasonable word in his life, and all his friends and associates know him to be utterly and thoroughly Union in feeling and expression; he can point with equal pride to the fact that he never has stood in the market place, vaunting his own loyalty while causelessly questioning that of his neighbor, and clamoring to be rewarded for the simple performance of his duty in giving all his efforts and energies to the preservation of the Nation's integrity.

A QUESTION OF DECENCY.

WE are really glad to see that action has been taken in the matter of the Anatomical Museum, lately opened in this city. Although these institutions have a regularly recognized existence at the East, our coast has not yet arrived at that pitch of depravity which demands public exhibitions at which decency revolts.

Our daily papers are usually regarded as the conservators of the public morals. In the present instance we are forced to say that they have been shamefully derelict. Had photographs of French actresses been on exhibition in shop windows, had songs been vended about the streets containing a single verse that permitted the possibility of a *double entendre*, had anything in short been cried or shown at which the most fastidious virtue could take alarm—which did not advertise—the result would have been patent. One great howl would have gone up, and a shut shop or an arrested boy would have been procured to afford a fruitful theme for the prolific pen, if there was any virtue in printers' ink.

It has never been our practice to impute unworthy motives to our neighbors, and at this time it were rather late to begin. But we cannot forbear asking how we are to construe the secret of their silence in the present instance. Of the multitude that have visited the "Museum" to which reference is made—and we are sorry to say that the number of its visitors has been materially increased since the arrest of the proprietors on the charge of an improper exhibition—we have yet to find the first one who has not expressed wonder that such an indecent show should be tolerated in the community. What object is to be gained by familiarizing the minds of the young with such subjects and figures as the contrivers of this "Museum" have seen fit to set forth in wax? A more ghastly burlesque than the whole affair presents, its villainous details hedged round and relieved by weak texts and stale proverbs such as: "Virtue is its own reward;" "To the pure all things are pure;" "Man, know thyself;" "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien," etc., can neither be imagined nor described. The idea that the exhibition is calculated to further anatomical knowledge is absurd and preposterous in the highest degree. In no medical college in the land can such an exhibition be found, and no student was ever expected or required to pass through such an infernal matriculation. Talk of the public good and the conservation of the morals of youth—it is nonsense! The only object of the proprietors is to fill their purses by pandering to the unclean curiosity and morbid tastes of the great multitude. And the sooner that they are ordered to pack up their traps and leave the city, under the penalty of being boiled in the melted wax of their own exhibition if they remain, the sooner will the city be freed from a pestiferous presence.

Why our staid dailies were persuaded to notice the exhibition under the various heads of "Amusements," "Dramatic and Musical," etc., we cannot imagine. It is true the concern has advertised liberally in all directions, but we are unwilling to believe that the comparatively paltry sum thus paid could buy our critics to lend their endorsement, or at least the sanction of silence, to something which their better tastes must necessarily condemn. If they have been guilty of yielding to pecuniary inducements in a matter of such public moment, we can only hope that they will be made share the punishment of the proprietors of the Museum, for whom at the present writing we can suggest nothing more severe than that they be shut up together in their own exhibition and condemned to a contemplation of their own creations for an indefinite period of time.

MAXIMILIAN'S MAXIMS.

THERE are very few of our cotemporaries that have not busied themselves with speculating as to Louis Napoleon's designs and Maximilian's intentions in Mexico. It has been amusing to see the theories offered on the rumor of some stupendous plot, to be dismissed when subsequent intelligence proved the rumor to be groundless. All this while we have refrained from comment, preferring to await the development of actual events before committing ourselves to any theory whatever; for to our thinking the mind of the most astute monarch in Europe, and his intentions as regards Mexico, are too profound and too well veiled to be fathomed by the pen of any paragraphist on this continent. It is very unsatisfactory to set out to measure the depth of a well with an innate conviction the while that our plummet cannot reach the bottom.

Adopting the idea, probably, that consistency is the best thing that can be done under the circumstances, the chances are that the French Emperor will shape his policy as circumstances may dictate, and we question whether it be exactly settled even in his own mind at the present moment what course he will pursue. Very much depends upon whether or not we succeed in the subjugation of the South, and until that problem is settled it is not probable that his hand will be very definitely revealed.

Maximilian, however, lets a little light in upon the policy he intends to pursue in the decree of religious toleration recently issued. Protecting the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church as the religion of the State, at the same time that he extends free and ample toleration to all religions disposed to civilization and good habits, he furnishes evidence that nothing within his power will be left undone to reconcile the people of Mexico to his rule. Mexico is pre-eminently a Catholic country—hence that religion is adopted as that of the State. But bids having been offered to foreign emigration, he proffers protection to all religions and announces his intention of letting men's consciences alone. This is wise; for a nation will bear dietary regulations with more complacency than they will religious restrictions. It seems Maximilian's intention to reconcile the people over whom he has an accidental dominion to his rule, and to offer to all immigrants a freedom somewhat similar to that which they enjoy in their own countries. If acting under the dictation of the French Emperor, as this step would indicate, it must be borne in mind that that monarch managed to reconcile the people of France to his *coup d'etat*—one of the most atrocious usurpations on record—and that an adherence to his counsels may enable Maximilian to reconcile the Mexicans to his assumed sway. In this event our interference in the matter may prove uncalled for when the time comes that we are able to offer it. The Monroe doctrine constrains us to interfere against foreign dictation on this continent against the popular will; but if the people consent there is little left for us to do.

PHILOLOGICAL VAGARIES.—We are sorry that the Marysville Appeal allows its admiration of state papers to interfere with that purity of English which is looked for in editorial columns. In a late issue it rolls "Kloptamania" like a sweet morsel under its tongue a dozen times, ignorant apparently that there is no such word in the language. Kleptomania, or Klopomania, but "Klopta"—never.

"ENOCH ARDEN" ABBREVIATED.

PHILIP RAY and Enoch Arden
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee;
Phil did not fulfil her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three;
But becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea;

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap and treacle,
Beeswax, whipcord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote,
Wherefore, she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So, when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray,
She, believing she was widowed,
Could not say her suitor "nay."

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese,
And in due time Philip nursed a
Little Ray upon his knees.

But alas! the long-lost Enoch
Turned up unexpected-ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of bigamy.

Yet reflecting on the subject,
He determined to atone
For his lengthened absence from her
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed, he dwindled
Down to something like a shade,
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in handsome style, and
Gave his corpse a funeral splendid.

This is all I know about it;
If it's not sufficient, write
By next mail to Alfred Tenny-
Son, P. L., the Isle of Wight.

A STRANGE STORY.

OVERWORKED, and yielding to the solicitations of my wife and friends, I left the practice entirely in the hands of my partner, and accepted the invitation of my kind old friend Dr. Goodenough. The perfect rest, the lovely wild Welsh scenery, soon showed its effects, and day by day I recruited both strength and spirits; and ere long I was able to face, with a sense of exhilaration that I had long been a stranger to, the keen wind that then, in the early part of January, swept down into our quiet valley from the snowy heights beyond. Goodenough's quick appreciation of character, sturdy common sense combined with great tact and quickness, fitted him peculiarly for the care of cases complicated with any mental derangement. There were several under his care. As my own health improved in tone, I began to listen with interest to the particulars of the various cases, and felt gratified that my old friend should thus seek my opinion. He showed me his notes of one case which he had (as far as human eye could see) treated with perfect success. It was peculiar; the subject in his early youth had on one occasion, and one only, showed symptoms of insanity, the seeds of which lay dormant until after life. He must have been a man of great determination; for on his recent recovery he thus described his recollection of the occasion of the fit:

"One night, after a number of weeks of fearful sufferings, as I was lying in bed tossing, sleepless and despairing, a most horrible impulse seized upon me, an impulse impelling me to destroy one who, of all living beings, most deserved my love. I buried myself under the bedclothes, and struggled with the hellish impulse till the bed shook. It still gained strength. I sprang up, clung to the bedpost, and drove my teeth, in the agony of despair, into the hard wood. It was uncontrollable. I shut my eyes, bowed down my head for fear that I should see her, and rushed out of the house. Barefooted, with no covering save a night-shirt, I ran through the streets to the police office, and implored them to lock me up. Fortunately the officer on duty was a humane and sensible man. He gave me a watch-coat to wrap round me, kept me under his eye, and I suppose, sent to my friends, for my wife and sister came with clothing. The paroxysm had passed; and gasping, panting for breath in any form, I accompanied them home, steeped to the lips in despair."

This case, which was one of well-marked *latent* insanity (latent for nearly twenty years,) interested us much, and sincerely we trusted that it might not prove intermittent, of which latter type a very curious and well-marked case was under my friend's care.

"I know nothing of the history of the man," said Goodenough, "except that he came here many years ago, and voluntarily placed himself under the care of my predecessor. He occupies a small suite of rooms, makes a few acquaintances, and quite seems to shun the public sitting-room and billiard-room, where there are generally two or three convalescents to be found. Botany, on which subject he has written much and well, is his principal pursuit. But the most remarkable point is the persistency and regularity of his mental attacks. In the early part of each year (and you will have the opportunity, I imagine, of seeing this for yourself) he becomes careless of his person and dress, moody, and irritable—savagely passionate and violent—so much so, that towards the end of the month it has always been necessary to place him under restraint. Another curious phase in the case is, that as the cerebral excitement increases, his English is replaced by another language, that neither I nor any one here can understand. I judge from this he is not an Englishman; that his brain, losing the grasp over the acquired tongue, lapses to his native one. As he grows older the gradual recovery from each access of delirium takes longer and longer. In his lucid intervals, growing shorter every year, he has occasionally, at my earnest request, written what he can recollect of his state of mind during the accession of the attacks. This passage, with which he commences one of these papers, is remarkable, and shows in what way he expects death to supervene:

"It is a fearful thing for a man to be mad, and to be conscious that he is so. I am convinced that a thought of an intensely exciting nature passing through a brain in this state, or through one very easily excited naturally, can kill as quickly as a shock of electricity from a thunder-cloud, and that the death-bearing messengers in both cases are nearly allied. I have, while recovering from a violent attack of mania, not once, but several times, been struck down as utterly senseless by a thought as I could have been by a blow." * * *

"I have no doubt but some of those sudden deaths, for which no cause can be assigned or seen, are the results of this silent thunder, which bursts from the imagination when in a state of excitement or disease."

I took an early opportunity of calling on this gentleman, in company with Dr. Goodenough. It was in the middle of January, and the usual premonitory symptoms had begun to show themselves. His appearance was striking; but the attention was riveted on his eye, so cold, so clear, and pitiless, flickering now and again with a febrile brightness. Our visit was a very short one; but it was not until away from his presence that I could recall his massive chin, his firm thin lips hardly according with his rather narrow forehead and strangely projecting eyebrows. I learnt, with no feeling of pleasure, the next day, that he was anxious to see me. I accompanied Goodenough in his usual visit.

"Doctor," said he, "we can hear enough of our future state; we know, perhaps, too much of our present; but where can we learn our past? Look you! the soul never dies: neither is it born, at least not as our philosophy would teach us. Have I only existed forty or fifty years? I tell you cycles have passed since my thinking powers first came into play. You too—you have recognized people, ay, and places too, that you never before saw in *this* life. And you, sir," turning to me and raising his voice almost fiercely, "in what wild planet or outer world have we met, and then, too, in no friendly mood?"

And truly there flashed back on my memory that night in the wild forest, when with my spirits high overcome in the struggle with unknown horror, staggering into the clear moonlight, my knees trembling under me, dismayed but unsubdued, I was but able to cry, "I am *not* overcome; my spirit is not afraid," without which self-assertion my inner self felt it must have yielded to this unknown, unseen power. I know not what answer I returned to the wild adjuration of the madman.

After a moment's pause he said, quietly, "Do you know doctor, I believe it quite possible for a man to be in two places at once. Now, for instance, in my own occasional illness, I, as regards my body, remain here (though I should be sorry to vouch for that myself,) while I, as regards my thinking and intellectual powers, have most certainly been elsewhere. For as I slowly recover with the coming springtime, creeping with the flowers into a fuller life, I am imbued with the idea of long, cold, weary, watching, of some horrid, hate-inspiring thing; and as Dante makes those spirits, who on earth have loved both wildly and unwell, be driven together round and round the limbo they are in, by a fierce cold whirlwind—now torn away from, now driven back to, their unseen, never-shifting starting-point—so I sometimes think I have been surging round and round, with a purposeless hate, some still more hateful spot."

Toward the end of the month, the 26th, (how suddenly I recalled the date,) Goodenough and I were quietly talking

after dinner, when an assistant called him out of the room. A few minutes after, the same man returned: "The doctor's compliments, sir, and would you step up to Mr. Engstrom's room?"

I entered his room quietly. Three men, assisted by the doctor, were holding down the unhappy man on the bed; and though they did not understand his wild imprecations, in a harsh, uncouth tongue, it was evident to any, from his savage gestures and hoarse, deep voice, that he was in fierce altercation with some imagined foe. I caught a word in Swedish, and soon followed the sense of all he said. Who was "Hilda?"—she who seemed fastened to his heartstrings by ties of wildest love and fiercest hate. What were the unheard questions that called forth such awful answers? On whose head were those fearful imprecations called down? Verily a full tide of sombre recollections flowed over my memory; and, urged by what instinct I knew not, I hurried, as in a dream, to the billiard-room, and, snatching an ornamented cue from the rack, I returned. I placed myself at the foot of the man's bed. "Loose him and let him go," I am told I said; and in sheer astonishment the men relaxed their hold to look at me. He sprang up to a sitting position, his wild eyes fixed on mine, and a deep, long-drawn stertorous breathing gave as it were a voice to his fierce glare. "Devil! would you again torment me before my time? but I have you now!" And with a frantic shout he sprang toward me. I shrank back, and, still keeping a firm eye fixed on his, held up as in an attitude of defence the butt of the cue. He staggered as does a man who receives a mortal blow. "Let be," I said to the men, who would again have seized him; and he, cowering back, shrinking from me, fell prone and gasping on the bed. Then feebly rolling himself in the clothes, amid faint cries for pity and deep-drawn sobs, half-choked by the dread death-rattle in his throat, this wicked, wilful soul fled into the presence of its Maker.

Silently we left the room, I leaning on Goodenough's arm. He poured out a glass of wine that I gladly swallowed.

"Now tell me," said he, "who is this man, and how did you learn his history? How did you acquire such a strange power over him, the too sudden use of which I cannot but regret? And lastly, what induced you to come into the room in the strange way you did?" (for he had not seen me when I first entered.)

"As to his history I *know* nothing, but am certain of it all. I feel I am not mistaken; and when I have told it to you, you will understand the rest."

"Good," said he, and left me. And for a long, long time I sat there dreaming of the past, as in a truce, with my eyes open.

And this, as follows, is what I told him the next day.

As a young man, I was extremely fond of travelling: indeed I am so now, finding that my moral as well as physical health improve by it; the bold wild scenery I always frequent induces a healthier and more manly tone of thought. I can then take a more general view of things, and less dimmed by the obtrusion of self. On one occasion I had even obtained my *congé*, though as yet undecided where to go—with what new scenery I should brush off the cobwebs of dull routine. It was Saturday, and the *Illustrated* was put into my hands. In it was an account and some sketches of the opening of a railway from Gottenburg to Stockholm. This decided me, and I sailed by the next boat for Gottenburg. Of the kindness and hospitality of every one I became acquainted with in Sweden you have already heard me speak, and no doubt you remember hearing me mention an English family; but I never told you how indelibly they were impressed on my memory by alter events. Our meeting, too, was strange. One night, going late to the opera—in truth it was not much, and I went only to see the ballet, in which two English *figurantes* appeared—I was thrust into a box in which I found an elderly gentleman nodding in one corner, and two pretty, fresh-looking girls occupying the front. I seated myself in the unoccupied corner, and followed as I was able, the play. I don't remember much of it; but I soon found the place unbearably hot; and seeing the ladies vigorously fanning themselves, I ventured to ask, in my best French, (for I was afraid to attempt Swedish,) if they would like the door opened. "You answer him, Lucy," said one; "you speak *Swedish* better than I can." That was quite sufficient introduction for me then; and when the curtain fell we were acquaintances of long standing; and the father being awake, I was introduced to him. I assisted at the cloaking, etc., preparatory to getting into the sleigh, and learnt that they lived within a few miles of Stockholm, where they had been staying for a few days; and I accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days, soon, at their house. They started, and I walked off to my hotel. In the supper room I again met the father, and found he was staying in the same house with me. We supped together, and the day for my visit was fixed.

I drove out. If you have ever driven in a sleigh you can understand how exhilarating was the clear bright air and tinkling sleigh-bells, as we trotted along over the crisp snow, by the soft white lakes and downy fir-trees, with their ostrich

plumes stretching out over you. If you have not seen the like, I cannot attempt to describe it. I had a hearty welcome; the veriest misanthrope would have warmed to it. It was late when I arrived, and we soon sat down to dinner. I found the ladies had never learned to skate, but were burning to emulate their Swedish sisters. The next morning was devoted to skating lessons, for I had been in Canada, and had of course learnt there.

In the evening we sat round the wood fire, and mamma told a ghost story, and I told some more, until at last it required more courage than the young ladies could muster to go into the dark landing and light the bedroom candles, as they were accustomed to do, after saying good night.

The next day was windy, and we spent the morning in the old billiard-room, a low, queer-shaped, oddly-lighted room. We walked out after lunch, and on returning I noticed a date cut on the stone lintel of the front door—1753 I think, three years more than a century since the house was built. When I was alone with the father, after dinner, I asked about it. When he took the house it had been uninhabited for many years; and, though in a good situation in every way, both it and the grounds round it had a bad name. There was nothing definite; some old ghost story; and he got it cheap. There was some trouble about servants, certainly: they would not sleep in the house; but that was got over by their all sleeping on a small farm he had bought near.

Among other stories told that evening I repeated one of Edgar Poe's—*The Startling Effects of Mesmerism on a Dying Man*. None of them had ever heard it before, and even the father seemed interested. There was a silence of many seconds when I concluded, and then a rush of conversation on kindred topics.

"Do you know, my dears, that we all are living in a haunted house?—or, rather, the house itself is not haunted, though the grounds are."

A little murmur of surprise, and each sat closer to the other.

"I dare say, my dears, you have heard your father say how very cheaply we have bought the property. No! Well, at any rate it is on that account. He learnt that many years ago—you remember the date over the door—an old gentleman came and settled here with two sons. They seem to have lived a quiet, solitary life. The old man died. The eldest son, then of an age to shift for himself, realized as much money as he could, and disappeared. The old people about here will still talk of his wild, daring and mad frolics. The other seems to have carefully tended the property, and married happily enough. I suspect the orangerie and the little pier into the lake are of his building; and perhaps we owe the long shady avenue up to the house to his or his wife's taste; and no doubt the old summer-house overlooking the lake was as favorite a seat of hers as it is with us. One wild evening the brother returned, and was heartily welcomed home. Their life would hardly seem to have been as quiet and happy as before; and yet his younger brother's sweet, domestic little wife would appear unwittingly to have gained too much of his admiration. One evening, apparently, the two men were in the billiard-room alone, when high words, soon followed by the deep, short accents of hate, arose; and then a few quick blows, and the sullen noise of fierce struggle. I can imagine the wife with clasped hands standing trembling at the foot of the winding stone stairs. The door above opened, and her husband, with pallid face, staggered down almost into her arms. "Hide, Hilda, hide! or it will be worse for you than me." Scared more by the wild terror in his face and eye than by his words, she fled to her room, hearing the front door blown violently to by the wind. But her womanly, wifely instinct roused her; and while preparing hurriedly to follow her husband, she heard a heavy measured tread above her. Listening, she heard her brother-in-law go to his room, come down, and go out. Follow him she must, and did. Guided by the lantern he carried, with whose aid the footsteps in the snow were easily traced, she followed him round to the plantation behind the orangerie. Here, with an oath, the light was dashed to the ground. Faint, and nipped to the marrow by the cruel cold, she sprang forward, until the report of a pistol rang through the night air, and with a wild, loving cry she fell to the earth, while the birds from the heronry, close by, scared from their nests, wheeled round and round, uttering hoarse querulous cries. She came to herself again when all was silent, and struggled home, with a sensation as of a hand of ice on her heart. Not a soul was in the house. But at length her brother-in-law entered, flushed with labor and stained with earth. One glance assured him that she knew or divined all. And with what a cruel, hungry eye he must have looked at the *only witness*! Report says that she was locked into the furthest room on the second floor, and that there she died, faint whispers add, of starvation. It is said by the old people here that the younger brother was never seen after the evening of the 26th of January, and that you know is a day on which they say the light is always seen behind the orangerie.

The father here chimed in, and declared that a short time after his arrival he was being driven home very late at night

over the lake. As they came near the little bay, above which the house stands, they saw a bright light among the trees. The driver refused positively to go on, and then turning towards land made a long detour through the woods, reaching the house with the greatest reluctance, and, refusing all offer of "schnapps," or more substantial refreshment, drove off as quickly as he could. It was so odd, that he entered it in his farm diary. Of course he had to fetch the book. We found it happened on the 26th of January. And while doing so we all remembered that we had again arrived at the anniversary of that day. I think we each saw that the others remembered, too; but I, perhaps hardly believing so implicitly the tale we had just heard, was the first to mention it. As it was only ten minutes to twelve then, I proposed to wait till midnight, and meanwhile lit the bedroom candles that had been brought in early from the hall. Twelve o'clock, and no light, for mamma and I looked out. Papa said he was too comfortable to move for anything but bed. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter, half-past, but no light; so we went to bed. I heard one door locked and bolted hurriedly as its occupants went in. I went to bed and slept soundly, though mine was the room at the end of the second floor.

It could not have been long before I was aroused by a tapping at the door, and I recognized my hostess's voice. "Look out of the window," she said, "towards the orangerie; the light is there as we have always heard it described. I thought you would not believe us unless you saw it for yourself," she added, half apologetically. I looked, and saw in the direction she mentioned a clear, round light, seemingly as bright and vivid as a powerful reading-lamp. It appeared to be only a foot or two above the ground, and, always remaining near the same spot, rose and sank, gently swaying about, quite unaffected by the brisk breeze still blowing.

I dressed hurriedly, with a strong sense of excited curiosity, and yet quite on the *qui vive* for a practical joke or other imposition. Leaving my room, I announced to Mrs. Clayton my intention of going up to the light. She did her utmost to dissuade me; but I wrapped up well and sallied out, with only a stout walking-stick in my hand. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and the trees, all dark and sombre, were stripped of their snowy plumes. Across the sky flitted wild dishevelled clouds, from behind which the moon uncertainly shone out. Passing the angle of the house, I saw the clear, full, powerful light in its old place, a long way ahead. Slowly crossing the open ground behind the orangerie, I endeavored to concentrate my mind on the effort it had to make (for the wild night had swept away all idea of practical joking) but the story I had just heard came vividly upon my mind. I believed it. I imagined how he, how she had crossed this open plot once before, and as I did so I felt that sense of a presence near me that made my temples throb. I shall ever believe that I saw the shadowy outline of a crouching female form near me, passing with abrupt and unequal steps towards the plantation. Suddenly stretching forth its arms it sank forward, disappearing as does a snow-wreath when blown away; and the light ahead surged upwards, red and angry. You know my theory on so-called supernatural appearances. Recalling them to my mind, buckling on as it were a mental armor, I approached and entered the dark belt of trees, all my attention being given to the light, which now seemed to rise higher than ever, diffusing itself as it did so into a luminous vapor that seemed drifting slowly toward me. I still advanced, though as it neared me a searching chill reached the very marrow of my bones, while my temples throbbed feverishly. The dim vapor surging round and round, still spreading more and more, seemed to assume the misty outline of a human form; while from the thicker mist at its summit, I thought, glared down on me two eyes—two eyes so cruel and malevolent, so full of hate and deadly purpose, that my very reason told me that here was a *living* agency—most cruel and murderous, certainly, powerful no doubt—against which as strenuous a resistance was necessary as though it were in flesh and blood. One faltering retrograde step would be my last. To become a living resistance, to oppose this deadly hate, was my only course. Hardly had these thoughts clearly formed themselves in my brain when the faint outline of the figure before me lost its clearness, and the misty cloud surged round, drifting yet nearer down upon me. It surrounded me; I was enveloped in its hazy folds; and the cruel eyes appeared at times close to mine, and then again far off. A clearer patch, where some young trees were growing further on in the wood, appeared to me now like a haven of safety, as the moonlight fitfully streamed down upon it. Towards it I turned. As though my thoughts of escape were divined, the form again assumed its distinctness, and barred my passage. With my knees trembling, and pulse leaping wildly, I stepped out in its direction. As I approached the dim form, I experienced a soft but firm opposition to my progress. Astounded by this new proof of *living* power, my knees knocked together, and involuntarily I stretched forth my hands. They seemed taken in a cold, firm grasp, and the stick was slowly wrenched from my hand. With all my physical strength failing I still pressed on, conscious of being as yet master of my own will. And then those cruel eyes, sinking down to a level with mine,

floated close up to me, and I felt a soft, cold touch upon my throat that momentarily seemed to tighten. With one wild effort I cried, "This is *not* fear; the body quivers, but my mind is firm!" The grasp lightened on my throat, and the air became clear about me. And with my knees knocking together, I staggered forward into the clear moonlight, and sank for a time exhausted on the snow.

I do not think I can have lain there long before I recovered and went towards the house. The mental struggle over, the breezy night seemed fresh and pleasant to my fevered head; and when I met my anxious host and his wife I was able to tell them, with a tolerable assumption of calmness, that I had certainly seen something strange, but nothing that need alarm them; and, evading their curious questions, I returned soon to my room. I found the next morning that such a visible corroboration of their mother's story as the light gave, and which most of them had seen, had rather alarmed the younger, and very much astonished the elder part of the family. My account of it, therefore, was looked for with a great deal of interest. It must have been an unsatisfactory one, for, divested of my own sensations—and so I treated it as far as possible—there was little or nothing to tell; indeed, the crouching phantom of the woman seemed to them the most terrible part of the affair.

In clear daylight I visited the group again, following my nearly obliterated steps in the snow. I found that the clear patch of moonlight in the middle of the fir trees that I had so anxiously struggled towards, was but a little space, on which grew a few young birch trees. Mr. Clayton mentioned that wherever there was a clear space in the pine forest birch trees sprang up, and in a birch wood pine trees always shot up. The bare arms of the young trees had allowed the blessed moonlight to stream down, and form, as it had done for me, such a haven of rest. I remembered that it must have been on the hither side of this space that I first saw the light, and there, too, was a large space of clear snow. Placing myself on it, I experienced a slight tremor of the sensations I had experienced on the past night. You have heard me say perhaps that I believe no mortal will, however powerful and exorable, can exert itself at a distance without some tangible material object that may serve it (I hardly know how to explain my idea) as a starting-point, as a fulcrum for its lever. I scrutinized everything round me closely, but could find no sign, though my own sensations told me I was not mistaken. I explained more fully to Mr. C. my ideas on the subject, and asked leave to lay bare, and, if I thought necessary, to dig the ground I was standing on. He had no objection whatever. The farm-servant who brought down the tools in the afternoon hardly seemed to like the job; but I set the example, and he soon followed it. After some pretty severe labor, we got through the frozen crust into the soft earth, and then the man got out of the hole, and declared he could not—he didn't know why—work any longer; and as I stepped down into his place, and felt a chill sensation of fear creep over me, I did not wonder. A few hearty blows at the soil dispelled the feeling, and I presently turned up a scrap of leather that had evidently formed part of a shoe or boot. My host, who I imagine had looked on in astonishment at my proceedings, and rather permitted than joined in them, now himself became interested. Other and stranger things were soon brought to light, and before long we were all three working hard in the rapidly-increasing hole. In less than an hour we exposed the remains of a perfect human skeleton; and on clearing away the stringy fibres of roots that had interlaced themselves over it, we found a bullet still jammed over one of the little projections of the backbone. As we lifted the skeleton out piecemeal, buttons and buckles were found under it, proving too clearly its hurried burial. And alongside it, still close by its bony arm, was the broken butt of a cue, of a hard, heavy wood, in which the lozenge-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl, with which it was ornamented, still kept their places.

You can understand now, my friend, the train of thought that led me to enter, as I did, that man's room last night.

I proposed to Mr. Clayton to report the finding of the skeleton, bearing such marks as it did of a violent death, to the police authorities; but the expense and trouble this might have entailed no doubt prevented its being done. At any rate, the remains were reinterred in the same spot, and their position was simply marked by a wooden cross. I left the country very soon after, but kept up for some time a correspondence with the family; and I distinctly remember being told on two or three different occasions of the reappearance of the mysterious light, and always about the same date. And indeed so convinced am I of the connection between your late patient and it, that though I have heard nothing for years of or from the Claytons, I will write to their house, on the chance of some of the family being still there; and we may, perchance, thus hear something that bears upon the subject. * * *

A good question for a debating society—Which is the most delightful operation—to kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?

(For the Californian.)

HAWTHORNE.—TWO SONNETS.

THIS was the pen to glide in silence on
Unheralded at first by the dull crowd:
His was the sweet, pure song that, never loud
Splurging and splashing noisily upon
Our sudden sense of worth, did yet anon
Prick through its fabric, seemingly endowed
With rarest excellence; and then was bowed
Without its glitter—for the mask was gone.
But writing with that pure and ready flow
Of chosen words, with noblest aim and end;
So deep and noiseless, its true wealth to know
We need to fathom all its depth and send
The mind exalted through it while we throw
The world aside and with our soul attend.

FAIR is a broad and ever-growing tide
Of healthful waters, as a stream of thought
Pulsing with life and vigor is not caught
At the mere trifle, throwing out its wide
And far-embracing reaches, that beside
Throbbling together in a song, have sought
To hem them with a margin, that is wrought
So beautiful with heights, where they abide:
The waters will not tarry till the hills
May stay them in their wanderings; above,
The heaven is full of brightness; so he fills
Our land with fame as broad, while we may prove
On this sea, where a blessing each distills,
He floateth, shrined in the union's love.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18th, 1865.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A TRIP TO VIRGINIA—THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF THE ROUTE—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

VIRGINIA CITY, March 7th, 1865.

MY DEAR INIGO.—The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I observed to you that I was going to Washoe, and you no doubt, "in your mind's eye," seeing the state of the roads, affectionately remarked, you "hoped I might get there." Well, I did "get there," a week ago, and take an early opportunity of letting you hear from me. I know you are interested in Washoe. So am I; both of us have feet, "a few," on which we are often called upon to "stand and deliver" in the way of assessments, but we have never seen a dividend. Still, we were hopeful, we held on and waited—like a friend of ours in San Francisco we said, "the longest pole knocks the persimmons." Well, my dear INIGO, I have no hesitation in saying, and I say it boldly, it will require a very long pole to knock any persimmons for you and I. Don't suppose by this that I have been examining the mines; there is no necessity for that, everybody here is brim full of information, and not only willing but *desirous* to impart it—quite ready to tell one all they know and a great deal they don't know. Another thing, I don't believe in going so far underground. Whenever I think about death, I feel disgusted at the idea of being plumped into a hole, and covered up; I think it is a horrid way of disposing of one's "cold corpus," therefore I don't mean to go under, until I am obliged to. It is, moreover, so easy a thing for these "honest miners" to fool people. I am told here that a certain sea-going friend of ours was so fooled in the Gould & Curry while visiting the mine, that he would have bought all he could get hold of, if he had not been prevented by one of his friends here, who threatened to put him in a lunatic asylum. Afterwards, you know, he was only too anxious to sell, and tried to make us in San Francisco believe that he himself had "found 'em all out." Now I don't consider myself half so smart as he is; therefore only think how they might fool me!

Taking these things into consideration I shall not invest any more of my capital in "feet."

This is a wretched, God-forsaken looking place; all the gold in Christendom would not tempt me to reside here permanently. The streets are divided into small rivers, running streams of mud all the day through; at night it freezes and the population *roll* about, being unable to walk on the ice. When all the snow has departed, they tell me they are choked by the dust. Three days ago we had a terrific wind-storm: stage-coaches, and mud-wagons, chimneys, iron roofs, dry-goods boxes, overcoats and crinoline upset in all manner of ways. Montgomery street on a windy day was not a circumstance to it, as regarded the display of *understandings*; besides you had a fine chance of clapping to your bosom, without any previous introduction, the first pretty woman you met, your excuse being that you did it merely to keep her on her feet. On Sunday a "blow" was anticipated, and I am told that there were five hundred men waiting at the doors of one of the churches in anxious expectation of an opportunity for thus making themselves useful.

We have had some "caving" here, and the Empire, Imperial, and some other mines have suffered. As the city is tunnelled throughout, I expect it will all "cave" some day before long. I am living over "El Dorado," they tell me, but I don't expect to find much of a Dorado, if I should go under.

Two nights ago the Ophir "bust his biler," and the explosion shook the city. It was lucky our Occidental friend was not here; if he had been, and had made tracks in the dress, or rather undress in which he escaped from the earthquake, he would have found the snow rather severe. I assure you "costume is obligatory" here, and plenty of it!

I reached Washoe by means of the Dutch Flat route, which, by the by, is now called the "German Level," (make a note of that;) and went through a considerable "course of sprouts" on my way—in fact, travelling on any of these mountain roads just now must be something like what Brigham Young calls going to the infernal regions "cross lots." Still, I don't regret coming; I had a kind of fancy that sleighing over the Sierra Nevada would be sensational, and it was, "you bet." I "seared" considerably; however, it was worth the trouble, fright and everything else.

Up to Sacramento I did very well—getting a good state-room but no sleep before twelve o'clock, owing to about seventeen babies that were in the saloon, who danced, shouted, yelled and squalled as long as they were able, close by the doors of the staterooms. An American baby is a great institution, and can make more noise than those of any other country.

After leaving the steamer there were a few miles of railroad, and then mud-wagons; fortunately in ours there were only six passengers—our own party of three, and three gentlemen who smoked short pipes (which had seen a great deal of service, if one might judge from appearances,) and growled at the stage driver, swearing, every time they got an extra shake, they would sue the company, and that they knew he (the driver) was doing his best to upset the wagon. Two of these gentlemen were evidently old acquaintances who had not seen each other for some time, and each began to make enquiries about their "Mutual Friends." Said No. 1, "How is Simpson; is he at Smoketown, yet?"

No. 2.—"Simpson? oh, you mean the parson. Well, he happened a little misfortune; he always had a fancy you know for horse-stealing, and by an' by he got so keener, that he took all he could lay his hands on, and the folks they got tired on it, at last, and one day they hanged him."

No. 1.—"Poor Simpson, he used to preach some mighty good sermons."

No. 2.—"Yes, he did, but, you see, hosses is hosses, and they couldn't stand it no longer."

No. 1.—"And how's Jakey? he got religion and was sort o' pious, I remember."

No. 2.—"Well, he hain't there any more; a little accident happened to him. There was a young fellow at Smoketown had a dorg: it won't much of a dorg, and wor mighty crabbed at that; but he thought there worn't another dorg like it, and one day it took a notion to bite Jakey, so he ups with his pistol, and that dorg didn't bite any more—you bet; well, when the young fellow found his dorg wor gone where the good dorgs go, he wor almighty vexed about it, and though Jakey denied that 'twor him killed it, (you see he wor pious and didn't want a row,) 'toter one didn't believe him, and they fit, and Jakey finished him up. I don't think he meant to do it, and his knife was a mighty small 'un, but it ripped him up; so Jake had to make tracks, and I hain't heard on him since."

With such conversation did they beguile the tediousness of the journey, which at this portion of the road was not very interesting, as we were chiefly occupied in bobbing into mud holes, and scrambling out of them as well as we could, being on the point of upsetting several times, but managing to escape. We were bumped about considerably, but as the top of the wagon was canvas, our heads did not suffer.

We changed horses every ten miles, and had some very good teams; inferior ones would never have been able to get through. I am told the roads were worse than they have been at any time since the stages have been running. We made about three miles an hour.

The houses on the road where we stopped for meals are (with the exception of the ones at Dutch Flat and "Hunters," twenty-eight miles from Virginia City,) wretched in the extreme; one does not expect gilded mirrors and Brussels carpets, but they might manage to be a little more cleanly, as there seems to be no lack of soap in that region, and I am sure water is plentiful enough. The table-cloths looked like the sheets on the Vanderbilt line of steamers, which they used to tell us were washed once in six months; the knives and forks were not scrubbed—for fear it should wear them out I presume—and the glasses were never washed lest they should be broken; and, with all this, these people charge the prices of a first-class hotel—verily, they too ought to have a gold medal!

As we neared Dutch Flat the scenery began to improve, so that if one felt safe enough to enjoy it the trip would be very pleasant; but having to hold on all the way, and jump from one side of the wagon to the other so as not to be upset, rather distracts one's attention from the scenery—not that the upsetting of a wagon is to be dreaded so much, if it were on a level road, but when it involves rolling down the side of a mountain, where sometimes the wagon turns three or four

somersets before it finally settles, it is rather trying to the nerves; however, we reached Dutch Flat all safe.

There we stayed an hour and got some dinner—sneak as it was. We expected to take sleighs there, but the snow having partially melted, were told we would have to proceed four miles farther in our mud wagon; one party, however, consisting of two gentlemen and the wife, (baby, of course,) and mother of one of them, started in a sleigh a few minutes before ourselves. On reaching the station, four miles from Dutch Flat, (which, by the by, is no station at all, but a level place on the side of a hill, covered with snow,) we found our sleigh. It was filled with snow, and had to be cleaned out before we could get into it; this was seven o'clock in the evening. We found here the passengers who had left before us in the other sleigh, and who were waiting for us. All the gentlemen "turned to" to clear out the sleigh. You would have been amused if you could have seen a friend of yours working away with a very dilapidated broom, clearing out the snow. It was very romantic, I assure you; we were a regular set of "Babes in the Wood."

One sleigh just held, comfortably, the passengers of our party, and away we started again, along with the people in the other sleigh, who had not changed conveyances and were consequently more comfortable, having a nice dry sleigh. Two miles farther on we stopped to change horses at a place where there was only a stable, and to our horror we were told that we must all be put into one sleigh. We were already quite full, as under the seats, (which ran round the sleigh and were uncomfortable, having no backs to them only a ledge about a quarter of a yard high,) there were packed sundry sacks of barley, so that we only had a small space in the middle for our feet; and you may imagine that five more passengers were no desirable acquisition. But there was no help for it; no place to stay in, and the snow falling fast and freezing on our clothes as it fell—for there was no covering to the sleigh—so after many times consigning the agent at Dutch Flat to a very warm place for swindling us in such an abominable manner, and swearing at the drivers—who, poor fellows, could not help it, and were so kind and careful all through the route that too much cannot be said in their praise—we allowed ourselves to be packed like sardines in a box, and began to ascend the mountain.

We were uncertain about the road, and therefore went very slowly. The snow was beating in our faces, yet we were obliged to discard veils, as they got wet and we found them freezing to the ends of our noses. There was very little moon, and the stars were almost obscured by the snow-storm, and in the drifts the poor horses sometimes could not keep their feet. Altogether, we had what a young friend of ours would call "a high old time."

The unfortunate baby, after vainly insisting upon being put down and allowed to walk, (for it could talk a little,) screamed until it had not breath to scream any longer, when it was obliged to subside for a while. We were packed so closely that we could not move at all, and, when the sleigh swayed about from side to side, were perfectly helpless, besides suffering from the cramp in our knees; if we had upset we would have been powerless to make an effort to save ourselves. I have no hesitation in saying that a bottle of "cold tea" which we happened to have with us was very useful and steadied my nerves amazingly.

At length we came to another stopping-place—ten o'clock; the stage from Virginia City which should have been there hours before had not been heard of, and it was feared there had been some accident. The party with the baby were already tired out, and would have remained, but there was scarlet fever in the house, so they decided upon moving on.

We waited an hour for the down-stage, which did not arrive, and at eleven o'clock we started with two drivers and a lantern on our weary way.

After battling with the snow for another hour or two, we came to a dead halt on the edge of a ravine, and one driver started in advance to explore the road, while the other remained with the horses. After some time the explorer returned and said the snow had drifted so much that it was impossible to go on, unless the gentlemen would get out and walk. My two companions and three others at once tumbled out, but there seemed to be an objection amongst the remaining ones.

"I paid to ride," said one, "and I don't mean to walk."

Said the driver: "Do you want to be upset and killed?" "Don't care if I am," was the rejoinder, "then I'll sue the company."

"So will I," said another, "leastways, my wife shall, if I get killed, and in that way I think she'll make more out of me than she does now, because the company can afford to pay pretty well."

"What's the name of this place, anyhow?" said the first grumbler.

"Yuba," said the driver.

"Yuba d-n!" shouted the passenger.

"No, sir," was the reply; "this is not Yuba Dam—only Yuba."

This "goak," as A. Ward would say, restored good humor,

and all the gentlemen were soon on their feet. Then you may believe there was some ground and lofty tumbling in the snow, I supposing that the men would all either slide down the ravine or get lost in the drifts, and we should have to stop and search for their bodies. We women were put at the bottom of the sleigh, so that there might be less danger of its tipping over. None of us seemed to wish particularly to see the "other side of Jordan," inclining, on the contrary, to side with the poet who sang,

"I would not die in winter."

Well, Yuba was passed with a good many "dams," and once more we were packed up; the snow was all the time falling heavily, and there was to be no more stopping except to change horses until we had crossed the summit.

The road was now a little better, and our drivers beginning to get lively, commenced to sing the inevitable "John Brown." They could not get up much of a chorus, however, though we did the best we could under the circumstances. Then we had some more bad road, the poor little baby wailing and its mother quite worn-out, fast asleep, her face almost covered with snow. I did not suffer from the cold to speak of, in consequence, I think, of taking some more "cold tea;" it helped me amazingly.

At last we reached the summit—five o'clock in the morning, just daylight; it was magnificent!

"Rock upon rock incumbent hang,
And torrents down the gullies flung—"

the immense boulders far above our heads, apparently touching the clouds, with the snow lying on their peaks, and the pine trees surrounding looked like giant castles. It seemed like awaking in another world, and one almost expected to see a different race of beings from that which inhabits ours. In the distance, on a large boulder near the road, I saw an inscription. Instantly Scott's lines in the *Bridal of Triermain* popped into my head:

"It is given thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days;
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric planned;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth-raised keep and tower;
View it o'er and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound—
Dare no more—"

and I expected I was about to make some grand discovery, but fancy my feelings when we were near enough to read, and I found it was nothing but a clothier's sign. I decided at once that I wouldn't buy mine at that shop, and so encourage such sacrilege.

All my romance evaporated after that, and soon we began to descend. The snow was drifted so much that one of our drivers started off in search of an ox-team to break a road for us; having succeeded in finding one we floundered through the snow until we reached Donner Lake, where they gave us the worst breakfast I ever had in my life—Manzanillo, perhaps, excepted. Should misfortune, my dear Inigo, ever take you to Donner Lake, don't drink any of the coffee they make there.

We left the party with the baby here—they were so used up that they could not go on—and were thenceforth less crowded and consequently more comfortable, but the snow was so deep that it took three hours to do the first ten miles, and the poor horses kept falling in the drifts. The second ten miles we did in one hour and fifty minutes and the third in an hour; then we reached our next stopping place. "Hunter's," a nice comfortable house, beautifully clean, and brightened by one of the kindest of landladies. I was quite enchanted with her: there, for the first time since we left Sacramento, I saw a clean towel, and had a chance of washing my face comfortably—the dear, good woman tried to make me believe that all the worst of the road was passed; but it wasn't, though, because I overheard our driver telling somebody that he expected to have his neck broken before he reached Virginia City. At "Hunter's" they gave us a nice dinner: we had some delicious trout, (caught in the Truckee river, they told me,) and at six o'clock were again on our road. Now we had miles and miles of sage brush, dead cattle lying here and there among it, and in the far distance the mountains where

"——the gold in sandy heaps
With duller earth incorporate sleeps;"

and very barren they looked after the Sierra Nevada with its splendid pines. As the sun set, however, their appearance changed entirely; then they seemed to be touched by the wand of an enchanter, and the boulders turned into huge bars of silver and clots of virgin gold, such as with

"——their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."

The clouds resting on their top were blue and gold, and green and silver, with here and there a streak of crimson, and they formed themselves into gorgeous palaces, domes and pinnacles, tipped with all the colors of the rainbow; it was in truth a beautiful sight. Such visions, I fancy, must be continually before the eyes of the gold-seekers, or they would never rest contented in a place like this.

By this time we were changing horses and preparing to ascend the dreaded Geiger Grade. We had very little light; the stars were dim, and there was just enough snow on the road to make it unpleasant for a wagon, but not enough for a sleigh, until within three miles of the summit, where the snow was so drifted that we had to turn off the grade and take one of the old roads. Here the poor men had to get out again and wade. Our discontented passenger was worn out by this time or had smoked himself into a quiescent state; he said not a word, but turned out with the others, and I had the whole wagon to myself. I assure you I made acquaintance with every part of it and the bumping I then and there received I shall not soon forget. However, everything comes to an end, they say; it was over at last, and we reached Virginia City, very much astonished to find ourselves safe and sound. We were told for our satisfaction that we might travel over the road for five years and not have so rough a trip.

The hotel looked cold and comfortless; it was ten o'clock, and the chambermaids had "retired" for the night, one of the porters told me, and could not be asked to do anything. I was, however, relieved by hearing a voice call me by name, and volunteer assistance. I found it belonged to a chambermaid whom I had met with at some hotel in one of my previous wanderings, and though I think you once remarked to Lewis Leland (who, by the by, is much wanted about these "diggins," for they "can't keep a hotel" here) that "one cannot live by chambermaids alone," it was a great comfort to me to meet with one in this uncivilized country, who had the "run of the house" and could get me what I wanted. Wherever I go, I always make a point of being civil to chambermaids; and you see virtue, in this case, met with its reward. The poor girl looked very dismal and told me "living out in Virginia City wasn't what it was cracked up to be."

Said I, "Why don't you get married?"

"Married is it?" she replied, "ah, then, indeed, the men here is very desavin."

I mention this for the benefit of those young ladies in San Francisco who condescend to "live out," should they turn their thoughts towards Washoe, with the idea that husbands are plentiful as—I would say blackberries, but at this season of the year, blackberries are not plentiful, and I am at a loss for a simile.

For myself I can certify that living of *all kinds* here is very "shady;" the beef is fearfully tough; mutton ditto; the butter is strong enough to ascend the Geiger Grade alone, if it were left in the keg; there are a few eggs, and some fried potatoes; but if I stay here they won't last long, as I am blessed with a remarkably good appetite.

I have just had an invitation to go into the Chollar mine where they say "everything is lovely, etc.," but I don't see it in that light. I think I shall return to San Francisco by the "Pioneer" route, and, if I reach that place alive, will tell you which route I think the best. From all accounts, however, I shall be likely to take more notes in black and blue than in black and white, as there are only twenty-five miles sleighing.

MARY PERCEVAL.

FROM MARYSVILLE.

MARYSVILLE, March 12, 1865.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN.—It is Sunday morning, bleak, cold and disagreeable. The streets are almost entirely empty, and the prospect from my window is dreary indeed. All who are not at church are under cover somewhere, probably enjoying their *dolce far niente* by the side of a roaring fire.

My trip from San Francisco was not marked by any alarming adventure, if we except the fact that I found Sacramento. Your versatile correspondent, INIGO, once said of that delectable place, that it was built especially for one to pass through, if one were going anywhere. He did not add that the quicker one passes through it the better, which proves that he is not disposed to sacrifice truth to a jest. Business, however, in Sacramento is exceedingly dull. Very few have money at present, though the majority hope "it will all be right in the spring." Now, when men meet on the street, the first question is "Can you loan me a dollar?" To which the invariable reply is "Ain't got a red." And the two immediately take consolation and "smile" ominously—to the disproof of their assertion, for the bars do not trust.

I see you have a travelling agent who passed through Sacramento on a canvassing tour. The *Bee* made it the occasion to give your paper a very flattering notice. Not more, however, than it deserves, for it certainly is the best literary paper that visits this section.

I found the Sacramentans preparing for their charter election. Two tickets were in the field—the "Regular" and the "Citizens." Great excitement was manifested, and much interest was shown in the result. Scarcely knowing to whom to give my powerful influence, as things then gave no indication which way the election would turn, not wishing to be counted in on the losing side, and believing that outsiders always know more about local policy than the inhabitants of a town themselves, I determined to come up here and watch

the battle from afar. I made the "voyage" in the *Gor Dana*, commanded by the urbane Shallcross. We did not cross the stream, however, but navigated it lengthwise. On the boat a rather sour-looking individual wished to know if my name was "Not." I informed him in that polite manner which is peculiar to me that my name was not "Not." This seemed to displease my questioner, for his sour visage looked sourer still during the rest of the trip, and on the arrival of the boat he waited to see which hotel I intended to patronize, savagely booking himself and carpet-bag for the opposition. He was evidently on the lookout for some one who was Not.

Business in Marysville is almost as dull as in Sacramento. But business men are hopeful and expect everything will take a lively turn in a couple of months. I sincerely hope that they may not be disappointed, for if affairs do not soon change for the better, there will be a general "burst up" in this section, and your correspondent will have to be elected to some office or engage in some other nefarious pursuit in order to pay his board and wash bills. However, *nul desperandum* is the motto of

ROBIN HOOD.

QUITS.

SHE is dead! and they say for her fame
It was barely in time that she died:
Better thus—she could never brook shame;
For oh! she had terrible pride.

Sure the path to the grave was soon trod—
She is resting, and so let it be;
But why do the gossips all nod
And point with their fingers at me?

That a sin is not buried, they tell,
Though the sexton dig deep as he can;
Perhaps it was murder: ah! well,
Let God be my judge—not man.

For she mocked me at first when I came
To fling a young heart at her feet,
And she spurned me because of a shame
That was done ere my pulses had beat.

Her birth, so she said, had no stain—
She was one of a noble old line,
And the blood that flowed red in her veins
Could not mingle with current like mine.

On the world's brow I wrote me a name,
Fair cheeks flushed with pride at my tread;
Then I wooed her with gold and with fame—
I wooed, but I wooed not to wed.

I remember her speech—it was fine;
That the house of her sire had no stain;
By my faith, of that same noble line
That hoast will be made not again!

It was murder? Well, well, let it rest;
I will answer myself for the deed;
All tears are weak brine at the best,
And prayer serves all knaves in their need.

Vex me not, shaven priest, stand apart!
Dole thy tedious texts out to fools;
For I swear there is that in my heart
Just now that would puzzle the schools.

Of your Future I reck not a toss—
Earth has torments that Hell can not give!
There's a grave where the four roads cross—
She is dead, and I—I—I live!

C. H. WEBB.

OUR AGENT ON HIS TRAVELS

DR. A. WEILLER, agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, is making the tour of the country to obtain subscriptions. He reports very fair success, notwithstanding the tightness of the times, and writes that he has yet to find the man or woman who does not like THE CALIFORNIAN. We copy below a few of the notices he has received from the interior press. The contrast between the appended paragraph from the Marysville *Appeal* and an article which is reproduced in an editorial elsewhere, is noticeable:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have before mentioned this as one of the best literary journals published in San Francisco. Its articles are chaste, witty and elevating. Dr. A. Weiller, general agent for THE CALIFORNIAN, is now in this city on a tour to increase its circulation. INIGO's "Things," which are written for this paper, are worth the price of subscription.—*Sacramento Bee*.

THE CALIFORNIAN.—Dr. Alfred Weiller, agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly literary journal published in San Francisco, has arrived in this city, and proposes to solicit subscriptions for that paper. THE CALIFORNIAN is a high-toned literary publication, and of such a character as should receive a liberal support from the people of the Pacific coast. We have not as a general thing been favorable impressed with the literary publications of California, but THE CALIFORNIAN is an exception, and is well worthy of a place in every household.—*Marysville Express*.

THE CALIFORNIAN.—Yesterday we had the pleasure of a call from Dr. Alfred Weiller, of San Francisco. He is the travelling agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary paper published in that city and edited by C. H. Webb, with great ability. We understand the Doctor will make a tour of this and the neighboring counties for the purpose of procuring subscriptions to THE CALIFORNIAN. We wish him success.—*Marysville Appeal*.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Threes Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. HILLARY SPEAKS HIS MIND.

AFTER that meeting in Hyde Park, Francis Tredethlyn came very often to the Cedars, so often as to engender a vague uneasiness in Miss Hillary's mind. She knew that he loved her. If that sudden declaration in the study had never occurred to reveal the fact, Maude must have been something less than a woman had she been blind to a devotion that was made manifest by every look and tone of her adorer. She knew that he loved her, and that he had done battle with his love in order that she might be happily ignorant of the pangs that tormented his simple heart. The highly educated girl was able to read the innermost secrets of that honest, uncultivated mind, and was fain to pity Francis Tredethlyn's wasted suffering. Alas! had she not indeed traded upon his devotion, and obtained her father's safety at the expense of her own honor?

Such thoughts as these tormented Miss Hillary perpetually now that Francis spent so much of his life at Twickenham. She perceived with inexpressible pain that her father encouraged the young man's visits—her father, who could not surely shut his eyes to the real state of the Cornishman's feelings; yet who knew of her engagement to Harcourt Lowther. She did not know that Julia Desmond had taken good care to inform Francis of that engagement, and that the young man came knowingly to his delicious torture. She did not know this, and all that womanly compassion which was natural to her, that pitying tenderness which showed itself in the injudicious relief of bare-faced tramps and vagabonds about the Twickenham lanes, and the pampering of troublesome pet dogs and canary birds—all her womanly pity, I say, was aroused by the thought that she was loved, and loved in vain, by an honest and generous heart.

Thus it came to pass that she could no longer endure the course which events were taking, and she determined upon speaking to her father. They had dined alone one bright June evening; they were not often thus together now, for Mr. Hillary had fallen into his old habit of bringing visitors from London, and the ponderous matrons and croquet-playing young ladies inflicted a good deal of their company upon Maude. They had dined alone, and Miss Hillary seized the opportunity of speaking to her father upon that one subject which had so long occupied her thoughts.

"Mr. Tredethlyn comes here very often, papa," she said, breaking ground very gently.

Lionel Hillary filled his glass, retiring as it were behind the claret jug, from which comfortable shelter he replied to his daughter's remark—

"Often?—yes—I suppose he does spend a good deal of his time here. I am glad that he should do so; he is an excellent young man, a noble-hearted young fellow—the best friend I have in the world."

Mr. Hillary was a long time filling that one glass of claret, and his face was quite hidden by the crystal jug.

"Yes, papa, he is very good; but do you think it is quite right—quite wise to invite him so often?"

"Right?—wise?" cried Mr. Hillary; "what, in the name of all that's absurd, can you mean by talking of the right or wisdom of an invitation to dinner? The young man likes to come here, and I like the young man, and like to see him here. That is about all that can be said upon the subject."

Maude was silent for some moments. It was very difficult to discuss this question with her father, but she had grown familiar with difficulties within the past few months, and was no longer the frivolous girl who had known no loftier causes of anxiety than the uncertain health of her Skye terriers. She returned to the charge presently.

"Dear papa, I am sorry to worry you about this business," she said gently, "but there are such peculiar circumstances in our acquaintance with Mr. Tredethlyn; we are under so deep an obligation to him, and—"

"And on that account we ought to shut our doors in his face, I suppose!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with some show of impatience. "My dear Maude, what mare's nest have you lighted upon?"

"It is so difficult for me to explain myself, papa you can never imagine how difficult. But I think you ought to understand what I mean. When Julia was here, Mr. Tredethlyn's visits were quite natural, and I was always glad to see him; but it was my application to him for the loan of that money which resulted in the breaking of Julia's engagement. I cannot forget that night, papa; nothing but desperation would have prompted me to appeal to Francis Tredethlyn, and now that we are under this great obligation to him, I feel that we

are bound to him by a kind of duty. We have, at least, no right to deceive him."

"Deceive him! Who deceived him?"

"Willingly, no one. But he may deceive himself, papa. You force me to speak very plainly. Upon the night on which I appealed to him for that loan he told me that he loved me, even though he was then engaged to Julia. There was something in his manner that convinced me of his sincerity, though I was shocked at the want of honor involved in such a declaration. But now that his engagement to Julia has been broken off, indirectly through my agency, he may think it likely that—"

"He may think it likely that you would be wise enough to accept one of the best fellows that ever lived, for your husband. Is that what you mean, Maude?"

"Papa!"

"Oh, my dear, I have no doubt you think me a cruel father, because I venture to make such a suggestion. But surely, Maude, you cannot have been blind to this young man's devotion. From the very first it has been obvious to any one gifted with the smallest power of perception. Julia Desmond contrived, by her consummate artifice, to inveigle the poor fellow into a false position; but in spite even of that foolish engagement, he has been devoted to you, Maude, from the first. I have seen it, and have counted, Heaven knows how fully, upon a marriage between you and him."

"You have done this, papa, and yet you knew all about Harcourt," exclaimed Maude, reproachfully.

"I knew that you were a foolishly sentimental girl, ready to believe in any yellow-whiskered young Admirable Crichton, who could make pretty speeches, and criticize the newest Italian opera, or Tennyson's last poem. But I knew something more than this, Maude; I knew the state of my own affairs, and that my only hope for you lay in a wealthy marriage."

"And you thought that I would marry for money—you could think so meanly of me, papa!"

"I thought that you were a sensible, high-spirited girl; and that when you came to know the desperation of the case, you would show yourself of the true metal—as you did that night at Brighton; as you did when you asked Tredethlyn for the loan that saved me from ruin."

Lionel Hillary stretched out his hand as he spoke, and grasped that of his daughter. In the next minute she was by his side, bending over him and caressing him. Only lately it had begun to dawn dimly upon Maude Hillary, that perhaps this father, whom she loved so dearly, was not the noblest and most honorable of men; but if any such knowledge had come to her, it had only intensified the tenderness with which, from her earliest childhood, she had regarded that indulgent father. The experience of sorrow had transformed and exalted her nature; and she was able to look upon Lionel Hillary's weaknesses with pitying regret, rather than with any feeling of contempt or indignation.

"Dear papa," she said, very gravely, "you and I love each other so dearly, that there should be no possibility of any misunderstanding between us. I can never marry Mr. Tredethlyn; I know that he is good and generous-minded and simple-hearted; I feel the extent of our obligation to him, but I can never be his wife. It is for this reason that I am fearful lest any false impression may arise in his mind. Pray, dear papa, take this into consideration, and do not let him come here so often—at any rate, not until you have been able to repay him his money, not until the burden of this great obligation has been removed from us."

Mr. Hillary laughed aloud.

"Not until the money has been paid! I'm afraid, in that case, Tredethlyn will stop away from this house for a long time to come."

"A long time, papa! But you told me you would be able to repay the twenty thousand pounds," said Maude, turning very pale.

"And I dare say I shall be able to pay the money some day. Such a loan as that is not repaid in a few months, Maude. How should you understand these matters? The twenty thousand pounds went to fill a yawning gulf in my business, and it would be about as easy for me to get the same amount of money back out of that gulf as it would for a single diver to bring up the treasures of a sunken argosy."

Maude sighed wearily. It seemed as if a kind of net had been woven around her, and that she suddenly found herself in the centre of it, unable to move.

"Papa," she cried, "you don't mean that Mr. Tredethlyn's money is lost?"

"Lost! No, child; but it may be a very long time before I shall be able to pay him. If you were not so foolish as to throw away one of the noblest hearts in Christendom—to say nothing of the fortune that goes along with it—there would be very little need for me to worry myself about this money."

"Oh, I understand, papa. If I were Mr. Tredethlyn's wife, you would not be obliged to pay the twenty thousand pounds," said Maude, very slowly.

"I should not be so tormented about it as I am now. Say

no more, my dear; you don't understand these things, and you drive me very mad with your questions about my affairs."

"Forgive me, papa. No, I don't understand—I can't understand all at once; it seems so strange to me."

She bent her head and kissed her father on the forehead, and then went quietly out of the room, leaving him alone in the still summer twilight, with a belated wasp buzzing feebly amongst the fruit and flowers on the table. Maude went to her own room, and sitting there in the dusk, shed some of the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her eyes. The discovery of her father's views with regard to her had humiliated her to the very dust; the idea that Francis' loan would never be repaid was torture to her keen sense of honor; torture which was rendered still more poignant by the recollection of her own part in the transaction. Would he ever be paid? Would that money, for the loan of which—and never more than the loan—she had supplicated her friend's betrothed husband, would that money ever be returned to the generous young man who had so freely lent it? Her father had said it would in due course; but there was something in his manner that had neutralized the effect of his words. To Maude Hillary's mind this debt was a very sacred one, a debt which must be repaid, and for which she herself was responsible. Twenty thousand pounds!—all the faculties of her brain seemed to swim in a great sea of confusion as she thought of that terrible sum—twenty thousand pounds, which she was bound to see duly paid; and she was no longer an heiress, to whom money was dross. She was a penniless, helpless girl; worse off than other penniless girls, by reason of her inexperience of poverty.

She thought of Harcourt Lowther; and his image seemed to shine upon her across a wilderness of troubles; a bright and pleasant thing to look at, but with no promise of help, no inspiration of hope, no pledge of comfort in its brightness.

"Perhaps papa is right after all," she thought, "and Harcourt would scarcely care to burden himself with a penniless wife."

She was ashamed of this brief treason against her lover, almost as soon as the thought had shaped itself; only in her despair it seemed to her as if there could be no security of any happiness upon this earth.

"I will tell Francis the truth about myself," she thought; "he shall not be deceived as to anything in which I am concerned. He shall not be deceived as to anything in which I am concerned. He shall know of my engagement to Harcourt."

Maude did not go down-stairs again that night, nor did her father send for her, as it was his wont to do when she was long away from him. It may be that he scarcely cared to encounter his daughter after that conversation in the dining-room, which had been far from pleasant to him. He was not a father of Mr. Capulet's class, who could order his daughter to marry the County Paris at a few days' notice, or, in the event of her refusal, bid her rot in the streets of Verona. But from the very first he had been bent upon bringing about a union between Francis and his daughter, and he brooded moodily over the girl's resolute rejection of any such alliance.

"And what would become of her if I were to die to-morrow?" he thought; "and what is to become of my business if I fail to secure a rich partner?"

CHAPTER XX.

AN EXPLANATION.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN, now so frequent a visitor at the Cedars, happened to present himself there upon the day after that on which Maude had come to an understanding with her father. The young man rode down to Twickenham in the afternoon, and found Miss Hillary occupied with two croquet-playing young ladies and a croquet-playing young gentleman, whose manners and opinions were of the same insipidly flaxen hue as their hair and eyebrows.

There was a tired look in Maude's face that afternoon, which was very perceptible to Francis Tredethlyn, although quite invisible to the neutral-tinted croquet-players. Her eyes wandered away sometimes from the balls and mallets, and fixed themselves, with a sad, dreamy look, upon the sunlit river or the distant woodland. Francis saw this, and that faithful Cornish heart grew heavy in sympathy with Miss Hillary's unknown trouble. There must be a little of the Newfoundland dog in the nature of a man who can love hopelessly; a little of that superhuman fidelity, a little of that canine endurance which has inspired so many odious comparisons to the disparagement of the inferior animal called man. Francis Tredethlyn's eyes followed Miss Hillary with a dog-like patience all this afternoon, during which he established himself in the estimation of the flaxen-haired droppers-in as one of the vilest of croquet-players and worst-mannered of men. But the croquet-players departed after taking tea out of a very ugly Queen Anne teapot and some old Sevres cups and saucers, which had been bought for Miss Hillary at the sale of a defunct collector's goods and chattels. Francis stayed to dinner, and dined alone with Maude and her father.

and found very little to say for himself. He was distracted by the sight of Maude's pale face and sadly thoughtful eyes. How changed she was from the bright and sparkling creature whom he remembered a few months ago in that house! How changed! What was the secret trouble which had worked that transformation? What could it be except sorrow for the circumstances that divided her from her distant lover? There could be no other cause for her unhappiness, since her father's commercial difficulties had been smoothed by that twenty thousand pounds so freely advanced to him, and it never occurred to Francis that she could possibly give herself any uneasiness about that money, so lightly parted from by him; nor could he think that any new trouble threatened the merchant's peace, for Mr. Hillary was specially gay and pleasant this evening.

After dinner Maude strolled out into the garden, and down to that delicious terrace by the river, where the big stone vases of geraniums looked dark and grim in the twilight. She walked slowly up and down the long esplanade with a filmy lace handkerchief tied coquettishly over her head, and her long muslin dress sweeping and rustling after her like the draperies of a fashionably attired ghost. Francis Tredethlyn furiously watched that white-robed figure in the shadowy distance as he sat at the dinner-table with Mr. Hillary, and would fain have left his glass, filled with the merchant's rarest Burgundy, for a stroll by the quiet river. Perhaps Mr. Hillary perceived this, for he presently gave the young man his release.

"Since you don't drink your wine, you may as well go for a stroll in the garden, Tredethlyn," he said, good-naturedly. "I see Maude yonder, and she'll be better company for you than I am."

Francis was by no means slow to take this hint. But once outside the dining-room windows, he went very slowly to the terrace on which Maude was walking. He walked in and out among the flower-beds, making a faint pretence of admiring nature in this twilight aspect. He stopped to caress one of Maude's Skye terriers. The animals were very fond of him now that he had learned to avoid that trampling on their toes which had been one of the earlier manifestations of his devotion to Miss Hillary. He loitered here and there on every possible pretext, and at last approached the fair deity in the muslin dress with very much the air of a schoolboy, who presents himself in that awful audience-chamber wherein a grim pedagogue is wont to pronounce terrible judgments upon youthful offenders.

He did not know that Miss Hillary had been expecting him all this time; and that her special purpose was to bring him to her side upon that solitary terrace walk, where she could talk to him freely without fear of eavesdroppers. He did not know that he was quite as much expected as the schoolboy who has been summoned to the parlor, and was to receive a sentence as terrible.

Maude welcomed him very graciously, and for a little while they strolled side by side, talking of the summer's night, and the flowers, and Skye terriers, and canary birds, and other subjects equally commonplace and harmless. Then they came to a stop, mechanically, as it is in the nature of people to do when they walk by the side of a river, and looked over the stone balustrade into the still water. And then a death-like silence came down upon them; and Maude Hillary felt that the time had come in which she must utter whatever she had in her mind to say. It was difficult to begin; but then all her duties of late had been difficult; and upon her knees the night before, in the midst of tearful prayers and meditations, she had resolved that there should be no more sailing under false colors as regarded this young man.

"Dear Mr. Tredethlyn," she began at last, "you have been so good to my father, so good to me—for to serve him is to render a double service to me—you have been so kind and generous a friend, that I have grown to think of you and trust you almost as I might if you had been my brother."

Poor Francis listened to this exordium with a very despondent air. Inexperienced as he was in the ways of the world, he was wise enough to know that there was nothing hopeful in such an address as this. When a young lady tells a gentleman that she can regard him as a brother, it is the plainest possible declaration that he can never be anything else. In this case it seemed an uncalled-for act of cruelty, for the Cornishman had never deluded himself by any false hope.

"I think of you almost as if you were my brother," Maude went on, with heartless repetition of the obnoxious word; "and I cannot help thinking, dear Mr. Tredethlyn, that you are scarcely employing your life as wisely or as well as you might. I don't think you were ever intended to be an idle man; and, again, with such a fortune as yours, a man has scarcely the right to be idle. There are so many people who may be benefitted by a rich man's active life. Oh, forgive me, if I seem to lecture you. You will laugh at me, perhaps, and think I want to set myself up as a strong-minded woman, a political economist, or something of that kind. But I only venture to speak to you because I think you waste so much of your time down here, playing billiards with the empty-headed young men who haunt this place, and lounging in the

drawing-room to hear the frivolous talk of half a dozen idle women, myself among the number."

She spoke lightly, but she was not the less earnest in her intention she was only travelling gradually round to the point she wanted to reach.

"But I am so happy here," cried Francis Tredethlyn. "Ah, if you knew how I have tried to stop away—if you could only know what happiness it is to me to come—"

Maude Hillary interrupted him hastily.

"Yes, I know it is a pleasant life in its way," she said; "very pleasant and very useless. It is a little new to you, perhaps, and seems pleasanter to you on that account. But if you knew what dreary work it is to look back at a long summer season of operas, and concerts, and horticultural meetings, and boat-races, and not to be able to remember one action worthy of being recorded in all that time! I am getting very tired of my present life, Mr. Tredethlyn. It has ceased to be pleasant to me ever since I have known of papa's difficulties. It is altogether unsuited to me; for I am engaged to marry a poor man, who would bitterly feel the burden of an expensive wife."

The bolt was launched, and Miss Hillary expected to see some evidence that it had gone home to its mark. But Francis Tredethlyn made no sign. There was just a little pause, and then he said, very quietly—

"Yes, I know that you are to marry a poor man; but with such a wife a man could scarcely remain poor. I suppose it's only an ignorant, foolish notion, but I can't help thinking that for the sake of the woman he loves, any man could cut his way to fortune. I can always believe in those knights of the olden time, who used to put a badge in their helmets, and then ride off to the wars to do all sorts of miraculous things; and I fancy it must be the same now a-days, somehow; and that a man who loves truly, and is truly loved again, can achieve anything."

Maude was inexpressibly relieved by this speech.

"You know of my engagement, then?" she said.

"Yes, I have known it for a very long time."

"Ah, of course, Julia told you?"

"Yes, it was Miss Desmond who told me?"

"She had a perfect right to do so; there was no reason for any secrecy in the matter. I am very glad that you have known of it. You are so kind a friend that I should not like you to be ignorant of anything nearly relating to my father or myself."

"It is very good of you to call me a friend," Francis answered. It seemed to him as if some angelic creature was stooping from her own proper sphere to place herself for a brief interval by his side. "It is very good of you to take any interest in my welfare; and I feel that you are right. The life I lead is utterly idle and useless; but it shall be so no longer. Your father has very generously offered me a grand opportunity of turning both my time and money to account."

"My father? But how?"

"He has offered me a partnership in his own house."

"A partnership? a partnership in his difficulties—his liabilities?" cried Maude, in a tone of horror.

"Those difficulties were only temporary. The thirty thousand pounds I advanced have wiped out all liabilities, and your father's business stands on a firmer basis than ever."

"Thirty thousand! You have lent papa thirty thousand pounds?"

"I have not lent it, my dear Miss Hillary. I have only invested it in your father's business. There is no obligation in the matter, believe me; or if there is, it is all on my side. I get a higher rate of interest for my money than I should get elsewhere."

He stopped suddenly, for Maude had burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, how could he do it? How could he?" she cried.

"How could papa take so mean an advantage of your generosity? I love him so dearly, that it almost kills me to think that he should be base or dishonorable. I thought the twenty thousand pounds would soon be paid, and instead of that he has borrowed more money of you."

"My dear Miss Hillary, pray, pray do not distress yourself. Believe me you misunderstand this business altogether. It is not a loan. It is only an equitable and friendly arrangement, quite as advantageous to me as to your father. Upon my word of honor you do Mr. Hillary a cruel wrong when you imagine otherwise."

Maude dried her tears, and listened to the voice of her consoler. She was so anxious to think well of her father, that she must have been something more than an ignorant inexperienced girl, if she shut her ears to Francis Tredethlyn's arguments.

Those arguments were very convincing, very specious. Maude ought, perhaps, to have perceived that they were not the original ideas of Mr. Tredethlyn. She ought, perhaps, to have discovered the parrot-like nature of his discourse respecting all the grand prospects of the house of Hillary & Co.; but she wanted to think well of her father, and Francis Tredethlyn urged her to that conclusion. She listened to his dis-

course as eagerly as if he had been the most eloquent of living creatures. She felt a kind of tender friendship for him as he talked to her; never before had he seemed so nearly on a level with herself. She wanted to believe in his wisdom; she wanted to respect his sense and judgment, because he was the defender of her father—that beloved father against whom her own conscience had so lately arisen, a stern and pitiless judge.

The quiet river rippled under the summer moonlight before Maude and her companion left the terrace; so much had Francis found to say about the house of Hillary & Co., and the wonderful advantages that must come to him from a partnership in that great firm. Surely his enthusiasm must have arisen from some vague idea that even that commercial alliance would be some kind of link between Miss Hillary and himself. He talked very freely to-night, for Maude's confidence had set him at his ease; and in almost every word he uttered he naively revealed some new depth in his devoted love.

Late that night, when the Cornishman had gone away, Maude stood at her open window, looking out at the river, and thinking of all that Francis Tredethlyn had said to her.

"Harcourt Lowther never loved me as this man loves me," she thought, sadly. "Ah, what a pity that there should be so much wasted love and devotion in the world!"

And then the thought of Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand pounds arose in her mind—a terrible obligation, a heavy burden of debt; a debt that was perhaps never to be cancelled.

(To be continued.)

HYLAS.

"HYLAS! Hylas!" The echo replieth
Alone to the shout on the desolate shore.
"Hylas! Hylas! 'Tis Heracles crieth!"
In vain, anxious hero! Thy seeking give o'er.

The beautiful Hylas shall gleam not again
So white at thy side, nor rejoice in thy smile;
And Jason may track the blue stretch of the main,
But Hylas, bright Hylas, is sleeping the while.

O little to him is thy love! He's at peace
In the smooth-brimming spring in an amorous fold.
O little to him is the famed Golden Fleece!
A Naiad sat there, and her locks were of gold.

Her blue eyes were pensive, her shoulders were fair—
And, "Hylas, pray put down thy pitcher," sighed she;
Her waist was so wanton, her bosom so bare—
And, "Hylas, sweet Hylas, I'm dying for thee!"

Go, Heracles, go to Laomedon's aid,
For Hylas put down his gray pitcher of stone;
And the Argo may stretch her broad wings till they fade,
For Hylas half yielded, and Hylas was won.

A step, and her arm round his neck made a link;
A kiss, and complete was the chain of her spell;
A breathless embrace as she slid to the brink,
And Hylas, bright Hylas, was drawn in the well.

No beam saw his fate, if it glanced through the shade,
No dove cooed his lullaby, sweet and profound;
A dreamy wave dimpled their sinking forms made,
Where a tiny flower, brushed from the bank, floated round.

So, Heracles, hie thee to sorrowing Troy!—
Hesione weeps on the rock by the sea.
And Jason, set sail! for the bloomy-cheeked boy
Is at rest as the pearls and the sea-mosses be.

[Nathan D. Urner, in the N. Y. Leader.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-flaps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children!—*Mary Howitt.*

EVERY deep longing, however, is a prophecy of accomplishment; to every earnest seeker it is promised, he shall find. Accident is the apple of Newton, which, by its falling from the tree, brings the hidden thought and plan into reality. If the bent of the will, and the disposition, are but strong enough, sooner or later the apple falls—the opportunity is given.—*Frederika Bremer.*

A SARATOGA fashion gossip says: "Girls none too young to be in the nursery make their three or four toilettes a day." To which the Boston Post adds: "The little babies change oftener."

DRAMATIC MENTION.

WE are brought down to the briefest of mention this week. *Hester Prynne*, put upon the Opera House stage Friday evening of last week, was played on the following Saturday, giving place on Monday evening to the benefit of those who "stand and wait;" *Medea* and *The Serious Family* filled the bill, Miss Heron playing the part of Mrs. Delmaine in the latter piece for the first time. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings *Hester Prynne* was revived to fair houses. Thursday evening was appointed for Mrs. Stark's benefit, Miss Heron being announced to appear as "Evadne" in *The Bridal*, the beneficiary as the "Duchess de Torrenneva" in *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*. Owing to indisposition Miss Heron could not appear, and *The Little Barefoot*, Mrs. Edwin as the heroine, was substituted. The testimonial to Mrs. Stark was a good one, showing that our people are occasionally alive to their duties. We suggest that a benefit be gotten up for Mrs. Judah, one of the most deserving actresses that ever visited our coast, as well as an old time favorite. In response to a call signed by most of our prominent citizens and "2,000 others" Miss Heron's benefit in *Camille* was announced for last evening. We have no doubt that the house was a crowded one. This evening Miss Heron's engagement in this city closes with *Gumede*, after which she visits the Interior. In the afternoon the usual afternoon performance will be given. On Monday night Charles Wheatleigh takes possession of the Opera House stage; Harry Courtaine is under engagement to appear with him. The minstrels at the Eureka are leading off to the best of their ability; it cannot be denied that they offer quite a contrast to their predecessors and contrasts are said to be pleasant. Some new features are presented in the lady members of the troupe, Little Clara, and Misses Maria, Della Sager and Julia Morgau, whose features enliven the entertainment.

The Metropolitan was opened by Julia Dean Hayne on Thursday evening with *The Hunchback*, to a very satisfactory audience. Mrs. Hayne has lately returned from a tour northward, and she will be welcomed by many of our citizens as an accomplished artiste and an estimable woman. Playgoers are not all indifferent to such a copartnership of claims to their regard, though sometimes, it cannot be denied, moral worth seems to weigh lightly in the scale of success.

AN UNBIASED CRITICISM.

THE CALIFORNIA ART UNION—ITS MORAL EFFECTS UPON THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES CAREFULLY CONSIDERED AND CANDIDLY COMMENTED UPON.

THE Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN ordered me to go to the rooms of the California Art Union and write an elaborate criticism upon the pictures upon exhibition there, and I beg leave to report that the result is hereunto appended, together with bill for same.

I do not know anything about Art and very little about music or anatomy, but nevertheless I enjoy looking at pictures and listening to operas, and gazing at handsome young girls, about the same as people do who are better qualified by education to judge of merit in these matters.

After writing the above rather neat heading and preamble on my foolscap, I proceeded to the new Art Union rooms last week, to see the paintings, about which I had read so much in the papers during my recent three months' stay in the Big Tree region of Calaveras county; [up there, you know, they read *everything*, because in most of those little camps they have no libraries, and no books to speak of, except now and then a patent-office report, or a prayer-book, or literature of that kind, in a general way, that will hang on and last a good while when people are careful with it, like miners; but as for novels, they pass them around and wear them out in a week or two. Now there was Coon, a nice bald-headed man at the hotel in Angels' Camp, I asked him to lend me a book, one rainy day; he was silent a moment, and a shade of melancholy flitted across his fine face, and then he said: "Well, I've got a mighty responsible old Webster-Unabridged, what there is left of it, but they started her sloshing around, and sloshing around, and sloshing around the camp before I ever got a chance to read her myself, and next she went to Murphy's, and from there she went to Jackass, and now, by G—d, she's gone to San Andreas, and I don't expect I'll ever see that book again; but what makes me mad, is that for all they're so handy about keeping her sashshaying around from shanty to shanty and from camp to camp, none of 'em's ever got a good word for her. Now Coddington had her a week, and she was too many for him—he couldn't spell the words; he tackled some of them regular busters, tow'rd the middle, you know, and they threw him; next, Dyer, he tried her a jolt, but he couldn't pronounce 'em—Dyer can hunt quail or play seven-up as well as any man, understand me, but he can't pronounce worth a d—n; he used to worry along well enough, though, till he'd flush one of them rattlers with a clatter of syllables as long as a string of sluice-boxes, and then he'd lose his grip and throw up his hand; and so, finally, Dick Stoker harnessed her, up there at his cabin, and sweated over her, and cussed over her, and rasted with her for as much as three weeks, night and day, till he got as far

as R, and then passed her over to 'Lige Pickerell, and said she was the all-firedest dryest reading that ever he struck; well, well, if she's come back from San Andreas, you can get her and prospect her, but I don't reckon there's a good deal left of her by this time; though time was when she was as likely a book as any in the State, and as hefty, and had an amount of general information in her that was astonishing, if any of these cattle had known enough to get it out of her;" and ex-corporal Coon proceeded cheerlessly to scout with his brush after the straggling hairs on the rear of his head and drum them to the front for inspection and roll-call, as was his usual custom before turning in for his regular afternoon nap;] but as I was saying, they read everything, up there, and consequently all the Art criticisms, and the "Parlor Theatricals vs. Christian Commission" controversy, and even the quarrels in the advertising columns between rival fire-proof safe and sewing machine companies were devoured with avidity. Why, they eventually became divided on these questions, and discussed them with a spirit of obstinacy and acrimony that I have seldom seen equalled in the most important religious and political controversies. I have known a Grover & Baker fanatic to cut his own brother dead because he went for the Florence. As you have already guessed, perhaps, the county and township elections were carried on these issues alone, almost. I took sides, of course—every man had to—there was no shirking the responsibility; a man must be one thing or the other, either Florence or Grover & Baker, unless, of course, he chose to side with some outside machine faction, strong enough to be somewhat formidable. I was a bitter Florence man, and I think my great speech in the bar-room of the Union Hotel, at Angels', on the night of the 13th of February, will long be remembered as the deadliest blow the unprincipled Grover & Baker cabal ever got in that camp, and as having done more to thwart their hellish designs upon the liberties of our beloved country than any single effort of any one man that was ever made in that county. And in that same speech I administered a scathing rebuke to the "Lillie Union and Constitution Fire and Burglar-Proof Safe Party," (for I was a malignant Tilton & McFarland man and would break bread and eat salt with none other,) that made even the most brazen among them blush for the infamous and damnable designs they had hatched and were still hatching against the Palladium of Freedom in Calaveras county. The concluding passage of my speech was considered to have been the finest display of eloquence and power ever heard in that part of the country, from Rawhide Ranch to Deadhorse Flat. I said:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: A word more, and I am done. Men of Calaveras—men of Cuyoté Flat—men of Jackass—BEWARE OF CODDINGTON! [Cheers.] Beware of this atrocious ditch-owner—this vile water-rat—this execrable dry-land shrimp—this bold and unprincipled mud-turtle, who sells water to Digger, Chinaman, Greaser and American alike, and at the self-same prices—who would sell you, who would sell me, who would sell us ALL, to carry out the destructive schemes of the 'Enlightened [Bah!] Freedom & Union Grover & Baker Loop-Stitch Sewing Machine Party [groans] of which wretched conglomeration of the ruff-scruff and rag-tag-and-bob-tail of noble old Calaveras he is the appropriate leader—BEWARE OF HIM! [Tremendous applause.] Again I charge you as men whom future generations will hold to a fearful responsibility, to BEWARE OF CODDINGTON! [Tempests of applause.] Beware of this unsavory remnant of a once pure and high-minded man! [Renewed applause.] Beware of this faithless modern Esau, who would sell his birthright of freedom and ours, for a mess of pottage!—for a mess of tripe!—for a mess of sauer-kraut and garlic!—for a mess of anything under the sun that a Christian Florence patriot would scorn and a Digger Indian turn from with loathing and disgust! [Thunders of applause.] Remember Coddington on election day! and remember him but to damn him! I appeal to you, sovereign and enlightened Calaverasses, and my heart tells me that I do not appeal in vain! I have done. [Earthquakes of applause that made the welkin tremble for many minutes, and finally died away in hoarse demands for the villain Coddington, and threats to lynch him.]

I felt exhausted, and in need of rest after my great effort, and so I tore myself from my enthusiastic friends and went home with Coddington to his hospitable mansion, where we partook of an excellent supper and then retired to bed, after playing several games of seven-up for beer and booking some heavy election bets.

The contest on election day was bitter, and to the last degree exciting, but principles triumphed over party jugglery and chicanery, and we carried everything but the Constable, (Unconditional Button-Hole Stitch and Anti-Parlor Theatrical candidate,) and Tax Collector, (Moderate Lillie Fire-Proof and Fusion Grover & Button-Hole Stitch Machines,) and County Assessor, (Radical Christian Commission and Independent Sewing Machine candidate,) and we could have

* He used to belong to the Florence at first.

† I grant you that that last part was a sort of a strong figure, seeing that that tribe are not over-particular in the matter of diet, and don't usually go back on anything that they can chew.

carried these, also, but at the last moment fraudulent hand-bills were suddenly scattered abroad containing sworn affidavits that a Tilton & McFarland safe, on its way from New York, had melted in the tropical sunshine after fifteen minutes' exposure on the Isthmus; also, that the lock stitch, back-stitch, fore-and-aft, forward-and-back, down-the-middle, double-and-twist, and the other admirable stitches and things upon which the splendid reputation of the Florence rests, had all been cabbaged from the traduced and reviled Button-Hole Stitch and Grover & Baker machines; also, that so far from the Parlor-Theatrical-Christian-Commission controversy being finished, it had sprung up again in San Francisco, and by latest advices the Opposition was ahead. What men could do, we did, but although we checked the demoralization that had broken out in our ranks, we failed to carry all our candidates. We sent express to San Andreas and Columbia, and had strong affidavits—sworn to by myself and our candidates—printed, denouncing the other publications as low and disreputable falsehoods and calumnies, whose shameless authors ought to be driven beyond the pale of civilized society, and winding up with the withering revelation that the rain had recently soaked through one of Lillie's Fire and Burglar-Proof safes in San Francisco, and badly damaged the books and papers in it; and that, in the process of drying, the safe warped so that the door would not swing on its hinges, and had to be "prized" open with a butter-knife. O, but that was a rough shot! It blocked the game and saved the day for us—and just at the critical moment our reserve (whom we had sent for and drummed up in Tuolumne and the adjoining counties, and had kept out of sight and full of chain-lightning, sudden death and scorpion-bile all day in Tom Deer's back-yard,) came filing down the street as drunk as loons, with a drum and life and lighted transparencies, (daylight and dark were all the same to them in their condition,) bearing such stirring devices as:

"The Florence is bound to rip, therefore, LET HER RIP!"

"Grover & Baker, how are you now?"

"Nothing can keep the Opposition cool in the other world but Tilton & McFarland's Chilled Iron Sifes!" etc., etc.

A vast Florence machine on wheels led the van, and a sick Chinaman bearing a crippled Grover & Baker brought up the rear. The procession reeled up to the polls with deafening cheers for the Florence and curses for the "loop stitch scoundrels," and deposited their votes like men for freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of conscience in the matter of sewing machines, provided they are Florences.

I had a very comfortable time in Calaveras county, in spite of the rain, and if I had my way I would go back there, and argue the sewing machine question around Coon's bar-room stove again with the boys on rainy evenings. Calaveras possesses some of the grandest natural features that have ever fallen under the contemplation of the human mind—such as the Big Trees, the famous Morgan gold mine which is the richest in the world at the present time, perhaps, and "straight" whisky that will throw a man a double somersault and limber him up like boiled macaroni before he can set his glass down. Marvelous and incomprehensible is the straight whisky of Angels' Camp!

But I digress to some extent, for maybe it was not really necessary to be quite so elaborate as I have been in order to enable the reader to understand that we were in the habit of reading everything thoroughly that fell in our way at Angels, and that consequently we were familiar with all that had appeared in print about the new Art Union rooms. They got all the papers regularly every evening there, 24 hours out from San Francisco.

However, now that I have got my little preliminary point established to my satisfaction, I will proceed with my Art criticism.

The rooms of the California Art Union are pleasantly situated over the picture store in Montgomery street near the Eureka Theatre, and the first thing that attracts your attention when you enter is a beautiful and animated picture representing the Trial Scene in the *Merchant of Venice*. They did not charge me anything for going in there, because the Superintendent was not noticing at the time, but it is likely he would charge you or another man twenty-five cents—I think he would, because when I tried to get a dollar and a half out of a fellow I took for a stranger, the new-comer said the usual price was only two bits, and besides he was a heavy life-member and not obliged to pay anything at all—so I had to let him in for a quarter, but I had the satisfaction of telling him we were not letting life-members in free, now, as much as we were. It touched him on the raw. I let another fellow in for nothing, because I had cabined with him a few nights in Esmeralda several years ago, and I thought it only fair to be hospitable with him now that I had a chance. He introduced me to a friend of his named Brown, (I was hospitable to Brown also,) and me and Brown sat down on a bench and had a long talk about Washoe and other things, and I found him very entertaining for a stranger. He said his mother was a hundred and thirteen years old, and he had an aunt who died in her infancy, who, if she had lived, would

M. T.

M. T.

have been older than his mother, now. He judged so because, originally, his aunt was born before his mother was. That was the first thing he told me, and then we were friends in a moment. It could not but be flattering to me, a stranger, to be made the recipient of information of so private and sacred a nature as the age of his mother and the early decease of his aunt, and I naturally felt drawn towards him and bound to him by a stronger and a warmer tie than the cold, formal introduction that had previously passed between us. I shall cherish the memory of the ensuing two hours as being among the purest and happiest of my checkered life. I told him frankly who I was, and where I came from, and where I was going to, and when I calculated to start, and all about my uncle Ambrose, who was an Admiral, and was for a long time in command of a large fleet of canal boats, and about my gifted aunt Martha, who was a powerful poetess, and a dead shot with a brickbat at forty yards, and about myself and how I was employed at good pay by the publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN to come up there and write an able criticism upon the pictures in the Art Union—indeed I concealed nothing from Brown, and in return he concealed nothing from me, but told me everything he could recollect about his rum old mother, and his grandmother, and all his relations, in fact. And so we talked, and talked, and exchanged these tender heart-reminders until the sun drooped far in the West, and then Brown said "Let's go down and take a drink."

MARK TWAIN.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, February 8th, 1865.

THERE are many literary folks in the war, as you know. Some, like Fitz James O'Brien, have died there. Others, like A. H. Duganne, whom some consider a literary man, are there still, and ought to relinquish letters for arms altogether. New York has sent, at various times, upwards of two hundred correspondents away; eighteen of these have been killed, and forty-nine have died of disease, either on the field or at home. I see, as I take up the papers now and then, the names of many odd folks who used to amuse me on *bivouac*. Prince Salm Salm, after being twice or thrice disgraced, turns up in Alabama as the Federal commander of a small town. Salm Salm, like Saint Alb and many others, is a petty adventurer with a facility for tripping up and falling on his feet. He obtained audience at Washington through a woman who ought to have been his wife, but wasn't, and when he went to the field she accompanied him. Afterwards, when Salm Salm turned out to be a spy or something the contrary of straightforward, the woman in question, being very beautiful, went over to the tent of a California Major-General whose gallantry in the field is equalled by his gallantry in the boudoir. The two reposed together, as we see Jupiter doing with his beauties between the pauses of thunderbolts, in fresco, and their loves made much lively comment and merriment among the subordinates. The General referred to is about being married, I hear. Salm Salm is fighting for Uncle Sam; and the beautiful being, who loved both of them equally well, is probably making some other wayfarer happy and on excellent terms with herself.

Saint Alb used to be an aide-de-camp to Gen. McDowell; he was an upright man, for his size, and had a weakness for writing a German book upon the war; but some time ago he married a widow lady, who gave him a comfortable little fortune in return for his society and title. Hereafter, therefore, the title of the Count Saint Alb will have a permanent hook to hang itself upon.

The Orleans Princes are the most distinguished of the imported grandees who have fought on our side. Gen. McClellan has been invited to spend an indefinite time abroad with them. He sailed some time ago, and means to quietly study the contest from the Old World, so as to save himself from any concession which his "friends" here might coax him to make. I do not give a political, but a literary criticism upon McClellan, when I add that he has been too ill-abused. He never seemed to me a brilliant man—and I have had personal opportunity to gauge him—but always an upright, polite and sensible man. With all his failures, who but Sherman has proved his superior? More than two years ago he failed to take Richmond, and the fact of that capital remaining untaken yet is McClellan's best testimonial. However, fame is a game of thimble-rig: now you see it—now you don't.

Mr. Lincoln still takes his food. You may not know that the old gentleman is a keen relisher of literature. He buys most of the new books, and passes opinion upon them. Humorous works and sententious criticism please him best. Some time ago he praised Hackett's *olla podrida*, and more recently paid an unsolicited compliment to "Orpheus C. Kerr." The latter gentleman has done nothing of late, save issuing a little book of excellent poems with absurd illustrations. He contemplates both a novel and a play, if indeed both of them are not already achieved. Newell's domestic matters, about which he has been so greatly maligned, re-

dound in my opinion rather to his credit than otherwise. His wife, barring her admiration of the athletes, is a shrewd, enterprising woman, who is making money hand over hand in London. Boucicault is writing her a play. Had she been divested of her horse-dramatic traditions she might have scaled "society" after her marriage, and passed for what she is—a splendid physical creation with an errant but not a coarse mind to endow it. At any rate, Newell has passed through the fire unscathed. He is respected here by all who know him, and is thoroughly self-reliant, modest and dignifiedly courteous. He has not crossed the threshold of Bohemia, and that, with the few beer-takers who constitute it, is an unpardonable offence. But Newell has too much in him to turn his life into a pun and merge his manhood into a clique. The genius "hanging out" at Pfaff's is brilliant and sketchy enough, but it won't do to model big ships by. Ned House is the ablest of Pfaff's folks. He has been twice to Paris and brought away with him many exquisite recollections, which he is now publishing in the *Weekly Review*. House was the *Tribune* reporter of the John Brown raid and the subsequent execution. He is now the *Tribune's* dramatic critic, and professes to be something of an art-critic. We have no art-critic here of equal acumen and fearlessness. Hurlburt, of the *World*, has the latter only. He is the author of the celebrated "Elbows of the Mincio" article in the *New York Times*, and is a rattling paragraphist. But art, in New York, is mercenary and superficial. We have a few facile draughtsmen, but they do not care to lend themselves to any great idea, and with the single exception of Judd's *Margaret* and Irving's *Tales*, as illustrated by Darley, I recall no really excellent drawings emanating from any current artists. Sol. Etting and George White and Hammet Billings are laborers merely, not artists in the exalted sense of that prostituted word. Vedder and La Farge and Hoppin are among our most original designers, and I see that Arthur Lumley, a very tolerable draughtsman, has attempted to illustrate Drake's "Culprit Fay." There is really no love of art for art's sake anywhere in America. A glance at the biographies of current great artists abroad will suggest no counterparts to them here. See Eugene Delacroix, for example, recently deceased. He gave up everything that makes life cheerful to accomplish a revolution in painting. He never married; he half eschewed society; he closed his atelier to students, and for a whole lifetime dwelt apart, so that when he died the speaker at his grave said: "Here lies one who never found rest till now." With world-wide fame, Delacroix made no endeavors to lay up or to gain moneys. His object was, the foundation of a better school of drawing and color, the breaking up of the stiff, hard, David-ish classical. Sick all his days, nervous, fagged, feverish, he never forgot the great design, and wooed apart neither by fame nor luxury, died with his end achieved, and his name and creed among the grand masters. I used to stand before Delacroix's "Dante and Virgil" in the Luxembourg, and think of the time when he was too poor to buy a frame for it that it might be creditably exhibited. Yet in that one canvas laid his fame. He never left Paris but twice, and then upon art excursions. Music and literature wooed him together, but his divinity was perched upon the pallet alone. He had in the zenith of his fame but \$2,000 a year. After his death his sketches brought close to a hundred thousand dollars. He had designs enough for many lifetimes.

See, also, Cornelius, the reviver of German art, the Albrecht Durer of our time. The child of a Dusseldorf janitor in a picture gallery, he grew up amid canvasses, and set himself from boyhood to lift modern art to the rank it had in the fifteenth century. He is now nearly eighty years of age, and his life has been a crusade. He has made art in Germany as exalted in purpose, if not in effect, as it used to be when kings were daily guests at the studios. Four cities have been embellished by his genius; without himself, and one or two others similarly endowed with noble ambition, German art would be insignificant. If we could find exemplars of marvellous fertility and spontaneous, uncontrolled genius, we may recall Turner the landscape painter, and Gustave Doré, the French designer. The latter has made in a short lifetime (he was born in 1833) upwards of fifty thousand drawings, none of which have been tame or commonplace. His illustrations of Dante were the most fantastic and tremendous conceptions which have ever preached in stone; his illustrations of the Bible, which the great Parisian firm of Hachette & Co., are getting up, will cost a million and three hundred thousand francs. When they are done he means to stop designing and take to painting. Gustave Doré was a poor boy from the Eastern provinces of France. Unlike the others of whom I have spoken he is a gay fellow, and takes his ease in his inn. He never meditates upon his drawings, but taps his head and they run like so much brain upon the block. The remembrance of these and the magnificent coterie of Paul Delaroche's, Shaffer, Guericault, Couture and the rest, tells us not only that art here is born stunted and crippled, but that, as yet, it lacks the spirit ever to grow at all. My English advisers speak of Wolman Hunt, the pre-Raphaelite, as about departing for the East to paint a great scriptural work. He will dwell at Bagdad. His "Christ

in the Temple," painted in Jerusalem and occupying seven years, was purchased for twenty five thousand guineas.

Harry Sanderson, the pianist, came to New York the other day, from Havana. He is one of the best performers we have, but it takes a great deal of "priming" to get him in condition. They say with truth, that his execution is spirited. "Very so!"

I recommend for Lowell's next Biglow paper, the Episode of Mr. Biglow, our Consul in Paris, who being presented with the Emperor's key to his opera box, sent his servants to occupy it, to the bewilderment and disgust of the Imperial court. This is republicanism in its zenith. I think Biglow was quite right. The Emperor's box is "plenty good enough" for Yankee waiters.

The Florentine people, finding themselves metropolitans, have embraced the theory of magnificent distances and are about to demolish their ancient mediæval walls and put boulevards upon their sites. After awhile they will level Fiesole on the ground that it hides the view of their duomo.

What sort of libraries have you on the Pacific slope? The Boston public library, from a statement just published, has 150,000 books and pamphlets. That is a good beginning. The Astor library here is the best disarranged receptacle of literature in the world. Two librarians only are on duty, and the only man who knows anything about literature in it is the proprietor of a patent medicine, and neglects his post. The Mercantile Library is managed well only in the newspaper room.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* has been sold at auction for \$89,000, to Mr. Peacock, one of the present proprietors and editors. Terms cash. There was much excited competition, Mr. Money bidding for Mr. Peacock, and much surprise felt when his name was announced as the purchaser. G. W. Childs, proprietor of the *Ledger*, was a competitor, who led off the bidding with \$50,000. The *Bulletin* shows the evil tenor of stock concerns; it formerly belonged to Alex. Cummings, the great shoddyite and projector of the *New York World*. He divided it into a stock affair and sold out the shares to his co-workers, who at last gained possession of most of them. The concern at once arranged itself into two factions, the respectable literary and the shrewd business. Gibson Peacock, the editor, headed the first, James Chambers, the cashier, headed the second. Some of the latter's friends were detected purloining; a law suit resulted; at last the *Bulletin* was sold out, and with the result stated. Cummings and Chambers were certain of getting it. The *Bulletin* is old foggyish, but profitable—a sort of diluted *Evening Post*.

Almost all the editors in New York have been sued for slander and libel by a crazy man named Tibbetts, who went mad over produce speculations. As most of the defendants are in stocks they may plead nonsuits on the ground of similar lunacy.

Count Joannes, the renowned litigant and humbug, has had Fiske, (Stephen R.) of the *Leader*, arrested for libel. Joannes is an inveterate bore at all courts of justice, and has been indicted for persistent and baseless prosecutions. His name, I believe, is George Jones.

This brings me to the end of my letter. I will quote a stanza before I stop from J. W. Montclair's new book, just issued. It consists of some excellent translations and some indifferent poems. The piece with which I conclude bears the old title of "Lenore," and is attributed in the original German to Burger. Its atmosphere is good:

ABOVE the stars are twinkling—
The moon is shining bright—
And the dead they ride by night.

"My love, wilt open thy window;
I cannot long remain,
And may not come again.

"The cock already crows—
Tells of the dawning day,
And warns me far away.

"My journey distant lies;
Afair with thee, my bride
A hundred leagues we'll ride.

"In Hungary's fair land
I've found a tranquil spot:
A little garden plot.

"And there within the green,
A little cottage rests,
Befitting bridal guests."

"Oh thou hast lingered long;
Beloved, welcome here—
Lead on, I'll never fear."

"So, wrap my mantle round;
The moon will be our guide,
And quick by night we'll ride."

"When will our journey end?
For heavy grows my sight,
And lonely is the night."

"Yon gate leads to our home;
Our bridal tour is done—
My purpose now is won.

"Dismount we from our steed;
Here lay thy aching head—
This tomb's our bridal bed.

"Now art thou truly mine;
I rode away thy breath—
Thou art the bride of death!"

DESULTORY.

EXTRACTS FROM PARIS LETTERS.

THE ARTISTS AT COMPIEGNE.

LET me tell you the stories told of the artists at Compiègne. One of the artists was extremely anxious to have the honor of painting the portrait of the French Emperor. He knew that the portrait would be bought at the price of one or two thousand dollars and sent to some provincial museum. The Emperor declined. He then attacked the Empress. She declined. He said he hoped they would at all events allow him to paint the portrait of the Imperial Prince. They declined to allow him to paint the portrait of the Imperial Prince. When the last day of his stay came he went to the railway station and longed about it until the next series of guests arrived, as they did that afternoon. Pretending to have come from Paris with them he got into one of the Emperor's carriages and drove to the Palace. The Chamberlain of service was astonished to see him and said in a tone of chilling coldness: "What gives us the pleasure of seeing you again?" The painter stammered: "I beg your pardon—the train quit the station just as I was entering it." The Chamberlain replied in the same tone: "Ah! that is unfortunate. Let us hope that you will be luckier this evening." The painter dined at table, but an half-hour before the next train for Paris left a servant told him the carriage was at the door, and he was forced to go, to his bitter regret. The first day he dined at Compiègne he beckoned to the waiter and said: "Old horse, is this the best wine you have got in this house of yours?" "Yes, sir." "Well, all I can say is, it is d—d poor stuff." "His Majesty drinks it every day and finds it excellent." "You are gasing, old boy. If he does he is no judge of wines." When the waiter placed the finger bowl on the table he took his revenge on the ill-bred painter by slyly saying: "This is not to drink, sir."

Another painter went down to Compiègne by mistake. The Court wished to invite a member of the Institute who has the same name as the artist, but by some mistake his ticket of invitation was sent to the artist. He is not eminent and he was sure there was some error; but upon modestly making inquiry at the proper place he was informed that there was no misunderstanding, for the invitation was of truth intended for him. He was delighted and to Compiègne he went. He was greatly puzzled to observe that the Emperor and Empress, while extremely affable, talked to him constantly about his scientific labors and the memoirs he had contributed to the Institute. He now felt certain there was some error and he appealed to one of the Emperor's aids, whom he knew, to counsel him what step to take in his embarrassment. The aide-de-camp examined the matter and discovered that there really had been a mistake. The Emperor and Empress were more affable than ever. His visit to Compiègne was destined to be chequered by unpleasant incidents. He one day showed the Emperor's aide a photograph of a battle piece he had just painted, which pleased the aide so much that he showed it to the Emperor, who at once said he would purchase it for one thousand dollars. The painter (afraid that he might expose himself to the suspicion of having turned his visit to indelicate account) begged to be excused as his painting was not on sale. The Emperor so pressed him to part with the picture that the artist begged His Majesty to accept it for a present. The Emperor consented. It was awkward in the artist to carry the photograph with him to Compiègne, and still more awkward to show it to anybody. When one invites a cotton manufacturer to his country house, the manufacturer does not carry patterns of his calicoes in his pocket, neither does he pull them out and show them. The intellectual laborers who shared the imperial hospitalities generally made a wretched figure. Prof. Oppert, who was invited there for his discovery of the mode of interpreting cuneiform writing, was seated by the Emperor's side in the theatre, and between the acts they talked first on one subject and then on another. At last the professor stupidly turned the conversation on politics and began to lecture the Emperor on what he ought to do. The Emperor cut him short in the midst of his harangue by saying: "What do you think of that actress? Isn't she very pretty?"

COMPOSERS AT THE "CAFES CHANTANTS."

This place of amusement was the café concert. Allow me here, however, to mention how the strict enforcement of their rule requiring all auditors to take some refreshment has proved to their very great loss. Men still entertain or dismiss angels unawares. One summer night a few years since a gentleman entered one of these places. The sharp-eyed bustling waiter swooped upon him with the traditional: "What do you want, sir?" "The Banks of the Rhone." "Sir, you must take something." "I tell you I take The Banks of the Rhone." "Auditors, sir, must take some refreshment." "What? you are performing my Banks of the Rhone, and I must pay you to hear my piece?" The waiter said nothing, but went to the master of the establishment and mentioned what had occurred. The dull proprietor came to the spectator and insisted upon his ordering some refreshment or leaving the place. "Very well. I see a glass of sugared water is the cheapest article on your price list.

Give me a glass. I warn you the sale of this object shall cost you dear." The next day the composer busied himself organizing a society of composers, whose songs were in those places, for the purpose of preventing their execution except upon payment of copyright. In a week he was successful, and that churlish reception he experienced has cost the master of the café chantant some \$20,000. Had the proprietor treated the composer with proper consideration and given him the best his house afforded and conducted him to a seat of honor he probably would never have had to pay copyright on songs.

PAY OF CONCERT SINGERS IN PARIS.

Performers on instruments at these cafés chantants have been known to refuse seats in the orchestra of the Grand Opera, and Opera Comique. Singers constantly refuse offers from the provincial theatres. Mlle. Sax (whom Meyerbeer selected to fill one of the leading characters in *L'Africaine*) the star of the Grand Opera, rose from a café chantant. Mlle. Suzanne Lagier, the favorite actress of the Porte St. Martin, has made her first appearance at L'Eldorado. I have acquainted you with the vogue which Mlle. Theresa enjoys at the Alcazar. It was to counterbalance the favor, she enjoys the manager of L'Eldorado proposed to Mlle. Suzanne Lagier to appear at his establishment. What do you suppose she receives for salary? She has an engagement for two years at ten thousand dollars a year, the penalty of the bond of engagement is \$50,000. Mlle. Theresa now receives the same amount of money, and she makes as much more by singing in drawing-rooms. Her income is still far removed from the figure of Mlle. Adeline Patti's revenue, nevertheless \$20,000 a year isn't to be disdained. Just try me with it by way of experiment! Mlle. Suzanne Lagier made her bow to the public of L'Eldorado in well turned verses by Mous. Clairville, to which she wrote the score.

THE LICENCE OF PLAYER PEOPLE.

Although Shakspeare complained, even in his day, of players who speak more than is set down for them, the cafés chantants are charged with increasing this licence of the players. At some of the theatres here this licence is carried to such an extreme that in the course of a few nights scarcely a vestige remains of the original piece, and the extemporized play changes nightly as in those Neapolitan theatres or at Mme. George Sand's private theatre at Nohant, when the play-wright gives merely the canvas on which each actor embroiders what figures he pleases. It is said that Odry—a remarkable actor in farce—introduced this licence in its modern form. One day he was half an hour behind the time. The audience became extremely impatient and expressed its impatience in that boisterous manner with which you are as familiar at Boston as we are here. At one time it was thought the pit would surely tear up the benches. At last Odry made his appearance and the public was silent, expecting to hear Odry's very humble excuses. Vernet—another actor scarcely less celebrated than Odry—was on the stage and had taken a chair to wait for the storm to abate. Odry said in an agitated tone: "My dear boy, I am the victim of a deplorable accident." Odry's agitation was so great it really alarmed Vernet, who asked: "Pray what is it?" "Old horse, I wanted, imperatively required, a pair of new pantaloons to make my appearance in this piece. I went to an old clo' shop to buy a second-hand pair. The shopkeeper's wife was all alone in the shop. She gave me a pair. I tried on the right leg. It fitted me to a T. The pantaloons were wrapped up. I tucked the bundle under my arm. I drew on the pantaloons—and found the very d—l was to pay." "Pshaw! Get out!" "The right leg fitted me to a T, but when I drew on the left leg I found it was made for a fellow with a wooden leg!" "You ought to have carried it back." "Didn't I do that very thing? But the shopkeeper's wife wouldn't take 'em back!" She said: 'Look here, man, them pants was as how made for a wooden leg. Now the best thing you can do, if you don't want to lose your money, is to go and have a wooden leg put on.' As a fellow never suffers from gout or rheumatism or corns or chilblains or varicose veins or tight boots who has wooden legs, I thought the suggestion was a first-rate idea, and I went as fast as I could go to the wooden legs' shops. They were all closed! So I was obliged to return here and put on this old pair of pantaloons which I wear, seeing you and I don't stand on ceremony, but which I would not wear on the stage before an audience for all the gold in Paris. The very first thing I shall do to-morrow morning will be to go get me a wooden leg. I have half a mind to get two, because they tell me that there is a considerable discount if I take the pair. This is the reason I am so late." Vernet now saw the joke, and he exclaimed with comic astonishment: "*Mon Dieu!* man, you don't mean to say that you did all that in thirty minutes time?" "I didn't do nothing else, and, to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, when I saw that honest, industrious shopkeeper's wife working away as though her life depended on it, though her husband was far away in one of the back streets, crying 'Old clo'! 'Old clo'! I had to leave the shop at least half a dozen times to conceal my tears." You see now by what nonsense we are tickled. Such stupid stuff brings down the house.—"*Spiridion*" in the *Boston Gazette*.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

THE following description of the nightingale's song is very life-like and very interesting. It is seldom that we meet with anything so accurate and well executed. As many of our readers have never been abroad, and mocking birds in cages, instead of nightingales in trees, afford all the after dark bird-vocalism we are accustomed to in this country, the sketch will be read with peculiar satisfaction:

It is now near midnight; and, as we know where a nightingale of first-class has taken up his position for several nights lately, we will move in that direction, so as to be in time to catch the first notes of his overture, which are sometimes very striking. A foot-road leads us down a steep path overhung with trees, and consequently now almost as dark as Erebus; so that we are glad to grope our way by feeling along a friendly post-and-rail fence on the one side, to a more open part of the valley, sprinkled over with low brushwood, and having a tree here and there standing in young symmetrical beauty and bold relief against the sky.

The woods, hemming this little glade on either side, make it appear, from where we now stand, very like an amphitheatre of Nature's own construction; and as we are close to the spot about which the nightingale has been singing lately, we arrest our steps lest the intrusion should surprise our songster and prevent his coming at the usual hour.

Thus, with bated breath, we listen for the voices of the night; and while contrasting the midnight quietude of the peaceful vale before us with the noisy rush of the tide of life through the great metropolis, we are at length roused from our reverie by the first almost startling notes of the bird we have been listening for.

Thrice a long-sustained note, gradually lowering about a semitone, as if to impart a shade of sadness to it, is repeated; and then a deep warbling shake follows, and afterwards a pause, as though to allow us time to think whether or not that bird has really got a soul, which he means to unburden to us to-night in the song commenced in such a purely artistic style. The pause is but for an instant or two, and then he begins again, singing in a leisurely manner, and allowing us good opportunity to judge of the scale and capability of his fine organ. After thus testing the power and flexibility of his voice, by singing in a rather detached and desultory manner for some quarter of an hour, his song gradually becoming more animated; the inspiring genius of music seems to have come down upon him, and he fain would tell us all his heart.

We listen, almost awe-struck, at the wondrous flood of melody that, without a break, keeps pouring from him; now swelling and rising in *bravura* passages till the very woods seem to ring with echoing harmony, and anon sinking to low dulcet tones, so soft and plaintive as almost to melt a sensitive heart to tears. We can hardly help at times clapping our hands at the termination of some ultra-brilliant passages; but one need not cry *encore*, for almost before our ravished ears have fairly taken it in, we hear another part commencing so sweetly melancholy that we know not whether joy or sadness is the bird's most charming mood. Now he has fairly entered into the full tide of song, we need not be at all afraid of going a little nearer or even close under the tree he is singing in, for no slight disturbance will cause that rich flow of music to cease; even as though he was too much engrossed with the angelic reudering of his inspired song to condescend to listen to meaner things. Having approached very near him, his loudest notes seem fairly to go through and through us with piercing brilliancy, and yet the more delicate *pianissimo* parts lose nothing of their delicious euphony, but fall in melting tones upon the ear, like nectarious drops of harmony.

When a slight break does occur, and he is quite silent for a moment, how really *dead* the place seems! The vitality of his voice seemed to permeate not only ourselves but all surrounding nature, and we did not even think how dark it was while listening to such a rapturous serenade. How beautifully expressive is the simple but telling eulogy of Milton on this bird's song, "Silence was pleased!" A page of blank verse, glowing with all the imagery this great poet was such a master of, would perhaps have told with less effect.

Strange thoughts creep in upon us as we passively drink in the rich flood of exquisite bird-minstrelsy which this darling little traveller from foreign lands pours with such lavish prodigality into the ear of night. How this nocturnal songster must often be singing in the dead of night when his humble mate, singing so mutely in the nest hard by, is the only listener!

One can hardly help feeling sorry that such delightful symphonies should lack an intellectual audience. It is something akin to the sensations a lonely wanderer experiences when the prairie before him is all suffused with the color of the most lovely flowers, which he believes no living soul has ever seen before, or perhaps will ever see again.

We live always! Knowledge is, and ever has been, progressive. The soul of man is as capacious as his aspirations are boundless, and he has before him duration infinite in which to labor and to know.—*Kimball*

STOP THAT COUGHING!

Some of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

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THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and rosy hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

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DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

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THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

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And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

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4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

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In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THERE is nothing new to write about this week. Matters remain in nearly the same position as they were a week ago. The great expected battle has not taken place yet, but there is no knowing what hour the struggle may begin. This is the "record" for two days' working of the wires:

March 9.—An expedition consisting of all the White and colored troops stationed at Key West, in the gunboats *Honduras*, *Magnolia* and *Hendrick Hudson*, had started on the 24th February for the purpose of taking St. Marks.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist* says that the soldiers of the Fifteenth Corps became drunk and pillaged Columbia, S. C., burning the entire length of Main street. Sherman ordered the burners and pillagers to be shot.

A quantity of tobacco amounting to 95 tons, and estimated to be worth \$380,000, was captured by the Union troops at Fredericksburg. It is said to have been sent from Richmond for the purpose of exchanging it with bacon.

March 10.—The Richmond papers anticipate lively times in the neighborhood of that city—so soon as the weather becomes favorable. They say the lines about Richmond are impregnable, and argue that if Lee defeated Grant when he had under his command some 225,000 men, while that of the rebel commander amounted to about 60,000 men, he ought to defeat him again when the two combined Federal armies do not number 150,000 men! And so they go.

A despatch to one of the New York papers gives the following news from North Carolina:

Refugees who arrived in Newbern state that Fayetteville was in our possession last week, and that Sherman was within forty miles of Raleigh. The rebel soldiers were deserting in companies, and in some cases by regiments. Some of them were returning to their homes. The people pay but little attention to the proclamation of Governor Vance calling them to arms. In most places in North Carolina the people go forth to meet Sherman with words of welcome, and are not particular about placing their stock and supplies within his reach. A panic prevails among the negroes in North Carolina since the announcement that they are to be conscripted to serve in the rebel army. The rebels are now gathering them up, and a strong feeling exists among the conservative slaveholders to resist the measure, some of whom are arming their slaves in order that they may be able to resist the rebel authorities and thus retain their servants, who exhibit a readiness to fight for their masters and homes rather than for the Confederacy. A great number of negroes are flocking to Sherman's army.

March 12.—Lee telegraphs from his headquarters as follows, to Breckinridge:

"Bragg reports that he attacked the enemy yesterday, four miles in front of Kinston, and drove him from his position. He disputed the ground obstinately and took up a new line three miles from his first. We captured three pieces of artillery and fifteen hundred prisoners. The number of the enemy's dead and wounded left on the field is large as ours is comparatively small."

Kinston, near which the fight occurred, is situated on the direct route from Goldsboro to Newbern, and is about twenty miles east of Goldsboro, and about thirty from Newbern. It is supposed this force of the enemy was advancing from Newbern against Goldsboro for the purpose of cutting the railroad at that point.

An early attack on Mobile is indicated by the fact received from a rebel source, that twenty-two steamers and six Mississippi river transports are in the lower bay, and a large number of troops on Dauphin Island and at Pensacola.

General Emory, of the Nineteenth Corps, has succeeded General Hancock as Commander of the Middle Military Department, comprising the lower part of the Shenandoah Valley and other territory in that region, during the continuance of General Sheridan's more active field operations.

Maj.-Gen. Schofield and Brevet Brig.-Gen. Schofield arrived at Newbern from Wilmington, but bring no news from Sherman. The enemy are in considerable force at Kinston. Lee's corps from Hood's army was reported there. Some skirmishers belonging to the 15th Connecticut and 17th Massachusetts were captured. Bragg is reported in command. Gen. Cox commands our forces at that point.

March 13.—Advices to the New York *Tribune* which are deemed trustworthy, state that Sherman's army passed into North Carolina on the 3d.

The rebel Gen. Magruder, together with Sue Mundy and Henry Metcalf, were captured on Sunday last, by a party of 50 men of the 30th Wisconsin. They were concealed in a barn in Webster, Meade county, Ky.

A letter from Kinston says that Bragg again attacked Cox's force, making two separate assaults, which were repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. A division of the Second Corps captured one piece of artillery and 200 prisoners. The enemy left the field in confusion, and all the killed and wounded fell into our hands. The enemy is reported to number from 15,000 to 20,000 men. A rebel ram is stationed at Kinston to protect the bridge across the Neuse. Lee and Breckinridge are said to have visited Kinston and given instructions to Bragg. Schofield remains in the field with Cox, giving every movement his personal attention.

March 15.—The New York *Times* thinks it probable that Sheridan has moved from Charlottesville to join Grant, by crossing the James river and the south side railroad. An alarm was created in Richmond on the night of the 11th, by the report that Sheridan was near the city.

Despatches from Gen. Lee to Breckinridge, published in the Richmond papers, state that Hampton surprised Kilpatrick at daylight on the 10th, and drove him from his camp, taking guns, horses, wagons and many prisoners. The guns were destroyed. The rebel Col. J. P. King was killed and Gen. Hume and Cols. Kugan and Morrison were wounded.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The U. S. Branch Mint re-opened Thursday, having been closed since the death of Chief Coiner Denio.

A male infant, three or four weeks old, was placed in the care of the Police, Wednesday, by Manuel Cerf, who found it on Market street, where it had been abandoned.

Two hundred thousand oranges and a large quantity of cocoa nuts and limes arrived from Huahine, Tahiti, by the schooner *Flying Dart*, Monday.

The U. S. Grand Jury have found four bills of indictment against Lot B Walls and Wm. Coes, jointly; also two against the latter and three against the former, individually. They are officers of the *Great Republic*, and are indicted for beating and wounding seamen under their control.

Insanity is becoming a feature of such terrible certainty that examinations by our Courts have to be systematized; Judge Cowles will officiate hereafter on Monday, at 1 P. M.; Judge Blake, Friday at 12 M. This will enable the friends of the unfortunate to bring them forward at stated times, with the assurance that they will be examined in regular order.

The Alumni of Phillips Academy, (Andover, Massachusetts,) residing in California, are to meet Tuesday evening next, at the Mercantile Library rooms, in response to a call from their "Alma Mater." The institution was the first incorporated Academy in Massachusetts; doubtless many of its graduates are now citizens of this State.

A "run" was made upon the office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, on Thursday, in consequence of unfounded and silly rumors in circulation. The Directors have made an exhibit which furnishes conclusive proof that the Institution is perfectly solvent, and that there is no cause for the panic.

The contribution-box in front of the Catholic Orphan Asylum was removed, with its contents, by some pilfering scoundrel—for whose villainy in robbing the parentless, there may be forgiveness, but we can scarcely comprehend it as a possibility—on the 15th inst. The box is believed to have been nearly full of the accumulated deposits of kind-hearted passers-by.

The *Bulletin*, which changes its city editors almost as often as economical people change their shirts, has a new incumbent of that office in Augustin Snow, a gentleman who arrived in the last steamer from the East. Mr. Snow was for a long time connected with the city department of the New York *Times*, filling for the past year the chair of city editor of the New York *Commercial*. He is a thorough newspaper man, and can scarcely fail to make his mark among us, but he will find the berth he occupies very different from what it is in New York, as the city editor here is his own reporter, and has no one to deploy in different directions except his own self.

Ireland's patron saint would have had no cause to complain that his piety and zeal in establishing the "true faith"—were not remembered gratefully, had he been cognizant of the honor accorded to his memory yesterday in this city. Mass was celebrated at all the Roman Catholic churches in the morning, and at St. Mary's Cathedral Grand High Mass was offered at 11 A. M. Various civic and military organizations marched the streets: there was an address at Union Hall; the suburban pleasure resorts were thronged with joyous visitors; in the evening, social parties, balls, etc., concluded one of the best celebrations of the anniversary of "Saint Patrick's Day" ever enjoyed either in or out of the Green Isle.

The body of a murdered man was found at Hayes' Valley, Tuesday evening; the attention of the police was called to the matter next morning; the body (the face having been so mutilated and being so far decomposed as to be at first unrecognizable) was taken to the dead-house, and under the supervision of Dr. L. J. Henry subjected to such chemical applications as to restore it to a condition in which it was readily known as that of Charles T. Hill. Circumstantial evidence indicates Thomas Byrnes as the murderer, and that the deed was committed on the night of the 20th of February, the incentive being the possession of a pin of the immense value of which deceased had boasted, but which it appears was in reality worth but about five dollars. Hill was about 27 years of age, a native of New York; he came to California in August last, and lived a "fast" life until his money gave out. Byrnes was one of his bad associates, and though he is not convicted of this crime is known to the police as an experienced transgressor. The daily press has teemed with the details of this affair for three or four days, but we think a mere record of the principal facts sufficient in a community not unused to tales of horror; even the most avid devourers of soul-sickening sensationalisms in real life must be very nearly sated by this time.

Officer Rose, on Tuesday evening last, recognized Mortimer, the man who a few weeks ago left him in the woods near San José after knocking him senseless and cutting his throat. Mortimer, it will be remembered, was in Rose's custody, and had lured the officer to a secluded spot under pretence of showing where certain stolen articles were concealed. Rose lost his prisoner, and very nearly lost his life; however, he is now able to do full duty, and has the satisfaction of knowing that Mortimer is again in custody. The murderous villain has, since his escape from Rose, been operating under an assumed name in Siskiyou, and has been convicted of robbery and sentenced to seven years imprisonment at San Quentin. He was identified by officer Rose as he was being taken to the station house in this city for safe keeping, while on his way to the State Prison.

The "San Francisco Benevolent Association" has been organized. No pompous announcement or grand flourish of trumpets heralded its coming, but quietly, unostentatiously, its very footfalls indicating the approach of true charity, it takes its place in our midst—and God grant that our people may welcome it as becomes not only its modest worth but the necessity—the want which could wait no longer—for such an institution in San Francisco. It proposes to trench upon the peculiar work or province of no society or order already existing; it intends to seek out and relieve the distress of those for whom no provision has been made, and in its membership and disbursements will know no distinction of faith or sect, whether religious or political. This city never needed such an organization more than at the present time, for with all the glitter of jewels and rustling of silks in the walks of fashion, there is too much painfully positive proof that all around us there is poverty, and not infrequently utter destitution. Aside from the benefits to be conferred upon that most worthy of all classes of poor people—those who do not go upon the streets, asking alms, but conceal their wretchedness just as long as inborn pride of soul can resist the demands of the poor, feeble body—the "Association" will be able to check the impositions successfully practiced upon persons of ready sympathy who have not time to investigate the cases they meet with. A "ticket" system is to be adopted; thus when a citizen is appealed to, he can send the applicant to the officers of the society, who will promptly ascertain the real merit or demerit of the individual asking assistance, and take measures to prevent a repetition when it is found that fraud has been attempted. We have not space for further remark upon this subject at present, but trust we shall be able from time to time to record the fact that the treasury of the "San Francisco Benevolent Association" is not allowed to become empty, and there are never wanting warm-hearted, generous contributors to strengthen the hands of its founders and agents. The Board of Trustees consists of the following gentlemen: Louis McLane, William C. Ralston, Elie Lazard, William Norris, R. B. Swain, J. W. Snow, R. G. Sneath, M. Ellis, Louis Sachs, Levi Stevens, D. W. C. Rice.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

A. B. Metcalf was killed at Virginia City, March 11th, by J. E. Doyle, formerly one of his familiar friends and companions. The act is said to have been committed in self-defence.

J. H. Richardson lost the sight of one of his eyes lately, at Santa Rosa, from the wanton discharge of a gun near his face by Pleasant Linville.

A bar of gold valued at \$2,500 is shown in Nevada as the product of two days washing of the claims of the Sailor Flat Company at Blue Tent.

Very rich rock has been taken out recently at the Oak Flat Ledge, near Alleghany City. From five pounds of quartz thirteen and a half ounces of gold were extracted.

J. L. Johnson, while at work in a mining claim near Piety Hill, Nevada county, recently, met with an accident by which the upper edge of his hip-bone was broken, and he was considerably bruised about the body.

J. C. Sargent has been relieved from the command of the refractory juveniles for whom the State maintains a Reform school at Marysville. Probably the young scallawags need something more than a sergeant to enforce proper discipline.

The number of votes polled at the recent election in Sacramento was 2,535. The following candidates were elected: Trustee, S. D. Smith; Auditor, C. C. Jenks; City Assessor, J. C. Halley; City Collector, Capt. D. A. DeMerritt.

Six distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at Santa Rosa on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The chimney of a blacksmith's forge was thrown down, several pieces of crockery were displaced from their shelves, and plaster fell from the walls in a number of brick buildings.

The Sacramento Valley Railroad Company are about to build a bridge across Alder creek, a short distance above the present one. It will be of wood, and built on the plan of Leonard & Carroll's self-adjusting bridges. It will be of a single span, 150 feet in length, and covered, resting on granite abutments. The course of the railroad between Alder creek and Ward's ravine, a distance of about one mile, is to be made straight, thus doing away with the heavy curve between the above-named points.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
 Loue Mountain, 3, street railway.
 Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
 Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
 San Mateo, 20, railroad.
 Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage.
 Half-Moon Bay, 29, do.
 Redwood city, 30, do.
 Mountain View, 38, do.
 Santa Clara, 47, do.
 San Jose, 50, do, or steamer and stage, 54.
 Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
 Ahmader mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
 Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
 Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
 Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
 San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
 Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
 Warm Springs, 37, do.
 Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
 Sacramento, 117, do.
 Stockton, 117, do.
 Martinez, 33, do.
 Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
 Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
 Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
 Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
 White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
 Geysers Springs, 118, do.
 Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
 Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
 Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
 San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 21.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 4 ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.
 Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsent circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors); otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each 4 ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each 4 ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-nathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

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RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Chabriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

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Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

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BY

P. J. THOMAS, A. A. STICKNEY, AND JOHN COLLNER

C. H. WEBB, Editor.

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BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

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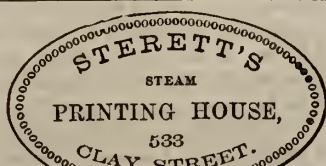
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THE CASE OF MISS HARRIS.

THE case of Miss Harris, who killed Mr. Burroughs in Washington on Monday, Jan. 30, for an alleged breach of promise of marriage, involves certain principles of considerable importance to society and civilization. Miss Harris is described by the local reporters in the most lively and particular manner, as being of "good figure, rather slight, with a well-formed head, dark hazel eye, fine black hair cut short and worn in curls—naturally intelligent, with a highly sensitive organization," and only nineteen years of age, though, we are told, she appears to be a few years older. Of Mr. Burroughs, whom this fascinating creature has killed, we are in like style informed, that he was a "gentleman of unblemished morals, of the highest honor, of remarkably fine form," thirty-five years of age, and only a few months married. Immediately after having shot Mr. Burroughs in the Treasury Building, Miss Harris stated, and again two days afterward reiterated the statement, that he "had not seduced her," that he "had done her no harm," and she exclaimed with emphasis, "As God is my witness, I am virtuous!" In the personal statement she made after her arrest and committal, she stated that her sole reason for the bloody deed of Monday was, that Mr. Burroughs had broken a promise he had once made to marry her, and had married another woman. The rebutting evidence on this point, is found in a statement made by some of the friends of the deceased in Washington, that he had frequently told Miss Harris that he "could not reciprocate her attachment," that he "could not marry her," and that upon one occasion, when Mr. Burroughs mentioned to Miss Harris the subject of his marriage, she told him she was engaged to a Mr. Devlin.

But whichever of these statements may be credited, the fact remains that the reason given by Miss Harris for her act of homicide, was that Mr. Burroughs had broken a promise of marriage.

Now, admitting for the sake of argument, that this is true, the question arises how the whole matter is to be regarded, how the courts are to treat such cases, what is to be the verdict and the practice of society in the premises? May a woman, who has by any means been led to understand or fancy that a man intends to marry her, kill that man with impunity, if for any cause he do not marry her? And, in like manner, and on the same principle, may a man kill a woman who fails to keep a promise she may have made to wed him? Are jilted lovers of either sex to have the delightful privilege of mutual butchery at will or convenience?

We suppose there are few men who have arrived at the age of thirty without having at some time or other given at least a half dozen of Eve's daughters an idea that he might possibly marry them—without having murmured soft things which the fair creatures construed into protestations of devotion—without perhaps having been so weak or indiscreet as to utter some word which an eager listener might distort into a promise that she might yet be wholly, wholly his. In like manner, there is no good-looking girl of twenty summers who who has not, by word or by smile, by billing or by cooing, given each one of at least a score of beaux the impression that she would yet confer on him infinite felicity by making him the sharer of her crinoline. This is certainly a most unhappy characteristic of gushing and youthful hearts, and deserves to be severely frowned upon and reprehended by all devout people of both sexes and of all ages, over forty; but yet we know it has been so from the beginning, and we greatly fear it will be so to the end of time—or at least until the arrival of Dr. Cumming's millerium.

Now, while every man of thirty and every woman of twenty know these things to be so, all men and women of forty know how often and how sadly the budding hope becomes wilted, the expectation is disappointed, the promise expressed or implied, is broken. This too, is a grievous and quite painful matter; but the first poet sang about it; and every poet and poetess since the first has continued the strain; and we fear that the last wail of the last singer will be a wail of blighted love.

Now, to return to the question involved: May a woman or a man (for both sexes must here be sternly placed on the same footing) to whom a promise or a prospect of marriage has been held out, kill, of his or her own motion, the party who fails to come to terms or to time? May she or he lay in wait with pistol or knife and deliberately proceed to butcher the erst dear one who has been or is imagined to be, guilty of the wrong?

There is no doubt that a portion of the American people believe that this is a right that belongs to at least one of the sexes. The lavish sympathy that has been bestowed upon Miss Harris, in Washington, the large number of grave Senators and eminent persons who rushed to her cell to condole with her misfortune, the eagerness of distinguished counsel to take up her defence gratuitously, and the sentimentalism of the local press while giving the details—all show that in this case, as in so many others, there is an abstract justification of deeds of this kind in women, apart altogether from the merits of the individual case; for in the instance now under notice there has been no proof whatever of Mr. Bur-

roughs ever having made the promise which Miss Harris alleges he broke.

We imagine, however, that the principle is one whose practice by either sex is not apt to be conducive of the highest virtue, or the highest beauty, in women or men, or in the relations of the one to the other. If Miss Harris may be excused for killing Mr. Burroughs because he broke faith, then surely there would be palliation for the heart-broken widow in taking revenge, even unto death, upon the murderess who bereaved her of the husband she loved; and if on such a pretext as is put forth by Miss Harris, the law and public sentiment justify her deed, we may conclude that the sooner all and every law on such matters is declared null, and men and women are reverted to the original condition of self-defence and personal vengeance, the quicker will we arrive at a state of things which must speedily prove its own cure.—*New York Weekly Review.*

TENNYSON'S BARONETCY.

ENGLISHMEN are strangely inconsistent beings. The untrue report that Mr. Tennyson had accepted a baronetcy, offered him by the Queen was received in some quarters with a feeling amounting to disgust, and in all with the shade of annoyance which men feel when they hear of a clergyman acting charades, or a duke playing Aunt Sally, or a Pope escaping in the dress of a footman, or anything else which, while quite legitimate, suggests an idea of incongruity. Yet if personal titles have any value at all to the country which grants as well as to the individual who receives, surely no more fitting recipient could be found than a poet who is more likely than any living sovereign, and as likely as any living statesman, to give a name to the age. The theory of such distinctions as that they recognize cheaply but more honorable, services done to the State, to the people, or in rare and exceptional cases to mankind at large, that they set the doer of them, as it were, upon a pedestal, so that men may see, and seeing imitate him. There is no country on earth, whatever its form of government, in which such a practice does not prevail, the instinctive sense of mankind baffling sentiments as strong as the French admiration for external equality, and laws as carefully framed as those which in America provide against the creation of an aristocracy. In this country, moreover, owing partly to the antiquity of its social system, partly to the intense love of family, and partly to the absence of any form of State distinction at once highly honorable and limited to one life—Lord Palmerston's effort to create such a dignity having been defeated by Lord Derby—it is felt that the recognition should be enduring, should elevate the memory as well as the person of the individual chosen, should if possible mark out the descendants of the man as honorable because heirs of the man who once benefitted the country. Of course we all know that the theory and the practice do not always accord, that a Phipps and a Havelock sometime appear in the same *Gazette*; that this man becomes a baronet because lead mining is vastly profitable, and that, because he gave up a seat very much required by the Government of the day; that one member is made an Irish peer because he has been useful to the Treasury, and another because he had an estate in Ireland with a great many voters upon it, but that is the theory of the practice. Well, if it is a sound one—and it is defensible, if only for the variety it introduces into society, the sort of color and vibration it produces in a picture otherwise too drab-colored and motionless—it is obviously wise as well as just to recognize all forms of service, to assimilate into the old system the new forces which time has developed. People see that clearly enough when the service is something tangible, ponderable, to be expressed in money, or defined in a short speech. Nobody objected to the elevation of Richard Arkwright, who had enabled England to win an industrial campaign, any more than if he had won a battle or bombarded a city; or of the first Peel, who showed the way to vast multiplication of wealth; or of Sir M. Peto, who built a parcel of gunboats when they were wanted; or of the half-dozen engineers and contractors who have been decorated for conquering nature in pursuit of their own fortunes; or of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, who simply gave away more than anybody except a Mr. Peabody or a Duke of Northumberland ever does. The service in all these cases is tangible, visible, susceptible of description, but it is not more real, is rather less real, than that performed for the country by its writers, thinkers and poets. The chiefs of literature do at least as much for a people as the "captains of industry," and have besides this additional claim, that their work does not of itself produce the reward of which the great mill-owner, or contracting engineer, or even discoverer, is so sure. A man may advance the good government of mankind a century or two as Bentham did, or propagate a doctrine which produces millions in actual cash result as Adam Smith did, or purify the whole tone of a nation's thought as Wordsworth undoubtedly did, or hammer political speculation into the hardness necessary to practical work as Carlyle is held by his admirers to have done, without gaining more than the means of existence for himself. The modern world is ruled by forces which these men set in motion, and if the theory of distinction is sound at all it applies to them, as of old days to the only motors those days possessed, warriors and statesmen. If it be wise to elevate the soldier who wins the cam-

daign or the Minister who removes an obstacle from the national path, why not the thinker who smooths the way for both, the poet who so elevates thought as to make both more possible? Or if the perpetuation of the family of one who has done service is advisable—and it at all events holds up before the minds of men one unselfish object—why should not the race of the great poet be as distinctly marked as the sons of a great captain, whether in war or industry? The descendants of Raleigh will, it is argued, seek habitually a higher ideal than the descendants of John Smith—but what would be the ideal of the family of Shakspeare? Three generations hence, which will be the higher impulse, or the most worthy of public and inevitable recognition—to be the grandson of Alfred Tennyson or the grandson of Lord Gough? If it is well to mark officially every kind of first-class merit, if it is good that certain families among us should possess, in addition to all qualities a tradition of honor, if it is politic to bind every force to the support of the social system, surely it follows that titles are well bestowed when granted to a great poet.

And yet, despite all reasoning, and the fullest recognition of the right of literature to be put on the same pedestal as soldiery, or statesmanship, or industrial leading, we cannot put away the sense that the popular instinct is correct, that the annoyance felt by almost every competent admirer of Tennyson was justified by facts. There is an incongruity in rewarding a poet of his kind with purely artificial distinctions, in paying for services performed in the region of imagination a price which is wholly of earth, which we can best describe by an illustration. Imagine the same recognition accorded to the great theologian—Luther created a Knight of the Empire, or Jonathan Edwards invested with the Garter, or Mr. Maurice gazetted to a baronetcy! Yet the absurdity of thus repaying men for increasing the world's knowledge of things divine is scarcely greater or more offensive than that of acknowledging by a title the services which poets have wrought in the region of thought and fancy. Men feel instinctively that the divine seeks his reward from a source higher than earthly monarchs, and though the poet asks fame in this world either from his generation or posterity, still the recognition he craves is as invisible to the eye, as imponderable, as little within the gift of monarchs or their counsellors as that of the divine. It is not from Heaven it is to come, but still it is not from thrones. There have been poets perhaps who from the varied range of their minds, from their grasp over all mortal things, from the completeness, as it were, of their mental powers, might accept any conceivable rewards, however spiritual or however earthly, and make of them new powers. Had Shakspeare known that only to have done him an injustice would one day be a patent of nobility, that his name was destined to live forever, and his genius to influence the thought of endless generations of English-speaking men, that his phrases would pass into the language as integral components of speech, that among a people multiplied thirty-fold and spread over dominions three hundred-fold greater than those of his Sovereign he would be regarded as first among the uninspired writers, the knowledge would probably not have shaken the balance of his mind, would have tempted him only to care less for the saleability of his plays. Yet he would have made an excellent country baronet, have administered justice much better than the gentleman who imprisoned him and became by the act immortal, have managed an estate as assiduously as, and probably more profitably than, any peer of his time. Goethe actually was Minister of State for a little principality, and governed Weimar a great deal better than any absolutist since his time—but Tennyson? There may be, we think there is, a sensuous side to his genius, an appreciation of the things of earth akin to that of Goethe's, but his fame has been won and his true power lies in an atmosphere far higher than that, in the region where all things, baronetcies included, are rated at their absolute value, where, though there is no equality—which is never anywhere anything but an artificial creation of man—the lines of distinction are drawn on rules other than those which influence either kings or society. In literature, his true kingdom, Tennyson's rank is not precisely that of baronet. It is by his grade among poets, not at rich diners, that Tennyson must be estimated, it is the enduring love of all English minds, and not the breath of a Queen, which will crystallize his name. After all, why do we argue—did he not write this?

"In such discourse we gained the garden rails,
And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-hocks,
Among six boys, head under head, and looked
No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-haired and redder than a windy morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
That stood the nearest—now addressed to speech—
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year
To follow."

There stands the true and typical baronet, a good man and a useful in his way, but between him and Alfred Tennyson there is a gulf no monarch's favor will or can ever bridge across. *London Spectator.*

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. **JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.**—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to **JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.**—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

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By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk. Ch cC. Delany, Plt & Attc de24-3m

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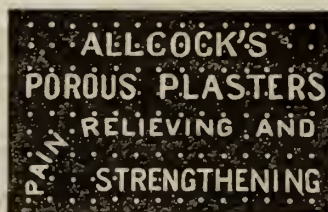
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

(For the Californian.)

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

SO fair the sun rose, yester-morn,
The mountain-cliffs adorning!
The golden tassels of the corn
Danced in the breath of morning;
The cool, clear stream that runs before,
Such happy words was saying;
And in the open cottage door
My pretty babe was playing.
Aslant the sill a sunbeam lay—
I laughed in careless pleasure,
To see his little hand essay
To grasp the shining treasure.

To-day no shafts of golden flame
Across the sill are lying;
To-day I call my baby's name,
And hear no lisped replying;
To-day—ah, baby mine, to-day—
God holds thee in His keeping!
And yet I weep, as one pale ray
Breaks in upon thy sleeping;
I weep to see its shining band
Reach, with a fond endeavor,
To where the little restless hands
Are crossed in rest forever!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25th, 1865.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, March 25th, 1865.

THE *Dramatic Chronicle* having already announced that I have retired from the editorial control of that sprightly and valuable little sheet, it is probably unnecessary that I say anything about the matter in this place. Even had the *Chronicle* been silent about my retracy, however, I fancy that its many subscribers would have discovered my absence in the great falling off of interest in its contents.

Do you know, I think that little thrust at me, to which reference is made, one of the neatest things of the season. Strangely enough there was no malice in the paragraph, notwithstanding its sharp fun; so I conclude that the writer must be blessed with as good a digestion as I myself possess.

For it has long been a favorite theory of mine that no one can be a good jester unless he be primarily a good digester. In the latter line I am hard to beat, possessing powers which are only equalled by quartz mills and not at all approached by ostriches; indeed I think I could even digest the Laws of California, rivalling in that respect T. H. Hitt-L— who by virtue of his works should have his name changed and the final letter doubled to read Hit-LLD!

Moreover, I have an excellent appetite, in proof of which when I went into Peter Job's with Fiametta, the other night, for a late-lunch, and called for a fancy roast, she immediately

remarking that my order was not well considered, as JOB WAS EMINENT ONLY FOR HIS BOILS, I did not leave the table.

If any one thinks that I can't mention any number of well-to-do men in town who would have folded up their napkins under the circumstances and quietly stolen away with them, they can win money of me. For instance: John Kelly, Harry Gregory, Rufus Canfield, Samuel Blaisdell, Li-Po-Tai, Mr. Piper, Canavan, Chief Burke, Mr. Bacon, "and 2,000 others" would have immediately got up and got—and it is not at all questionable whether or not they would have taken a few spoons with them.

For I hold that if men are too delicate to stand the Pacific Anatomical Museum, they are too delicate to stand anything in life. A more high-toned, thoroughly correct and continent exhibition was never opened on this continent, and my only surprise is that certain designing and malicious persons have been permitted to make a raid upon the proprietors. Talk of the persecution of the Jews, there never was anything in history to equal the wrongs which have been heaped upon these lineal descendants of that ingenious and peculiar people who many years ago attempted to palm off hyssop and vinegar for wine.

No parent should lose the opportunity of taking his children there at the earliest possible moment, and afternoon performances should be given for the benefit of families. Daughters would be particularly edified, especially if possessed of an enquiring turn of mind, and sons could not fail to be amused as well as instructed. It would materially enhance the general effect of the exhibition could the proprietors be secured and enclosed carefully in glass cases, but in the absence of this desideratum to see them roaming around among the "lifo like figures," which go to make up the collection has an almost equally salutary and pleasant effect.

Differing on this question from the position THE CALIFORNIAN has editorially taken, I here avow my conviction that morality is on the Wax in this community, in proof of which I refer sceptics to the florid Forentine Venus; and if the City would only purchase the whole collection for the adornment of the rooms where the Board of Supervisors meet, I do think the purposes of justice and humanity would be materially subserved.

If the respectable gentlemen who brought the show here are desirous to sell out, I haven't a doubt that a sale might be engineered to the city very comfortably. Of course none of the twelve who have a voice in such matters could be bought or bribed to lend their aid in passing any bill or purchase through, but I have lately discovered that some of them are not opposed to receiving presents when offered to them as citizens and not in their official capacity as Supervisors. There are an hundred thousand citizens in town who probably would not object to being complimented in some such manner, and I am one of them. For the distinction between being bribed and accepting a present of money, is broad and obvious. I, for instance, am a scribe; it is my duty to write for several influential journals in this city, and in Australia, England and Ireland, to say nothing of the *Victoria Chronicle*, to which latter paper my contributions over the signature of "Enrybo" have always been a marked feature and are at present creating a deal of attention. Suppose a case: an actor comes to me and says: "Inigo, I am not appreciated as I should be; write me up." I do write him up—in fact, set him write side up. And he, in his gratitude, presents me, not with a ring, a pin, a faded flower or a lock of his hair, but with a purse containing two hundred and fifty dollars in jingling gold coin—who then can say that I have been bribed or bought.

I wish some one would come and make me the offer—that's all. Really I am afraid that the mistaken impression which has got abroad relative to my honesty, will keep me poor all my life. In order to correct it I here publish and proclaim that my pen is at the service of any one who chooses to employ it, actor, artist, author, or codfish-monger—only I wish one thing distinctly understood, lest mistakes should occur: having no prejudices in the matter I should prefer to have the

price I am to receive fully understood before starting in, and to prevent any possibility of a wrangle occurring at settlement time I should insist upon pay in advance.

For I do love money with a love which passes the love of woman, and just at the present time I am particularly in want of any amount—the larger the better. Tell of people being robbed; I only wish some one would rob me on halves. There is another assessment levied upon the mine in which I am interested, and I am anxious to pay it as soon as possible, for I am curious to see how soon they can levy another one.

The trustees and stockholders at the present time are engaged in a generous rivalry as to which can devote the most time to the interests of the company, the trustees giving every spare moment to the levying of assessments while the stockholders occupy all their leisure hours with paying them.

Just now the advantage lies with the trustees, and I fear it will continue with them to the end, for they seem to "hold the age"—that it is not a golden age for us on the outer edge of the ring is plain enough to the apprehension of any one accustomed to reason from facts.

My faith in "assays" is considerably shaken. Originally I fancy that regarding the richness of some undiscovered and undeveloped mine a superintendent must have written "an ass says so and so." A near-sighted secretary, who had not the courage to assess the company for the amount necessary to buy him a pair of eye-glasses, in reading the letter to a meeting of the Board interpreted the passage, "it assays so and so"—hence the unfortunate phrase which has beguiled and ruined so many. Professor Silliman capped the climax of assays with his report on Sheba—should that be printed as Professor Solomon's report on the Queen of Sheba, do not hold me responsible for the error.

What a jolly time the petroleum sharps who are coming out here from the East will have boring for oil! Were the whole world carefully searched over, it is questionable whether a better place to bore for oil than this coast affords could be found. For it is my opinion that those who are industriously disposed can commence at any hour in the day, and keep boring on as long as they please, without finding anything to interrupt their progress until they pierce the Tartarean tiles in some profound depth and the points of their drills are melted in the furnaces of Phlegethon.

Commencing with peat on the surface, down in the region just indicated any amount of saltpetre-oleum would probably be found, but the chances are that it would be too hot to be conveniently barrelled. St. Peter-oleum might possibly be struck if looked for in a higher level, but as for the real petroleum I fear the prospects of finding it will peter out finally, and that the hopes of adventurers will sink faster than their wells do.

Will cheese and butter ever be found in the earth's remote cellars? There is no reason why they should not be, for they both come from grass—grass is one of the earth's products, and finding it on the surface may surely be looked upon as an "indication." If a man found a crop of lamp-wick growing on his ranch he would at once conclude that oil lay beneath and demand a fabulous price for his property, and why may not the other sign hold equally good?

As developments show at present, it will soon be impossible to sink a shaft anywhere in the sand hills without finding a deposit of dead bodies, for horrors multiply day by day. There was a time when the digger after yams stood a chance of turning up only a dead baby or two in his garden, but now the remains of full grown men reward the diligent spade. When it is considered that within the past two years three murders and several robberies have been committed in the very heart of the city without the authors being apprehended, it is scarcely to be wondered at that murderers have now grown so bold as to go to their bloody work without even taking common pains to conceal their tracks. Warned by the result of this thoughtlessness in a late instance, they will probably be more careful in future.

INIGO.

A cry in which social spies should feel at home—Pekin.

WHY MOURN?

THE golden grain
Is ripened but to death;
And Summer's leaves
Must fall with Autumn's breath.

For all things die:
Behold! the marble urn
That shrines our dust
Shall crumble in its turn.

We mourn the Young;
They perish as the flowers,
Whose petals scarce
Have kissed Love's rosy hours.

We mourn the Old,
Who vanish from our sight
As Summer days
That fade in lengthened light.

A selfish grief:
They fall not as the leaves,
But ripened grain,
And angels bind the sheaves.

An aged friend
Whose years were as a crown,
But yester-night
Unto the grave went down.

As sinks the sun
Low-curtained in the West,
Its journey done:
So went he to his rest.

No warring strife:
And when had ceased his breath,
It was not Life—
You scarce could call it Death.

A soft-sealed smile
Fell like a sunbeam's play,
As though the soul
At parting kissed its clay.

The lines that Time
Upon the brow had traced,
Death's gentle hand
With kindly touch effaced.

So calm—so still
The peace that veiled the dead:
Were Death not mute,
Those parted lips had said:

O ye that mourn,
A selfish grief ye give;
Restrain your tears
To pour for those that live!

C. H. WEBB.

(For the Californian.)

A SCENE IN OUR NAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAILOR—THE MORTAR FLOTILLA IN THE
SOUTHWEST PASS—DRUNKEN OFFICERS, ETC.

I HAVE been in the Navy. Served my three years like a man, before the mast, at twenty dollars per month (in greenbacks) and a ration a day. More: I served in the mortar fleet under the gallant Porter who also served under Farragut, and I took part in the capture of New Orleans.

What I am about to relate took place before the bombardment; and I believe that this narrative will make the hair stand on end upon the head of many an old veteran, (perhaps on that of Farragut himself—for I doubt if he ever heard a detailed account of the affair,) when he sees related therein the great lack of discipline that flourished in the so-called Mortar Flotilla throughout the Mississippi campaign.

Be it understood that nothing in this article is meant to reflect upon the conduct of the volunteer officers who for the most part had charge of the vessels comprising the mortar fleet. A braver set of men never trod a vessel's deck. But I shall say enough to convince the most skeptical that except in vessels commanded by regular naval officers, there was a great lack of discipline, an almost entire absence of military rules and a familiarity between officers and men hardly to be believed. The story is actually true, to the writer's own knowledge, and written now from notes taken during his service.

The mortar fleet arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi river in the early part of March, 1862, and some of the vessels took their position above Pilot Town, in the Southwest Pass. The fleet was divided into three divisions: the *Minx*, (for obvious reasons I substitute fictitious names for the real ones, but the facts which I narrate may be relied upon,) on which the occurrence about to be related took place, belonged to the second, and was commanded by Acting Master Malt of Brooklyn, N. Y., who formerly had charge of a three-masted schooner that traded between Liverpool and New York. He was a

short, thickset man, with large, round head and coarse features—a thorough sailor, but sadly in want of that education which would fit a man for a responsible command. He was a jolly fellow withal, who cared for no man, and, in his own parlance, "would go to the devil for whisky." The complement of the vessel's crew was forty-two men before the mast; the Acting-Master, three Acting-Master's mates, a medical officer and the Paymaster's clerk.

The senior master's mate, whom we will call Snarlem, was a fair specimen of what is known among sailors as a "Liverpool Irishman;" he had been in the "Black Ball line," and was a rough, ignorant, uncouth fellow, whom nobody liked. The second master's mate, named Pain, was a harmless, good-natured, half-witted sort of a fellow, from some place in Connecticut. He had made but one voyage before in his life, that from New Haven to New York, and how he obtained his appointment in the navy is best known to those who gave him his warrant. The third was a fellow named Gnat—a low, cowardly specimen of humanity, possessed scarcely of sufficient brains to be safely trusted to himself.

I think it was the morning of the 8th March that the Second Division was ordered to sail up the river to take its position for the bombardment of Fort Jackson. Just before this signal was made, the bark *Houghton*, the storeship of the fleet, had arrived. The captains of the *Minx* and the *Snail*, (Capt. Crane) who were great chums, went on board this vessel, and, while there, their respective schooners, under the direction of the executive officers, were getting under way. When they returned on board their own vessels they were somewhat the worse for frequent imbibitions of whisky. Malt immediately ordered the Paymaster's clerk to get up the whisky tub and "splice the main brace." Not only all the crew but all the officers, Malt included, took their "tod;" and when it had gone round once, Malt ordered the Paymaster to commence again, he with the rest of the officers taking a hand this time as well as before. When every man on the ship had drank twice, the captain asked them if they would like to have any more. Three or four came up and took their third drink. The schooner was then got under way and sailed along with a good fresh breeze up the river. Now, it was the pride of Capt. Q., (the division commander) to do everything in regular naval style. He therefore made the signal that the vessels should sail according to their numbers. (Every vessel had a large white number on her quarter.) The *Minx* was No. 9. When the vessels had arrived at the anchoring place, Capt. Q. signalled to anchor in the order in which they sailed, bringing No. 9 astern of the division flagship No. 8, No. 10 astern of No. 9, etc. Instead of observing this, Malt anchored abreast of the *Swan*, and the *Snail* came up abreast the *Minx*. No sooner had he dropped anchor than Malt called away his boat and went aboard the vessel of his chum—the *Snail*. In the mean time, Capt. Q., seeing how his orders had been disobeyed, called his boat and went alongside the *Minx*, where he sang out for Malt; but the executive officer, Snarlem, informed him the Captain was on board the *Snail*. Capt. Q., in great anger, then ordered Snarlem to hoist the anchor and drop the vessel astern. He then pulled for the *Snail* where was our friend Captain Malt. He called Capt. Crane: "Did I not tell you, sir," he said angrily, "to anchor astern of No. 10? Instead of that you have anchored abreast of No. 9, and thereby blocked the whole river."

Captain Crane made some excuse in rather an independent manner, upon which Capt. Q. replied: "Capt. Crane, consider yourself under arrest. Go below and let Mr. Hatch take charge of your vessel."

On hearing this sentence pronounced against his friend, Malt, who was still drunk as a fiddler, went to the gangway and shouted: "Capt. Q., if you put Capt. Crane under arrest, you've got to put me there, too. I'm in the same boat."

Had a lightning bolt fallen at the feet of Capt. Q. he could not have been more astonished. When he found speech, he thundered out: "Capt. Malt, go on board of your own vessel, and consider yourself off duty. Mr. Snarlem will take charge of your vessel till further orders!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Malt, upon which, he got into his boat, went on board of the *Minx*; related to Mr. Snarlem what had occurred; told him that he (Snarlem) was, till further orders, commanding officer, and cordially invited the Paymaster and Doctor to go below and take a "nip."

The next day when he was sober, he took council with his friend the Doctor, as to the course he had better pursue. "You see, Doctor," said the Captain, in explanation, "I have run agin Q. so often, that he'll shelve me; and, although I want to go home, I don't wish to be sent home in disgrace, nohow. What would you advise me to do?"

The Doctor looked grave, and advised him to send in his resignation. "I'll do it," said Malt, "but you must write it out for me."

To this the Doctor consented. He wrote out Malt's resignation, got that worthy to sign it, and sent it to Capt. Porter through Capt. Q.

On the morning of the 12th, Malt received an official letter from Capt. Porter, ordering him to report to the Captain

of the *Connecticut*, for passage to New York, (that vessel was to sail the following day,) and then report in writing to the Secretary of the Navy.

Malt called the Doctor. "What's the meaning of this?" said he, handing that gentleman the document.

"It means," answered the Doctor gravely, "that as far as Porter is concerned, your resignation is accepted. He has given him the whys and wherefores, with a request that it be accepted, and that you get your discharge from the service!"

"Well, then, I guess the best thing I can do is to pack up my dunnage and go on board the *Connecticut*."

Malt then called Snarlem and said: "Snarlem, I'm to be sent home on board the *Connecticut*. As this is the last day I shall probably be with these boys, do me a favor and order up the grog-tub, that they may drink my health before I go."

"Splicing the main brace" was equally as pleasant a "ship's duty" to Snarlem as it was for Malt or the crew; the tub was therefore brought up, and placed in the forward cabin, and the crew invited to come and drink. The liquor was measured out to them without stint; some taking two and some three drinks. This was about 10 o'clock, A. M.

Now Malt, although as I have before said a very rough man, was very much liked by the crew, while Snarlem was generally disliked. They were therefore afraid that if he were sent home, Snarlem would have command of the vessel, in which event anything but pleasant times would be in store for them. So they proposed, that, with the consent of Malt, the petty officers should go to Capt. Q. and petition for Malt's reinstatement in command and the rescinding of the order, sending him home.

The chief in this movement, was the boatswain's mate, James Long. He was a tall, stout, good-looking fellow, as smart a sailor and as good a gunner as there was in the fleet, and generally looked up to by the crew as their natural leader. He therefore went to Malt, told him what had been proposed by the crew, and requested his consent. Malt was nothing loth to be again in command. He knew that we were on the eve of a battle, and he did not like the idea of being sent home in disgrace, without partaking in "the fun." He therefore readily consented; so Long and three or four others got a boat and pulled for the division flagship.

In the meantime, the news had spread through the fleet that Malt was going home, and several masters of the mortar schooners came on board to bid him good by. Of course an immense amount of drinking was done, and Malt was, in the course of another half hour, pretty well "how-came-you-so."

At about half-past 11, the deputation of petty officers returned to the vessel. Long, the spokesman reported in substance as follows: Capt. Q. had received them kindly, and had listened patiently to their story; stated that he was very sorry that things stood as they did with regard to Malt; that he would rather lose any other of his acting masters than him, and wound up by sending the deputation to see Porter, stating, that if Capt. Porter would look over the matter and reinstate Malt he would have no objection.

Off started the indefatigable Long and his messmates to Porter. The latter after hearing the whole story, stated that he had no objection in the world, but would leave the whole matter in the hands of Capt. Q.

Upon Long's return to Capt. Q. with Porter's answer, Q. said he would send a definite reply on board the *Minx* in about half an hour. Had Malt been but half sober he would now have sent the men below; but, drunk as he was, he plied Long with liquor, until that worthy was as drunk as himself.

The half-hour elapsed, but no boat had come from the flagship. Long, therefore, came to Snarlem and requested permission to go again on board for the answer. But Snarlem saw in what condition Long then was, and knowing that he would be blamed if he allowed a drunken petty officer to go on board of the flagship, refused.

"Why not?" queried Long.

"Because you are not in the condition to go. You are drunk."

Long reported back to Malt what Snarlem had said. Upon which Malt put on his coat, went on deck, and swore that he would take command of the vessel in spite of Snarlem. He therefore called away a boat and ordered Long and his associates to get into it.

At this juncture, Snarlem, who with the doctor and paymaster's clerk was writing in the forward cabin, took his revolver and went on deck.

"If any man attempts to leave this vessel without my permission," he said doggedly, "I'll blow his brains out. You, Capt. Malt, have nothing to say in this vessel until further orders from Capt. Q. Until then, I am commanding officer here. Besides," pointing to Long, "that man is drunk, and is not in a fit condition to leave the vessel."

"You lie!" shouted Long, coming up on the poop.

"If you say another word I'll put you in irons," said Snarlem.

Upon this Long, with a fearful oath, rushed upon Snarlem and grasped him by the throat. The latter endeavored to use his revolver, when Malt rushed upon him also, and the three

went rolling along the deck, clasped in each other's embrace, swearing, kicking and struggling.

At this juncture, the second officer, Pain, who had been plying all the morning between the mortar schooners and the *Connecticut*, came on board. He likewise was drunk.

Seeing a fight, without waiting to know any particulars, he shouted: "If this is a free fight, I'm going to have a hand in, too!"

Running for his revolver, (he was in his shirt-sleeves,) he rushed into the *melée*, and soon the four were struggling along the deck—one indistinguishable mass.

The third officer, Gnat, was below. Being sober, it was clearly his duty to have gone on deck, called the crew to his assistance, and arrested the four. But he was afraid to act, and all the entreaties of the Doctor and Paymaster could not prevail upon him to move. He positively refused to do anything, saying he was not then officer of the deck, and it was none of his business.

All this took place in far less time than it takes to write it. When the row had continued three or four minutes, Gnat still refusing to do anything in the premises, the Doctor went aft, hoisted the ensign, union down, (the signal of mutiny,) and shouted out to the other vessels for assistance. In a moment the river was alive with boats filled with armed men making their way to the vessel. When Gnat heard this he called for a boat, pulled for Capt. Q., whom he met half-way, and told him what had occurred.

In the meantime several officers of the other vessels had come on board, and instantly all was quiet on the *Minx*. Malt had "put" over the lee gangway into a boat and pulled for a friendly schooner. Snarlem, with a face that very much resembled a beefsteak after undergoing the pounding process, was down below in one of the state-rooms, and Pain, still luxuriating in his shirt-sleeves, was walking fore-and-aft on the main deck, cursing, swearing and expounding. Long had mysteriously disappeared.

When Q. stepped on board, he found the poop crowded with officers, among whom were Porter, and the now much-lamented, gallant Renshaw. One of the officers had been below, put a pair of handcuffs upon the wrists of Snarlem, and turned the key of the stateroom upon him. Porter immediately commanded silence and demanded an explanation of the affair. This was given by the Doctor, who rather maliciously gave great prominence to the cowardly inactivity of Gnat.

Porter walked up and down the poop for several seconds, when he suddenly asked: "Where is Capt. Malt?"

"On board the mortar-schooner *Warrior*," was the answer of one of the master's mates.

"Captain Q.," said Porter, with ominous sternness, "get a file of marines and take Malt from the *Warrior* to the *Connecticut*; should he give you the slightest trouble, cut him down! Tell Snarlem to pack up his clothes immediately and go on board the *Connecticut*."

While Porter was giving these orders, our friend Pain took charge of the main deck, using language that was by no means in place on board a vessel of war. At last he attracted Porter's attention: "Who is that fellow?" he demanded sternly.

"It is Mr. Pain, sir, second officer of this vessel."

"Put him in irons," was Porter's mandate. Not so easily done as said, for Pain kicked and wrestled for some time before they could get the irons on. At last, when they thought they had him securely handcuffed, and were leading him to a boat, he abruptly turned on them, his hands free from the handcuffs, which had been improperly fastened, and cried: "You're a pretty set of wretches to put handcuffs on me, ain't you? Why, I could go to work and throw you all overboard!"

Q. was standing quite near Pain, when the latter delivered this harangue. His patience and good-temper were by this time nearly exhausted. Seizing Pain by the collar and shaking him, not very tenderly, he exclaimed:

"You mutinous rascal, if you say another word I'll have you gagged."

"Here," returned Pain, saucily, "take your hand off my collar, you'll tear it; don't you see it's a paper one?"

With a kick from Q. and a pull from half-a-dozen rough hands, Pain was huddled into the boat and carried off to the *Loughton*. In the meantime a search had been instituted for the boatswain's mate, Long, who was found in the cockpit, perfectly insensible. He was put in irons and carried to Porter's own vessel.

When these different arrangements had been completed, Porter turned to Gnat, and in a tone of the greatest contempt said: "You're a pretty fellow to be an officer in my fleet! You are worse than any of them! Go below, sir! I'll keep my eye on you for some time!"

After placing new officers on board the *Minx*, Porter and the rest retired to their respective vessels and once more the usual quiet was restored to the fleet.

Although in none of the vessels was the breach of military etiquette carried so far as on board the *Minx*, yet this description is but an exaggerated picture of many others. Nevertheless, when in action they were as brave as veterans, and

showed examples of courage and endurance well worthy of imitation.

Most of those who were concerned in this affray have left the service, and the incorrigible Malt is once more plying the waters of the broad Atlantic, in the mercantile service.

W.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

WE doubt very much whether the history of the Countess of Albany, or even her name, is generally known to the great mass of the reading public, though she was so closely connected with the last scion of the royal House of the Stuarts. She was the wife of the Pretender, who, after his well-known adventures and failure in 1745, in the attempted recovery of the British Crown, took up his residence in Paris, where he was received with great distinction, both by the Court party as well as by the population in general. But he was not allowed to remain for any considerable time undisturbed in his place of retirement. His expulsion from the French territory was made one of the conditions of the treaty of peace in 1748, concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle. Charles Edward positively refused to leave the country, and much interest in his behalf was made with the Government, both by the Dauphin and other members of the Royal Family, to allow him to remain. But the interference was of no avail; the administration proved inexorable. The Pretender was seized in the Opera House on the 11th of December, 1748, conveyed in the first instance to Vincennes, and from thence was sent out of the country. He wandered about the Continent for some time, and it is supposed that he secretly visited London in the year 1750. When subsequently allowed to return again to France, Charles Edward was so dispirited and depressed by his wanderings and misfortunes that he fell into the habit of intemperance, of which mention is made in one of the despatches of the British Ambassador Stanley, who, writing from Paris in 1761, states that the Pretender was given to drinking to such an excess as to be often drunk in the morning, and carried senseless to his chamber by his attendants.

By the death of his father in 1766 he became titular King of England, but the elevation to the fictitious dignity did in no wise cure him of his inveterate propensity to intoxication; and the French Government, seemingly ashamed of their royal guest, drove him in 1770 once more from their soil. In the following year, however, it suited the policy of the French ministry—as a kind of demonstration or menace against England—to recall the Pretender to the capital of France, and he was informed by the Duke of Fitzjames, on behalf of the French Court, that if he would consent to be married to a wife chosen for him, a pension of 240,000 francs would be settled upon him. Charles Edward made no objection to the proposal, and the lady thus chosen was Louise, the daughter of the Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, a member of one of the most ancient and distinguished German families, raised to the princely rank in the person of his father. Her mother, too, was of a most noble family, of the illustrious House of Horn, maternally allied to the Bruces of Scotland and to other distinguished families, both in France and in the Low Countries.

The Princess Louise, born September 20th, 1752, lost her father, a general in the Austrian service, when she was in her sixth year. Her widowed mother received a pension from the Empress Maria Theresa, and she was placed in the educational establishment for young ladies of the highest rank of nobility, at Mons, in the Austrian Netherlands. Here she remained until her twentieth year, when she was married to Charles Edward, who was then fifty-two years of age.

The marriage was celebrated at Macerata, in the private chapel of Cardinal Marefoschi's palace, on the 17th of April, 1772, that day being Good Friday—a circumstance which elicited, some years after, the remark from Louise, the Countess of Albany, that her marriage proved what a marriage on such a day—"a day of Christendom's lamentation"—might have been expected to turn out. The newly married couple arrived, five days after their marriage, at Rome, where they were received with something like royal honors, though, on the part of the Papal Court, no formal notice was taken of the Pretender's announcement to Cardinal Pallavicini, the Secretary of State, of the arrival of the King and Queen of England. The title, however, under which the royal pair was better known was that of the Count and Countess of Albany. The Countess is described as a woman of most dazzling beauty, of great powers of conversation, and as turning everybody's head. Their residence in Rome proving disagreeable, owing to their equivocal position, they retired early in the year 1773 to Sienna, and in October of the following year they took up their abode in Florence. Soon after his arrival in that city, Charles Edward's health gave way, he was seized with symptoms of dropsy, his old habits of intemperance had gained a greater ascendancy, and he was almost confined to his apartment. He required the Countess, whether from helplessness or from jealousy, to be in constant attendance upon him, an office which she fulfilled with every mark of propriety and attention.

It was at this period, in the autumn of 1777, that the poet Alfieri arrived in Florence. It were beside our present purpose to draw a biographical sketch of this renowned tragic writer, beyond observing that he was a Piedmontese by birth, of a noble family, of independent fortune, and of a most impressionable temperament. He set out on his travels when he was but seventeen years of age, and found himself very soon engaged in amatory adventures. In Holland he fell in love with a young married woman, who appeared not altogether insensible to the advances of the youthful Italian; but the suspicions of the husband being awakened, and all further intercourse broken off, the poet became so very much affected that it was necessary to bleed him; and he was with difficulty restrained from tearing off the bandages and wilfully bleeding to death. In England a somewhat similar adventure was attended with graver circumstances. Alfieri had fallen in love with the wife of a peer, who returned his passion and admitted him into her house. The intrigue was discovered to the husband, who challenged the poet; they fought in the Green Park; Alfieri, being ignorant of the use of arms, was speedily wounded in the arm. His antagonist, declaring himself satisfied, assured the poet that he would no longer stand in his way of free access to the lady, as he intended to be speedily divorced from her. The ardent lover, as may be supposed, made no delay in offering his hand to the object of his passion. But on the third day after the duel, the lady frankly told him, that previously to their acquaintance she had bestowed her favor on a groom still in her husband's service, and that this man, in a fit of jealousy, had betrayed both intregues to her lord. Alfieri, though at first greatly staggered, mortified, and full of resentment—and the more so as the whole affair, the duel, the intrigues, appeared in the newspapers—was nevertheless so full of infatuation that he clung to his paramour, and travelled about with her for some time. He was made the defendant in the subsequent proceedings for a divorce; and we may here mention, considering the lapse of time, the names of the parties. The peer was Lord Ligonier, and his frail partner Penelope, daughter of George Lord Rivers.

We know not the precise period at which Alfieri parted from his paramour, but we know that not very long after his arrival in Florence he became acquainted, through the agency of a friend, with the young and fair Countess of Albany. He states that he had not gone many times to see her before he felt himself, as it were, unconsciously caught, and agitated by a passion of the mind to which he had heretofore been a stranger, and the more profound and lasting in proportion as it was less impetuous and fervent. "Such was the flame," he says, "which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with my life."

It can hardly be questioned that the Countess reciprocated Alfieri's passionate feelings, and allowed him to take an active part in her separation from her husband. This occurred in the month of December, 1780. It was the custom of the Pretender, on St. Andrew's day, to indulge to the greatest excess in drinking; and in a fit of intoxication he committed a most brutal assault on his wife, beating her at night and in bed, and attempting to strangle her. Making her case known to the Grand Duke, she was advised by the Tuscan Court, in concurrence with the opinion of the Pretender's own brother, Cardinal York, that she should throw off her worthless husband for ever, and retire into a convent. Alfieri assisted in her removal; and Charles Edward declared that he would give a thousand zechins to anybody who would kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion. Alfieri, in referring to the Countess's removal, observes: "Suffice it to say that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master, without her honor being in any way whatever compromised, nor the proprieties in the least transgressed." There are, however, some historical writers who cast considerable doubt on the purity of their intercourse from the beginning. The present Lord Stanhope, in his "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," remarks: "The Count and Countess of Albany lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until at length, in 1780, weary of restraint, she eloped with her lover Alfieri." We doubt whether this allegation is borne out by facts; for her removal to the convent, under the immediate protection of the Grand Duchess, can hardly be designated an elopement; and her subsequent retirement to Rome was in accordance with the advice of her brother-in-law the Cardinal, and under the sanction of the papal Nuncio. Her removal to Rome took place at the end of December, 1780; and we are told by an historian of the period that she was treated with the greatest respect by Cardinal York, who frequently invited her to his residence at Frascati.

Alfieri did not immediately follow the object of his passion to Rome; he tarried for a while—perhaps to save appearances—at Florence, but after a short interval he set out for Naples, passing through the Eternal City on his way. He remained but a few days in Rome, during which he contrived to have a brief interview with the Countess, and of which he speaks in these terms: "I saw her a prisoner behind a grat-

ing—less vexed, however, than I had seen her at Florence, but for other reasons I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated, and who could say for how long we were so?"

Alfieri's restless spirit did not allow him to remain for any length of time at Naples; he speedily found his way back to Rome, and passed most of his evenings with the Countess, and with whom he was occasionally seen in public. This extreme intimacy of the two parties, "although," as Alfieri assures us, "it did not exceed the bounds of honor," created the greatest scandal in Roman society—otherwise not very fastidious in regard to such matters; and the Pretender, aroused from his fits of drunkenness to a sense of his supposed dishonor, with the assistance of his brother the Cardinal, laid his grievance before the Pope, by whose order Alfieri was commanded to leave Rome within fifteen days. In pursuance of such order the poet left the city for Sienna, on the 4th of March, 1783, declaring that he was at his departure "like one stupid and deprived of sense; leaving his only love, books, town, peace, and his very self in Rome." During his separation, however, he carried on a steady and regular correspondence with the Countess, who reciprocated all his tender effusions. His banishment from Rome terminated in the summer of 1784, when, through the mediation of the King of Sweden, it was arranged that a formal separation should take place between the Countess and her besotted husband. Accordingly, a legal instrument was executed, signed by herself, Charles Edward, the Cardinal, and attested by the Pope; in conformity to which she relinquished her pin-money as a return for an amicable divorce *à mensa et thoro*, and to be at perfect liberty to select her own place of residence for the future.

Nor was it long before the Countess made the fullest use of her newly acquired freedom; she met Alfieri at Colmar, in Alsace, where they passed two months together. At the end of this period, and as winter was approaching, she returned to Italy, taking up her abode at Bologna; while Alfieri remained for a time at Pisa, not being allowed to enter the papal territory. In the ensuing summer they met again at Colmar, from which place, after a brief sojourn, she removed to Paris, whence in the autumn of 1786 she returned to Colmar, accompanied by Alfieri.

Shortly after his separation from his wife in July, 1784, Charles Edward, whether to annoy the Countess or from a feeling of remorse, publicly acknowledged his natural daughter by Miss Walkingshaw, sending for her from the convent in which she was brought up, installing her as mistress of his family, and conferring upon her the title of Duchess of Albany. Her society, however, tended in no degree to soften or to mitigate the brutal and intemperate habits of her father; on the contrary, as he grew older he became more confirmed in his drunken propensities. "He exhibited to the world," as Wraxall observes, "a very humiliating spectacle;" and another writer remarks that "his daughter was employed in checking him when he drank too much and when he talked too much." He thus continued to linger in a state of helpless imbecility to the beginning of the year 1788, when, on the 29th of January, he was seized with a paralytic stroke which deprived him of one-half the use of his body. Two days after, January 31st, Lord Hervey, the British envoy at the Florentine Court, writes: "This morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Pretender departed this life." His remains were interred at Frascati, and little or no regret was expressed by his kindred or friends, as his latter years were so much darkened by his vices and extravagances. After his death, his brother the cardinal assumed the title of Henry the Ninth: he seemed distinguished for no other quality but that of his extreme superstition and bigotry, which rendered him generally odious and unpopular. It is recorded of Pope Pius VI., that after a lengthened interview with the Cardinal, he observed that he was not surprised at the eagerness of the English to rid themselves of so tiresome a race.

The daughter of Charles Edward, the Duchess of Albany, did not long survive her father; she died at Bologna in 1739, from the effects of a painful operation to which she had to submit. She appears to have been a person of pleasing looks and animated expression, with regular features, though without pretensions to striking beauty. Her miniature, once in the possession of her uncle the Cardinal, has now passed into the hands of the Countess of Scaffold; her face is said to resemble too much that of her father to be considered handsome.

It was not long after the death of her husband that the news reached the Countess, who was then residing at Paris. Alfieri reports that she was seriously affected on receiving the intelligence. "Her grief," he says, "was neither factitious nor forced; for every untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and, notwithstanding the disparity of years, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly unfriendly, rough, and unaccountable behavior. I owe to pure truth this testimony." A French writer, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, ascribes her grief to

a feeling of remorse at having deserted her husband in his helplessness and bodily infirmities. "The Duchess Charlotte," this writer says, "entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife, and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man—these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of her situation." And yet we can easily believe, without imputing to the Countess, as this writer does, feelings of compunction and remorse, that her grief was altogether unfeigned and sincere. The instinctive and better feelings of our nature, and especially those of the softer sex, will prompt us to be deeply affected at the separation from those with whom we have lived in the bonds of the closest intimacy, and with whom we have shared, even for a brief space of time, the joys and sorrows of life.

We are not, however, so much concerned in the inquiry what may have been the true state of the Countess's feelings on learning the demise of her late husband, as what were her relations to Alfieri after that event. It is somewhat difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, as the opinions on the question are conflicting and widely different. While some writers of that period assert that they were privately married, others, on the contrary, maintain that no such union ever took place, and that their connection was never consecrated by the nuptial vows. Thus much is certain, that in every country whither they went, whether in Italy, France or England, they were received in the very best society, as though they were legally joined together as husband and wife; this may be accounted for by the report of the private marriage. But if we are left to judge by the epistolary correspondence of the parties themselves, we should hardly be led to believe in the matrimonial connection. Alfieri never speaks of the Countess otherwise than as "*la mia donna*," (my lady,) and "*la dolce meta di me stesso*," (the sweeter half of my being); and she addresses him as "*cel ami incomparable*," (this my incomparable friend.) The mother of Alfieri, in a letter addressed to him, writes thus: "I do not believe that the lady who you announce is coming with you can feel any liking for me, since I have not the happiness to be acquainted with her. But if this be so, I would fain flatter myself that it is the effect of a tie which I hope may be of a nature to forward your earthly happiness as well as the salvation of your soul. This would be my greatest comfort, as it is my only longing desire."

Those who are of opinion that no marriage ever took place account for it upon the ground that the Countess could not make up her mind to lay aside her royal pretensions, and that Alfieri had no taste for the vulgar and prosaic state of matrimony, and preferred the condition of lover of a Queen. It is certain that the Countess clung with great and foolish tenacity to her royal rank; and we are assured by Wraxall, who had an opportunity of visiting her at Paris, that in one of her rooms she had a throne set up, emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; that her attendants habitually addressed her as "Your Majesty;" and that royal honors were paid her by many of her visitors, and especially by ecclesiastics. Both Madame de Stael and the Duchess of Devonshire, who were frequent visitors of the Countess, addressed her as a royal personage, probably more from a feeling of compassion than from a sense of propriety. It must have been a great shock both to the Countess and to Alfieri, with their high notions and aristocratic pride, to hear the painter David, at their own table, on the day after the terrible procession of the French King and Queen from Versailles, use the following language: "It is a great misfortune that this Megara (the French Queen) was not torn to pieces or had her throat cut by the women, for there will be no peace during her life."

The progress of the Revolution, and its more ferocious and sanguinary complexion, determined the Countess and her companion to quit Paris. They departed from that city in the autumn of 1790 for Normandy, and in the following spring they visited England, passing their time partly in London and partly in the provinces. We can easily imagine that two such notable persons as the Countess and Alfieri attracted considerable attention in England, and, notwithstanding their equivocal relation, were received in the very best and most fashionable circles of the metropolis; and what may be regarded as very surprising is, that the former was presented at Court. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry, on the 19th of May, 1791, speaks of the matter in the following terms: "The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the Palace of St. James'; not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed at supper at Lady Mount Edgecombe's, by that topsy-turvyhood that characterizes the present age. Within these two days the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London, (Boydell,) and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. She is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here I do not quite wonder, still less that

she abhorred her husband; but methinks it is not very well bred to his family, nor very sensible, but a new way of passing eldest."

On the evening of the same day, after the presentation had taken place, the writer added a postscript to his letter, in which he makes the following statement: "Well, I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens, from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a great deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who may perhaps have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princess; nor did I hear of the Prince, but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it was the Queen's birthday. Another odd accident: at the opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to Court, that she seals with the royal arms."

It was generally supposed that the chief object of her visit to England was to obtain pecuniary aid from the Royal Family; and if she failed in the object at that period, subsequently, and at a later date, a grant was accorded from the Crown. It appears, from a passage in Lord Stunhope's *Life of Pitt*, that in 1806, when Cardinal York was forced to leave Rome in consequence of the French invasion, and thereby losing his ecclesiastical income, King George, "on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt, granted a yearly pension of £4,000 to the last of the Stuarts. The Cardinal died in 1807, when Lord Hawkesbury wrote announcing that a part of this pension, £1,600 a year, would be continued by his Majesty to the Countess of Albany." That she was greatly straitened in her finances during her residence in England is evident from one of Alfieri's letters written at that period, 1792, in which he attributes the abridgment of their projected tours in the country to pecuniary difficulties. Accordingly, early in August of that year they quitted England, and returned to France.

But it appears that their stay in Paris was very limited in its duration. After the proceedings of the 10th of August that city became an unsafe place of abode, while, at the same time, it was a matter of great difficulty to escape from it. Provided, however, with passports from the Danish and Venetian ambassadors, the only remaining foreign ministers about the revolutionary Government, and furnished also with an order from the sectional authorities, the Countess and her companion attempted, on the 18th of August, to quit the French Capital. But on arriving at the barrier, though permission to pass was given by the officers of the National Guard posted at the spot, yet their progress was obstructed by a band of the lowest populace, who rushed out from a neighboring *cabaret*, and vowed vengeance against the aristocrats. It was after a violent struggle, and with considerable difficulty, that they escaped from the ruffians and proceeded on their journey. After remaining a month at Brussels, they travelled through Germany and Switzerland to Florence, where they took up their permanent residence with occasional excursions into the country. Alfieri employed his time in preparing for the press some of his most distinguished productions, both in prose and in poetry. He died at Florence, on the 7th of October, 1803, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Having all his life long been a professed free-thinker, he died without the ministrations of the church, though it was said that, in his last moments, he manifested some religious yearnings, to which the Countess paid no attention, and was blamed for her impiety and thoughtlessness. The truth is that she herself was an unfaithful member of the Church of Rome. The remains of Alfieri received, notwithstanding the poet's skepticism, the homage of so devout a Roman Catholic as Chateaubriand, who attended his funeral and bent over his coffin. By his last will he left to "the Countess Louise d'Albany" all his property, "moveables and immoveables," as well as all his books and MSS., and confiding to her care alone the publishing of all his posthumous works—an undertaking which she most scrupulously carried out.

If we are to judge her feelings by the following letter, which she addressed to Count Baldelli shortly after the death of Alfieri, her grief at his loss must have been most profound and poignant: "You may judge, my dear Baldelli," she writes, "of my grief by the manner in which I lived with the incomparable friend I have lost. It will be seven weeks next Saturday; and it is as if this misfortune had befallen me yesterday. You who have lost an adored wife may conceive what I feel. I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all! I am alone in this world, which has become a desert for me."

Alas for the human heart—"deceitful above all things"—and the fickleness of woman! a few months after the death of Alfieri, M. Fabre, a painter of some celebrity, was taken into favor by the disconsolate mourner. Yea, it is even insinuated that she loved Fabre before Alfieri's death. Certain it is that

he was installed in the poet's place, in the *Casa di Alfieri*, as it is still called, and situated in the Lung Arno. The painter was then thirty-seven years of age, and the Countess fifty-one. Their relations seemed to create no scandal in the best circles of the Tuscan capital, for at no former period had the Casa di Alfieri been frequented by a society so brilliant and fashionable. The most eminent Florentine nobility, and all foreigners of any note, constantly crowded the *salons* of the Countess's residence. Among the rest of the *litterati* who visited the Casa di Alfieri, Lamartine was one, in the year 1810; and he records his impression of the Countess in the following terms: "She was a little woman, whose figure had lost all lightness and all elegance. The features of her face, too rounded and too obtuse, also preserved no pure line of ideal beauty. But her eyes had a light, her fair hair a tint, her mouth an attraction, all her physiognomy an intelligence and grace of expression, which made you remember if they made you no longer admire. Her soft manner of speaking, her easy manner, her reassuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing."

The company that assembled constantly at her *salons* excited at last the suspicion and vigilance of the French police; and in the month of May, 1809, she received a peremptory imperial order to repair to Paris without delay. She repaired thither, accompanied by Fabre. No sooner had her arrival been announced, than she was summoned to an interview with the Emperor Napoleon. After a few complimentary words, he immediately addressed her thus: "I know your influence over society in Florence. I know also that you employ it in a sense adverse to my policy; you are an obstacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for the fine arts." She was detained in Paris till near the end of the year 1810, when she was allowed to return to Florence. Here she ended her days; she died on the 9th of January, 1824. By her will she named Fabre her universal legatee, after bequeathing a few objects of no great value to some of her relatives and special friends.

Fabre thus inherited all the books, statues, paintings, medals, and curiosities collected by both Charles Edward and Alfieri. He now resolved, having raised a monument to the Countess, to leave Florence, and to retire to his native country. He presented the Grand Duke with all the manuscripts of Alfieri, but the rest of his treasure he carried away with him, and he subsequently bestowed the whole on his native city Montpellier. Such was the foundation of the *Musée Fabre*, which is still existing in that city. Fabre died in the year 1837.

Of the Countess little can be said except that her life was one full of vicissitudes and chequered scenes. Her character presented nothing very remarkable; nothing of the romantic or poetic entered into its composition. A woman of a sensitive or delicate mind would scarcely have chosen a French painter to replace a royal husband, or a favored poet like Alfieri. All we can say is, that the interest which is attached to her name and history is derived from the fact that she was the wife of the Pretender, the last of the royal House of Stuart.

RATHER BORING.—Sam Boring was elected sheriff of one of the counties of California. Sam was educated in the Southwest, in one of those districts where the only alphabet they had was taken from the brands on the hides of stolen cattle—so the story runs, but for the latter statement we do not vouch. Now, in process of time and by process of law, Sam took a horse from a debtor by force because he would not pay. The horse was taken to the nearest town, about ten miles, and left at a livery stable. This town was about four miles from the county seat, where the sheriff kept his office. In a few days the debtor, seeing he could not escape payment, called on the sheriff, saying, if his horse would be allowed him, he would ride down among his neighbors and get the money. The sheriff knew it would be all right, and wrote the following order to the livery man for the horse:

"Mr H C—pleas let the barrer of this not have his horse
S BORING Sheriff"

It was an awful time for mind; but the "barrer" trudged the four miles on foot and presented the "not." The livery man read the document, nodded and smiled, put it carefully in his pocket, and began to whistle. The other was in somewhat of a hurry, and said so. Livery merely looked at his applicant, as much as to say, "D'y'e take me for a sawney?" Owner of horse said, "Come, give me that animal as quick as you can, for I have a long way to go and it is getting late." Livery, bristling up, inquired if the applicant took him to be a fool. "You must think I, like yourself, can't read. Here you come to me asking me to give you the horse, at the same time passing into my hands an order from the sheriff explicitly telling me not to let you have the horse." A sight of the document was demanded, drinks followed, and debtor walked to the county seat and back again through the mud—eight miles of the hardest kind of footing—to get an added to not, in order to make a note of it!—*Harper's Magazine*.

(For the Californian.)

THE OAK.

KING of the mighty forest
And the grove!
Tender sweethearts 'neath thy foliage
Whispered love;
Children, now grown old and hoary,
'Nenth thee played;
Many in the little churchyard
Low are laid.

Thou hast hushed the trembling wood-dove's
Weak alarms,
Thou hast rocked the proud young eagles
In thine arms;
And thy bright leaves in their plumage
Of they bore,
To the clouds and snow-capped mountains
Where they soar.

Thy great branches to the thunder
Echo lends,
And alike the breeze and whirlwind
Are thy friends;
Like the muttering of the earthquake
When it heaves,
Is the rude laugh of the tempest
In thy leaves.

When the winter fire shall light thee,
In thy blaze
Perchance some youthful poets'
Eyes may gaze;
When thy blue smoke's hazy banner
Is unfurled,
Will his wild imagination
See a world;

Where are sky-bright glowing arches,
Rainbow-spanned,
And a grotto built of jewels,
Fairy-planned;
And Fame's enticing temple
With its throne,
Its deathless crown of laurel
All his own.

But he sees not fond hopes faded,
Dear loves lost,
As Time shall chill the warm blood
With his frost;
He dreams not that his trusting
Heart may be
By the ax of sorrow stricken
Like a tree.

Gaze on, thou foolish dreamer!
Thou wilt learn
That the soul which throbs for glory
Thus shall burn.
A few gentle friends will cluster
Round the flame,
While Death writes in the ashes,
This is Fame!

EMILIE LAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25th, 1865.

(For the Californian.)

BRASS.

"THE greatest study of mankind is man," but the most successful study for man is effrontery. You require no ability, you want no talent—only aim for unblushing brass, and success is certain. If you are a lawyer, deeply read, conversant with practice and the possessor of a flowing style, unless you have assurance you are a failure. If a minister, master of all the theological dogmas that have ever shaken the world or imbued the minds of men, unless you have effrontery, you may hang your harp on the willows. If you are a physician, intimate with all the ills that flesh is heir to and all the balms that heal, and have not brass, you were better off in the shroud with which patients are so familiar. Genius, tact, effrontery—but the greatest of these is effrontery.

"Put money in thy purse," says "Iago," "put money in thy purse." But "Iago" was mistaken. "Put brass in thy face!" would have been an incomparably better advice to "Cassio." While he was sweating his vitals away in the lagging pursuit of gold, the brazen face was coining it from his countenance and carrying off the prize.

To the ambitious there is no recipe so valuable as this. Does statesmanship allure you to her dizzy heights? Affect some strange doctrine, no matter how disgusting or misshapen; spout it with vehemence, illustrate it without stint, soar to the skies on the pinions of fancy, drag down the stars to deck its brow, dive down to his Satanic majesty's dominions for blue fire and yellow brimstone—this gives you prominence as an orator.

Then for position, do not be abashed at greatness. If you meet the Governor or the President and have not been introduced, take his arm and introduce yourself and your peculiar principle at the same time. Tell him his last message was the most elegant and eloquent production ever issued from the pen of man—that his last appointment has been received with hilarious delight and approbation. If he hints at leaving

you tell him you will go to dinner with him. If you have been introduced, however, no matter how slight the acquaintance may be, slap him on the back as loudly and publicly as possible, call him Fred. or Abe., and tell him your friends insist on running you for U. S. Senator or some other minor office. Don't leave him in any event till he invites you to take a drink.

This gives you position; no one seeing you so familiar with such distinguished men will fail to conclude that you are either already an illustrious man or destined to become one speedily.

If you aspire to the legal profession, read Hart's *California Practice*, and the first volume of *Oregon Reports*; shave your head so as to give you a professional forehead, carry some Patent Office Reports and *Congressional Globes* in a green bag, and volunteer in some important case as *amicus curiæ*. Don't allow the judges to put you down. If they attempt it resist it as impinging on the sacred rights of advocates; if they commit you for contempt, so much the better—it will give you prominence at once. If they do not, argue all cases on high constitutional grounds. Never descend to discuss minor principles. There is nothing like assuming that every law that ever passed the Legislature, Congress, Parliament or Mount Sinai is unconstitutional and void. This course places you at once at the head of the profession, and the next step will be your appointment as United States District Judge for Dacotah Territory.

These examples might be indefinitely extended, but the two cited will suffice for the present. Remember in all things mingle brass—it is the sterling metal now-a-days. Without it all else is naught—with it nothing else is needed. It is all and in all. Ego.

OUR AGENT ON HIS TRAVELS.

IT will be observed that our agent is still penetrating the interior, and the appended notices testify to the kindness with which he is received by the press. One of our exchanges express its conviction that the charge of copperheadism against the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN is unfounded—on that it can safely bet. We thank our friends for the kind hand they have extended to our agent, and trust that similar good fortune will fall to him in every place he visits—for he is a gent.

Dr. Alfred Weiller, agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly literary journal, published in San Francisco, is soliciting subscriptions in Marysville for that paper. We hope he will come this way during his peregrinations. THE CALIFORNIAN is a high-toned literary publication, and of such a character as should receive a liberal support from the people of the Pacific coast.—*Herald, Suisun*.

We can assure our readers that THE CALIFORNIAN is a first class literary and family journal, full of interesting matter and ably edited. It is established on a permanent basis, and Californians should take pride in extending its circulation. Dr. Weiller, its gentlemanly agent, is now in town soliciting subscriptions, and we hope sincerely that he will meet with good success.—*Grass Valley National*.

Dr. Alfred Weiller, agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, called upon us yesterday. He is soliciting subscriptions for that paper in this county. THE CALIFORNIAN is edited by C. H. Webb, Esq., formerly war correspondent of the New York Times. It is a journal of high literary character, and will undoubtedly become popular.—*Nevada Transcript*.

Dr. Weiller, agent of THE CALIFORNIAN, an excellent literary journal, is in town, and will remain a few days to solicit subscriptions therefor. THE CALIFORNIAN is the best literary paper published on the Pacific coast, and if it has not so many original (?) contributors as some of its contemporaries it unquestionably publishes less trash. The matter it contains is carefully prepared, well-digested, and worthy of perusal. A charge of Copperheadism has been made against the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, Mr. C. H. Webb, but it is our conviction that it is wholly malicious and unfounded.—*Nevada Gazette*.

GOOD FOR YUBA.—A subscriber says he clips the following paragraph from the Sacramento Bee. He thinks "the deed therein recorded is worthy of the highest commendation, and should be commented on as a noble example for other sections of the country." He is right:

The neighbors of Mrs. Reynolds, a widow lady residing two miles below Yuba City, Sutter county, clubbed together on Thursday last, and plowed and sowed with barley and wheat some sixty acres of land on her premises. Twenty-eight plows and a number of harrows were kept running the whole day, and the work was thoroughly done. This is one of the most commendable acts we have had the pleasure of recording these many days. Such neighbors are an honor and a blessing to any community. The affair closed with a party in the evening, and the widow's good neighbors returned home happy in the consciousness of having acted well their part.

THE Aroostook Pioneer tells how crinoline was employed to manage a skittish horse. As two ladies were driving on the road to Tobique, the horse became frightened at a large boulder by the roadside, and refused to budge; whereupon one of the ladies, going to the frightful object, which had so unconsciously impeded their progress, spread herself all over it, and so completely covered it from sight, that the horse became at once manageable, and carried them to their journey's end without further mishap.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

HARCOURT LOWTHER'S WELCOME.

WITHIN a month from that night on which the merchant's daughter and Francis Tredethlyn had lingered so long together on the terrace up the river, Maude Hillary sat at her desk in the little study, trying to begin the most difficult letter she had ever had occasion to write.

The letter was to be addressed to Harcourt Lowther, and the three words, "My dear Harcourt," were already written on the rose-tinted foreign note-paper; but beyond those preliminary words Maude found it very difficult to proceed.

That which she had to tell the distant soldier, sorely tried by inglorious idleness in a penal settlement, and inclined to resent every stroke of ill fortune, was by no means a pleasant thing to tell. She had to announce to him that the promise she had made long ago in the twilight by the river had been deliberately broken. She had to tell him that she was the plighted wife of another man; and she was not free to reveal to him any one of the strange circumstances that had pressed so cruelly upon her, pushing her, little by little, into this renunciation of her first and only love.

It was only a very commonplace letter that Miss Hillary could write to her discarded lover. She could only tell the old, common story, and put in the hackneyed pleas, so often heard in the court of Cupid: her father's wishes; her desire to secure his happiness rather than her own; and then a wild, womanly prayer for pity; an entreaty that her lover would believe in the existence of stronger reasons—higher motives—the nature of which she was not free to reveal. And last of all, after many pages of passionate supplication for pardon, with not a little violation of the nicer laws propounded by Lindley Murray and his successors—at the very last there came one page blotted with tears, earnest yet incoherent, in which Miss Hillary implored Mr. Lowther to forget her, and to seek happiness with a happier woman. Never had she loved him so dearly as while she wrote that last page, in which she resigned him forever. Surely Queen Guinevere's diamonds must have sparkled their very brightest just in that one angry moment in which she flung them into the river.

Yes, it had come to this. Maude Hillary, like a modern Iphigenia, had sacrificed herself for the benefit of her father. The burden of that debt which had been incurred by her agency had weighed too heavily upon her girlish breast. Somehow or other Francis Tredethlyn must be paid; and since he loved her so devotedly, so foolishly—since he held her as the brightest treasure to be won by aspiring man—it was surely better that he should take this poor recompense than go altogether unrewarded. It may be that Maude Hillary would under no circumstances deliberately have broken faith with her betrothed lover. But these grand crises, upon which the fate of a lifetime may depend, are apt to come very suddenly upon us. The great flood-tide of fate arises, and carries away the weak creatures afloat on its resistless waters. A moment of hesitation—a few faltering words—half doubtful, half imploring, and the thing is done.

It had all happened on the day on which Francis Tredethlyn accepted Mr. Hillary's magnanimous offer, and allowed himself to be created a sleeping partner in the Australian house. It was only natural that on such a day Francis should dine at the Cedars; and it was only natural that Lionel Hillary should make a little speech about the young man, telling his daughter of the generosity of this noble-minded Cornishman, who had been something more than a son to him—a friend, a benefactor, a preserver. What praise could be loud enough for a man who would lend thirty thousand pounds without security? And then this noble-minded Cornishman, whose heart was like a great lump of tinder—only wanting the feeblest spark to kindle it into a blaze—burst out into a passionate declaration of his love. What was his fortune but so much dirt, which he was only too glad to fling under the feet of Miss Hillary? Would he not go out into the world to-morrow penniless, barefoot, a beggar, if by so doing he could add to her happiness? He asked a few such questions as these; and then cried out suddenly that he was a despicable wretch, and that he was ashamed of himself for saying all this, when he knew that Miss Hillary's heart was given to another man. He would go, he said; she should never again be tormented by him. She should not be annoyed by so much as the mention of his name. After which passionate speech Mr. Tredethlyn grasped the merchant's hand, and then made a rush towards the door. He would fain have suited the action to the word; he wanted to go away that moment, and hide himself forever from Maude Hillary. But before he could reach the door Maude was by his side, with her hands

clasped about his arm, her face looking upward at his, and drowned with tears.

"How good you are!" she cried. "Don't go away; we cannot part from you like this. You have been so good to my father. Ah, how can we ever recompense so much devotion! If my esteem—my gratitude—can make you happy, they are yours—they have long been yours. I renounce every other thought, every other duty. I can have no duty higher than this."

The last words were almost stifled on her lips, for Francis Tredethlyn caught her to his breast as passionately as in that last scene of the *Lady of Lyons*.

"Maude, my love—my angel—you will renounce, for my sake—you—will be my own—my wife!" he gasped, incoherently. "No—no, I cannot accept such a sacrifice—I am not so mean, so selfish, as to—"

But Mr. Hillary, hovering over his daughter and the generous-minded young Cornishman, would not allow Francis to finish this sentence.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed—"my darling Maude! nothing upon earth could give me greater pleasure than this, because I know that it is for your mutual happiness. What joy can be deeper or purer than that of a father who knows that his child has won for herself the devoted affection of a good man?"

"And the thirty thousand pounds will be sunk forever and ever in the firm of Hillary and Co.," the merchant may have thought at the close of that enthusiastic address.

Thus it was that Maude Hillary arrived at the very point towards which fate and her father had been pushing her for the last twelve months. After that passionate impulse of self-sacrifice had passed away, a dull, dead feeling of pain took possession of her breast. Alone in the quiet of her own pretty rooms; alone through the long sunny July mornings with her books, and Berlin wool work, and piano, she had only too much time to consider the step she had taken; she had only too much time to think of her broken vows, her scattered hopes. And she did think of these things—with cruel remorse and self-upbraiding, with bitter and unavailing regret.

And now Francis Tredethlyn appeared to her all at once in a new light. Alas! he was no longer the noble-hearted friend to whom she could appeal for help in the day of trouble. He was no longer the humble adorer, kneeling on the lowest step of the altar, remote and submissive. He was her affianced husband and had a right to her society. He had a right to attend her walks and rides, to linger near the piano when she sang, to hold perpetual skeins of Berlin wool during those tedious morning visits which he made now and again to the Cedars. All these privileges were his by right; and other people gave place when he approached Miss Hillary, and watched to see her face brighten as he drew near her. It was not that Francis himself was in any way altered. His adoration of his bright divinity was no less humble than of old—even now when he knew that the goddess was to descend from her pedestal and exchange her starry crown for the orange blossoms of an earthly bride. He was in no way changed; the distance between himself and Maude Hillary was as wide as ever. He could see it before him—a palpable gulf, across which he beheld her, a strange creature, in a strange land—a creature who might hold out her hand to him once in a way across the impassable abyss, but who could never draw him near her. Alas for Francis Tredethlyn's loveless betrothal! that dreary distance was growing wider every day now that Iphigenia knew the hour of sacrifice was drawing near.

It had been one thing to think of Mr. Tredethlyn as a friend—a dear and devoted friend, worthy to be regarded with an almost sisterly affection. It was another thing to contemplate him as a future husband. All his ignorance, his homely ways of speaking and thinking, his little awkwardness and stupidities, his vacillating temperament in the matter of spoons and forks at those elaborate Russian dinners—all these things pained Maude Hillary now as cruelly as they had galled Miss Desmond's proud spirit some six months before. And then to the faint shivering pain of disgust was joined all the bitterness of contrast. Never had Harcourt Lowther's image seemed so near to this wayward girl as it seemed now, when she was the promised wife of another man, and tried most honestly to shut the memory of her old lover completely out of her mind. Never had he been so near to her. His graces of manner, his accomplishments, the light touch of his pointed fingers on the piano, the deep organ tone that he alone amongst amateurs could draw out of a flute, the free outlines of his pencil, the transparency of his water-color sketches, the graphic humor of his pen-and-ink caricatures; the airy wit, which never verged upon the borders of vulgarity; the fervid eloquence, which never degenerated into rant; the trenchant satire, which never sank to the vile level of personal spite; she thought of her discarded lover, and all the showy attributes that had won her girlish love arose before her in cruel contrast with the deficiencies of Francis Tredethlyn.

Yet all this time she was very kind to her betrothed husband. It was not in her to be scornfully indifferent to the

man whom she regarded as her father's friend and benefactor. She was not a woman to sacrifice herself with an ill grace. The silent warfare went on within her breast. She struggled and suffered, but she had always the same kind, cold smile, the same gentle words for the man whom she had promised to marry.

And in the mean time the hands went steadily round upon all the clock dials, and the inevitable hour drew very near. Busy milliners and dressmakers, bootmakers and outfitters, came backwards and forwards from Wigmore street to the Cedars, and were busy and glad. Mr. Hillary's credit was unlimited, and it was almost as if a princess of the blood royal had been about to marry. Francis Tredethlyn bought the lease of a big, black-looking house in a new neighborhood near Hyde Park; and there were negotiations pending for the purchase of an estate within a few miles of Windsor.

August was melting into September. Already there were bright glimpses of red and yellow here and there among the sombre green of the woodlands. The wedding was to take place very early in October; the guests were bidden, the dresses of the bridesmaids were chosen, and in the still evening Iphigenia walked alone on the terrace. She was very seldom alone at this hour, but to-night her father had taken Francis Tredethlyn to a club dinner, given by a bachelor stockholder of some eminence in Mr. Hillary's circle. To-night Maude was alone; and leaning upon the broad balustrade, with her elbow resting amongst the thick ivy that crept along the stone, she looked down at the still water—the dark, melancholy water—and thought of her past life.

It seemed so far away from her now, left so entirely behind—all that frivolous past. She seemed to have grown out of herself since the knowledge of her father's troubles had come upon her; and looking backwards she saw a careless and happy creature, who bore no relationship to this thoughtful woman, before whom all the future seemed a blank and dreary country, unilluminated by one glimpse of sunshine.

She turned away from the water presently, and walked slowly up and down the long terrace. There seemed to be a melancholy influence in the evening stillness, the dusky shadow lying upon every object, the distant peal of bells floating across the river from some church where the ringers were practicing; even the voices of passing boatmen and the low monotonous plash of oars took a pensive tone, in unison with the hour and Maude Hillary's sad, remorseful thoughts.

She was near the end of the terrace, close to that ivy-grown old summerhouse which had sheltered the patched and powdered beauties of King George the Second's Court, when she was startled by the sound of a chain grating against stonework, and rapid steps on the flight of stairs leading from the terrace to the river. The young men who came to the Cedars were very fond of making the journey by water; so there was nothing strange in the sound of a step on the river stair. Maude turned to meet the intruder with a sense of weariness and vexation. He would not be likely to stay long, whoever he was; but the prospect of even ten minutes' idle conventional discourse jarred upon her present frame of mind.

Maude turned to meet the unwelcome visitor with a languid sigh, and saw a man hurrying towards her in the twilight; a man in whose figure and dress there was a careless grace, an indefinable air of distinction, which, in Maude Hillary's eyes, stamped him as different from all the rest of the world.

He came hurrying towards her. In a moment he was close to her, held out his arms, eager to take her to his breast. But she recoiled from him, deadly white, and with her hands extended, motioning him back.

"Don't touch me," she cried; "don't come near me. Ah, you don't know—you cannot have had my letter."

"What letter?" cried Mr. Lowther, staring almost fiercely at the shrinking girl. These sort of things so rapidly make themselves understood. Harcourt Lowther saw at once that something was wrong. "What letter?"

"My last; the letter in which I told you that—Ah, how you will hate and despise me! But if you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive—"

A torrent of sobs broke the sentence.

"Oh, I think I understand," said Harcourt Lowther, very quietly. "You have thrown me over, Miss Hillary."

She held out her clasped hands towards him with an imploring gesture; and then in broken sentences, in half-finished phrases, that were rendered incoherent by her sobs, she recapitulated something of her letter of explanation. Lowther's face had blanched before this, and his lower lip quivered now and then with a little spasmodic action; but he listened very quietly to all Maude had to say.

"I ought never to have expected anything else," he answered, when she had finished her piteous attempt to explain and justify her conduct without revealing her father's commercial secrets. "I don't know that I ever *did* expect anything else," he went on very deliberately. "What has a penniless younger son to do among the children of Mammon? How can the earthen pot hope to sail down the stream with the big brazen vessels, and escape wreck and ruin? Don't let

there be any scene between us, Miss Hillary; I hate all domestic tragedy, and I think if my heart were breaking—and men's hearts have been known to break—I could take things quietly. You have grown tired of our long and apparently hopeless engagement, and you have promised to marry somebody else. It is all perfectly natural. May I know the name of my fortunate rival?"

"His name is Tredethlyn—Francis Tredethlyn."

"A Cornishman," added Harcourt Lowther—"a fellow who has lately come into a great fortune?"

"Yes. You know him, then?"

"Intimately. I congratulate you on your choice, Miss Hillary. Francis Tredethlyn is a most excellent fellow. I have reason to speak well of him, for he was my servant for a year and a half out yonder in Van Diemen's Land."

"Your servant?"

"Yes. He was really the best of fellows; and in the art of brushing a coat or cleaning a pair of riding boots was positively unrivalled."

(To be continued.)

POETS-LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

"I HAVE something to tell you
Which you will not be sorry at,
'Tis—that I am sworn in
To the office of Laureate!
The oath that I took
There could be nothing wrong in,
'Twas—to do all the duties
To the dignity belonging."—*Southey.*

A FEW weeks ago, the rumor prevailed that Queen Victoria was about to confer upon the Poet-Laureate, the dignity of a baronet; and although progress in the matter is for the moment suspended, we sincerely trust that her Majesty's desire to compliment the "Great Poet," will soon terminate in the Laureate becoming Sir Alfred Tennyson, Baronet! Our appreciation of him is evidenced by the fact, that the sale of his works in the United States is greater than in England! This circulation is attested by the numerous and beautifully illustrated editions annually issued by his Boston publishers. However, the most recent and noticeable instance of his popularity among us, in the case of *Enoch Arden*, which was republished here in a complete form (in single number of several newspapers) for a few cents; ensuring to the author, within the space of a week, a host of American readers, that may, without exaggeration, be numbered by millions!

"It is now more than thirty years (observes a cotemporary,) since the *Quarterly Review* attempted to extinguish a young poet, who had then published the second of two thin volumes. He was treated in the loftiest tone of contempt, and not the slightest token of appreciation was suffered to qualify the ironical praise and total scorn which breathed through the article." Since the year 1833, more than the time allotted to a generation of men has elapsed; and the poet Tennyson, whose first efforts were thus received, has lived to enjoy the highest literary distinction, which it is in the power of the Queen of England to bestow, and to find himself the most popular poet among all classes, since the palmy days of Byron and of Moore. Added to which, he will be the first Laureate thus actually ennobled; and, with Bulwer-Lytton and Lyell, they will be worthy successors of Sir Walter Scott, in the line of literary baronets. (The hereditary title of "Baronet," is the highest honor ever conferred upon a Man of Letters in England, with the exception of Macaulay, who was raised to the peerage.) The occasion affords us an agreeable opportunity to glance at the History of the Laureateship. The Greeks were the first to crown with laurel poets successful in musical contests, and from them the practice was adopted by the Romans. The appellation—*Laureate*—seems to have been derived, through the Italian, from the Latin, (*Laurus*, a bay,) in allusion to this ancient usage, which was revived in the twelfth century. Custom, rather than vanity, has perpetuated the office at the English Court.

Petrarch, "the Italian songster of Laura and of Love," received the crown at the Capitol, in Rome, on the eighth of April, 1341; from his early youth the laurel was endeared to him by a verbal resemblance with the name of his mistress. The ceremony of his coronation is described by Gibbon:

"Twelve Patrician youths were arrayed in scarlet; six representatives of the most illustrious families in green robes—with garlands of flowers—accompanied the procession; in the midst of the Princes and nobles, the senator, Count of Arguillara, a kinsman of the Colonna, assumed the throne; and at the voice of the herald, Petrarch arose! After discoursing on a text of Virgil, and thrice repeating his vows for the prosperity of Rome, he knelt beside the throne, and received from the senator a laurel crown, with a more precious declaration, 'This is the reward of merit.' The people shouted 'Long Life to the Capitol and the Poet.' A sonnet, in praise of Rome, was accepted as the effusion of gratitude and genius; and after the procession had visited the Vatican, the profane wreath was suspended before the shrine of St. Peter," etc.

Tasso—the author of one of the greatest epics ever written—was told by that just and learned Pope, Clement the Eighth, that he was about to award him the laurel crown, "that it might be as much honored by him, as in former times it had served to honor others," but, unfortunately, he died as it was about being conferred upon him, in 1595.

In several European countries, the sovereign has assumed the privilege of appointing a court poet, with various titles. In Germany there were Laureates at a very remote period. The French, though they have had royal poets, never had Laureates; and, although the title has existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it. Allusion to the office we find in "Don Quixotte."

In England, Baston and Gulielmus appear to have acted, respectively, in the capacity of royal poets to Richard the First (A. D., 1189) and to Edward the Second. Warton, in his "History of Poetry," shows that the Poet Laureate is undoubtedly the same officer who, in the reign of Henry the Third, was styled the *King's Versifier*, and to whom one hundred shillings were paid as his annual stipend. There is a tradition that Edward the Third, emulating the crowning of Petrarch, conferred the office on Chaucer, and that in the year 1389, Richard the Second originated the annual allowance of wine.

The succession of royal poets—or Poets-Laureate—from the time of the "Father of English Poetry," has been as follows, with the dates of their accession to office:

Geoffrey Chaucer, A. D.	1373	Naham Tate, A. D.	1693
Henry Scogan,	1400	Nicholas Bowe,	1714
John Kay,	1461	Lawrence Eusden,	1719
Andrew Barnard,	1485	Colley Cibber,	1730
John Skelton,	1510	William Whitehead,	1738
Edmund Spenser,	1530	Thomas Warton,	1785
Samuel Daniel,	1559	Henry J. Pye,	1790
Ben Jonson,	1615	Robert Southey,	1813
Sir W. Davenant, <i>Kt.</i> ,	1638	William Wordsworth,	1843
John Dryden,	1670	Alfred Tennyson,	1850
Thomas Shadwell,	1689		

Henry Scogan is mentioned by Ben Jonson as the Laureate of Henry the Fourth, but neither he nor his successor have left us any poetry to prove their pretensions to the office. Andrew Barnard, an Augustinian Monk, was also Historiographer to Henry the Seventh. Skelton, writing in the same reign, styles himself Poet-Laureate, but the Laureateship of which he speaks, was a degree conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, with an official robe, on which was embroidered the name of "Calliope," the muse of Epic poetry. Skelton was Laureate to Henry the Eighth, whose tutor he had been; but he so lampooned Cardinal Wolsey (in his poem of "Why come ye not to Court?") that he was deposed for alluding to his "greasy genealogy;" our readers will recollect that his Eminence was the son of a butcher. Spenser, the "Prince of Poets," is recorded as Laureate to Queen Elizabeth to whom he dedicated his "Fairy Queen." Daniel was employed about the court in writing masques, and birthday odes; however, as a poet, he has been undeservedly neglected. All the productions of the Laureates were in Latin, prior to the Reformation, which, among other blessings, banished the narrow pedantry of monastic erudition, and opened the way to the cultivation of the English tongue.

Ben Jonson, the great dramatist, became Laureate, with a salary of 100 marks (\$322) granted to him by James the First. Some of his poems are singularly beautiful. In the reign of Charles the First, the earliest patent of this office seems to have been issued, which fixed the present salary of £100 a year, with a tierce of Canary wine. Davenant was knighted by the king at the siege of Gloucester; he was also Court Historiographer with an additional £100 a year. Dryden, likewise, held the double appointment, but was deposed at the Revolution. Shadwell, the last of the historiographers, owes his immortality to the ridicule of his predecessor. Tate officially celebrated the birthday of William the Third; and is chiefly known by his metrical version of the Psalms. During his tenure of office, the Laureateship was attached to the department of the Lord Chamberlain; and continues so, up to the present day. On the accession of George the First, Rowe was appointed by the ejection of Tate, who died in poverty. Eusden commenced a series of Natal and New Year's Odes, which were regularly continued till 1810. His reputation may be gathered from his epitaph:

"Eusden, a laurelled bard, by fortune raised,
By very few was read—by fewer praised."

The Birthday Odes of Colley Cibber are, by no means, exceptions to the usual insipidity of such compositions.

Whitehead felt the constraint that obliged the Laureate to write annual odes, when he penned the following indifferent lines:

"His Muse obliged by sack and pension
Without a subject, or invention,
Must certain words in order set
As innocent as a gazette;
Must some half meaning, half disguise,
And utter neither truth—nor lies."

He was appointed on the refusal of the Laureateship by Gray; and Warton on the refusal of Mason. Warton resolved to render the position respectable, and one would scarcely suppose that the subjects were composed by restraint; for his lyric strains greatly enhanced the literary estimation of laureates.

On the death of Warton, the abolition of the Laureateship was recommended by the historian Gibbon, who considered that "the best time, for not filling up the office, when the king is a man of virtue, and the departed poet a man of genius." But his advice was disregarded, as the friends of Pye claimed for him the position, to the credit of which he did not contribute.

On the next vacancy, it was offered to the author of *Marmion*, who declined it; but Scott recommended Southey, who was bound by the same obligations as his predecessors—notwithstanding his reasonable desire that he "should write when and in what manner he thought best;" but after a few years he ceased to furnish official odes; and those which he did compose are now forgotten. The facetious manner in which he announced his appointment to his daughter is given in the quotation at the head of this article. His emoluments consisted of the usual salary of £100; but, he says, "the tierce of wine was wickedly commuted at £26." In addition to this he had a pension of £200; which, in 1835, was increased to £500. His works not being very profitable, he refused a baronetcy on account of his limited means.

In 1843 we find Sir Robert Peel writing to Wordsworth, kindly urging him to overcome his reluctance, and become Laureate. The Bard of the Lakes, being seventy-four, feared he might be unfit to undertake the tasks expected of him; but, on being assured that it would be a sinecure as far as he chose, (which has since become the rule,) he accepted the office. Once, and only, did he sing in the discharge of his duties; and then there was more obscurity than poetry in what he wrote; but he "earned the bays before he wore them"—as he indited national odes long prior to his Laureateship—the more valuable because they were non-official. In addition to the salary of £126, he had a pension of £300. Serious thoughts were again entertained, on the death of Wordsworth, of abolishing the office, but fortunately this notion did not prevail, as the position was accepted by Tennyson.

If the Laureateship were to be retained at all, no more fitting appointment could have been made; for the laurel, dignified by the brows of Ben Jonson and of Dryden, (names second only to those of Shakspeare and of Milton,) has been sullied by appearing on the temples of Whitehead and of Pye. From the day of Tennyson's appointment to the present, he has not only maintained, but he has increased his well-earned reputation; for in no language, probably, is there such another series of Elegies as the *In Memoriam*—so deep so musical, so imaginative, and exhibiting such solemn affection for the dead. He still further established his fame by the *Idylls of the King*, confirming it by the volume of poems of last year contained in the volume of which *Enoch Arden* is the eponym. By universal consent, the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," is the finest work of art which any Poet Laureate has ever produced, in the discharge of the functions of his office.

In former times the appointment of Poet-Laureate conferred a great public honor upon some special bard, placing him high above his fellows; but according to modern conceptions, a genuine poet like Tennyson confers equally as much honor on the office, as the office upon him. And if personal titles possess any value, no more fitting recipient could be found than a poet who is more likely than any living sovereign, and as likely as any living statesman, to give a name to the age he lives in; although it is Tennyson's literary reputation, and not the breath of a Queen, which will, hereafter, crystallize his name.

With the exception of Andrew Barnard, who was a Frenchman; and of Tate, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, all the Laureates were natives of England. Skelton, Eusden and Warton were clergymen.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

BEING TAKEN UNAWARES.—A beggar who had tried many ways for increasing his finances, at last hit on the plan of pretending to be dumb. A gentleman who was passing by knew the beggar by sight, and going up to him, asked him promptly, "Pray, how long have you been dumb?" The beggar was taken unawares, and had no time to decide on not speaking, and answered quickly, "From my earliest youth." So, sudden or startling events seem to give the mind, as it were, a good shaking, and the truth comes out in spite of ourselves. We often say on the sudden a thing which, though perfectly true, nay, because of its truth perhaps, we should keep back, if we were at ease and not taken by surprise.

LIMITATION.

EACH is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand—or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

THERE is a great difference between reading a book alone, and with persons who appreciate the beautiful, and share our admiration.—*De Stael*

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

"Correspondents will address all business communications to "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

FRIDAY evening of last week being the occasion of Miss Heron's benefit, brought an audience to the Opera House which must have somewhat reminded that lady of old days. *Camille* was on the bills, and inspired by the tribute thus voluntarily paid to her, the beneficiary played it with even more than her accustomed grace and spirit. Saturday evening her engagement in this city closed with *Gamea*. Although not fully recovered from a sickness which necessitated her withdrawal from the bills one night of last week, and required a summoning of all her resolute will to enable her to go upon the stage on her benefit night, Miss Heron opened with *Hester Prynne* in Sacramento on Wednesday evening, ten years having elapsed since her first appearance in that city. We learn from the *Union* that she was greeted with an excellent house, and if the critic of that paper may be taken as authority, she impressed the audience most favorably. We observe that the *Union* falls into the practice, almost exclusively a Californian one, of criticising the face and figure of an actor before speaking at all about the acting, which is about as legitimate as it were to speak of the number of hairs in the artist's pencil or criticise the shape of his hand when treating of a picture from his easel. Miss Heron is supported by Frank Mayo as "Dimmesdale," and J. H. Warwick as "Roger Chillingworth," the *Union* remarking that while the rendering of the former actor's part was "judicious and satisfactory," the latter "misconceived the character of Roger Chillingworth, who was not an ordinary melo-dramatic villain but a grim, calm, deliberate Puritanical impersonation of vengeance." We can well believe that the criticism is just.

That excellent and deservedly popular actor, Mr. Wheatleigh, took possession of the Opera House on Monday evening, opening with *Nine Points of the Law* and *The Bull in a China Shop*. Mrs. Edwin and Harry Courtaine both appeared in the former piece and contributed materially to its success. In light comedy Mr. Courtaine is excellent, and we understand that he has taken a notarial oath to abstain from all former eccentric rolls and adhere for the future to his legitimate one on the stage. Tuesday evening, *The Victims* and *Uncle Sam* filled the bill, *The Chimney Corner* and *The Model of a Wife* doing duty on Wednesday, Mr. Wheatleigh appearing in both pieces. Thursday evening, *The American Cousin* was brought out, Mr. Wheatleigh of course as "Asa Trenchard," Mr. Courtaine as "Lord Dundreary." We have before taken occasion to comment upon Mr. Wheatleigh's excellent portrayal of what are commonly called Yankee characters; it is sufficient in the present instance to say that in his hands they are purged of the exaggerations and disgusting attributes with which stage tradition has so long chosen to invest them. Courtaine's "Dundreary" was good, modelled of course upon the great original which Sothorn furnished. Our only regret that this character was ever discovered arises from the fact that all English fops for the next century bid fair to be merely second editions of that most unnatural character. Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Perry and the rest of the regular company—except those who have followed the Heron's flight—appeared in the piece, and it passed off with nothing to detract from its success. Last evening *Masks and Faces* was on the bills, and this afternoon *Nine Points of the Law* and *On His Last Legs* will be given, *The Octoroon* to follow in the evening, and to be repeated Monday evening. When we say that "Salem Scudder" is one of Wheatleigh's best characters, it is equivalent to saying emphatically to everybody: Go and see him. *The Magnolia*, adapted by "a talented young townsman of ours," will soon be produced.

The Eureka still flourishes, its end-men preserving that exuberance of wit and humor with which they inaugurated their season. The effect of seeing only two of the performers blacked is somewhat curious, suggesting the idea that an era of miscegenation has indeed dawned. Of course it were a pity for Miles, Morgan, Miles, Maria or Clara to black their pretty little faces, and burnt cork would scarcely add to the

lightness of their hearts, but at least a slight saddle color might be given the other members of the troupe without any permanent injury to their complexions. With dances, songs, and champion jigs we are happy to receive the door-keeper's assertion that the Eureka is doing well, and we trust that it will not soon weary in well doing.

Mrs. Grantly, whose debut at the Opera House was announced to come off some time since, informs us that she is to appear on Monday evening week, and that this time there will positively be no postponement. The piece d'occasion is *The Wife*.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

THE Eastern presses seem subject to spasms. Occasionally quite a period of time is permitted to elapse without the appearance of a new book, and then the atmosphere suddenly becomes heavy with their flying leaves. Foremost in the package which the last steamer brings us, we have series second of Muller's *Science of Language*, composed like the first series of lectures delivered before the Royal Institution in London. It is scarcely necessary that we praise a work which has received universal commendation, or that we endorse the learning and research of an author like Muller; the ground upon which he treads in these lectures is familiar to him, and his feet never wander.

In Ritter's *Comparative Geography*, translated from the German, we have a valuable text book for schools and colleges. *Geographical Studies*, by the same author, was before translated, but the abstrusity of that work would naturally prevent its becoming popular with the masses or interesting to any save cultivated scholars. The present volume brings geography down within the reach of the multitude and makes its study a pastime rather than a task.

The *Brother's Secret*, by William Godwin, is one of those interminable and involved novels in the smallest and most painful of print, which few publishers but the Petersons have the courage to issue, and which we wonder that any persons at all have the courage to read.

Book the second of *Our Mutual Friend*, by Charles Dickens, now being published serially in *Harpers' Magazine*, is issued by John Bradburn. We do not know whether or not this reprint is quite in accordance with the ethics which prevail among publishers, but it is a question which they themselves must settle. *Our Mutual Friend* bids fair to become everybody's friend.

In *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity*, M. Guizot rallies round the standard which has been so patiently upheld and so vigorously assailed since first it was planted. It is indeed a little singular that between the many who are hammering away at the outer walls of the church, to say nothing of those who deal shrewd blows within, the fabric should stand so long. Guizot is a careful writer, and a practiced thinker, and to all reflective minds his works especially commend themselves.

The Rev. C. M. Butler publishes lectures delivered in the United States Legation in Rome under the title of *St. Paul in Rome*. The author avowedly aims to make us familiar with the lights and shadows of that historical picture in which Nero and Paul were both introduced. We have an idea that St. Paul would find himself rather uncomfortable in the Rome of to-day, and it is not clear that Nero would like it as a permanent place of residence. The author has brought much study and care to the preparation of his work.

A pretty little volume in green and gold, fresh and dainty as an early spring flower, has *Ballads* written on its back, and the title page bears the name of Amelia B. Edwards. The authoress tells us that nearly all the ballads were written for music, and we can well believe it, for they are as tuneful as bells. No essay is made to stir the grand organ notes of poetry, but the light guitar of love and the passions is deliberately and gracefully thrummed.

In choosing *Nothing but Money* as the name of his book, T. S. Arthur has chosen the only title which in these days could prove attractive. For we strive for nothing but money, we live for little else but money, and naturally enough all will desire to read about nothing but money. We cannot confess to a very exaggerated admiration for Arthur—or at least for his writings—as he always brings to us a mild flavor of the pump, not at all conducive to the exhilaration of depressed spirits. We would scarcely look to Philadelphia, however, for anything very novel or striking in literature. This book of Arthur's seems much of a piece with his previous efforts.

Another series of *The Old Merchants of New York*—the third one—is published by Carleton. As we have two or three times before remarked, these sketches originally appeared in the *New York Leader*, to which journal they were contributed by "Walter Barrett, clerk," under which *nom de plume* the late Joseph Scoville—better known as "Manhattan"—correspondent of an English paper and author of a novel which had better been suppressed—will be recognized. The work is of more interest to New Yorkers than to Californians; but as old merchants have their connections and cor-

respondents everywhere, a few copies may find circulation here.

A blue and gold edition of Poe's *Poems* is published by Middleton. It contains what purports to be an "original memoir" of the poet's life, but in reality reveals nothing that was not already known concerning his erratic career. For Poe lived in a glass house, notwithstanding all the stones he was accustomed to throw, and the world knew all about him. In losing him America lost one of her few poets, and it may be years before the niche which he left vacant will be filled.

The Snoblace Ball is one of the pamphlet poems which Carleton has a special license for publishing, and it is much of a pattern with the others that have preceded it from that press. As the name would indicate, it is a fling at the shoddy in society, but there is a shoddy of literature as well, and of this the poem itself furnishes an admirable illustration.

FROM A YOUNG BARRISTER.

[We have received the following note from a young barrister, who evidently wants practice. He is sharp enough to get it, in time, without our assistance, if the way that he swings a pen in this instance may be taken as a criterion. It will be observed that the style of one of the most eminent ornaments of our bar is imitated so closely that we would almost swear it was him were he in town—and a contributor to these columns. We consent to the proposed arrangement, and shall be happy to learn the young barrister's address.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21st, 1865.

EDITOR OF CALIFORNIAN.—Dear Sir: There are several quaint old proverbs which inculcate the idea that one good turn deserves another, that one hand must wash the other; and the divine injunction, "Cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days" (soaked bread?) looks to the same idea—all of which, being rendered into plain, every-day English (plague on the English!) means, if you will send me lawsuits I will send you subscribers, and reports to print. Or, suppose we form a limited partnership; get into a suit yourself, (I would just now suggest something in the libel line,) give me a good retainer; I will draw up a long brief and give you the printing of it. This would give you employment as long as you have a dime.

Or you might give me a puff in your valuable journal, say, a column on the first page, in which you speak of our "talented fellow-townsmen," after the manner of Nones; or the "eloquent and talented," after the style of George Barstow; "brilliant," as is said of Winans; "the splendid burst of eloquence," patented for Nathan Porter; "most masterly effort," kept standing in all decent newspaper offices for Edward Tompkins; "sparkling wit," found in Lake; "soggy old boy"—that's for Crockett; "chaste, ornate, and free from the slang which vitiates the language," like Pixley. Just say I take heavy cases (with money in them) as a favor. You can call me anything except a fool, or funny or honest—above all things do not call me honest. I tell you we can do a thriving business. Newspapers make great men; so you just take up your humble servant and make a man of him. I will continue to reciprocate until I get high enough upon the ladder to require no further aid; then, of course, you will stand from under. I am yours, very truly,

A YOUNG BARRISTER.

Our New York correspondent writes us that "Edward Gould Buffum, a person known in California, has been playing farces before Mrs. Biglow, the wife of the Parisian Consul from this country. Buffum writes the *New York Herald's* letter, and is noisy enough to have a newspaper printed upon him."

A COMPANY, with a cash capital of a "lac" of rupees, has started a daily paper at Allahabad, India. Here they start them with a lack of sense and they are all quite bad, with an exception or two.

The first member of Signor Bianchi's new troupe has arrived, after a prolonged and somewhat tedious passage of many months. It is a boy.

It is stated that the pay of an American private soldier exceeds that of a captain in the French army.

A SMART REPARTEE.—In repartee they (American children) are wonderful. I remember a lady telling me of a little girl, the child of a very grand people, who had a French nurse, and who, at the age of four, had picked up a very fair smattering of colloquial Parisian. Now this little girl's papa, who had been much in Europe, had acquired some notions as to domestic discipline differing very widely from those ordinarily entertained by American parents. He was not harsh; but he would be obeyed. One day when the little thing had been outrageously naughty, he went so far as to administer a moderate amount of personal correction to her. He took her on his knee unobsequiously, and strove to explain to her how sorry he had been to be obliged to punish her, and that the chastisement had not been inflicted for his own pleasure. "Pour le plaisir de qui, alors?" asked little Miss, still sobbing, in her nursery French.—*Sala's Diary*.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, February 2, 1865.

THIS week I shall speak about Philadelphia and its æsthetic character. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the leading literary city. *Graham's*, the oldest of the magazines, was located there; Felix O. C. Darley was hawking his designs about town—Joe Neal was writing charcoal sketches to them; Edgar A. Poe was drinking with George Lippard and Enoch Greene; John Sartain was getting up the best engravings on the continent. Dr. Bird, Robert T. Conrad and Richard Penn Smith were writing plays, with Boker just commencing: the *North American*, *McMakin's Courier*, and *Scott's Weekly* were circulated from it broadcast; among its publishers were such men as Carey & Hart and Blanchard & Lea; in every department of design and literature Philadelphia rivalled where she did not lead. Now it is quite different. She has no serial publications of any rank. *Peterson*, *Arthur* and *Godey* are the best she can do—whining or womanish collections of nothing. Her daily press is either the baseless sensational like the *Inquirer*, the high and dry moral like the *Bulletin* and *North American*, or the nattering and negatively clever *Press*. The best journal she publishes is a Sunday one. Her book trade is engrossed by semi-reputabilities like T. B. Peterson, or jobbers like George W. Childs, or "manufacturers" like the Lippincotts. Leyboldt, her foreign importer, comes this week to New York, tired of a town where the people patronize poets like Sallie Bridges, Montclair and George H. Boker; philosophers as voluminously incomprehensible as Henry C. Carey; essayists like Shelton Mackenzie, and novelists no more sufferable than T. S. Arthur.

In a word, Philadelphia has sold out art to shoddy, and with oil on the brain has nothing else to show. In reporting the war she has been beaten by Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis journals, and since Charles G. Leland contemplates going back to her, I don't see how she can ever recover status.

Let me take up some of her *litterati* in order:

George H. Boker is a wealthy man, the son of a banker, whose right to his fortune is now being disputed in court; the old man left George about \$300,000, which he is said to have made to the prejudice of the Girard Bank. As Boker is a "club" man and moves in the upper strata, he is necessarily extravagant. Probably he is worth at present not half his original legacy. He has had within two weeks his small scandal as well, to the annoyance of his handsome but not beautiful wife—as being a poet, though an indifferent one, he fell in love with somebody else for a spell, and got the case in the Sunday papers. He lives on Walnut street, where the fossil but not the Quaker aristocracy are most populous. As a poet he used to rank very well, his *Calymos* and other dramas being excellent; but, since he became the poet of the Loyal League, has written altogether the trashiest and most unpardonable stanzas of any war. I think his lyric of "Cavalry Sheridan," beneath ballad-mongrely. Personally, Boker is good-looking; his flaxen hair is worn in ringlets like a Teuton Hyperion; he has a clear, kind eye, and, excepting his disposition to wed the Muses and put on airs at the same time, would make either a courteous gentleman or a newspaper poet. Morton McMichael used to be the ablest journalist in Pennsylvania, but more caustic and less scrupulous men like John W. Forney have superseded him. Forney is held in jealous esteem by these older folks, who cannot see why the sceptre is gliding from their hands. McMichael's newspaper pays nothing; his sons are in the United States service; he lives respectably, but not as he would wish, and between the anxiety of himself and Forney to go to the United States Senate, neither of them will probably ever go. At the same time, McMichael has much grave ability, and is one of the pleasantest gentlemen whom I have ever met. The real editor of the *North American* is John D. Watson, a brother of Henry Watson of your *Sacramento Union*. John is not so spirited a writer as Henry but equally industrious, and had he more of the discontentedness of journalism, would have been very far on the way to high influence ere this. Jones, surnamed William, is the local and sketchy genius of the *North American*, a man of all the perverseness of genius, the only dashing reporter outside of New York, but entirely too metropolitan to suit a city where the people hold business bustle to be bad for their heads.

Forney, of whom I have spoken, has bought for ninety-odd thousand dollars a new Chestnut street office for his *Press* newspaper. The *Press* is the most extravagantly conducted journal in the country. Its editor, John Young, is enterprising and adroit, but mistaken in the supposition that he can get up a London *Times* in a city without commerce. A great newspaper in the Quaker town would be like a Pyramid in a desert. Forney himself is an unweariedly erratic journalist, with a marvellously nervous constitution, and a splendid didactic style; but his ambition is that of Prometheus, fluctuating between the altar of heaven and the buzzard. For his political tombstone they ought to set up an angle worm,

which both twists and wriggles. John D. Stockton is the managing editor of the *Press*, a coldly-accomplished man, brother to a former famous clergyman. He is a poet, wit, musician, essayist, linguist, critic, *ad omnium*, but never enthusiastic. He is brilliant as an icicle; some of his articles in the *Atlantic* and *Vanity Fair* have been markedly magnificent, which is as big an epithet as I can reach without my *Thesaurus*. Among Stockton's friends—and he is beloved though so undemonstrative—are Kaue O'Donnel and John A. Dorgan, the two most creditable poets of Philadelphia. Dorgan's poems have been said by Ralph Waldo Emerson to be the best of any young writer extant. They have a mysticism of longing about them which makes them seem profound, dim yearnings without any regret, a sort of æsthetic struggle for what the poet does not himself see, with now and then a rhapsody over some ideal being of equal intangibility. If this criticism has not quite tangled you up, you will know what I mean without a latch key.

But for the present I must stop on Philadelphia, and give it a large slice next week.

Among the art and literary news I get from my Paris correspondent, are these: The Misses Bertolecci are engraving Turner's Rivers of England. Turner's pictures, by the way, are rapidly fading, losing their wonderful atmospheric inexplicabilities. He like other folks experimented in pigments, and he hanged to him! The Irish are to have an international Exhibition at Dublin; Munich, Dusseldorf, Vienna and Paris contribute. The Irish have now no national painter. Architecture is looking up; a Mr. Burges has been measuring the various proportions of continental cathedrals in order to help current builders; probably his calculations will aid somebody to build a bank like the Florentine *Duomo*, or an arcade and eating saloon like the Pisan *Campo Santo*. Voltaire's heart, in a casket, has been deposited, by the Emperor's order, in the Bibliotheque Imperiale. They put it in a casket to keep it from exhaling poison and so upsetting the Empire. Prussia, also, is to have a great exhibition at Stettin. They ought to show the Prince of Augustenberg and the empty skull of the great Frederick; the present King's cranium is equally empty, but Bismarck can supply enough superfluous spleen to fill it. Capt. Marryatt's daughter has written a novel called *Love's Conflict*, which Bentley of London is publishing. Bentley is a great Pagoda hen among publishers, devouring everything from grain to gravel. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, named after a pseudo serial in Thackeray, is soon to be issued in the Flunkey capital, devoted, some say, to high pressure Toryism. Richard Thompson, a librarian and antiquarian of note in London, is dead. The "Ceramic Art Union" of London is carrying fine designing into the realm of flower-pots and cigar-ash vases. A little earthenware candlestick has been bought for the Kensington Museum for \$37,000. There is appreciation for you! Where are Robinson Crusoe and his baked jars and frying pans? The British National Gallery is to be extended for a half square mile, to the detriment of a poor-house and a barrack, behind Trafalgar square. The present National Gallery looks like a lunatic asylum. Pictures by Tschaygany (how do you pronounce it?) and Landseer, ("The Maid and the Magpie") have been given to England. Landseer is worth £300,000. The Longmans are to publish a new book on the British Constitution by Earl Russell. Vincent Wallace, the composer, is very sick in Paris. "Balzac's Folly," as the novelist's chateau is called, has just been sold to a patent medicine maker named Jared; B. at one time lived for twelve cents a day. He bought the big chateau when rich and consequential. Talleyrand's descendant and heir, the Duke de Montmorency, has just had a sword duel with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld; both were badly wounded. Gibson, the British sculptor, and the patron of Miss Hattie Hosmer, has given £32,000 and casts of his bad marbles to England. Bolton Corney (a name for a comedy) has written a book with a title for a comedy, "Argument on the Assumed Birthday of Shakspeare." Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's husband has written a novel called *The Heir*. Albert Cohn, a High Dutchman, has written an essay on Shakspeare. He won't beat Schlegel. Shirley Brooks has written most of the eulogies upon John Leech. The Mayor of Wexford, Ireland, at a suggestion from Mrs. S. C. Hall, has put up a marble slab in front of the house where Tom Moore's mother was born. S. C. Hall writes the grotesque recollections—neither fish nor flesh—in the *Atlantic Monthly*; his wife lectures. Both of them are very old and Spiritualists; they were communicants with D. D. Home, the medium. I saw Home in London in 1863, a short, chatty, imperturbable Scotchman, who lived in Hanover Square in fine apartments, and was a confirmed sensualist. He married a Russian General's daughter and got much money with her. The Pope turned him out of Rome for his licentiousness. He has a splendid head of flaxen hair, and a bad eye. Cornelius the great German painter is very ill. He is eighty years old, and had received, at the date of my advices, Extreme Unction. The King probably wants him to die on his bosom, to make a tableau like that of Leonardi de Vinci and Francis I. The Imperial Bibliotheque in

Paris contains five million books, MSS. and maps. Two millions of these are printed books. The *libretto* of Meyerbeer's *Africane*, of which Madame Scribe has charge, is being issued by two of Scribe's pupils. Louis Kramer, playing *King Lear* at Geneva, swallowed some of his artificial beard, choked and expired. It would take an entire hair pillow to choke Mr. Forrest. The lost books of the annals of Tacitus have been found at Catania. A pedlar, at Lille, France, bought a picture for a song, which proved to be a genuine Greuze, and made him rich. A Christmas pantomime at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, lately cost \$45,000; the masks for it, one hundred in number, cost \$20 each; they were made of wax; probably the original faces which they covered, were not worth so much by the year. A leg in a pantomime is of more consequence than a face, as I understand it. Gersterbergh, a Bavarian swindler, has been forging Schiller manuscripts, some of which were bought by Schiller's daughter. One Professor Dielitz exposed him and he went to jail. All this shows that genius is very mistakable; the title-page is half of success. A hundred and fifty-seven thousand of Renan's *Life of Christ* has been sold up to the last of December, 1864, making a return of \$92,000; in this country Renan would have obtained upon so great a sum only nine thousand dollars; there his profits were about \$40,000. A Jewish paper at Mayence, Germany, has prosecuted a Catholic bishop for inciting the people to persecute the race of Israel. As Auguste Belmont has gone to the other side he may back up the journalist. Auguste was in company with General McClellan—steel and gold in partnership! Auguste's picture gallery in New York remains open in his absence. The Count de Lanture, a Frenchman, has issued an exciting narrative of captivity in China. The humanitarian lawyer Beccaria, of Milan, has had a statue erected to his memory in that city. Tennyson's poems in sixpenny selections are being issued in England; advertisers in it get their "ads" in the first thirty thousand only. William E. Fowle, a clerk in Little and Brown's Boston book-house, has realized fourteen thousand dollars upon an investment of nine thousand in antique and other books. He has them bound in costly leathers with wide margins to suit the fever, and then stimulates the know-nothings to take them off his hands; he reminds me of Grolier the London binder, who got \$156 for a worthless volume in fine vellum. John Turner, of Chester, England, formerly a journeyman printer, has left a great many legacies to Methodist publishing concerns. There are two Methodist papers in New York, always at outs, the *Advocate and Journal* and the *Methodist*; the latter is the ablest; the former sells the best, as it is backed up by the revenues of the church.

Now for a crop of p's: M. Silvestre, a Parisian journalist, has pulled a pistol upon M. Pic—in other words, picked a quarrel with him; he is to be prosecuted for carrying arms. Pic is a writer, probably for the *Picayune*.

I will close up this budget of many facts by quoting a poem of John A. Dorgan's, to whom I have referred elsewhere. It is not remarkable; but a little poem is a good thing to stop with. It is easier than turning a nice sentence, which I may be troubled to do, as I have a pipe waiting for me. It is an imitation of Heine, inscribed to the imitators of Tennyson, and is quite new:

I know not why it should vex me
That all the fools are not dead;
But their pitiful fate reminds me
Of a legend that all have read.

But none of them understood it,
Though its meaning methinks is plain;
And I turn its verse to prose for them,
Though my labor may prove in vain.

A great and glorious poet
In England lives to-day,
Worthy to rank with the shining ones
Of ages far away.

To all their lore he has added
A secret which none may guess;
And his song has a wilder sweetness,
A mystical loveliness.

The poet, when once he listens
That weird and tender lay,
Forgets himself and his purpose,
And is carried far away.

No more shall he his his spirit,
Quenched in the light of that sun;
And this, with his wild, sweet singing,
The Laureate has done.

And so endeth, when you have had my signature.

DESULTORY.

MANY fashionable women who pretend to belong to the unadulterated-ton have just claims; they represent the simple-ton.

WITH what disease are railers at life troubled? Complaint of the liver.

TU QUOQUE.

I THOUGHT that we twain together
In one night have blent our days;
If under no light of passion,
Yet in safer, shadier ways:
Or never, be sure, that evening,
Yourself had I dared to claim;
So I thought: some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

'Tis true, I am grave and silent,
You, light as a bird on wing;
But there's strength in the latter summer,
And only a promise in spring;
And I thought that our differing natures
Would have linked in the wedded name;
So I thought: some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

There are gales that change in an instant
Still seem to foaming snow;
And I thought I would be your pilot
If ever those gales should blow;
I'd have guarded you, oh! so safely,
Against all ill that came;
So I thought: some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

THE BELLS OF LARA.

THE old square tower in the market-place of Lara contains a very remarkable peal of bells, three in number, and of immense size. They were cast about two hundred years ago, in the great old foundry of Lara, and they are never rung except on the occasion of the death of a Warden of Lara, when they are tolled in changes that make a very melancholy dirge. It is a common circumstance at Lara for some venerable narrator in the little circles that close round the firesides on a winter's night, to recount his memories of how awfully the bells in the old square tower spoke when the father of some present Warden died. He will tell how their tones have something in them resembling the human voice and how the affrighted sleepers used to wake up at the supernatural sound, and light their lamps to scare away any stray demons that might well be lurking in the air upon which such unearthly music was borne.

These bells of Lara have a legend of their own. Some say that an old grave-digger of the place, now long since passed away, recognized the voice that spoke in their sonorous chimes, and this brought to the fireside circles strong evidence of the truth of the legend, which I will recount.

The Wardens of Lara were for centuries the hereditary lords of the soil. Their wealth was derived from the mineral regions of the valley in which the old place nestles. Nearly everybody in Lara was connected with the huge foundries there, the works turned out from were famous for their excellence of manufacture and design.

About the year 1560, one Miguel Brontez was a superintendent of certain mines belonging to the Wardens of Lara. He was a man of active business habits and unimpeachable integrity, faithful in a stewardship of some years to an aged Warden, who died in the year mentioned, and was succeeded by a graceless and profligate son.

A well-to-do artisan belonging to the workshops had a daughter named Urna, who was accounted the fairest among the fair girls for whom Lara was rather celebrated. For some time the profligate young Warden had been laying siege to this plebeian beauty, with views that were the reverse of honorable, and his feelings of rage and malignity knew no bounds when he heard, one day, that Urna Castillo had just been united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miguel Brontez.

But the sleuth-hound never leaves his quarry until he runs it down, and of such tenacity in his amours was the Warden of Lara. His efforts to gain the favor of Urna were now greater than ever. He sought, but in vain, to pave his way with gold. He deprived the young wife, at times, of her strong-armed protector, by sending Brontez away on shallow pretexts to the mountain mines. The Warden of Lara was a handsome man, and his vanity was stung to the quick by his want of success with one who, after all, was nothing more than a workman's wife!

Once, when Brontez returned to his home after an absence of some days at the mines, he found his fair young wife in tears. Reluctantly she confessed to him the cause of her grief. The persecution to which she had long been subjected was now, for the first time, divulged to him—for Urna knew that he was a man of quick temper and violent action when aroused by injury, and she feared some terrible result. Nor was that result long in coming. Next day Brontez met the Warden face to face in the iron yards, and, leaping upon him like a panther, felled him to the earth with a powerful blow.

Heaps of iron lay around the spot where this affair took place, so that the assault was not witnessed by any of the workmen. This gave Brontez a brief time for reflection as to what course he had best pursue. Terrible retribution, as he well knew, would be certain to fall upon him, whether the Warden recovered from the blow or died of it; and so, mak-

ing his way from the yard, unobserved, he went by a circuitous route to his home, which he reached just as the shades of evening were deepening into night. Here he at once confided the whole situation of affairs to his wife, and, long before morning dawned, they were both on their way to a distant iron district, where Brontez, under an assumed name, hoped to obtain employment from the principal proprietor.

For about a year they lived here in comparative safety—a happy state of affairs which was destined soon to be brought to a close, however. The Warden of Lara had long since recovered from the blow inflicted upon him by the injured husband—pursuit after whom he, with hypocritical show of leniency, forbade—the reality of the case being that he feared provoking certain disclosures which would not have been creditable to himself. In course of time a matrimonial alliance was arranged between him and a daughter of the wealthy proprietor with whom Brontez and his wife had found refuge. Certain business affairs rendered it necessary for him to make a visit to the father of his intended bride, and, while inspecting the works in company with his host, he recognized Brontez among the overseers who were going to and fro there, and resolved to work his ruin.

It is unnecessary to recount the process by which the Warden ousted the unfortunate overseer from his employer's confidence. Suffice it to say that Brontez was dismissed, and, thrown once more upon the world, wavered away with his wife to a distant town, where, for a while, he managed to make a poor subsistence by such precarious employment as he could obtain. But an evil spell appeared to pursue him even here. Broken down by hardship and poverty, his wife died, and Brontez, now a reckless and broken-hearted man, disappeared from the place, and it was rumored that he had committed suicide. Later reports went that he had joined a band of robbers in the mountains that tower over Lara, but soon the matter was forgotten, altogether, and his name was heard no more.

Meanwhile, certain family affairs rendered necessary a postponement of the Warden's marriage with the wealthy young heiress of the iron-works. A year had elapsed since his visit to her father, and the time was now at hand when the long-talked-of alliance was to take place. To give proper eclat to the occasion, the Warden ordered the casting of three great bells, the amalgam of which was to be of a quality capable of producing chimes of musical tone. These bells were to be hung in the old tower, and their voices were to be heard, for the first time, on the occasion of the Warden's marriage.

The day for casting the bells had arrived. A mighty tank for containing the molten metal had been constructed in the iron-yard, and by a curious coincidence, on the very spot where, long before, the Warden had fallen to the ground, stunned and bleeding, from the blow administered to him by the infuriated overseer. The tank was full of the seething metal, which worked and bubbled angrily, like some lake of molten silver about to burst its banks. The moment for filling the moulds had come, but was delayed for the arrival of the Warden, who was to have witnessed the process. Just then, a difficulty with some machinery in a distant part of the yard summoned away all the workmen except one, who was left to watch the boiling metal.

On the return of the workmen, Jaquez, the watcher, was found lying upon some blocks of iron, in a fit. Restoratives were at once applied, but it was some time before he recovered consciousness, and then it was perceived that the power of speech had departed from him. His hair was blanched to a silvery whiteness, and the vacant wandering of his eyes denoted that reason had lost her sway. Some of the workmen said that Jaquez had long been subject to epileptic fits. Others shook their heads, and whispered, in hushed accents, of spells of witchcraft and Satanic influences. The poor imbecile was taken care of, and the work went on.

The Warden failed to make his appearance. No further time could be allowed, for the metal was at boiling pitch. The chief overseer gave the signal, and the bells were cast.

The Warden never made his appearance. High and low they searched for him, far and near, but he never was seen again by mortal eye, and many were the occult influences adverted to by the superstitious workmen to account for his disappearance.

The succession to the Wardenship fell upon a brother of the one who had so unaccountably vanished, and who was believed, by his relatives, to have committed suicide in one of his moody fits by precipitating himself down the shaft of some forgotten mine. One of the first acts of the new Warden was to have the great bells hung in the tower for which they were originally destined, but strict orders were issued that no test should be made of their tone, the first trial of which the new proprietor chose to have deferred until fate should throw in his way some fair damsel, his alliance with whom would be appropriately celebrated with joyful chimes on the wedding-bells.

Nevertheless, it so happened that the new Warden was never married. He died, though, about ten years after his succession to the estate, and it was at his funeral that the bells were tolled for the first time. This was done by order

of the next successor, who ordained that the bells should be rung henceforth at the funerals of the Wardens of Lara, and on no other occasions whatever.

And, on the day of the funeral, a strange circumstance took place in the little asylum for decayed workmen belonging to the foundries of Lara. An old imbecile, named Jaquez, who had been an inmate of the place for many years, became suddenly restored to reason as the sad tolling of the bells vibrated upon his ears. He was on his death-bed then, but, feeble though he was, he spoke for the first time since his admission to the asylum, and, alluding to things of ten years past as though they had happened but yesterday, made in substance the following statement to the listeners who now crowded eagerly around him.

Jaquez, as I have stated, was left alone to watch the tank of boiling metal on the occasion of the casting of the bells. A minute or two after the departure of the other workmen the Warden made his appearance, having entered the yard by a postern-gate that communicated with the grounds of the castle. He was in high glee, and in the act of addressing some condescending banter to Jaquez, when the latter saw approaching from among the heaps of iron a wild, unearthly figure, clad in the skins of beasts, and his long, matted locks tangled with weeds and briars; so paralyzed with terror was Jaquez that his tongue lost all power, and he was unable to give the alarm. In a moment the maniac—for such he appeared to be—confronted the Warden, and with the words, "Miguel Brontez greets you!" struck him to the earth with a crushing blow, and then, raising him in his arms, plunged him bodily into the seething bell metal, in which he was dissolved to instant annihilation. Then the maniac fled with the speed of a beast of prey, and of him there is no further record on earth.

Jaquez, as I have said, was a speechless idiot from that hour to the moment of his death. At the casting of the Bells of Lara, therefore, none were aware of the terrible amalgam fused in their metal; but is it a wonder that their chimes in the night should startle the sleepers, wakening them to a dim horror of demon-voices in the air?—Charles Dawson Shanty, in the New York Leader.

CALCRAFT THE HANGMAN.

THE name of Calcrafft has become famous the world over as that of the great English hangman. As a professional "Jack Ketch," by long practice he has acquired such a delicacy of touch—a refinement of manipulation in stringing up and stragulating the victims of justice that the criminals ought to, if they are not, be grateful that their mortal coil can be shuffled off so scientifically.

Some English wit once asserted in a London journal that if all the malefactors that has been elongated by the application of Calcrafft is one which may not be uninteresting:

"Society owes to Calcrafft its pity, not its contempt, for the awful situation it places him in among his fellow men by its barbarous institution of public executions. It punishes not him alone, but a fine family, of which he is the parent. As an illustration of this fact, it has been related to us on good authority that a young mechanic who courted one of his daughters, ignorant of her family at the time, had an invitation to meet her and partake of supper at a friend's house. The appointed night came, and the young woman with a goodly number of friends of both sexes, were assembled, anxiously waiting the arrival of her lover. At length he was announced, and on entering the room was joyfully saluted by his sweetheart and the rest of the company, who welcomed him to the seat of honor at the supper table. All round were smiling, happy faces; and now love-jokes were bandied from one to the other, as the smoking viands were set before them. The young lover made himself at home, and vowed he was the happiest of the happy. Each guest showed the politest attention to his neighbor, and the host bid the stranger help himself to the best of the feast. Every one was served, and about to eat and drink right merrily, when hark! footsteps are heard on the stairs, the door, already half open, shows approaching from the dark landing the figure of a stout man of middle height, with remarkably determined-looking features, rather pock-marked, fair hair, and peering, bluish grey eyes, who, on approaching the light, is announced by his name, and saluted 'Father' by the young woman sitting beside the invited stranger, whose features now assume a corpse-like paleness as the startling fact suddenly flashed across his dizzy brain that he had been courting the hangman's daughter!—that he was going to sit at the table with him, eat of the same joint, drink out of the same glass, and perhaps be asked to shake hands with him! It was horror to him. He trembled in every limb, was speechless, became seized with sickness and bowel complaint. At last, summoning all his rapidly-failing strength into one superhuman effort ere he fell, with one sudden bound he ineffectually tried to jump over the table towards the door, and, overturning in all directions the dainty repast, escaped down stairs. The force of prejudice had made the sight of the hangman to this young man like a frightful apparition."

STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

HAS CURED THOUSANDS!

And it will cure YOU if you try it.

This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens in California accompany every bottle.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

ja25-1f

GRIDLEY'S CELEBRATED

Salt Rheum Ointment!

POSITIVELY

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

—FOR—

Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers, Ring Worms,

OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

Directions and Certificates within.

Prepared by

MRS. A. GRIDLEY,

Sole Successor to the Original Inventor and Proprietor, AUBURN, N. Y.

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES. TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Agents, 416 and 418 Front street,

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MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE

ELECTRIC OIL!

CURES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,

ja25 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of

time and restores the pearly tint and roseate hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

Sold by all Druggists.

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ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the mucus or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

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DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!



THE GREAT UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

FOR RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING AND DRESSING

THE Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicate dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price \$1.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Petridge & Co."

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents, San Francisco.

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BREWSTER & CO'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

del7-5m

NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE Reduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street, San Francisco. del7-5m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

Now No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

Fine Clothing

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush, SAN FRANCISCO.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,

423 Front street,

San Francisco.

fel1-6m

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,



Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

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I. D. THOMPSON'S

WINE ROOMS,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

No. 321 MONTGOMERY STREET, (a few doors below California.)

Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS, and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

fel4-3m

I. D. THOMPSON, Proprietor

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

WE have been without news nearly all the week, the wires having been down since Sunday last. Thursday afternoon the signal-flag was hoisted over the telegraph office, but, after a few private despatches had been transmitted, the line ceased working. The appended private telegram published by the *Alta* is all that thus far has reached the public through the press, but the streets were full of rumors last evening: Richmond had been evacuated; there was a cessation of hostilities prior to arrangements for peace, etc., etc. As we go to press the wires again commence to work:

March 14.—The *Herald's* Washington special states that a letter from Schofield's headquarters, dated Newbern, 11th, says:

"This morning Hoke attempted to break our lines, but was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Our own loss is not more than 300 or 400 killed and wounded. The rebel loss in killed, wounded and prisoners is eight times greater. We have possession of the field and the rebel dead and wounded are in our hands."

It is definitely settled that Sherman reached Fayetteville, N. C., and was at last dates preparing for a further march. It is said that Schofield will immediately join him.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald*, writing from Newbern under date of March 12th, says:

"Yesterday the enemy fell back across the Neuse river, after burning the bridge over that stream. It is reported they also destroyed the rebel ram at the same, which was guarding the bridge. Timber is now going forward to rebuild this bridge. The road is completed to within a short distance of the railroad opposite Kinston. The enemy will not be able to remain in Kinston long, even should they decide to make another stand, of which there is much doubt. Deserters and refugees continue to come into our lines. Our troops are in high spirits over the prospects of meeting Sherman soon. General Sherman has opened communication with Wilmington from Fayetteville, and sends word that he is all right, and marching on. We expect to hear gratifying news from him in a few days."

Sheridan has been making some extraordinary raids around Richmond. The last rumors from him were that he had passed Burke's Station, the junction of the Petersburg and Lynchburg and Richmond and Danville roads, and had gone either to Sherman or Grant.

March 15.—A despatch dated Newbern the 11th, says that the prisoners taken by the rebels in front of Kinston, had been recaptured, that General Terry has formed a junction with our forces there, and that Sherman was expected in the rear of the rebels at Goldsboro on the 11th or 12th. A despatch from Fortress Monroe to the Navy Department merely announced that Kinston is in our possession, but gives no particulars.

Jerome Clarke, alias Sue Mundy, was hanged on the afternoon of the 15th, in pursuance of the sentence of a military commission at Louisville.

Letters from the Department of the Gulf indicate that the expedition against Mobile has already commenced operations.

The *Alta* of the 24th publishes the following "private" despatch:

St. Louis, March 23d.

During telegraphic interruption, a very important message of Jeff. Davis was transmitted to the rebel Congress. He admits Richmond to be more in danger now than ever; urges the seizure of all the coin in the Confederacy, the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and a sweeping impressment law. He says the negro-arming bill came too late, as the negroes are beyond reach, and reprimands the rebel Congress for neglect to comply with his recommendations. The whole tone is exceedingly lugubrious and despairing, and all the journals in the North regard it as a remarkable admission of weakness and a preparation for averting charges that Davis is responsible for the failure of the Confederacy.

Charles Bewer, a German, aged thirty years, died suddenly on Monday of heart disease. He had been employed at a saloon on Davis street, and opened the place at an early hour that morning; about eight o'clock he went to breakfast; he complained of faintness soon after reaching home, and laid down; in a few minutes he was dead. A large number of deaths have occurred in this city and State from disease of the heart during the past two years; there is something in the frequency of these sudden deaths worthy the attention of our learned doctors. What are the causes? what the preventives? is the climate of California at fault, or are the people especially imprudent? A plain treatise—one that could be read and understood by men of ordinary education without the aid of more than four dictionaries—on this subject, by one of our many competent physicians, would be very welcome at this time, and we respectfully call attention to its importance.

The judgment of the Twelfth District Court in the case of David T. Batchelder, (convicted of manslaughter in the Farallone egg war,) has been reversed by the Supreme Court. Pending this order, Batchelder has been pardoned by the Governor; the new trial granted, therefore, will not be had.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Kenny & Stevens have been awarded a contract for the construction of fire cisterns at the intersection of California and Davis and Fremont and Mission streets, at \$1,150 each.

The jury in the case of Supervisor Alfred H. Cummings, indicted for bribery, returned a verdict, after a very brief absence from the Court, of acquittal.

Jemmy Kennovnn "walked his great feat" sixty hours successively and successfully; they were found to be greater at the conclusion of the exercises, (12 o'clock Sunday night last,) than at the commencement, but probably as he pocketed his reward, the wager for which he had been travelling, he felt well recompensed for the pain of his enlarged pedals. Jimmy is fifty-two years old, and with a constitution impaired by exposure and toil, his achievement is worthy of note.

The Oakland Railroad Company has purchased the ferry boats *Oakland* and *San Antonio*, formerly called the "Larne Line." These boats will leave hourly; they will land at their old place in Oakland, but will run from the Company's wharf (Broadway) in this city. The fare has been raised to twenty-five cents, the same price charged on the *Washoe* and *Louise*, which run to the railroad wharf. The San Francisco and Alameda Railroad and Ferry line also charges twenty-five cents; so there is no longer any difference in the expense of reaching the various points of attraction across the Bay.

The ship *Derby* arrived from Hongkong, Tuesday, with two hundred Chinamen and a few white passengers. Sixteen persons on board were sick with small-pox. For a time there was considerable alarm felt that the disease would extend itself to the city, but the prompt action of the authorities soon gave a guarantee of safety. The patients were taken from the vessel in lighters and landed above Hunter's Point, from whence they were taken to the Pest House on the Potrero, a mile and a half beyond the first toll-gate on the San Bruno road. A police officer has been placed on the vessel, and the passengers not yet infected are compelled to remain until it becomes certain that they cannot spread the contagion. The *Derby* is now anchored off Hunter's Point.

The Court of Inquiry convened by Maj.-Gen. McDowell to investigate the charges made by various persons against Lieut. Felix O'Byrne, and to inquire into his fitness for the position of Regimental Quartermaster, held its first session on Monday last, and has adjourned from day to day since. The Court is constituted as follows: Col. A. S. Allen, President; Lieut.-Col. Robert Pollock, Maj. Alfred Morton, Capt. Eugene B. Gibbs and Capt. Jas. Ulio, the last named acting as Recorder. W. Hays, Esq., counsel for O'Byrne, objected to the receipt of testimony relative to transactions prior to the appointment as Quartermaster; the President ruled that such testimony must be heard, as the object was simply to frame an opinion (not to pass sentence) as to the officer's merits and fitness for the position, to be transmitted to the War Department. Since this point was settled, business has progressed more rapidly. We have not space for a report in detail; the most important evidence yet given is that of A. S. Evans, on Wednesday. He testifies that he was a fellow-laborer with O'Byrne in the editorial department of the *Alta* from December, 1863, to March, 1864; that O'Byrne on many occasions and in a manner highly offensive expressed unfriendliness to the American Government, and declared himself a British subject, and that he would never become a citizen; that we had shown the worthlessness of our claim to Republican Government by denying to the South the right of free government which she claimed; the witness narrates the annoyances to which the "staff" of the *Alta* were subjected in consequence of the visits of O'Byrne's creditors, the inference being that the delay in adjusting their demands was not excusable on the score of inability to pay; finally he (the witness) made complaint to Mr. MacCrellish, their employer, in regard to the anti-American language used by O'Byrne, and received the assurance that, having become convinced that O'B. was disloyal, his services would be dispensed with. The investigation will probably occupy several days more. It is intimated that Lieut. O'Byrne suggested the inquiry; if so, he doubtless has testimony to introduce which will vindicate his character for loyalty and establish his worthiness to occupy a post of trust and honor.

The officers of the Mechanics' Institute are making praiseworthy efforts to improve the library of the society by the addition of such books as the tastes and wants of its members call for. An order was recently sent East for one thousand volumes of standard and miscellaneous works. The list was made up from sub-lists furnished by members generally.

Trout are abundant in the creeks and branches flowing into Clear Lake, and the citizens of the valley are having plenty of sport as well as the choicest repasts.

A man named Smith was killed, a few days since, on Scott river, by the caving of the roof of a tunnel.

OUR INTERIOR CORRESPONDENCE.

NEVADA, March 21st, 1865.

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN.—The climate of Marysville not having a very beneficial effect on my somewhat delicate constitution, I took the advice of a medical friend and came to the mountains to recuperate. Having settled with my landlady to her entire satisfaction, (I wish that point clearly understood,) I embarked on board one of the California Company's stages, booked for Grass Valley. Travelling by stage is not my favorite mode, but in this case I had no choice, other than to foot it; and not yet being imbued with that love of pedestrianism which my trans-Atlantic friend, Wilkie Collins, so highly lauds, I concluded to risk my life, limbs and carpet-bag in one of the aforesaid stages.

The roads, owing to the recent rains, were in a terrible condition. But, nevertheless, we managed to get along pretty fairly as we had good teams and vigilant drivers, for which, as one of the humblest of the travelling public, I tender my most sincere thanks to Mr. J. Haworth, the president of the line.

The first six miles of the road winds through a part of the country not at all remarkable for scenic attractions, but after that it decidedly improves, and there are some spots that would employ the pencil of an artist to advantage. Very soon, however, the traveller's attention is directed to the mines, in the working of which great activity is shown in this section. If the accounts that I have heard are at all to be relied upon, this is one of the richest mining sections in the country, and many of those who contemplate going to Idaho, or British America in search of "metal," would do well to pay a visit to Nevada county. There are a couple of claims about which I took particular pains to enquire, that are returning the owners almost princely fortunes. One of these is the Blue Gravel, situated in the neighborhood of Smartsville; it has only been in operation I understand, since July last, but from it the owners are already reaping a handsome income. They clean up every five or six weeks and the results give from 60,000 to 90,000 dollars. About 30 men are employed, and their tunnel, about 1,500 feet long, was built at a cost of \$75,000. They get their water from the Trionian canal, which is fed by the South Yuba and conveys the water a distance of 35 miles. A Mr. Pearce, who is now in San Francisco, is the principal owner of this rich lead.

The "Union" and the "Blue Point" claims are also said to be very rich, the former using a flume a mile and a half long. In fact, throughout this region, where they have scarcely commenced to prospect for quartz mining, the claims are of the most profitable kind. Prospecting parties are constantly going out from Grass Valley and the adjoining towns, and almost every day some new lead is struck which promises healthy workings. I believe that it would be vastly to the advantage of a great many of those idlers who abound in San Francisco to take a trip to this part of the State, where they would stand a chance to "strike" something.

In consequence of this activity among the mines, business in all the towns in the neighborhood is looking up, with the exception, perhaps, of Rough and Ready, which place apparently has not recovered from the effects of the fire that almost totally destroyed it a few years ago. Grass Valley is considerable of a town and is quite lively. Business men anticipate a better season this summer than they have had for the last five years, and there is every prospect of their hopes being realized.

I must not omit to mention the grand ball that was given at Grass Valley, on St. Patrick's day, for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, to be erected in this county. It was quite an event, and was largely attended by the inhabitants of that town, Nevada and other adjacent places. A fair sum was realized for the benevolent object, and the work of erection is to be commenced early next summer. This seems to be a healthy climate for newspapers; two flourish in Grass Valley, and two here in Nevada. I understand they are all doing tolerably well, especially those of Grass Valley, where an extreme diversity in politics adds considerably to their interest. But the *National* has a little the advantage of the *Union*, the political complexion of Grass Valley being decidedly Democratic.

The town of Nevada is by no means behind her rival in matters of mining interest and business. Besides, it is the county seat, and the new court house is decidedly a fine building, being pleasantly situated, well built and having all the "modern improvements." They are also erecting a theatre here, which will probably be finished in the early part of June next.

ROBIN HOOD.

THREE CONUNDRUMS.—Why should Africa be considered to rank first of the continents? Because it bears the palm.

What is dough like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Where did Noah preserve honey bees during the flood? In the ark hives of the old world, of course.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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To various points:

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A DANCER—SITTING ON A ROUT SEAT.

BY imperceptible stages I have now arrived at that age when a lady is considered to be verging on "elderly," and, excepting a sober quadrille now and then, have quite given up dancing. But as I have by no means given up looking on, and it is not so very long since I was as indefatigable a dancer as any young damsel in her first season, I may be allowed to give my experiences and opinions, without being suspected of having imbibed them in the days when young ladies wore their waists under their armpits and cultivated a perpetual stoop in imitation of the Venus de Medici. In the first place, I cannot help wondering whether all the young folks I see whirling round like enraptured teetotums, went through as much as I did in acquiring the art. At a tender age I was placed in the hands of one Mr. Wright. Owing to the magnificence of this gentleman's deportment, and the shortness of his stature and legs, he gave the impression of a large chest, moving about without any apparent means of locomotion. This phenomenon, added to a jetty mass of hair and a huge moustache (at that time an uncommon appendage), invested him with a ferocity fatal to the peace of an infant. I was very tall of my age, and my parents and guardians, much to my distress, were perpetually calling attention to the fact. Never had the custom been so offensive as now, when, Mr. Wright having called me up before him, where I stood very conscious of my new shoes, my governess blandly said, "You must excuse any little shyness at first, Mr. Wright. She has been growing very fast, and is, I fear, a little awkward. Is she not a great girl for seven?" Mr. Wright opened his mouth, and, instead of the ogre-like tones I tremblingly expected, kept it open in amazement, and said finally, in a breathless voice, "Lor, what a monster!"

This relieved, but, at the same time, embarrassed me, which Mr. Wright perceiving, he hastened to say, kindly, "Oh! as to awkward, some of the exercises for grace, and perhaps a little cachouca dance, or something-of-that, will soon set everything right. I think, my dear, we'll begin the positions now directly."

We were great friends from that hour; but I am sorry to say my performances were not at all to his taste. He never got over the length of my strides, frequently implored me to let him "see no angles," and always regarded me nervously, after one day seeing me conduct a youth, aged nine, whom he had found refractory, through a quadrille in a style which, to say the least, was muscular. I did not stay long under him, and as we lived for some time in a lonely country place, I soon forgot my dancing.

When I was twelve years old, I was sent to a school kept by a lady whose hobby was gymnastics. She conducted me to a room apparently fitted up with every instrument of torture. This was the gymnasium, and here my sound health and long limbs served me in good stead. I soon rose to the top of the class, and could have stood my ground against most boys of my age.

"Coming out" time at length approached, and it was thought advisable that I should be brought to town and enrolled among the pupils of Monsieur Filbert, an eminent teacher of dancing. One morning, my governess and I arrived at one of his class rooms; I, perfectly comfortable, proud of my muscles, and strong in the belief that I was as upright as any girl in England. I thought Mr. Filbert an ordinary-looking man enough, thin and grave, with a naturally ugly figure. He told me to stand up with the rest of the pupils, and took no more notice of me till the lesson was half over. I planted myself in a fine square position and began to dance with much energy and inward satisfaction. I soon found that M. Filbert was not at all slow to criticize; and as he passed me over in silence, I felt that he was satisfied. Hearing him say to a pale little girl near me, "Dear child, is your back made of jelly? straighten it," I immediately stiffened my own back with military precision and looked up complacently. M. Filbert's sharp eye saw this directly, and suddenly darting across the room, he said sharply, "Do you want to knock me down, Miss Julia! your shoulders are in your ears, young lady. Bend your knees. Bend, bend. Lower still. Yield. Relax. Mon Dieu, are you made of iron?" It was all over. My confidence was wrecked and my self-possession vanished. A desolating sense that I was a rough country girl, who had been making a spectacle of herself, came over me; and, had it not been for shame, I should have cried. But I swallowed my mortification, and my wounded pride took a lucky direction, for I determined, cost what it might, that I would make M. Filbert retract before he had done with me. I forced my shoulders down until they seemed on the point of falling off. I nearly fell on my face in my anxiety to bend, and I twisted my unfortunate arms in every possible direction. Seeing I was really trying, the tyrant left me; still, however, repeating that I was made of iron. The next victims he visited were two little girls, who were also there for the first time. They had been wriggling about in a very mysterious manner, and now M. Filbert asked if they had ever learned before. "Yes," the elder said, "Mr. Down, at Lincoln, taught us for a little while."

"And did Brown at Lincoln teach you to do all that?" asked the tormentor.

"Ye—e—es," said the little girl, uneasily blushing.

"Then don't do it again, dear children; but do try to keep your chins out of your necks, and don't walk on your insteps." With this advice he turned away and cried out to a child who was "poking"—

"Miss Isabel, I'll cut that chin off in a minute." No one escaped. Presently we were told we might sit down a little while, and we ran joyfully to the benches, little knowing this was a trap set to betray our awkwardness. Our backs were no sooner turned than he looked after us like a lynx, and called us all back ignominiously, saying: "Now go to your seats like ladies instead of racing like boys (looking at me,) or waddling like ducks." This last was for the Lincoln young ladies, who were round and short. We spent three or four minutes very uneasily, while he inspected us and made uncomplimentary remarks on the way we took our seats. Next he ordered us to stand up for a quadrille, and began to arrange us in pairs. Here his active spirit came in with great effect. Sisters were wrenched asunder and sent into different sets, and one little girl, who was very pretty and coquettish, having declined the advances of the only little boy there, who was timid and devoted to her, M. Filbert declared she should be his own partner, which was with reason the most dreaded of all positions. Very soon my masterly style of action drew M. Filbert's attention to me again.

My arms were the offending members in the present instance. It seemed they would not bend. M. Filbert, however, was determined they should, and he led me forth to the very middle of the room. After looking at me until I felt exquisitely uneasy, he elaborately explained the carriage it was proper for a lady habitually to maintain, and, in a few moments, my own efforts and some arrangement on his part, bent me into a position not much removed from that of a Chinese mandarin, including the bobbing to and fro. Forbidding me to stir, M. Filbert called the attention of the whole room to the improvement he had worked, and practically illustrated my usual appearance, which certainly did appear somewhat devoid of grace. He then led me back to my place, but I was not allowed to relax, and I passed the rest of the time moving about like a stately Cochon China fowl.

There was in the class an unlucky boy of fourteen, whose appearance was quite an irregularity, and who never came again. He has probably not forgotten his experiences.

The narrowness of his chest and the width of his back gave great offence, and at the first opportunity M. Filbert attacked him on the subject.

"Come here, my boy," said he; "I want to see whether you've got a chest. Why you have, I declare. I must see that, please; throw it out; that's the way; more, more still!" (giving him a sound blow in the back.)

"Oh-h-h, I can't!" gasped the victim.

"Oh! yes, you can. But what is this? Why I do believe it's the waistcoat. Do you think it is the waistcoat?" he asked in a confidential tone.

Then turning to the room, with a concerned expression:

"He's got such a waistcoat, poor fellow, and such a back, so long; oh dear, dear, what a length it is!"

The poor boy, overcome with confusion, put his hand on his back deprecatingly, whereat M. Filbert said with sympathy:

"Yes, feel it. Isn't it long?"

There was no going to sleep under M. Filbert. He never rested himself, and he did not allow any one else to do so. Very rarely he would praise. If a girl did well, he seldom did more than leave her alone; but a fault was never passed over. And yet, with all this severity, he had the tact to make us feel he was in the right, and there was no being angry with him. He was specially merciless to the eldest girls, and so I was often rebuked; but still I felt that he appreciated any effort I made to please him, and he inspired us all with a determination never to give in. In due course I won my long-desired triumph. One day, quite suddenly, he announced that I was one of his best pupils, and was to be promoted so a small class specially advanced. There the lessons were pure enjoyment, and I grieved much when I was taken from his care.

At length the all-important "first ball" came off and gave me much to reflect upon. The difference between dancing in an orderly manner, with a number of well-schooled young ladies, under the eye of M. Filbert, who would have stopped us had a finger been out of position, and dancing in a crowded room with a succession of strange youths, was indeed striking.

At first I was dismayed at their utter independence of Filbertian rules, but soon grew amused at the curious varieties they presented. My first partner was peculiarly trying. An athletic partner. He held me with a grasp of iron, plunged headlong into the dance, used me as a missile of wrath with which he cleared away all obstacles, and by falling down involved me and some others in a disgraced heap. Never shall I forget my sensations on rising. I scarcely heard the breathless apologies of this fatal man, and hurrying to a seat

in a deserted corner, I bowed a dismissal to him, and I felt I could never again appear in the dance.

Scarcely had he left me when the hostess came in with a particularly bright and dapper-looking stranger, whom she presented, and with whom I presently found myself dancing. What a contrast! This was perfect delight, and, by some marvellous contrivance, although the ball was crowded, we never seemed to come near any one, and always had plenty of room. With the zeal of a young dancer, I did not often want to rest, yet, whenever we did stop, I always found myself securely sheltered behind a very broad pair of shoulders. That was my first experience of true dancing; a never-to-be-forgotten sensation.

My next partner was of a different order. He was pale, and bald, with spectacles, and very red hony wrists, and, after a few turns, he asked me if I had seen that week's — *Revue*, which contained an able article on the late outbreak of cholera, giving the statistics for the last ten years; and whether I was disposed or not to accept the author's views. This was severe matter for a ball-room, and my excited spirits were quite unable to cope with it. From this he passed to the last census returns, and we soon became so scientific, and danced so dreadfully out of time, that I was forced to plead fatigue. He was succeeded by a very timid young man, who held me at arm's length, lost me several times, and who had nothing further to say after he had asked me if I walked much in the Park or whether I preferred driving. Later, I danced with a nautical gentleman, who was very good-natured and amusing, told me some wonderful tales, which I implicitly believed, and whose company I thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of feeling so much as if on board ship while dancing with him. His movements were charmingly light and smooth; but it was surprising how often we were nearly off our balance and recovered again, what unlooked-for lurches occurred, and how frequently one of his legs intruded into other couples! I liked him better than my next partner, who was an "elderly young man," about forty years of age, thoroughly determined to be no more than twenty-five. He presented a weedy appearance and a general stiffness of joint, had a disappointing way of continually twisting round on the same ground, and whenever we were knocked against by passing couples seemed dreadfully jarred. I thought him very silent, and after one turn round the room he looked so extremely pale that I proposed a rest, and on his suggesting an ice, in a faint voice, eagerly assented in the hope of finding him a seat. What a mysterious fact it is, making us suspect some malice on the part of hosts and hostesses, that the tallest men in the room invariably get paired with the shortest women, and *vice versa*! It is grievous to see a poor fellow over six feet, either carrying round a little creature of four feet nothing, or bending his spine to a heart-breaking degree! What reverses that valorous little man is doomed to suffer who will lead forth a voluminous lady! How he appears to be hiding behind her skirts, and, after vainly endeavoring to pioneer her through the dance, is fain to come out of it battered and humiliated!

I often figured personally in such adventures, for my entrance seemed a signal for all the little men in the room to start up. When fairly launched in a dance with one of these pigmies I was oppressed with a sense of responsibility, and found myself wondering whether or no I should deliver him up at the end, safe in limb.

These are recollections of my own dancing days; but as I sit on a rout seat next to the cornet, I notice with sorrow that its dear old familiar snorts do not seem to inspire the present generation, or rather the male portion of it, with the old ardor.

How is it that in these days of gymnastics and volunteer corps, there are so many inert young gentlemen, while there are so many young damsels longing for action?

As a most interested and loving looker-on, I petition them not to give up the old-fashioned way of dancing, and humbly submit to them, that it may possibly be as worthy a grace as many they are at more pains to cultivate.

GOLDEN SHOT.—A friend of mine, lately returned from a gold-digging expedition to California, tells me that when returning one day from the diggings they lost their way and were nearly starving; at last they saw an old carrion crow who, I suppose, had come on the chance of one of their party dropping down dead and his thereby getting a sly meal. However, my friends thought they would rather eat the crow than the crow eat them. They therefore agreed to shoot him. Somehow or other there was no small shot among the whole party, and they were afraid to risk missing the bird with a bullet. The difficulty was at last solved by a proposition that each of the party should contribute a certain number of nuggets of gold; thus from the party were collected nuggets enough to be about equal to a charge of shot. The gun was loaded, and the old carrion crow killed with a charge of pure gold. Anything more bitter or nauseating than the flesh of this old crow, I understand, could not be conceived.—*Frank Buckland.*

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ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF PURCHASING a valuable HOUSE AND LOT at a bargain, for CASH, can hear of a chance, by applying immediately at the office of **THE CALIFORNIAN**. The property is within 10 minutes' walk of the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, is in the southern part of the city, and in a neat private street and pleasant neighborhood. The House contains two parlors (with sliding doors, gas chandeliers and marble mantels), a dining room and kitchen on the first floor, and four bed rooms on the second. Planked yard, flowering vines, out-houses, etc. Water in three different places on the premises and gas fixtures all through the house. It is built in a thorough and substantial manner, and is now under a monthly rent of \$50. Size of Lot, 24 feet, by 80 feet in depth. Title, PERFECT. Price, \$3,500.

Satisfactory reasons for selling will be given to a purchaser by applying as above.

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL.

This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.

Terms easy.
fe18 tf **FRANK JOHNSON.**

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF
Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and uncompressing pressure, by **A. FOLLEAU**, Pupil of Charrière of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street, Between Montgomery and Kearny. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street.

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRETIEN PFISTER,
No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. A. HENRICKSEN'S

PATENT CHIMNEY TOP.

THIS useful invention is confidently recommended in all cases where it is desirable to create a great draft.

ON STEAMSHIPS

Its use will dispense with the use of the blower and the tall smoke stack, as it causes the furnace to consume the smoke. It has been successfully used on steamers, in San Francisco. The proprietor has permission to refer to Chas. McInturn, Esq., as to its value on steamers.

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS,

And all works requiring a great heat will find it of immense benefit.

Stephen Culverwell and Lyon & Co., Brewers, are now using it, and to them I refer.

ON SAILING VESSELS

It has been used to great advantage, where, on account of hailing winds, it is difficult to keep fire in the galley.

FOR SMOKY CHIMNEYS

It is a sure cure, and has been used on the Russ House and other first-class buildings in this city.

FOR VENTILATION,

It is unexcelled, and is recommended to architects and owners of buildings where ventilation is required.

FOR MINING PURPOSES

It is well adapted, thoroughly removing all foul air from shafts and tunnels.

The proprietor also refers to the following gentlemen, who have used it: Capt. Lassen, brig Crimea; Dr. Nuttall, Calhoun & Son, Printers; Edgerly & Wickman, Ship Chandlers; J. B. Quintin, builder; Philip Caduc, Esq.

Manufactured by **J. E. JORGENSEN,**
No. 28 Third street, San Francisco, de17-3m

CALIFORNIA

Home Insurance Company,

Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

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OFFICE—Nos. 224 and 226 CALIFORNIA STREET.
B. F. LOWE, President.
JOHN G. PARKER, Jr., Secretary. no5-3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on Single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$750,000

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OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$600,000

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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

THE REASON WHY

EVERYBODY USES

THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP,

OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.
Second—It is more effectual.
Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally. Manufactory, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco. ja7-3m

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;

STEAMBOAT GIN;

OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY,

from Bond direct.

For sale by **V. SQRZA,**
44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

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DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the "profession," but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. dc10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW

style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only required to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. so24

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS
MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,
SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

ALTA MILLS,

STEVENSON STREET,

Near First street, SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEELAN & CO., Proprietors.

Have for sale: Family Flour, Farina, Rice Flour, Rye Flour, Rye Meal, Indian Meal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Buckwheat Groats, Graham Flour, Hominy, Large, Hominy, Small; Oatmeal, Oat Groats, Pearl Barley, Nos. 1, 2 & 3, Split Peas, Ground Barley.

All kinds of SPICES and FEED ground to order. de17-3m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every description, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewellery, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under \$10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, FIVE PER CENT.

Address: **CARRINGTON & CO.,**
40 Broadway, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. **JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.**—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to **JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.**—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—If served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.
Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24-3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON TREASURER.

Engagement of the Celebrated Actor,

Mr. Charles Wheatleigh,

Supported by the

POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, March 25th, 1886,

Reproduction of

The Octoroon!

Mr. WHEATLEIGH in his original character of SALEM SCUDDER.

Pete Harry Courtaine
Jacob McClusky Louis Aldrich
George Peyton W. T. Hill
Zoe Miss Sophie Edwin
Dora Sunnyside Mrs H. A. Perry

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, March 25th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW,

and the Farce of

HIS LAST LEGS.

MONDAY EVENING,

THE OCTOON.

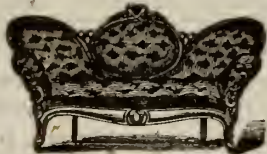
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
HENRY B. PLATT, President.
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S. J. HARRIS, Actuary.
mh25 3m

OVERSTOCKED!

Goodwin & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street,

GUARANTEE

PERFECT SATISFACTION AS TO GOODS!

Prices without reference to

NEW YORK COST!

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

Will be SOLD CHEAP during this Year.

mh25 3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1886:

APRIL 31, GOLDEN AGE.
APRIL 13th SACRAMENTO

From Folsom street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually.

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL.

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

THOMAS MAGUIRE Proprietor.
GEORGE H. COES Stage Manager.
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GRAND REORGANIZATION OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Composed of the following talented artists:

P. B. Isaacs, George H. Coes,
A. J. Talbot, Mons. Charles,
Sig. Pinin, S. Washburn,
J. H. O'Neill, J. B. Howo,
Frank Medina, P. Loomis,
H. Groh,

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Saturday afternoon performances by the Minstrels, at the Opera House.

J. THOMPSON & CO.,

BOOK, CARD

—AND—

JOB PRINTERS,

NO. 505 CLAY STREET,

Southwest Corner of Sansone, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.
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SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals, And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
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CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Southwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.
feb11 3m.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

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CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern.
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FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing.
The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations.
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IN GREAT VARIETY!

Consisting of—

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, CRUCIFIXES,
STATUARY, ENGRAVINGS,
MEDALLIONS, SILVER ROSARIES!

And a general assortment of CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

For sale by

MICHAEL FLOOD,

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Especial attention given to

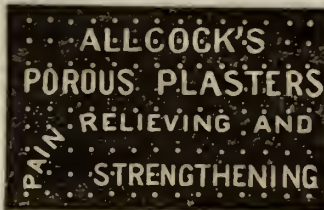
LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28 3m



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,

"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,

San Francisco,

Sold by all Druggists.

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late and INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.
my25

P. J. WHITE & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO ROUNTREE, BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN..

BUTTER, LARD, HAMS, BACON, PORK,

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR,

And a general assortment of

GROCERIES,

Which are offered at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

NOS. 419 and 421 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansone and Battery,

San Francisco.

Your trade is respectfully solicited.

del10 3m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

July

NEW BOOKS.

A. Roman & Co.,

HAVE RECENTLY received the following NEW PUBLICATIONS:

Chateau Frissac or Home Scenes in France. A new French Society Novel, by Olive Logan, author of "Photographs of Paris Life." 12mo.

The Morrhuons. A story of Domestic Life, by Mrs. Margaret Rusmer. 12mo.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King, by Richard Frothingham. 12mo.

The Perpetual Curate. A Novel by the author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. Octavo.

The Three Scouts, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Caddy's Caves," etc. 12mo.

Family Secrets. A companion to "Family Pride," "Pique," etc. 12mo.

Mattie. A story, by the author of "High Church," "Owen," etc. Octavo.

My Brother's Wife. A Life History, by Amelia B. Edwards. Octavo.

Comparative Geography, by Carl Ritter, Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin, translated by Wm. L. Gage. 12mo.

Saint Paul in Rome. Lectures delivered in the Legation of the United States at Rome, by Rev. C. M. Butler. 12mo.

Guizot's Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the day. Translated under the supervision of the author. 12mo.

The Brother's Secret, by William Godwin. 12mo.

Banting's celebrated letter on Compulsory, with a review of the work from "Blackwood's Magazine," and an article on Compulsory and Leanness from "Harpers' Weekly." 8vo. Pamphlet.

My Own Story, by Marian Leigh. 12mo.

Autumn Leaves, by Samuel J. Gardner. 12mo.

Cousin Alice. A Memoir of Alice B. Haven. 12mo.

Love in Marriage. An Historical Study, by Guizot, translated from the French. 12mo.

Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan. A story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys, by the author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family." 12mo., etc., etc.

Our stock of STANDARD BOOKS in

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE!

ART AND SCIENCE

is very complete, to which we invite the attention of the Public.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS,

417 and 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

mar18 3m

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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ATKINS, MASSEY,

UNDERTAKER,

(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,

First house below Kearny street.

Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City

del3 3m and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.

del17 3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1886, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my25 F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 18.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 1, 1865.

TERMS, \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE;
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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(For the Californian.)

SCHEMMELFENNIG.

BRAVE Teuton, though thy awful name
Is one no common rhyme can mimic,
Though in despair the trump of Fame
Evades thy painful patronymic—
Though orators forego thy praise,
And timid bards by tongue or pen ig-
nore thee—thus alone I raise
Thy name in song, my Schemmelfennig!

What though no hecatombs may swell
With mangled forms thy path victorious;
Though Charleston to thee bloodless fell,
Wert thou less valiant or less glorious?
Thou took'st tobacco—cotton—grain
And slaves—they say a hundred and ten nig-
gers were captives in thy train
And swelled thy pomp, my Schemmelfennig!

Let Ashoth mourn his name unsung,
And Schurz his still unwritten story;
Let Blenker grieve the silent tongue,
And Zagouyi forego his glory;
Ye are but paltry farthing lamps,
Your lights the fickle marsh or fen ig-
nus fatuus of Southern swamps,
Beside the sun of Schemmelfennig!

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1st, 1865.

AN OPEN LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26, 1865.

HAVING been to church this morning, and listened to the sermon as attentively as became a confirmed churchwoman, I feel that I can conscientiously employ a portion of this Sabbath evening in writing a letter to that eminently religious and moral journal, THE CALIFORNIAN.

By the by, speaking of churches, reminds me of that extremely nice, interesting young gentleman that had a seat in our pew to-day. I wonder who he could be? He was evidently new to our style of worship, for when I handed him the open prayer-book he looked at it a moment with an inquiring glance; and then opened his mouth—to sing, as I at first thought, but no—to thank me and lay the book upon the cushion. Had he reposed there himself, "it would have been better for me," but he persisted in getting up and sitting down at the wrong times, and then trying to look as though he hadn't committed a grave and serious error. However, these little *faux pas* were more than compensated for by his benign smile, and distinguished moustache; and I had to repeat with great fervor, "From all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the Devil, good Lord deliver us," before I could pay devout attention to the doctrinal principles our beloved pastor was endeavoring to inculcate. And then, on leaving, Wild read me a lecture as long as the list of major-generals

on the impropriety of letting one's attention wander from the sermon. Wasn't that disheartening after trying as hard as I had tried to be good?

However, that's the way of the world. Goodness is never properly appreciated, and I in common with other great people am a great and living example of unacknowledged virtue.

Meeting that versatile and graceful (if I were talking to him I should say graceless) INIGO the other day, he insisted that I should contribute something for the next CALIFORNIAN—a letter, a criticism, or anything—and being in an amiable mood I promised, at that time intending to pay a visit to the Art Union, and give a description of a few of the pictures, with thoughts as they suggested themselves to me; but Mark Twain forestalled that idea, and after reading his characteristically intelligent, graphic and concise account of his visit, I had nothing to say. Surely I think Mark was inspired when he wrote that letter—inspired with brandy and water I would say, but I am not sure about the water.

Do you know, I think all our writers have been "inspired" lately, judging from the number of new books that I see noticed in the last *Atlantic*. I should be very sorry to have to read them all, but I have a curiosity to see that new book by Mrs. Brigadier-General Egbert Viele. In taking her husband's title, hasn't that lady struck something new? I think I shall try and have Wild made a Major-General—he would belong to the majority then. You know he has been very successful lately in the mines of Mexico, and has a brother who is a Government contractor at Washington; so with his influence and a judicious present of a few "feet," he could easily get the "wish of his heart," and then I would write for THE CALIFORNIAN over the signature of Mrs. Major-General Wild. Isn't that a sounding of brass? *Vive la Shoddy!* But now-a-days paste passes current for real diamonds in more "things" than one. As Meg Merrill has it, "Genius starves to feast Buffoonery." By the way, I have the greatest curiosity to know who Meg Merrill is; I tried to induce INIGO to divulge the other day, but he only looked very knowing, and replied she was a Mrs. Smith, but whether or not it is Sarah, wife of John, I was unable to ascertain. At any rate she is a piquant writer, quick and graceful. I was truly sorry to miss her sketches in the last two CALIFORNIANS, and only hope she will not continue to hide her light under a bushel. It occurs to me that perhaps her liege lord found an ink-stain on one of her fairy fingers and called her to account, giving her at the same time a lecture on the proper sphere of woman, *apropos* of custards and pies, and the growing necessity of keeping the ladies down, *a la* Paul Emanuel. Now, *mon cher Editeur*, if by any mischance or for lack of anything else this letter is honored with a place in your columns, I hope you will never mention it to my husband. You know he has the temper of an angel, still he entertains orthodox principles as regards the superiority of his sex, and holds in profound contempt a woman who writes poetry or dabbles in politics.

It was only the other day he returned home unexpectedly, and found me deep in Gail Hamilton's *New Atmosphere*. A change in the atmosphere was very apparent at once. He snatched the book out of my hands with a look on his face that the fanatic's might have worn when he seized the heretic's Bible and consigned it to what he considered the most fitting place for it, the fire, and then turned upon me, saying he had suspected me of writing an article or so in one of the papers, and now he was convinced of it; for any one who would read her book, *would* write for a paper. I hardly wonder that gentlemen generally dislike Gail Hamilton. She seems to me a very intelligent person, that disdains crinoline—one who would be admired for her brain, not loved for her heart. Perhaps sometime in her girlhood, she too had those "poor dreams" that are as sweet as they are fleeting, and that in their death, did all her trust and gentleness, for she seems to scorn in others, what with her must have been a vital reality.

However it is hardly fair to criticise a woman that I have

never seen, and it is a mistaken idea that in writing a book one must necessarily write themselves.

I wish I could tell you something about the gaiety of the town, but I seldom go out—haven't been to the theatre since our Heron left us. What a magnificent woman she is!—but I scarcely like what is called *par excellence* her great character. I suppose few will agree with me in not liking *Camille*, but it seems to me merely a life of Passion, only relieved by a woman who is always coarse and always hungry. In *Gamea* I like Miss Heron much better, and am almost tempted to call her "unequaled."

I did intend to remark upon some of the new books but my pen has wandered at will, until both my paper and your patience are exhausted; so, in the language of a letter that I received last mail from a lady of some literary pretension, I will now "wind off." Perhaps if you treat me *very* well this time you will hear again from

MADGE WILD.

(For the Californian.)

OUR LITTLE ONES.

THEY gather around by the fire,
When the evening shadows grow long,
And their mother sings for her darlings
Her sweetest lullaby song.
In the quiet firelight's flicker
They kneel around by her knee,
And pray for the tenderest blessings
To fall upon "mother" and me.

My neck their arms are entwining,
And my heart grows wondrous weak,
The good-nights are tenderly whispered,
The kisses fall on my cheek;
And my foolish old eyes grow misty,
And shadows fill up the room,
Till the gleam of their white night-dresses,
Hath vanished into the gloom.

All day do our little ones wander,
Each holding the other one's hand,
And gather the fairest of flowers
In the Most Beautiful Land.
When the twilight deepens to night-time,
Their pattering footsteps come,
And the hour to us is sacred,
When we welcome our darlings home.

We see, on the evening of Christmas—
That day of heavenly grace—
A dear row of five little stockings
Hang up by the old fire-place;
And we fill them up to be brimming
With kisses, and blessings, and love,
And they're always gone in the morning,
And treasured with treasures above.

There are five little graves in the churchyard;
Five little ones hand in hand,
Stand, and wait by the gate Celestial
In the Most Beautiful Land.
There are five little hands that are beck'ning,
Five voices calling us home,
Ten dear little feet that are waiting
For father and mother to come.

And the goal grows nearer and nearer,
Our steps less feeble and slow;
Yet the storms of scarce fifty winters
Have piled up our heads with their snow.
Ah! our darlings gather around us,
When the evening shadows grow long,
And pray for, and kiss, and caress us,
And list to their mother's sweet song.

CLARA CLYDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1st, 1865.

POOR CHANCE.—A Hebrew gentleman of this city told a rustic friend of his, last Saturday, *en passant*, that Matilda Heron was coming up and would appear in *Gamea*. "Wal," said the Josh, "I don't think she'll find much *game* here, unless it's snipe. Ducks is gettin' powerful scarce."—*Stockton Record*.

S E R E N A D E .

LOOK on upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes
On which than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from the slumbers break,
And make this darkness day,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

THE VALENTINES FOR NUMBER TWENTY.

I CAME up from Hempton-in-the-Marshes to enter on what my stepfather called "the brilliant path of commerce," which, definitely speaking, was to occupy a clerk's stool in the counting-house of Hemp & Hall; great names cityward, as every one knows. "A great opening," this path of commerce was called by many people; but I cannot say I ever agreed with them. I took possession of the lodgings which Smithers, the head clerk, had taken for me, and of my stool in the office next morning, and thus began my London life. At first I liked the novelty of having rooms of my own; it was dignified to be able to ring the bell and find as much fault with the pudding as one chose, without being sternly commanded to eat and be thankful. Also the preserves and other good things which my dear mother had packed in a black box, were my own, and I confess I spared no exertions to empty the box as fast as possible. No step-father to cry "hold!" no stepfather's mother to prophesy I was certainly not born to be drowned!

Censorious people may blame the preserves; but I know it was the close confinement and sedentary life, after the country freedom of my previous life, which made me ill. And ill I was, with a vengeance! Ill in the beginning of December, and ill for many, many a day. Smithers sent me a doctor, and occasionally dropped in of an evening; but with this exception I spent day after day alone.

How dull it was! Mariana in the moated grange was gay compared to me! My only amusement was a circulating library—and even that was bad, for as I never knew what books to send for, I left the selection to the boy who gave them out; and I must say I soon learned to think of that cub as one of my natural enemies, so bad and stupid were the volumes he sent me. I tried various plans, such as taking the catalogue alphabetically; one day the first book in A, second day the first one in B, next day in C, and so on; but even that plan, as well as many others of a like kind I tried, failed. Consequently, to while away the tedious hours of the day, I was driven to staring out of the window—for I was not always confined to bed, but principally on a sofa in my sitting-room, which I ought here to mention was on the second floor of the house.

The view was certainly limited, but such as it was I made the most of it; and, as will be seen, I found for myself sermons in stones and good in everything.

Few houses in a street cover much area; the time had gone by for the street in which I lived to spare ground for houses with rooms on both sides of the hall door; once country villas may have stood on the site, or cottages with sweet briar hedges and beds of marigolds; but that was long ago, when Pepys wrote his diary, and the second Charles uttered wise saws and did foolish deeds.

Now it was a long, dull, narrow street, where the tall houses made heaven, as the child said, "a long way off," and one could look almost into their opposite neighbors' faces. In such a street a view is commanded in general of three houses—a good view—while a side glance of some half-dozen others can be obtained by the genteel practice of flattening your nose and one whisker against the window pane.

Of the three houses directly opposite me, kind Providence centred my interest on the middle one. For an infirm old lady, who never went out, occupied the one to the right, and a tiresome old bachelor, who was always out, the one to the left; so what could I do all day but stare at the middle one?

I soon found out how many occupants this house had, and that was a step gained. I knew the hours of their coming in; and if I did not guess accurately what they had for dinner, at least I knew the hour at which they ate it. I asked the servant what the name of the family was, and she stared at me as if I were "a infant phenomoner," with a plurality of heads. The acute reader will here call to mind the remark I made at a very early stage, that I was undoubtedly "from the country." Blessed be country towns, if one cares to know all about their opposite neighbors and every one else's opposite neighbors: such knowledge is chronic; but, alas! London yields no such ceaseless mine of conversation. The servant asked "missus," but missus looked at me as if I were

slightly delirious, and answered me soothingly, as an invalid who ought not to be crossed, and went down stairs. Then I sent the willing slavey across the street, and she returned with the exciting news that No. 20 was on the hall door. But this helped me little; for on procuring last year's "Directory," I found No. 20 marked "vacant;" so my interesting inquiries were suddenly checked.

Then I thought of giving them a fancy name, and searched through a great many novels for a suitable one, but found none that fully satisfied me. All the names seemed indissolubly connected with certain characters, not at all resembling my ideal of the folks in No. 20.

There were four people living in this house, besides the servants—father, mother and two girls I concluded to be the daughters. Their drawing-room was a double room, just on a level with mine, but not so exactly opposite that I could not see the fireplace, near which, it being December, the ladies were generally grouped. When the folding doors stood open I had an excellent view, owing to the thorough light, and could see various pieces of furniture plainly. A piano, a couch, a work-frame, and flowers in the far-off drawing-room. I could see into the parlor, too; yea, even to the corner of the *Times*, which Paterfamilias read every morning, and I could see the young lady who poured out tea and coffee.

It was all very well to allow the family to give the young ladies Christian names. Easy as the task may appear, I had some difficulty in selecting suitable ones. To find two names for individuals of the opposite sexes might be easy enough; Abelard and Heloise, Romeo and Juliet, and many others; or of our own sex, Damon and Pythias, for instance; but the two young ladies fairly puzzled me. To give them common fancy names went against my grain, as the saying is; I must have something with character connected with it—some names, in fact, that carried a story with them. It may be that the loves of young ladies for each other are few in number, or not lasting, for there are not many on record. Even the friendship of the two whose names I finally selected, are placed on record only on the occasion of a serious misunderstanding. I thought of Rachel and Leah; but their mutual jealousies, and the deception practiced on poor Jacob at the end of his first seven years, made me reject these names and look out for something more suitable. Martha and Mary were rejected on the ground that neither young lady seemed to take exclusively to the role of Martha, both seeming to spend an equal amount of time over their plants, their piano, their books, and their embroidery. I thought also of Minna and Brenda, but my two gentle creatures seemed to have nothing in common with Magnus Troil's hardy children. At last, in a moment of inspiration—I could scarcely call it anything else—I bethought me of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and its two heroines, and I at once decided my two friends should be Helena and Hermia. That was a grand idea. The taller, and I concluded the elder, should be Helena, and the pretty little creature should be Hermia. I had always looked on Hermia as a small woman.

I found it much more comfortable for myself when their names were allotted. Thus, when they came down to the drawing-room before dinner, and, as they often did, sat on low seats and read by the firelight, it was so much pleasanter to say, "Helena has on her blue dress," or, "Oh, dear me! Hermia has finished her third volume already," instead of "the tall one," or "the short one." Every day they went out to walk unless it were very wet; and I used to be in a fever of impatience until they came in again; and if rain came on while they were out I was quite miserable until they came home, for fear of their being wet.

Thus days passed on until a few were only left before Christmas. I was not able to go home, and no one there seemed to care particularly whether I did or not. My mother wrote to me that my stepfather supposed I should soon be able to return to business, and going down to Hempton would only unsettle me, and that decided the thing. I remained indoors on my sofa, as I had been doing for two or three weeks.

My opposite neighbors were very busy all the week before Christmas. At first I wondered what the girls were about when for two mornings they never made their appearance in the drawing-room; and it was with a feeling of great joy I saw the gleam of their light dresses before dinner, and the books and seats by the fire as usual, until the father's knock and entrance brought dinner and a descent to the dining-room. It was very stupid of me not to remember that Christmas housekeeping had to be attended to, for I made myself most unutterably miserable with the fear that Helena and Hermia might be going away to spend Christmas, and that the mornings might be taken up packing in their own rooms.

At last I saw Hermia one morning in the drawing-room. She came in with a white apron on, and going to the secretary, took out some sheets of letter-paper which she proceeded to cut into various fancy patterns.

"It is for ornament," I cried, joyfully; "then they are going to spend this week at home, for what would be the use of making ornamental pastry, if they were going away?"

Miss Hermia spoiled two or three sheets of paper before

she succeeded to her mind; but I admired the judicious way in which she burned her failures, and only went down stairs with her successes in her hand. At that very moment I had paper in my desk which would, I am sure, have been the very thing for her; and a hundred times at least during that day I wished I might have dared to offer it to her. Fancy the exquisite felicity of seeing her cut my paper! Even if it were to be chopped as fine as mince-meat and cast into a burning fiery furnace afterwards, what matter? Gladly would I have followed the fragments, could I have been satisfied that Hermia and her sister would have dropped a few tears just to extinguish the remains of my smouldering ashes; nay, one tear each, which would make only a pair between them, would have perfectly satisfied me. As it was, I could only pull over my desk and look at the paper, and handle it, and finally doze off in the midst of a brilliant *chateau en Espagne*, in which everything I had in the world (no great possessions, certainly) being used by the young ladies in No. 20, without any compunction or hesitation.

As I had nothing to look at in the evenings, the shutters across the way being then closed, I generally went very early to bed, and found the benefit of this arrangement in more ways than one. Indeed I, at that time of my life, slept such an amount of what old-fashioned folk are apt to term "beauty sleep," being the sleep had before twelve o'clock, P. M.—that the wonder is I did not become a perfect Adonis. I did not, however, and set down that theory from thenceforth in my list of "popular delusions."

But the principal advantage I derived from getting through a good deal of sleep early in the evening was, that I felt no desire to enjoy more in the morning, and was generally up and at my post of observation early, at least as soon as the family opposite were down for breakfast. So it fell out that on the morning of Christmas Eve I was at my window early. The servant had just retired after depositing my coffee-pot and toast upon the table, when a cab drove up to No. 20, and a visitor with some luggage arrived. Never shall I forget my feelings as I looked at that man. With a gasp I recognized him as my rival. In what? will naturally be asked, and as natural will be the answer, "I am sure I do not know." But sufficient it was that he was gaining access to that enchanted floor, and about to have social intercourse with those fair women who were but a dream to me. Shall I describe him? Even now—and some years have passed since then—his figure rises before me as he was that Christmas Eve, when I saw him for the first time, and hated him too.

He was tall (I am no great height myself) and slight, and dark—dark, yes, to the very moustache, which was like himself, thin. Then his dress, which I at once pronounced "snobby," was in keeping with his figure and style; and if he wore one thing worse than another it was leather gaiters. I hate leather gaiters! I have no patience with leather gaiters! I had rather an indifference to them before, now I hated them cordially. Hating the stranger as a whole, I think I cannot better describe him than by saying he was exactly the picture of the villain one sees on the stage. Of course he had a bass voice. I was sure I had heard such a voice a hundred times in melodramas. The real villain, the ruffian of deepest dye, never threatens his victim in a tenor voice—never, for the simple reason, "it would not take." Imagine being requested to deliver your watch in counter-tenor! Just as it is the proper thing for peasants who come out in picturesque costume to walk, crossing their legs, as they did in *Leah* the other night when I went to see Miss Bateman. I felt certain, from the moment I knew peasants were inevitable, that they would come out crossing their legs as they walked, and that they did, I leave to the unbiased judgment of all who went in '64 to see the transatlantic charmer.

It took away all my appetite for breakfast—and mine was pretty cool when I turned to it—to see how they received that man. Every one came out to welcome him, father, mother and daughters. The father clapping him on the back and wringing his hand, the mother kissing him, and the two maid-servants quarrelling for the honor of carrying his portmanteau. And, what was worse than all, I am afraid I saw him kiss the girls just as the hall door was being shut. What I could see of the breakfast tactics only made me worse. Helena made tea, and Hermia danced attendance on him. Through one window I could see her stoop over the fender, bringing away successive hot plates, while through the other I could see their destination was to be heaped up with choice viands for the diabolical stranger.

Was it to be wondered at that my appetite was destroyed by contemplating this scene? How could a fellow crack his egg with proper discretion under such circumstances? I did not crack mine, for I reduced both it and the egg-cup to small fragments at one blow; for inasmuch as on this villain's arrival I had hated him from the crown of his horrid wide-awake to the buttons of his detestable leather gaiters, I now hated him cordially to the heels (military) of his boots.

Then he must go out to walk with them! nothing less would do, and bring them home in a cab (which was heaped up with holly) just before it grew dark. I saw a sheet spread on the drawing-room floor, and the dark shiny branches piled

upon it, and then the girls, with the villain's aid, began to decorate the lamps and picture-frames.

What a blessing I was awake when this little play began, and what a happy hour they chose for it! The girls had on their white dresses, and floated about from mirror to picture, from picture to lamp, like the Peris in the illustrated *Lalla Rookh*. Then it was I learned a secret which toned down my burning hatred, and left only a strong dislike in its place.

Helena stood on a chair and dressed the lamp; probably she took this duty on account of her superior height; perhaps the villain recommended it, for he stood beside her, and, breaking the holly and pelletrie into small pieces, handed them up to her. Hermia fitted about the room doing such work as came within the reach of her short arms when standing on a chair. I could see the gleam of her dress as, after putting up her sprays, she would jump down, and, moving back, look at the effect from a little distance, and then dart forward and push some refractory stems out of sight. Then I saw her take an armful of the evergreens and descend to the dining-room to continue her work there. I was so engaged in watching her, and the strong fire lighted up the room so gloriously—I could see the very flowers in her hair—that I forgot to give any attention to the progress of the drawing-room decorations, but when I did look I saw more than was meant for the eye of the public.

Honor bright! with the golden rule in my memory, I am not going to betray a confidence so unwittingly given. If the villain never committed a crime of greater magnitude than to stand steadying Miss Helena by encircling her waist with his arms, all forgiveness to his memory! It is not for me to cast the first stone. I have done worse things myself in my day. Nor was it exactly extortion, the villain exacting toll for lifting the young lady down from her high position and replacing her in it.

Once Hermia caught them in the act of balancing their debtor and creditor account in this fashion. She may have laughed, but I could not hear it, only I saw the gesture of amazement, the uplifted hands, and could fancy some lively sally at the lovers' expense, when she ran from the room closely followed by the indignant villain, who seemed to demand instant vengeance. That she had made her escape I doubt not, for the next moment I saw her opening the hall door to her father, when his familiar knock awakened up the quiet street. Then with what interest I watched them all assemble for dinner round the drawing-room fire. Helena and her villain stood far apart at different sides of the group, but I could follow Hermia's face as it turned from one culprit to the other, as if threatening them, and more than once Helena shook her head and finger at her when it could be done without observation. Of course the rest of the evening could only be imagined, as the curtains were drawn, but I pictured it to myself, and out of it I took a desperate resolve.

I would go to church next day. Not to any church at all, but to the one to which my dear friends went, and the idea possessed me so entirely I could scarcely sleep. The doctor only came every other day, and he had been with me on Christmas Eve, so there was no fear of his finding me out, unless I told him; and the next morning I was up and dressed betimes. I sent for a cab, and had it at the door ready to start when the ladies opposite came out; and then getting in, I desired the driver to keep them in sight, and take me to the church to which he would see them go.

I followed them closely in, and was so fortunate as to get a seat quite near enough to watch them all. Never did alchemist watch a crucible with more eagerness than I watched them all through the service, and still with such discretion as to prevent them observing it. I wanted to see if their faces were like what I had pictured in my imagination; but I am bound in all honesty to say they were far more attractive, Hermia's especially. The father was some seats off, as there was not room for him in the pew with the others; but for weeks after I could not help wondering if Hermia saw what I saw, viz., that during the sermon there were three hands in Helena's muff which had decidedly been only made for two. I paid dearly for going to church that day, and I was so much worse the next that the doctor found out what I had done, and very nearly gave me up. I was confined to bed for several weeks, and though once or twice, with the help of the furniture, I crawled to the window, I could see nothing of my friends in No. 20.

The second week in February, I was back on my sofa again; but whether I was stupid, or whether the habits of the family had undergone a change in the mean time, I saw little of them; and was sure to be asleep, or away from the window, whenever they went in or out, so I seldom saw them.

It was the twelfth of February, and I had finished the reading of the paper, even to the last of the advertisements, and found myself pondering over it in a most unaccountable way. It treated of valentines, and described, in glowing terms, how cheap, and brilliant, and loving, and original they could be had at a certain shop not a hundred miles distant from where I then sat.

"Cheap!" I said, indignantly; "the man who would buy a nasty, gaudy, filigree Cupid to send to a girl deserves to be

sent to Coventry. If I were a girl I would despise a fellow who could not speak for himself, I would," I said, vehemently, bringing down my clenched fist with a bang on the table at my elbow. "It is a penny-a-line love, and he might keep it for me. Give me a real, original set of verses, to the point, and written solely for myself, that would touch my feelings!" Then I pictured some silly fellow sending a bought valentine to Hermia, and my indignation at the picture I had myself conjured up all but took away my breath. To Hermia! I writhed at the thought. Just such a thing as the villain would do! I said, and my old hatred to him woke up fiercely at the bare supposition. As I thus tortured myself with possibilities, scarcely even probabilities, of others worshipping at the same shrine I did, an idea suddenly burst upon me. "By Jove, I shall send her one myself! I shall send them each one, and no one can accuse me of undue partiality!" (the acute reader will have detected long before this the state of my young affections.) "But," I said, "I shall make sure of Hermia's first; I might fall asleep, or have a fit, or something that would prevent me writing a second; and that my lack of confidence in my own muse was justified by its rapid exhaustion, the readers will soon see. To choose a metre, to choose a subject, to fit my rhymes—why need I dwell on these threadbare anxieties of the youthful aspirant to poetic fame? At last, having been guided in the first, by my choice of the second, an Irish legend I had read years before, I indited the following verses to Hermia, and I hope I shall receive a pardon on the score of my youth when I freely confess that I thought them very fine indeed, and far, very far beyond the average:

"My little neighbor, lend a pretty ear,
And I will tell a little tale romantic;
In far-off seas I found it long ago,
Amid the surges of the wild Atlantic.

"Two islets lie there gleaming side by side,
But severed by a channel full of danger;
So fair and white that the tongue of far-off times
Called them 'The Joyless Maidens of the Stranger.'

"For there beneath the waters calm and fair
That gird the sisters round with azure zones,
Lie rotting ribs of many a goodly ship,
And many a sturdy seaman's whitening bones.

"And now a beacon stands on either rock
To guide the wanderer on the treacherous sea;
In each, when first I knew them long ago,
A solitary keeper used to be.

"Yet not alone; for each one had a child,
A boy that burrowed like a rabbit in the sand,
A girl that trimmed the lamp, and kept the house,
And gathered 'John o' Groats' and escallops on the strand.

"Of course you seize my story by the end,
The 'how it came about,' you can't, I hope.
Pray grant me patience in my maudering tale.
Don't laugh—I'll tell you—'twas a telescope!

"For the boy growing unto man's estate,
Spent many an hour gazing through a glass,
Watching a little nook upon the shore,
Where daily was the maiden wont to pass.

"And presently he launched a little skiff,
Made from some sendrift east upon the shore,
And spread abroad his tiny cloud of sail,
And sailed away to sunny Mullin-Mor.

"But I must reach my moral, so shall skip
The tender meeting on the yellow strand,
And tell you how it fell upon a day,
The lovers wandered seaward hand in hand.

"And still she cried, 'Say, Owen, am I fair?'
And as he answered his rough voice grew soft,
And gravely said, 'Yes, dearest; fair to me';
As he had answered many a time and oft.

"Then suddenly she plucked her hand away,
And flung at him a pretty pucker'd frown;
'Am I not fair in other eyes?' she cried;
'Fair as the maidens in the far-off town!'

"And as he gravely smiled, he took her hand,
And answer made: 'Nay, 'tis a thing of taste;
I loved you ere I touched this plump round arm,
Or laid a finger on your dainty waist.

"'Loved ere I knew a feature of your face,
Was blind before I saw the dimple there.
What if my love's a ghoul to all beside!
So, dearest, you are still my fairest fair.

Then I transcribed the verses with great care, writing the seventh verse and the last in huge capitals, that they might point the moral I felt a delicacy in drawing more openly, and I considered this as a decidedly telling hit.

By this time my poor Muse was pumped dry. Yet still undaunted, I cried, "Now for Helena's! Doubtless the villain will write her half a dozen, at least, so I shall confine myself to a *réchauffé*; some good standard verses will be very respectful and respectable." So I cast about in my mind what poet should be honored by selecting from. Of right, I ought to have told her "her eyes were lodestars, and her tongue's sweet air, etc.," but I had never heard her tongue, and what swayed me most of all was that the rest of the passage was exceedingly unmanageable.

I took down Tommy Moore, but the Hibernian bard was so hackneyed, and I got so tired of his everlasting howl about liberty and wine, that I dropped him over the back of my sofa; and leaving him on the floor, fell to work on Byron. He was endless, enough to confuse one's brain to search him, so I hurled him after his dear Tommy, and tried Shelly. "I arise from dreams of thee," is good, but worn out, and, besides, too strong for a Bravo's Bride, as I had now accustomed myself to consider Helena to be; I read the last lines,

thought of Christmas Eve, and that "she was another's," and sent Shelly after his friend Byron.

At this period of my life I was much given to poetry, and had cheap copies of all the popular poems of the day. Yet I found it very hard to select one. The good verses were too common; the bad too bad. Then in my search I crossed the Atlantic, and in a happy hour took down the works of Edgar Allan Poe, a cheap copy, now, alas! out of print, in fancy (very) boards, with a good deal of scarlet and yellow on the covers.

Here I found the nicest, tiniest set of verses, and so near the end of the book, that I flattered myself it was not every fellow who had read so far. These are the lines I wrote out for Helena, drawing a fine capital letter at the beginning of each verse, in what I then considered a very high style of art.

Some apology is due to the well-educated reader for the insertion of verses I have since discovered are exceedingly common; but it may just chance that some greenhorn, in the same state of blessed ignorance that I then was, may be among my readers; so for him I transcribe, and to him dedicate my verses.

"Helen! thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth air, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

"See in yon brilliant window niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand.
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land."

My brains had been so much taxed in producing Hermia's original valentine, that I felt very happy indeed to be able to produce Helena's at such a cheap rate; and really, when these verses were all fairly written out in an ornamental style, I felt quite as proud of them as if they were indeed my very own composition; nay, at times, I began to imagine they were little airy trifles I had thrown off in moments stolen from severer studies, and not Edgar Allan Poe's at all.

I put each valentine into an envelope, and the two envelopes into one larger one, sealing it with a very large seal that had been my grandfather's in days when old gentlemen wore their watches with a bunch of seals attached to them by a broad black ribbon.

To address a letter to people whose names I did not know, may to some people appear a difficulty; but I soon got over that.

"To the young ladies at
'No. 20, ——— Street,
'(One each,)"

seemed a simple solution of the difficulty; and to bed at last I went, very tired, but very proud of my night's work.

The next day, the 13th, I determined they should be posted; and, after keeping the letter back until it was impossible it could be delivered before the next morning, I sent the servant to drop it into the nearest pillar-post.

Up to this time, not a doubt of the propriety of thus intruding my muse on people I did not know had ever crossed my mind. To be impertinent was my last thought; and the whole business was so much an effusion of feeling, that I overlooked the possible appearance of the matter to a cool matter-of-fact Paterfamilias of the nineteenth century. Suffice it to say that, besides my feelings being strongly enlisted in my own behalf, I had sufficient self-conceit to pass the rest of the evening in a state of tranquility and egotistical meditation which a king might envy, or a prime minister, on the eve of a dissolution, covet.

It was about twelve o'clock the next day, when, a new batch of novels having arrived from my foe at the circulating library, I had curled myself up on the sofa to make an inspection of the parcel, and decide which volume should be honored by the first perusal, when the door opened, and my landlady's "slavey" announced "a gentleman."

Now, a visitor, especially at this hour, was an unprecedented occurrence. Occasionally, of an evening, some of my fellow-clerks would drop in; but a caller at noon was a world's wonder. But, fancy my astonishment, when I recognized Helena and Hermia's father. I got white and red by turns; jumped off the sofa, staggered, almost fell, and gasped out an invitation to my visitor to be seated. He took the chair I pointed to; and I took one despairing look at his face. One glance was enough. In it I read how my impertinence was about to be punished; figuratively speaking, I saw he had on the black cap. For the first time I saw my conduct in its true light. Yes, before one word had been spoken on either side.

"Your name, I believe, is Bennett?" tho Herrpapa said first.

"Yes," I said, pumping up my courage, and, though feeling dreadfully guilty, determined to face the matter like a man. "Yes, Gilbert Bennett."

There was a long pause. Either of us must break it; and I said in my heart, "No. 20, let it be you."

"Mr. Bennett," at last he said: "I am going to ask you a question as a gentleman, and I expect you to answer me as such."

I bowed my head in an ashamed silence.

He took a letter from his pocket, and, unfolding the contents—two sheets—laid envelope and all before me on the table.

"Did you write those?"

With a great effort, swallowing my feelings at a gulp, I said, "Yes, sir."

"And what have you to say in defence of yourself, Mr. Bennett?"

"Say!" I cried: "I have nothing to say, sir, except that I did not mean it as impertinence."

"It seems," he said, with a half-sneer, "that you succeeded in that without much effort."

"Sir," I said, interrupting him, "I have been half mad with illness and loneliness; I have had no other pleasure for three months, but seeing them go in and out; that is the only plea I have to offer."

"Yes," he said, "you must have been half mad, indeed, to have presumed so far."

"Until you came into the room, it never occurred to me I had done what was wrong; believe me, I would not offend them so for worlds; as I told you before, they are the only pleasure I have had in life all these months."

"By 'them' may I understand you mean my daughters?"

"Yes," I said; "and the days I do not see them I am unutterably miserable, and at night I cannot sleep."

This was putting it strong; but I thought I saw signs of his wrath being appeased, and tried the despairing penitente dodge.

"Then, when you sent these verses, you did it in all sincerity?"

"On my honor as a gentleman, I did."

"I cannot understand it at all," No. 20 said, looking at me as if I were a dangerous lunatic who might at any moment become outrageous and unmanageable.

"I should like to put a few questions to you, Mr. Bennett. What do you know of my daughters? Where did you first see them?"

I began at the beginning, and told him—not everything I had seen, but everything I had felt, since I had first observed my opposite neighbors; showed him my post of observation; and wound up with an abject apology, bringing all manner of special pleading to bear on my own case.

"And now," I said, "will you have the apology in writing?" And as I spoke I drew my desk over to me and opened it.

"No," he said; "for two reasons I shall dispense with that. First, because you answered me like a gentleman, without evasion or subterfuge; and secondly, because you are young, and, I do believe, have done this thoughtlessly, without intent to offend, and are very unlikely to do such a thing again. But, I tell you candidly, I must take some means to prevent such a system of espionage being successful in future. The privacy of domestic life must not be invaded by one's opposite neighbors. I am going down to a furnishing-house to-day, to order blinds which shall effectually check your prying in future."

"As you put it, I agree with you," I said, mournfully; "and no punishment could be too great; but still—"

"Still what?" he asked, as I hesitated.

"If you would only trust me," I said, "I give you my word of honor that, cost what it may, the blinds shall be on my window, and not on yours. I shall cease to watch your house from this day; and, if you are still doubtful of me, I shall change my lodgings. You do not know what such a promise costs me; probably you set a light value on it."

He pondered for a few minutes, and then, as if he had not heard me, asked me—

"Where do you come from?"

From Hempton-in-the-Marshes. My father is dead, and my mother has married again. My father was rector of Hempton; and I only wish my stepfather was more like him. I should never have been here," I cried angrily; "but he persuaded my mother against letting me go to college."

"What was your father's college?" No. 20 said, more courteously than he had yet spoken.

"St. John's, Oxford," I said, proudly; "and he distinguished himself there, too."

"I remember him," said my visitor; "I am a St. John's man myself; and there could scarcely have been two Gilbert Bennetts. Yes, I knew him well."

"Then," I said, vehemently, rising to my feet, "I am ten times more sorry for having insulted your family; if anything had been wanting to bring me to a sense of my unworthiness, you have done it by speaking of my father. I wish you would tell me how I could make reparation, sir. I am ready to do anything in my power."

"Well, boy," he said, "you do appear sorry; and I am bound to believe your father's son. I accept your promise

about the windows; but remember, it is to be carried out in the spirit as well as the letter."

I groaned an assent.

"And now," he continued, "half forgiveness is unjust; I shall tell you further what I expect; that when you are well enough to go out, you will come across and dine with us, and make the acquaintance of your divinities behind the blinds. They are very good girls; but the best cure for you is to know them closely, and I venture to say you will not find them half so charming as your imagination has pictured."

For a moment I was speechless.

"You do not mean it!" I cried, joyfully.

"I generally mean what I say. When will you be able to come?"

"How good of you, sir! I can come any day. I am quite well enough for that."

"Very well, let it be to-day. Sharp six. You know the house," he added, laughing.

"But, sir," I said, almost beside myself, "your name? May I ask your name?"

"My name is Walton. Good morning, Mr. Bennett." And my visitor took his leave.

Here was a wind-up to the affair. When the hall door shut, I got up on the table and gave three cheers. I was just about to rush to the window, to see whether he went straight home, or, as usual, into the City, when I remembered my promise, and slunk into my bedroom, as much depressed as possible, considering I had such a delightful prospect before me for the evening.

My first act was to take out my evening suit of clothes, which had not seen the light since I left the maternal home. My next was to brush them thoroughly, a piece of labor which can only be appreciated by a person in the weak state of health in which I then was. But was I not going to dine at No. 20?

Never, not even on my wedding morning, (a few months ago) did I bestow such care on my toilet as on that memorable occasion. I sent out and purchased six new white ties, but after trying them all, one after another, and being dissatisfied with the result, was obliged to go in an ordinary black one.

Grief the First.

Then my collar was unsatisfactory. How is it that laundresses will not turn over a fellow's collars close up to the band, both corners alike? I profanely wished my washerwoman certain punishments nameless to ears polite.

Collars were Grief the Second.

Then my neckstud rolled away, and find it I could not, though I searched every corner.

Grief the Third.

But grief of griefs, worst of all, when I got into my coat, I found I had grown so much since my illness that the cuff of the coat came barely to where the cuff of my shirt began.

Grief the Fourth. In a word, I was in a fever of despair long before my toilet was completed, and barely able to drag my weary limbs across the street about five minutes before six o'clock.

Had I been stronger and heartier, I might have detected a smirk, slightly subdued, on the face of the maid who showed me up-stairs, for I believe my history had even reached the basement story of No. 20; but I was too exhausted by such unwonted exertion to be conscious of anything but that an introduction was before me to Helena and Hermia.

I advanced into the drawing-room, saw four people, had my hand shaken by Mr. Walton, and in one great effort to make three bows to three ladies, staggered and fell fainting against some, Paterfamilias, I believe. When I recovered consciousness I was on the sofa, and Mr. Walton standing by me, Mrs. Walton was giving me a glass of wine, and Hermia stood at a little distance with the decanter in her hand.

I blurted out some apology, and Mr. Walton said in a good-humored, kindly way:

"Well, you are a pretty fellow! This is what you call being quite able to go out to dinner! I have a good mind to tell your doctor!"

But I declared I was perfectly well, and only a little giddy with being unaccustomed to the open air, and was very indignant at not being believed. I was not allowed to go down to dinner; but the parlor maid (now minus the smirk) brought me up some soup, of which no praises could be too great; after my landlady's watery decoctions, this was indeed nectar. Other things equally good followed, and I fell asleep at last, not without a slight dread that I might have been asleep all the time, and would awake presently in my own lodgings.

I did not, however, but awoke in No. 20, to see Helena and Hermia reading by the firelight, as I had seen them dozens of times before. I was afraid to stir, lest it should break the spell that was over me, but lay watching them and wishing every minute would be an hour long.

Then the parents came up, and we had lights, and a little music of the pleasantest soothing kind. I never hear Mozart's masses without remembering that evening; and when the "Agnus Dei" from the First Mass is played by any one, even now, I feel that inexpressible peace stealing over my

soul that fell upon it that night, when I heard Helena Walton touch it for the first time so tenderly, with a deep feeling of its wondrous beauty shining out of every sentence.

I went home at last. Mr. Walton saw me into my own room, and charged me to go at once to bed, and though I obeyed him sleep was out of the question.

Not so charming as I imagined! Yes, a hundred times more charming! No wonder I could not sleep. Again and again came the picture of the drawing-room I had left; Mr. Walton lying in an armchair by the fire, telling me I need not talk unless I felt quite able and inclined, Hermia and her mother at their work, with Hermia's head bent over hers just within my view, and Helena at the piano, heightening the beauty and enjoyment of the scene.

Next day I was too tired to rise; but in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Walton kindly came over to see me; I was in the drawing-room, then, and Mrs. Walton honored me by pouring out tea for us, though I own to feeling for the first time that the cups were coarse and common, and that the bread in a cheap japanned bread-basket was not what she was accustomed to.

After this, I spent many an evening at No. 20, and the girls and I became fast friends, even to laughing over the two valentines, which, at their urgent entreaty, I returned to them, for Mr. Walton had left them with me the day he called. I was soon established on that confidential footing in the family, which acknowledges, as an undoubted fact, that the visitor was to have the privilege of mending the pens, glueing the work-boxes, splicing the fans, and going the messages, and, ah! happy fate! last Christmas, I went with them to Covent Garden for the holly, and entered into violent competition with the villain (who properly was called Smith) and Helena in the matter of decorating—they persisting in declaring Hermia and I were a pair of bunglers.

These were not their real names, however, though I have loved to call them so throughout my story. She whom I called Helena was properly Joan, and the fairy Hermia had been baptized Agnes; and I lay down my pen to laugh at the recollection of the evening when my thus naming them came to be known.

I had come one evening uninvited, saying, as an excuse to Mrs. Walton, that I had brought Miss Helena some crests and monograms, and Miss Hermia some Honolulu postage stamps.

Miss Helena and Miss Hermia? Mamma Walton said, inquiringly.

I stammered out, "Your daughters," which satisfied her, not being of an exquisite disposition; but I told the girls afterwards, amusing them no little.

I said, "You know when I am here I address you as Miss Agnes; but when I am at home I still think of you as Hermia."

And this anecdote was soon added to the list of jests we had in common; and if I brought two bouquets, as I often did when I knew a party was approaching, I ticketed them, "Helena's" and "Hermia's."

In due course of time Joan became Mrs. Smith, and went off northwards with the villain, and about the same time I became, how it matters not, a man of independent means.

St. Valentine's Day was drawing near again, only a few weeks off, and I was sitting in the dining-room, after dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Walton and Hermia.

"You will only have one valentine to send this year, Gilbert," Mr. Walton said, with a sigh. "It used to be 'one each,' eh? Ah! we shall miss Joan!"

"By Jove!" I said to myself, "here is an opening not to be despised."

"No, sir," I said, "I am going to ask you for a valentine for myself. I am sure you know as well as I do I want Hermia—I mean Agnes. You and Mrs. Walton know me so well now and I have nothing to say, but that I shall try every day to be more worthy of her."

I was too husky to say more, and Agnes having slipped from the room, I had lost a good deal of courage.

There was a little silence, and Mr. Walton shook my hand silently.

"It is what we fathers come to," he said.

I rose and went to where Mrs. Walton sat by the fire in an arm-chair. There were tears on her face.

"And you?" I asked tremblingly.

"Agnes must decide," she said; and though I knew how that would be, I was glad of the permission to make my escape, and going up stairs, found her sitting by the drawing-room fire.

She had not expected me up so soon, but there was no need to ask her then, for I knew it long before, that I had found my real valentine.

I got her altogether into my care on the next St. Valentine's Day, and we were then, and are now, as happy as the summer day is long.

My wife signs herself Agnes Bennett; it is legally her name; but when we sit together by our own fireside, her hand in mine, or, better still, she sits upon my knee, I call her by the name by which I knew her first—and loved her—Hermia.

A SCOTTISH LOVE SONG.

DEAR CALIFORNIAN.—Haven't you carefully hidden away in some nook or corner of your heart a weakness for Scottish love-songs? Then you can appreciate one which I saw a day or two ago, and which I herewith send you. It went to my heart with its delicate, tender pathos, so quaintly expressed. It appeared originally, I think, in Chambers' *Scottish Songs*. I do not know the name of the author, but whoever he may be, *this* should make him famous. Don't you think so?

Oh, I'm wat, wat,
Oh, I'm wat and weary;
Yet fain would I rise and rin,
If I thoct I would meet my dearie!

Aye waukin' O!
Waukin' aye, and weary;
Sleep I can get none,
For thinkin' o' my dearie!

Simmer's a pleasant time,—
Flowers o' every color;
The winter rins ower the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie—
Sleep I can get none,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lonely nicht comes on,
'A' the lave are sleepin';
I think upon my love,
And blear my c'eu wi' greetin'.

Feather beds are soft,
Pentit rooms are bonnie;
But ae kiss o' my true love
Better's far than ony.

Oh, for Friday night—
Friday at the gloamin';
Oh, for Friday night—
Friday's long a' comin'.

Burns tried to *improve* the above, but failed decidedly. As well "gild refined gold," or do anything else foolish. Now, don't you think it is a gem? I do.

INGLE.

(For the Californian.)

FLOWERS.

OF flowers, so much has been said and sung that it would seem almost impossible to write anything. They have been called "the joy of the shrubs which bear them," "the stars of the earth," and "the alphabet of the angels;" indeed, as Mr. Howitt says, "of all the minor creations of God, they seem to be most completely the effusions of His love of beauty, grace and joy. Beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration." As Brainard has expressed it,

"Who does not love a flower?
Its hues are taken from the light
Which summer's suns fling pure and bright,
In scattered and prismatic hues,
That smile and shine in dropping dews;
Its fragrance from the sweetest air,
Its form from all that's light and fair—
Who does not love a flower?"

With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older they would live forever among them; as they grow up to maturity flowers assume in their eyes new characters and beauties; then there is strewn around them the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations, with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes and triumphs of our forefathers; they are to all nations the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

Gardens have been the delight of poets in all ages. All our poets have sung of flowers. They serve all purposes; and we are reminded of the fable of the flowers, where the rose says:

What can a poet do without us?

But it is not poets alone who do worship to flowers. What an enthusiastic devotion is that which sends a man from the attractions of home and the ties of neighborhood, the bonds of country, to range plains, valleys, hills and mountains for a new flower! What spirit must have animated Hermann, Hasselquist, Tournefort, Linnaeus, Solander, Saussure, Humboldt and hundreds of others, who have sacrificed every personal convenience and selfish motive for the sake of illustrating the volume of nature, and opening almost a new existence upon those whose researches are necessarily limited! There is not a plant or flower but has a history, and when this is known it becomes doubly interesting. For instance, the Jasmine, (*Jasminum officinale*). Cowper says:

"The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets—

The deep dark green of whose varnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

The Jasmine seems as though it had been created to express the quality of amiability. When first introduced into France, by some Spanish navigators about the year 1560, it was greatly admired for the lightness of its branches and the delicate lustre of its star-like flowers. It was deemed necessary to place a plant so elegant and apparently tender in the hot-house; anon it was tried in the orangery, where it grew marvellously well, and at length it was exposed in the open ground where it now grows as freely as in its native soil.

The flexible branches of this odoriferous shrub may be trained according to our pleasure; it will climb and weave itself around our trellised arches and cover dead walls with an evergreen tapestry. It can be trained in any form, and it lavishes upon us an abundant harvest of flowers of the most delightful perfume.

"Then how serene! when in your favorite room,
Gales from your jasmies soothe the evening gloom."

This beautiful plant grew in Hampton Court garden at the end of the seventeenth century, but being lost there was known only in Europe in the garden of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Pisa. From a jealous and selfish anxiety that he should continue to be the sole possessor of a plant so charming and so rare, he strictly charged his gardener not to give a single sprig or even a flower to any person. The gardener might have been faithful if he had not loved; but being attached to a fair though portionless damsel, he presented her with a bouquet on her birthday, and, in order to render it more acceptable, ornamented it with a sprig of Jasmine. The young maiden, to preserve the freshness of this pretty stranger, placed it in the earth where it remained green until the return of spring, when it budded forth and was covered with flowers. She had profited by her lover's lesson, and now cultivated her highly prized jasmine with care, for which she was amply repaid by its rapid growth. The poverty of the lovers had been a bar to their union. Now, however, by the sale of cuttings from the plant which love had given her, she amassed a little fortune, which she bestowed with her hand upon the gardener of her heart.

The young girls of Tuscany in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves on their wedding-day with a bouquet of jasmine, and they have a proverb that "She who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmies, is as good as a fortune to her husband." Ought we not, then, to cultivate more generally what love first scattered abroad? For Cotton observes, how numerous are the purposes to which it may be applied:

"Here jasmine spreads the silver flower
To deck the wall or weave the bower."

Carrington, one of nature's poets, makes it expressive of sympathy,

"The jasmine droops above the honored dead."

The seed of the jasmine will not ripen here, but the plant may be increased by layering down the branches or by cuttings.

IRIS.

AN honest but not very astute individual received written directions from a bereaved husband, living at a distance, to erect a tombstone over the grave of his deceased wife, a copy of the desired inscription being sent in a letter. The agent unfortunately allowed a postscript addressed to himself to remain attached to the inscription, which consequently stands thus:

CAROLINE,
WIFE OF WILLIAM SMITH,
Died Oct. 4, 1864.
AGED 52.
Rest in peace.

If you will attend to the matter you will confer a great favor upon
WILLIAM SMITH,
Husband of the above.

WORK FOR 1865.—The *Charivari* publishes a woodcut representing Old Father Time giving directions to the year 1865, represented as a little child having its eyes filled with tears, and in great apparent distress. "There is no use in weeping," says he, with the hour-glass and scythe, "You have your work to do. You see all that?" pointing to various disjointed articles lying around in confusion, and bearing the names of Venetia, Uolstein, Poland, Italy, the United States, Hungary, San Domingo, Mexico, etc. "You see all that? Well, then, you must at once commence by setting the whole in order, for I cannot allow that every one should constantly cry after me for doing nothing."

George McComb (says the *Auburn Stars and Stripes* of the 29th ult.) was caught by a cave from a bank at which he was working, and had his leg broken about half-way between the knee and ankle joints. The accident occurred at Dornic Hill about one mile from Auburn.

Our sins are like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus; they rise up against us in the shape of men armed for our destruction.

A MAN coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas o'er," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling!"

NOVEL NEWSPAPER PROSPECTUS.—The editor of the *Contemporaneo*, on the occasion of the New Year, sends the following "bulletin to his subscribers:" "My paper enters on its sixth year; it still carries high the banner which has victoriously come out of so many struggles—34 seizures, fines amounting to 7,389 lire, 664 days in jail, my house taken by storm, my property sacked, and my reputation torn to tatters. These are my claims to public support."

THE question of Mr. Tennyson's baronetcy is still an open one in England. A letter from an official to the *London Daily News*, on the subject, contains the following sentences: "I am enabled, on the best authority, to assert that her Majesty has signified her gracious desire to confer some honor upon the Poet-Laureate." * * * "It is due to those who have reported and commented on the subject, to assert that, whether the Queen's intentions take the form assigned them by the *vox populi*, or not, the report itself possesses a solid foundation in fact."

PUTTING DOWN A BULLY.—A singular incident occurred at the Café Français in 1816, at the corner of the Rue Lafitte. A celebrated duelist entered, and began insulting all the persons who were seated at dinner. He boasted of his courage, and declared his determination to kill a certain M. de F—. A gentleman present, disgusted at such braggart insolence, quietly walked up to this fire-eater, and addressed him thus: "As you are such a dangerous customer, perhaps you will accommodate me by being punctual at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot, at mid-day to-morrow; earlier I cannot get there, but depend upon my arriving in due time with swords and pistols." The duelist began to demur, saying he did not know what right a stranger had to take up the cudgels of M. de F—; to which the gentleman replied: "I have done so because I am anxious to rid society of a dangerous fellow like yourself, and would recommend you before you go to bed to make your will. I will undertake to order your coffin and pay your funeral expenses." He then gave the waiter a note of 1000 francs, with the injunction that his orders should be executed before eleven the following day. This had the desired effect of intimidating the bully, who left Paris the following morning, and never more was heard of or seen in public.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—A lady or gentleman, having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed, so as to show off to the best advantage. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is, photographically, black; blue is white; other shades or tones of colors are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise, Magenta, yellow-green, dark-brown, purple, red, amber, morone, orange, dead-black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely, golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; while the "bonnie blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer—for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexion. A freckle, quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by the light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan freckles while taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead. Blue *tulle* offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though perhaps not very becoming, will be found more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.

THE sorrows of parting are felt most deeply by the one who is left.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

WHEN do I mean to marry?—Well—
 'Tis idle to dispute with fate:
 But if you choose to hear me tell,
 Pray listen while I fix the date:

When daughters haste with eager feet,
 A mother's daily toil to share;
 Can make the puddings which they eat,
 And mend the stockings which they wear;

When maidens look upon a man
 As in himself what they would marry,
 And not as army soldiers seem
 A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies who have got
 The offer of a lover's hand,
 Consent to share his "earthly lot,"
 And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are allowed
 To find and wed the farmers' girls
 Who don't expect to be endowed
 With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give
 Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,
 And live as they were wont to live
 Within their sires' one-story houses;

Then, madam—if I'm not too old—
 Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
 I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,
 And look about me for a wife!

[J. G. Saxe.]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

TAKING IT QUIETLY.

"IF you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive—"

Harcourt Lowther, very quick of apprehension always, especially so where his own interests were concerned, had taken careful note of these broken sentences uttered by Maude Hillary, and, rowing Londonwards in the summer darkness, pondered on them long and deliberately, only arousing himself now and then from his sombre reverie, in order to express his profound contempt for some amateur waterman who was just saved from a foul by the superior skill of the young officer.

What did it mean? That was the question which Mr. Lowther set himself to answer.

"It means something more than the caprice of a shallow-hearted jilt," he thought, as he rested on his oars and lighted his cigar. "How pale she grew at sight of me! That white, agonized look in her face was real despair. 'If I could know all!' she said. All what? 'There's mystery somewhere. Maude Hillary is the last woman in the world to throw over a poor lover for the sake of a rich one. The sentimental girl, who was ready to keep her engagement with me at the sacrifice of her father's fortune, would scarcely marry a clownish rustic for the sake of his thirty thousand a year. Besides, these heiresses, who have never known what it is to have a wish denied them, are the most romantic creatures in creation, and cherish sublimely absurd ideas upon the sordid dross question. No, I cannot think that Maude would be influenced by any mercenary considerations—and yet how else—?"

The villas and villages on the river banks flitted past him like phantom habitations in the dim light. The flat shores of Battersea; the dingy roofs and chimneys of crowded Chelsea and manufacturing Lambeth; the bridges and barges; the low-lying prison, lurking like some crouching beast upon the swampy ground, shifted by as the oars dipped in the quiet water, while Harcourt Lowther's light wherry sped homeward with the tide. But all the length of his water-journey he could find no satisfactory answer to that question about Maude Hillary; and when he relinquished his boat to its rightful owner at a certain landing-place in Westminster, he was still undecided as to the meaning of those broken phrases which had dropped from the lips of the merchant's daughter in the first moment of surprise and emotion.

"I daresay it is only the old story after all," he thought, as he walked towards the Strand, in the purlieus of which he had taken up his quarters. "Lionel Hillary, being as rich as Croesus, is determined that no poor man shall profit by his daughter's fortune. Water runs to the river, and Maude's dowry will go to swell that old Cornish miser's savings. It's only my usual luck. I am engaged to a beautiful woman with

a hundred thousand or so for a fortune, and I find a victorious rival in the man who cleans my boots."

But Mr. Lowther had not settled the question even yet. Lying awake and feverishly restless in his lodging in Norfolk street, Miss Hillary's pale face was still before him, the sound of her imploring tones was perpetually in his ear.

"If I knew all, I might forgive, I might excuse!" There must have been some meaning in those words, some secret involved in them. Surely, if her father had forced this marriage upon her, after the manner of some tyrannical old parent in a stage-play—surely, if that had been the case, she would have candidly told me the truth; she would have pleaded the best excuse a woman can have. There must be some secret reason for this marriage, and I must be a consummate fool if I fail in getting to the bottom of the mystery."

Mr. Lowther breakfasted early the next morning, and dressed himself with his accustomed neatness before going out. He had no body servant now whom he could badger and worry when the world went ill with him; or that individual would most assuredly have paid the penalty of Miss Hillary's broken faith. Harcourt Lowther, the younger son, was too poor to keep or pay a valet. He had grown weary of waiting for promotion in the army, as he had sickened of hoping for advancement at the bar, and had sold his commission. The world was all before him now, as it had been seven years ago, when he had first looked about him for a profession. The world was all before him, and his one chance of fortune, the possibility of a marriage with Maude Hillary, seemed entirely lost to him. It was scarcely strange if his spirits sank before the dismal blankness of the prospect which he contemplated that morning, as he loitered over his breakfast of London eggs and lodging-house toast and coffee.

He went out at a little after twelve o'clock, hailed the first prowling Hansom he encountered in the Strand, and ordered the man to drive to a certain street in the City, sacred to the stockbroking and money-making interests. Here he alighted, dismissed the cab, turned into a narrow court, still more entirely sacred to the stockbroking, and entered a little office, where there was a desk, two or three horse-hair chairs, a great many bills hanging against the wall, all relating to the stockbroking interests, and a six-foot screen of wooden panelling, dividing the small outer office from a larger inner office.

Mr. Lowther walked straight to this screen, and, standing on tip-toe, looked over into the second office.

A gentleman with sandy whiskers, a light overcoat and a white hat, was standing at a desk, and jotting some pencil memoranda upon the margins of a file of documents, which he was turning over with a certain rapidity and precision of touch peculiar to a man of business.

"Can you spare a quarter of an hour of your valuable time from the calculation of last year's prices for the Fiji Island Grand Junction Stock in order to devote it to the claims of friendship?" asked Mr. Lowther.

The clerks smiled as they looked up from their desks; and the gentleman with the white hat dropped his pencil, and ran to a little wooden door in the partition, over which Harcourt Lowther's hat made itself visible.

"My dear Lowther," he exclaimed, presenting himself in the smaller office, and stretching out both his hands towards the intruder, "this is a surprise; I thought you were at the Antipodes."

"Yes, that's the way of the world," answered Mr. Lowther, rather peevishly; "a man is banished to some outlandish hole at the remotest end of the universe, ergo, he's never to return to the civilized half of the globe."

"But it seems only yesterday when—"

"And that's another cruel thing a man's friends say to him when he does turn up in the civilized hemisphere," interrupted Mr. Lowther. "'It seems only yesterday when you left us'; that is to say, life has been so pleasant and rapid for us, amidst all the gaieties and luxuries and successes of the most wonderful city in the world, that we are utterly unable to believe in the dreary months and years that you've had to drag out, poor devil, in your hole on the other side of the line. That's what a fellow's friends mean when they talk their confounded humbug about its only seeming yesterday."

Harcourt Lowther's City friend was not the most brilliant or original of men when you took him away from the stockbroking interests. He stared blankly during Mr. Lowther's discontented remarks upon the selfishness of mankind.

"Haw! that's good. Meant no offence by allusion to yesterday; only meant that I was jolly glad to see you, you know, and so on. But you see a fellow turning up in the City, when you've been given to understand that he's in Van Diemen's Land, is rather a surprise, you know. Can I do any thing for you? I'll tell you what, old fellow, I can put you up to a good thing in the Etruscan Loan—panic prices—nine per cent., and certain to turn up trumps in the long run."

"Do you suppose I've any money to invest, or that if I had money, I'm the sort of a man to sink the glorious principal for the sake of some miserable dribblings in the way of interest? No, my dear Wilderson, you can do me a good

turn, but it's in quite another direction. Just step this way."

He had his hand upon the buttonhole of his friend's light overcoat, and led him to the door leading into the court. Here, safely out of the hearing of the clerks at work in the inner office, Mr. Lowther lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

"Wilderson," he said, "I think you know Lionel Hillary the Australian merchant?"

"Hillary and Co.?" exclaimed Mr. Wilderson, "I should flatter myself I did."

"I want you to tell me all about him—how he stands—how he has stood for some time past; in short all you know about him."

The stockbroker pulled his bay-colored whiskers thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"These sort of things are rather difficult to know," he said; "but a man may have his thoughts about 'em."

"And what are your thoughts? Hang it, man, speak out. You talked just now of being ready to serve me. You can serve me in this matter, if you choose."

Mr. Wilderson shrugged his shoulders, and again pulled his whiskers in a reflective mood.

"Dear boy," he said presently, "come out into the court."

Out in the court the stockbroker hitched his arm through that of Harcourt Lowther, and began to discourse upon Lionel Hillary, or Hillary & Co., as Mr. Wilderson preferred to designate him. He said a great deal in a low, confidential voice, and Harcourt Lowther's lower jaw fell a little as he listened. One thing was made clear to the ex-officer, and that was, that Lionel Hillary's affairs had been hinted at by the knowing ones as rather shaky; that there had been even whispers of that awful word "suspension;" but that somehow or other Hillary & Co. had contrived to right themselves; and that it was supposed by the aforesaid knowing ones that the Australian merchant had found a wealthy backer.

"There's fresh blood been let into his business, you may rely upon it, dear boy," said Mr. Wilderson. "I know that he was in Queer street last Christmas. Bills referred to drawer, and that sort of thing. The bankers were beginning to get shy of his paper. I held a little of it myself, and a denced deal of trouble I had to plant it."

This and much more to hear did Harcourt Lowther seriously incline. Then he asked Mr. Wilderson to dine with him at a certain noted establishment in the Strand, and left the court, very grave of aspect and slow of step.

"So my lovely Maude is not a millionaire's daughter, after all," he thought. "And my friend Hillary has been dipping his capacious paw into Francis Tredethlyn's purse. I ought to have known that half these reputed rich men are as rotten as a pear. So this is the explanation of my simple Maude's heroics. Poor little girl, she has been the pretty fly with which that accomplished angler, Mr. Hillary, has whipped the stream for his big gudgeon! Any little card I may have arranged to play for myself has been very neatly taken out of my hands, and I find my friend provided with a needy father-in-law and an extravagant wife. However, I daresay there's some small part left for me to play; and perhaps the best thing I can do is to take it quietly."

Harcourt Lowther's servant!

The man to whom Maude Hillary was now engaged had once been the valet of her discarded lover. This could scarcely be a pleasant thought to any young lady early imbued with all the ordinary prejudices of society. Miss Hillary was not a strong-minded woman; she could not console herself with a neat aphorism from Burns to the effect that "a man's a man for a' that;" and to her, Harcourt Lowther's revelation seemed cruelly humiliating. She heard of young women in her own position marrying grooms, or perhaps even footmen, for love, and she had shuddered at the very idea of their iniquity. But was it not quite as degrading to marry a valet for meanness as to elope with a groom for love?

"He blacked Harcourt's boots!" thought poor Maude; and it is impossible to describe the utter despair expressed in that brief sentence. She met her lover with a very pale face the next day, and, seating himself in his accustomed place by her embroidery frame, Francis Tredethlyn saw there was something wrong. Alas! poor Francis! he had already learned to watch every change upon that beautiful face; already, before the marriage vows had been spoken, all the miserable tortures of doubt had begun to prey upon his devoted heart. She had promised to marry him, but she had not promised to love him. He remembered that; she had given herself to him in payment of her father's debt; she had sacrificed herself in accordance with the loyal instincts of her noble nature. Francis, generous and loyal himself, could understand thus much better than it was understood by Lionel Hillary, for whose sake the sacrifice was made.

There were times when the young man reproached himself for his selfishness in accepting the supreme desire of his soul. Ought he not rather to have wrestled with himself and let this bright young creature go? But there were other times when Francis Tredethlyn suffered himself to be beguiled by delicious hopes. Had not true and honest love sometimes triumphed over circumstance? Might not the day come

when Maude Hillary would be able to return his affection, to reward his patience?

"I can afford to be so patient," he thought, "for it will be such happiness to be her slave." To-day, watching her pale face in pensive contemplation, Francis puzzled himself vainly to guess what was amiss with his promised wife. It was not only that she was paler than usual—and the brightness of her color had faded very much of late—but to-day there was a shade of coldness in her manner which was quite new to her affianced husband, and which sent a chill to his heart, always ready to sink under some vague apprehension where Maude Hillary was concerned. We hold these supreme joys of life by so slender a thread, that half our delight in them is poisoned by the dread of their possible loss.

"Maude," he said by-and-by, after a few commonplace phrases, and after he had watched her for some minutes in silence: "I am sure there is something amiss with you to-day. You are ill—you—"

"Oh no, not ill. Only a little worried!"

"Worried—but about what?"

"I heard something about you last night, Mr. Tredethlyn," said she—it was the first time she had called him Mr. Tredethlyn since their engagement—"something which you never told me yourself. Mr. Lowther—a—friend of papa's, who has just come home from Van Diemen's Land, told me—that—that you had been—"

"His servant! Yes, it is quite true. I was a soldier, and I was obliged to obey orders. I was ordered to attend upon Ensign Lowther, and I did my best to serve him well. When I enlisted in her Majesty's service I had all sorts of foolish fancies about fighting and glory, but they all dwindled down to the usual routine. No fighting, no glory, no desperate attacks upon Indian fortress, no scaling walls to plant the British flag upon the enemies' ramparts; but any amount of drill and hard work, and a discontented fine gentleman to wait upon."

A flood of crimson rushed into Maude's face as Francis said this; but the young man's head was drooping over the embroidery frame, and he was trifling mechanically with the loose Berlin wool lying on Miss Hillary's canvas.

"I am afraid you think it a kind of degradation to you that I should have been a servant, Maude—" he said presently.

"You never told me—"

"No—I told you I had been a private in the 51st. The other business was only a part of my duty."

Maude was silent for some moments after this. She sat looking dreamily out of the window, while Francis still twisted the Berlin wools in his strong fingers. Maude was the first to speak.

"Was it Mr. Lowther you meant just now, when you spoke of a discontented fine gentleman?" she asked with some slight hesitation.

"Yes; I never served any other master. Ensign Lowther was horribly discontented. He was one of those men who can't take things easily; but I can understand a good deal of his peevish restlessness now. I can sympathize with him now, Maude."

His voice grew low and tender as he said this.

"Why?" asked Miss Hillary, rather coldly.

"He was in love, Maude—an unhappy attachment, as I understood, to some lady—an heiress, I think—whose money was a hindrance to a marriage to them."

From the beginning to the end of this conversation, Maude Hillary's thoughts had been employed in debating one question—should she, or should she not, tell her future husband that Harcourt Lowther was the man to whom she had been previously engaged? He knew of that broken engagement, but he did not know the name of her lover. Was it her duty to tell him? It would be very unpleasant to do so; but then duty is so often unpleasant. She was still silently debating this subject; the words which she should speak were forming themselves in her mind; when the drawing-room door was opened, and a servant announced Mr. Lowther. Maude's heart beat violently. Would there be a scene? Why had Harcourt Lowther come, when he knew—? But Mr. Lowther very speedily relieved her fears upon this subject. Nothing could be more delightful than his manner. He was cordial to his old servant, without attempting any airs of patronage. He could not have been more entirely at his ease with Maude, had he been the most indifferent of first cousins.

Mr. Lowther was only acting up to his determination to take things quietly. He had met Lionel Hillary in the City that morning, and had surprised the merchant by speaking of Maude's engagement to Francis Tredethlyn.

"But don't alarm yourself, my dear Hillary," he said, with a frank smile. "To say that I adored, and to adore your daughter, is only to admit a fact to which, I daresay, every male visitor at the Cedars would be happy to testify in a round-robin. Miss Hillary is made to be worshipped. I have only been one among a score of worshippers. If ever I hoped to overcome your very natural prejudice against my disgusting poverty, I have long ceased to hope it, so it was scarcely such

a death-blow to me to discover what had happened during my exile. Will you let me renew my old relations with your household? Will you let me be one of the moths again? I know now that the candle will burn, and that its dangerous glare alone, and not its tender warmth, is reserved for me, so I shall have only myself to blame if I come away with a scorched wing."

Mr. Hillary's only reply to this rather sentimental speech was a hearty invitation to dinner.

"I can give you your favorite Rhudesseimer with the oysters. Chablis is a mistake, when you can get good hook. Sharp seven, remember; but you may go earlier if you care for erocket. I daresay you'll find Tredethlyn there."

"The poor fellow is very hard hit, I suppose?"

Mr. Hillary smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I never saw such a devoted creature. Good day."

The merchant hurried off, and Harcourt Lowther walked slowly away, pondering as he went.

A devoted creature. Yes, and there has been new blood let into the commercial anatomy of Hillary & Co. I daresay that poor devil, Tredethlyn, has been bled to a hideous extent."

The dinner at the Cedars went off very pleasantly. What dinner could fail to go off tolerably well, enlivened by Harcourt Lowther, when that gentleman cared to exercise his genius for making conversation? There were other guests at the merchant's round table, and after dinner people showed an inclination to stroll out of the lamplit drawing-room on to the dusky lawn, and down to the terrace, drawn perhaps by the magnetic influence of the river, which will be looked at.

It happened somehow—I suppose Mr. Lowther himself managed it—that he and Maude were left behind the rest of the loiterers upon the twilight terrace. Ah! how vividly in the memory of both arose the picture of a time long ago, when they had stood there side by side, by the same river, in a twilight calm like this, with the same star glimmering faintly in a rose tinted western sky. In Maude's breast that memory awakened cruel pangs of shame and remorse. In Harcourt Lowther's breast there was a strangely mingled feeling of bitterness and regret—bitterness against the Destiny which had given him so few of life's brightest possessions; regret for the vanished time in which some natural earnestness, some touch of fresh and manly feeling, had yet lingered in his heart.

"Poor, simple, unworldly Maude," he thought, as he contemplated the girl's face, "what a penitent look she has! and yet if she knew—"

He smiled, and left the thought unfinished. Then, turning to Maude, he said, with a little touch of melancholy solemnity, worthy of Edgar Ravenswood himself, "Miss Hillary, let us be friends. If you can bury the past, so can I. We may yet strew sweet flowers of friendship on the grave of our dead love."

"And I really don't want to let Francis Tredethlyn slip through my fingers altogether," Mr. Lowther added mentally, as a sort of rider to that pretty little speech.

Maude looked at him with rather a puzzled expression.

"You are very generous," she faltered, embarrassed, and at a loss how to express herself, "but—don't you think it would be better for us—to—to say good-by to each other—forever. I—I—hope you will marry some one—worthy of you—some one who is less the slave of circumstances than I am. I want to do my duty to Mr. Tredethlyn—and I think it is a part of my duty to tell him of our broken engagement."

"My dear Miss Hillary, you would surely never do anything so foolish. Poor Francis is the best fellow in the world, but he is just the man to be ferociously jealous if he once got any foolish crotchet into his head. I have lived in the same house with him, remember, and must therefore know him better than you do. As for saying farewell forever, and all that kind of thing, your eternal parting reads remarkably well in a novel, but it isn't practicable between civilized people who belong to the same rank of society. Georgina bids Algernon an irrevocable adieu on Tuesday morning, and there is burning of letters and love-locks, and weeping and wailing in Brompton Creseent; and on Wednesday evening the same Algernon takes her down to dinner in Westbourne Terrace. We can bury the past in as deep a grave as you like, and lay the ghost of memory with any exorcism you please, but we can't pledge ourselves not to meet any day in the week in the houses of our common friends."

Maude was quite unable to argue with so specious a reasoner as Mr. Lowther. She did her best to defend her position, and urged the necessity of telling Francis Tredethlyn the whole truth. But Harcourt overruled her objections, and in the end obtained from her a promise that she would still remain silent as to the name of her discarded lover.

(To be continued.)

It will be seen that I have only one measure of excellence for persons. Do they support my paper? If not, I care not what their politics, morals or habits of personal cleanliness are—in my opinion they are Copperheads, losers, speculators, and as such I will proclaim them to the world.

BROTHER CRAWFORD'S SERMON.

[In the palmy days of the Republic, when they had ministers and grace at the South, a minister just appointed to a parish in those parts delivered the following as his initial sermon:]

HE began apologetically as follows: You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear; I come among you as a stranger, and I am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming before strangers.

After this he raised a hymn, in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

My dear brethren and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sarmont, as I eame down outen the pulpit, the old gray-headed brethren and sisters who had listened to my voice twenty years, crowded around me, and with sobbing eyes and tearful voices, said—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, trieked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gew-gaws, jimeracks, paints and flouncees, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with their rosy lips—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

The young men in their tight patent leather boots, high collars and dashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and cigar smoke—with shanghai coats and striped zebra pants—they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and with one accord, said—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

The colored brethren now eame forward—(black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry,) with tears rolling down their sable cheeks—they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached more'n twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated wall and moss-covered roof—it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

As I rode down through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the winders, and the servants who leant on their brooms, all seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

As I passed down along the highway, thro' the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation—it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

As I rode along down a hot, dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out on a sudden, with a loud broo-too, broo-too—she, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

My horse, he got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back—kicked up his heels, and ran off—he, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crawford!*

DIDN'T WORK.—The Hon. Grantley Berkley, who several years ago visited our western territories for the purpose of buffalo hunting, has just published in England two volumes of his *Life and Recollections*, in which he gives a picture of the very peculiar times in which the author was born and flourished. Among his sketches of royal life is a story of Lady Haggerstone's scheme to charm the Regent: "Her ladyship had at her residence a miniature farmyard and three pretty little Alderney cattle. When the prince and his friends had arrived, she came forward from a side wicket as a milkmaid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Lady Haggerstone tripped along, with ribbons from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a really graceful courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautiful plaited straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her pail and stool conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossiest looking Alderneys, she was attempting to commence her rustic labors, but not having selected the right sex, the offended animal did not seem to fancy the performance, for he first kicked out and then trotted away, nearly upsetting stool, pail and Lady Haggerstone, who covered with confusion, made a hasty retreat back to her little dairy, whence she did not appear again."

DR. FRANKLIN'S celebrated recipe for cheap sleigh-riding runs as follows: "Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open so that you get a good draft—your feet in a pail of ice water—drop the front door key down your back—hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other. He says you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to the Proprietors of "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

REMOVAL.—The publication office and editorial rooms of THE CALIFORNIAN are removed to 532 Merchant street, between Montgomery and Sansome.

BRUTALITY AT SEA.

THE United States District Court has lately been occupied with the trial of the officers of the clipper ship *Great Republic*, upon the charge of ill treatment of sailors at sea. In their reports of the proceedings the daily papers state that details of some of the usage to which the sailors were subjected is too revolting for publication. Our minds are thus left free to conjure up all manner of horrors and enormities, since, as is well known, our enterprising journals are not very nice, so far as æsthetics are concerned, and it is a legitimate inference that what they fear to publish must be very bad indeed. It is a pity that the public have been left in suspense as to precisely what was done, for our community is an excitable one and might take it into its erratic head to lynch the culprits if the sentence pronounced by the Judge should seem not commensurate with the enormity of the offence. Two of the mates have been convicted; one of "beating and wounding a sailor," another of "cruel and unusual punishment." In these findings of the jury there is certainly nothing to indicate that humanity has been outraged and that the law has become that swift and terrible avenger which it is popularly supposed to be. Perhaps the Judge, in the sentences which it will be his pleasure to pronounce, will let a little light in upon what at present seems a very dark and contradictory mystery.

Certain rights exist between man and man, which the accidental relation of master and servant cannot abrogate, and it seems to us perfectly immaterial whether this relation exist at sea or on shore. The merchant is not accustomed to knock down his porters on the slightest provocation, and cases are rare in which the irate housekeeper assumes the privilege of beating her servant over the head with a rolling-pin because the bread is heavy or the dishes are not properly washed. In the one case, if the merchant assaulted his porter with a dray-pin, the latter would be considered justifiable in defending himself with a crow-bar, and in the other case the abused Bridget might go back at her mistress with a frying-pan or a fire-shovel, strong in the right of self-protection. And where is the difference between dray-pins and rolling-pins on shore and belaying-pins at sea? between the man who, standing at the helm long watches through, drives a ship over the deep for the merchant and he who wheels a truck for him on the floors of his store? In other words, if master or mate approach a sailor at sea with a belaying-pin or marlinspike raised to crack his skull, or crush his spine, has not the sailor the same right to defend his life and limbs that he would have were he employed on shore at equally lame wages, and similarly attacked by his master? It would certainly seem so, since in the latter instance it would be possible for him to get out of the way, while in the former, pinned down to the narrow limits of a ship's deck, he would have to stand and take it—or make a fight. If any man on shore should offer to one in his employ indignities the particulars of which would be "too revolting for publication" in the not over scrupulous columns of a San Francisco newspaper, public sentiment if not the law would hold the one so outraged guiltless if he avenged his insulted manhood by the death of his persecutor. Or, if he were defenceless and weak, the populace would arise and make the case their own, working for him that justice and retribution which his unaided arm was powerless to effect. And how does it change or modify in one particular the right to every one of self-protection and the vindication of his manhood that these nameless outrages have been perpetrated at sea?

Occasionally a sailor is brought into port in irons, charged with the murder of one of his officers. Looking to the treatment to which seamen are subjected, and at the inner side of marine rule and economy as revealed in the light of such cases as this of the *Great Republic*, the only wonder is that

the majority of quarter-decks are not swept clean of their occupants and that "mutiny" is not a thing of more common occurrence. It may be laid down and accepted as a general proposition that good officers make good men, and that the cabin is as much at fault as the fore-castle where insubordination occurs. One thing is certain, sailors are murdered and sacrificed by hecatombs, and the whole ocean floor is white with their accusing bones. All orders given to the sailors he must obey at the peril of his life, and the officer of the deck has it in his power to shake a man or a dozen men who have provoked his spite from a yard by a pull too much or a pull too little upon a brace, and no one could accuse him of the accident.

Sailors are proverbially careless and notoriously prodigal and poor. Once ashore they forget all the wrongs and injuries they have suffered on ship-board, and they seldom have money to employ counsel, even were they inclined to seek legal redress. Their service at sea is hard, and their wages are lower than those of any other class of laborers. All these facts should be taken into account and the law should lend them its protection with a lavish hand. In the case of the *Great Republic* we trust that the Judge will teach masters and mates a wholesome lesson for all time to come, and make his sentence severe enough to cover the infliction of indignities upon a comparatively helpless crew, "too revolting for publication." Since writing the above, Judge Hoffman has charged the jury in the case, and not at all in favor of the officers, who, if indications may be relied upon, will have a pretty hard road to travel before the thing is ended.

IN A NUTSHELL.

CARLYLE once favored the world with what he called *Ilias Americana in Nuce*, and in manner somewhat like we wish that some one would give us the O'Byrne Iliad in a nutshell. For we question whether so great a cry has been made over so little wool since the expedition which went to "acquire"—the term is a modern one—the Golden Fleece, or whether so great a farce as the present Court of Inquiry was ever inaugurated since first interrogation points were invented. Our sprightly cotemporary, the *Morning Call*, after having before occupied the position of the woman who, when her husband had a set-to with the bear, didn't "care which whipped," on Thursday morning rushed to the rescue of this representative man, declaring that nothing had been proven against him beyond the fact that he owed his wash-woman and was less prompt at paying than at borrowing. Certainly, if having more creditors than resources or greater liabilities than assets were a crime, punishable by fine or imprisonment, very few in this community would now be walking at large; but we apprehend that the *Call* mistakes the issue. Obtaining goods on false pretences is a different thing from buying them upon time, and in one instance, if the evidence as published in the *Call* may be relied upon, this has been proven upon Mr. O'Byrne. Then there is a dinner which seems involved in mystery: gotten up by Mr. O'Byrne for the honor of an editorial associate, attended principally by newspaper men, who claim that they paid to Mr. O'Byrne their proportion of its cost, but that he did not pay a cent over to the hotel keeper who furnished it, it is little wonder that newspaper men have scarcely been Mr. O'Byrne's friend throughout his trials, as such an action was calculated to bring them into bad repute and complicate their relations with the world at large to an indefinite extent. Aside from the embezzlement and all that, it would naturally make boarding-houses and hotels look upon the fourth estate with suspicion, exacting payment of bills in advance, or at least requiring a deposit to ensure the safety of the spoons upon the table. Even the fact that Mr. O'Byrne paid a small portion of the account, after he received his appointment and the fact was arrayed against him, would scarcely mend the matter more than the restitution of an egg or two after a hue and cry had been raised would clear the skirts of a man accused of robbing a hen-roost, especially if that man were a candidate for a Justice of Peace when the tardy restitution was made. On the contrary, it would fix his culpability rather than otherwise. This idea may be regarded as a branching off from the original intent of the present article, as we purposed to present the Iliad in a nutshell—not in an egg-shell. Anyway the funeral is none of ours, nor is the general public called upon to join in the procession. The Court of Inquiry is principally concerned, and if the military gentlemen composing it think that Mr. O'Byrne will be an acquisition to the service and a supporter of the honor of the uniform, guiding their judgment by his antecedents, neither the public nor the press is called upon to assume the role of prosecutor. The Court can arrive at facts if it chooses to sift witnesses, and with it rests all the responsibility.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.—The *Alta* tells us of a number of persons who have practiced reduction according to Banting's system and managed to lose from two to ten pounds in ten days. An English gentleman who came down from Victoria on the last steamer tells us that by a system of bucking the other night he managed to lose a hundred pounds in one hour.

JURIES AND JOURNALS.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been going on, of late, relative to the right of public journals to comment upon evidence and express opinions as to the guilt or innocence of prisoners while trials are pending, the negative of the question being mainly taken by lawyers, who seem apprehensive that they will be robbed of their vocation and their fees if the practice be permitted. Much, too, is said about the influence upon jurors' minds of what are called *ex parte* statements, and the advisability of keeping the public in ignorance of all facts and evidence concerning crimes until those accused as the perpetrators have had trial.

There is much to be said on both sides. In the first place, an intelligent reporter has quite as much right to express his opinion about the guilt or innocence of a suspected party as any other man. If a murder occur he is generally among the first upon the ground; he gathers up every detail and from the very nature of his vocation is carefully observant of points which escape other eyes. He is or should be accustomed to digest facts and sift conflicting stories, and if the evidence which he collects and publishes points strongly towards the guilt or the innocence of the accused, has he not as much right to accompany it by an expression of opinion as has the man who looks in at the Coroner's office and utters his comments about town with only a blundering and confused idea of what he is saying? In either case it is but the expression of one man's opinion, the difference being that the reporter accompanies his conjectures with the facts upon which he builds them, leaving the reader free to follow his own convictions. In the matter of Byrnes, charged with the murder of Hill, in whose regard the comments of the press have furnished occasion for several lectures, every detail and thread of evidence seemingly fastened the crime upon him, and in speaking of him as "the murderer" reporters only used the expression which would naturally occur to every one familiar with the chain of testimony. So far as competency to pronounce an opinion is concerned, we question whether any juryman, bewildered by the pleadings of lawyers and the nervousness and confusion of witnesses, can judge of the guilt or innocence of a prisoner any more clearly than can the man who writes down the evidence dispassionately for publication in the first instance, gathering it from the fountain heads and weighing it with the judgment of one accustomed to cool criticism. And we apprehend that so far as jurymen are concerned, the majority could judge better of a case after reading intelligent comments upon it than when suddenly brought face to face in a noisy Court with brow-beating lawyers, frightened witnesses, and technicalities of law which they cannot comprehend.

So far from objecting to a man as a juror because he reads the papers, he should beyond question be challenged if he confess that he does not. For following the former rule ends in filling our jury-boxes with men too ignorant to form intelligent opinions upon anything, so that the trial resolves itself down into a mere pulling of straws for the prisoner's life or liberty, or a question of which of the jurymen can hold out longest and most obstinately when a division occurs and opposite verdicts are insisted upon. To take and read the papers by no means disqualifies a man for jury duty.

SPRING IN VIRGINIA.—According to all accounts, a spring over the mountains can scarcely be called a living spring. This is what the local columns of the *Virginia Enterprise* tell us of the weather: "Lately we have had quite a number of warm days. It is supposed by many that spring has come at last. It was rumored yesterday that a blade of grass had been seen on Six-mile Canon. As the discoverer did not bring it to the city, we cannot vouch for the correctness of the story: however, it was pretty generally credited at the hay-yard, and during the afternoon Sierra Valley hay fell a cent. It was also said that a quartz teanster who travels to and fro between this place and Washoe Valley was seen with a violet stuck in the button-hole of his vest. This story deserves but little credit, as on tracing it back it was found that the flower was seen by none but two or three restaurant keepers, who naturally would wish to make it appear that Washoe vegetables will soon be in market; besides, they do not very well agree about the matter—one insists that the flower was no violet, but a wild onion blossom. On the whole we are inclined to think where there are so many rumors there must be some foundation for them; and, provided we have no more cold weather, the chances are we will have an early spring."

STRUCK PETROLEUM.—The *Bulletin* has a deal to say lately about petroleum, and if indications may be discovered we do believe that our evening cotemporary has struck it rich. For a worse smelling compound than the printing-ink which it has been using of late was never invented or discovered, and if it is not kerosene we are at a loss to know what it can be. Hands, handkerchiefs—everything it comes in contact with is made to stink abominably, rendering a process of deodorizing an immediate necessity. The *Bulletin* should have better scents.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

THE Virginia *Enterprise* and Virginia *Union* are engaged in a small war of words over the military genius and skill displayed by a Nevada captain of volunteers surnamed Wells, who lately marched twenty-nine of his men upon an Indian encampment and wrought its destruction, scarcely sparing a single pappoose. The *Union* claims it to have been a massacre, while the *Enterprise* contends that it was a gallant deed and that "too much praise cannot be awarded to the gallant officer," etc.

The Gold Hill *News*, standing aloof from all excitement, and viewing the affair abstractly, copies Capt. Wells' report and comments upon it in a spicy article, from which we have room for only a brief extract, as follows:

"The next morning, the 14th inst., at 3 o'clock, I left the camp with twenty-nine of my men, and two citizens Messrs. T. W. Murch and W. H. Wilson, who volunteered their services as guides, for the purpose of arresting the guilty Indians. We came in sight of their encampment about half-past 5 o'clock A. M. I divided my command into three squads, under Sergts. Wadleigh and Besat, ten men remaining with me. I then approached their encampment, intending to arrest them, but when within about one hundred and fifty yards, they commenced firing upon me. The first shot took effect in Corporal Dolan's shoulder, wounding him slightly; the second passed through the cape of my overcoat. I then ordered a charge with sabres. The Indians fell back to the bushes on both sides of the slough. By this time the men under Sergeants Wadleigh and Besat came up, and a general engagement ensued. The Indians fought like veterans. I killed twenty-nine in all; but one escaped. I destroyed several guns, a quantity of powder, fresh beef, etc. I pursued and fought them for about two miles up into the mountains. Some of my men had hand to hand conflicts with them; several were beaten on the arms with the Indians' guns. I also captured nine horses, but as they were very poor I did not deem it necessary to bring them in. Throughout the battle my men behaved with a valor and fortitude rarely equalled. Without exception, they were as cool and collected as though on an ordinary skirmish drill."

This story, being still further boiled down, amounts to just this: Capt. Wells, with his twenty-nine men, killed exactly twenty-nine Indians, not one of the bold cavaliers having received a scratch (except Corporal Dolan, who for thus marring the symmetry of the story, should be drummed out of the service.) The number of Indians killed was extremely judicious, allowing as it did precisely one Indian for breakfast to each of the dragoons; not counting the Captain, who, of course, messes by himself. The Captain says: "I killed twenty-nine Indians in all;" but this is figurative, meaning, of course, that his men killed that number of Indians; just as Marcus Antonius says of Caesar: "That day he overcame the Nervii." The glory of the victory is further enhanced by the announcement that "the Indians fought like veterans." The result would seem to establish the fact that they had fought about like surviving "veterans" of the revolutionary war, and with guns plowed up from the battle-ground of Bunker Hill. Veterans blind and palsied with age, and armed with Queen Anne's muskets, destitute of lock, stock or barrel, would have been about as formidable as these twenty-nine Piutes seem to have been. The dragoons "behaved with a valor and fortitude rarely equalled!" The Captain has undoubtedly read of the terrible charges through the fiery hells of Fredericksburg and Lookout Mountain, even though he was not there to see. Those affairs were trifling, probably, compared with the terrific rampage of the twenty-nine men. His men were "cool and collected"—a fact which malicious traducers might attribute equally to the chilliness of the atmosphere and the total absence of the slightest danger. Well; the glorious twenty-nine have achieved glory enough for a lifetime. Their brows are bound with victorious wreaths; their bruised arms hung up for monuments, and they caper nimbly in the lager beer cellar to the lascivious pleasing of the hurdy-gurdy."

Satirical, however, as the Gold Hill *News* evidently is inclined to be, we look upon the *Enterprise's* serious comments as more amusing still, for beyond characterizing the affair as "one of the most desperate fights ever witnessed" we do not think that burlesque could further go. According to Capt. Wells' report, two shots were fired by the Indians, and he had leisure to count them and trace the course of the balls. Some of his men had hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy, and several of them were beaten upon the arms with the Indians' guns. It must have been desperate, indeed, and what reckless and abandoned devils those same Piutes must be, beating their opponents over the arms in the fierce heat and clash of battle with clubbed guns! We look anxiously along in the gallant captain's report to find that several of his men had their toes trodden upon by the Indians in this sanguinary "hand-to-hand" conflict which resulted in a loss of twenty-nine men to the blood-thirsty and aggressive Piutes, and only a corporal shot in the neck on the side of the Nevada volunteers. If a corporal were to be shot anywhere, we imagine he would choose to be shot in the neck, for it is a species of self-target practice in which corporals are very apt to indulge, as all army annals abundantly testify. Capt. Wells says he captured a "number of guns," but does not inform us whether they are Parrots or Paixhans, though we infer that they are the former, as the Piutes are notoriously well supplied with field-ordnance. We trust that Capt. Wells will some day have an opportunity of making a report on a large scale, for it is not often we find a hero endowed with such eminent qualifications for being his own historian.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

WHEATLEIGH has held possession of the Opera House during the week, and excellent audiences have been the rule. On Monday evening the nose-reddening drama of *The Octoroon* formed the attraction, and the consequence was a scarcity of cambric handkerchiefs in town and an increased demand for the pamphlet which antedated Banting's as the popular excitement. We never see this triumph of Boucicault's without thinking of Artemus Ward and his: "How long have you been an Octoroon, my dear?" Tuesday evening, *Grimaldi*, or *The Life of an Actress*, filled the bills. This play gives Wheatleigh an opportunity for the delineation of one of those absurd French characters in which he is so invariably excellent, Mrs. Edwin having an opportunity to exhibit her most popular qualities as "Violet"—the *débutante*. One scene in *Grimaldi*, or one act rather, is either borrowed from Miss Heron's *Mothilde*, or else one of the most exciting passages of the latter play is built upon *Grimaldi*, for we have the scene at the lone chateau, the unprotected female carried there by fraud, the carriage of her friends thrown down a precipice, the plausible well-dressed villain, the cup of drugged-tea, the "now you are mine and mine only," the sudden irruption of friends, the rescue of the unprotected female, and the shot in the back, which her lover gets from the villain through a window—all as like as two peas. Wednesday we had *The Victims* and *The Toddlekins*, and last evening the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Hill was announced, *Everybody's Friend*—Wheatleigh as "Major Wellington de Boots"—a musical interlude, and *Nani, the Good for Nothing*, constituting the entertainment. The benefit is the first one these artists have had at the Opera House, and they certainly deserve a good one, for both are painstaking and deserving, and Mr. Hill, in particular, has rapidly developed the qualities of a very good actor in light comedy, besides being a most acceptable vocalist. This afternoon *Our American Cousin* will be performed, and in the evening *The Colleen Bawn* will give her favorite swimming lessons to the multitude. For Tuesday evening of next week Mrs. Grantly's *début* in *The Wife*, is announced.

Mr. John Torrence's benefit at the Metropolitan on Thursday evening was one of those substantial acknowledgments which popular favorites receive when their friends take it into their heads to do something for them. The house was full, and we are told that more tickets were sold than it could have held had its walls been composed of India rubber instead of brick and mortar. We imagine that of the popular esteem, as manifested in this testimonial, a very good share fell to the lot of the beneficiary's wife, Mrs. Judah, one of the best actresses that ever stepped foot upon the Pacific stage, as well as one of the pleasantest and most charming ladies that can be found in a day's travel. *The Love Knot* was presented—not the "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay," of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's—but a very excellent comedy of that name; and a song and dance by the popular and pretty pet, Jenny Worrell; a jig by O'Neil, a solo on the pianoforte by Evans, and the afterpiece of *The Model of a Wife*, in which Mr. Wheatleigh appeared as "Pygmalion Bonnefoi"—one of his best characters. As reporters are accustomed to say, "Nothing occurred to mar the happiness of the occasion."

The Eureka minstrels have had an addition to their company, Miss Clara Day has dawned, Fred Sprung has sprung into a local habitation if not a name upon the boards as *primo basso*, J. E. Taylor cuts out one of the former "end men" and George Winship spreads his sails. We question whether the new "*prima donna*" is destined to attain eminence either as a Day or an evening "star" until she shall have availed herself of those advantages which care and cultivation alone afford. Sprung has a light pleasant voice and is solicitous to please. As to the end men, old and new, Birch and Backus have spoilt us for any others.

Miss Heron closed her engagement in Sacramento last Saturday evening. The papers of that city speak of it "as one of the most brilliant ever played" there, and express the unanimous wish of the people that she "again favor Sacramento with her presence before leaving the State." Miss Heron opened in Virginia City at Maguire's Opera House on Tuesday evening, to an audience which the *Union* characterizes as "one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever assembled within those walls," the piece being *Hester Prynne*. The *Union* goes on to say that the audience, "though crowded to suffocation, listened with the most breathless attention, expressing their gratification with frequent bursts of applause." On Tuesday morning over two hundred seats were engaged for Wednesday evening, and a large number were secured for Thursday evening, so that the Heron's success in Silver land may be set down as *un fait accompli*. We are glad she has no cause to regret her flight over the mountains.

ALL who appreciate high-art and the ethics of the bar, will regret to learn that "Tom"—one of the most expert gentlemen in his profession that ever existed and a man about whom there is nothing mixed notwithstanding his "mixing" proclivities—is to leave the Occidental for the East in one of the April steamers. In the whole course of his administration we have yet to learn that Tom has made an enemy, and it is certain that he has found many friends who will regret his going.

PROFITABLE PAPERS.—The Sacramento *Bee* has been making an estimate of the profits which our daily newspapers pay to their proprietors, taking the receipts from advertising as shown upon the Assessor's books, as the basis of its calculations. Furthermore, it animadverts rather severely upon the small amounts which the proprietors return to the Assessor as their actual incomes for the year, not knowing, apparently, that it has been decided that in paying a tax upon their advertising receipts newspaper proprietors in fact pay a tax upon their incomes, which should very properly let them out from being again called upon. The *Bee* ciphers out the following result: "These papers make returns to the Assessor under oath, of the amount of money received by them for advertisements, and in round numbers, the figures as given by a correspondent, are as follows: *Alta*, \$192,000 per annum; *Bulletin*, \$170,000; *Call*, \$112,000. The total expenses of the *Alta* (we estimate from our knowledge of the expense of newspaper publishing,) are about \$3,000 per week, or \$156,000 per annum; the *Bulletin's* expenses are about the same; the *Call's* about \$1,300 per week, or \$57,600 per annum. From this it will be seen that the total receipts, per annum, of each paper for advertisements alone, over and above all expenses are: *Alta*, \$36,000; *Bulletin*, \$14,000; *Call*, \$54,400. In addition, which is all net gain, the *Alta* receives subscriptions of at least 25 cents a week on 3,000 copies, which amount to \$39,000 per annum. The *Bulletin* receives 20 cents a week per copy for 5,000 copies—making \$2,000 per annum. The *Call* receives five cents per copy a week on 8,000 copies—making \$20,800 per annum. Add their receipts for subscriptions (all net profit) to the net profit for advertising, and we find the profits or incomes of each of the papers to be as follows: *Alta*, \$75,000 per annum; *Bulletin*, \$66,000; *Call*, \$65,200. Total incomes of the three papers, \$206,200. The three papers named have in all ten proprietors: *Alta*, two; *Bulletin*, four; *Call*, four. If their receipts for advertising as returned to the Assessor, are correct, the aggregate of their incomes is in round numbers \$206,000—or 20,600 each.

IS THIS LEGITIMATE.—Religious papers are popularly supposed to have a character of their own—we would say an independent character were we not apprehensive that the expression might be interpreted into an unpaid-for puff of that very excellent religious journal—notwithstanding its worldly stripe—the New York *Independent*. This wide-awake journal has always cultivated the advertising interest assiduously, but we are not aware that it ever has as yet admitted "star" notices—if we except the contributions of Henry Ward Beecher, whose signature is a "*"—into its editorial columns. But the *Pacific*, of this city, is pursuing a different course, to which we take decided exception as an infringement of the patent of non-professing papers. Thus, among its religious items, a notice of a tooth powder is intruded, leading the many persons who are ignorant of the signification of a "*" at the end of a paragraph to believe that it is an editorial endorsement of some "Sozodont," upon the use of which salvation hinges. In one paragraph the necessity of escaping damnation is pressed upon the sinner, and in the next he is urged to seek a certain dentifrice. Again: the *Alta*, a short time since, published several columns of sceptical twaddle over the suggestive signature of "Sniktaw." It was the common bar-room philosophy of atheism which few would have cared to read, but the *Pacific* of the same week at the bottom of its editorial columns, advertises it as follows: "For buckets of impious swash, see yesterday's *Alta*." We submit that all this is not at all in keeping with "the eternal fitness of things."

TO FIND THE VALUE OF GREENBACKS.—As yet we have not seen any simple rule published by which the relative value of greenbacks compared with the ruling price of gold may be ascertained without difficulty. It is simply necessary to divide 10,000 by the price of gold and the quotient will give the value of greenbacks to the smallest fraction. The rule upon which this process is based is one of the simplest known in arithmetic—the Rule of Three. Thus: suppose gold to be 200, the proposition would be stated as follows: 200 : 100 :: 100. Dividing the product of the second and third terms by the first, we have 50 as the quotient, which is the fourth term sought. The second and third term being always the same, it is only necessary to divide their product (10,000) by the price of gold which stands as the first term, and we know what greenbacks are worth to a dot.

WHAT IS IN NAMES.—The steamers that sailed March 13th ago, carried some queer names away from these parts. In the list of passengers we find Birch, Bush, Greenleaf, Acorn, Woodside, Post, and Boardman, all of whom might very properly have come from Forest City. Then the provisional passengers, Bacon, Lamb, Hogg, Bone. Colors that run, such as Green and White. It may be said that the Stroug, Young, and Swell are going hence; Paradise, Ranch, and Camp are changing their locations; Hoop is rolling away; Cash and Stock, the latter ominously accompanied by Robb, are seeking an Eastern market. Coates and Seams will have to suit themselves to the sea, and we might chase the list up further, but space fails.

WHO CARES?

WHO cares for the last year's rose?
Or the flowers of last year's May?
Or the leaf dried sweet in a mouldy book?
Or the love who is away?

Who cares for the cloud gone by?
Or last week's rain and wind?
Or a golden crescent of folded curl
The dead one left behind?

A tress of hair and a faded leaf
Are paltry things to a cynic's eyes,
But to me they are keys that open the gates
Of a paradise of memories.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

OF our pleasant party at the Elms last Christmas, Kate O'Hara was the beauty, far away. I remember our little silence of admiration as she came into the drawing-room just before dinner was announced (for your prima donna does not care to enter until the house is full) and the great sensation her arrival made, though she could not have approached more quietly or meekly if she had been the cat. Half a dozen young ladies who, before her advent, looked pretty enough, suddenly became quite uninteresting to a corresponding number of bachelors, and even we married gentlemen paused a while in our talk of short-horns to steal an admiring glance. We had resumed our bovine conversation, and were diverging, if I remember aright, in the direction of the Prince Consort's pigs, when my wife came up to me, and whispered:

"That's little Kate O'Hara!"

Why did my cheek glow and my heart throb? Why did the name of one whom I had not seen since she was a little child recall at once the crowning happiness and chief confusion of my life?

It shall be told, terribly, anon.

The six bachelors "entered themselves" immediately for "the O'Hara stakes," as one of them was subsequently pleased to designate the dreaming of Love's young dream; and two of them—a middy and an under-graduate—got the start, and made the running at the most reckless pace I ever saw. Indeed, the sailor proposed on the third evening, and was declined with such good-natured cheerfulness that he seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise; whereas the collegian, who was of a poetical turn, took his refusal, the day following, very seriously to heart, and passed the remaining part of his visit in sorrow and the shrubberies. Two other competitors, unattached, (except to Kate,) were disposed of at an archery ball; and the race then lay between Charley Northcote, captain of hussars, and Philip Lee, curate.

It was a grand set-to—"hands up," I can tell you. If Charley had the handsomest face, and—playing with a bullet pendent from his watch chain, but which had previously resided in his leg—could talk of the time "when I was in the Crimea." Philip had the more intellectual expression, and had won at Oxford the under-graduate's "blue ribbon"—the Newdegate prize for English verse. Charley, it is true, when we were skating on the lake, produced upon the ice such wondrous "eagles" as Audubon never dreamed of; but he was, on the other hand, the first to own, when the frost broke up, that, "in a really good thing with hounds, there was not one of them could catch the parson." For Philip, though he did not hunt in his own parish, could "go like a bird" out of it, whenever he could get a mount.

On the night before our party separated we had a grand performance of charades, and in the last of these the Reverend Mr. Lee had won immense applause as a ferocious captain of banditti, acting with the greatest enthusiasm, and having composed for himself, with the co-operation of a cork, a pair of mustaches which rivaled Charley's. We were to appear at supper in our charade costumes, and were waiting the announcement of that refection, when I noticed an extraordinary phenomenon, which caused me instantly and earnestly to whisper to Miss O'Hara, "I have something to say to you. Come at once."

We passed unnoticed from the crowded drawing-room into the library, still littered with our theatrical properties. Seizing a dagger, and assuming a characteristic scowl (I was attired as a brigand's assistant,) I bade her "Listen!" And she (I see her now in her pretty hat and cloak, for she had represented in our last scene the young English countess stopped by the robbers,) ever ready for burlesque and mirth—as she supposed all this to be—made answer, solemnly,

"Say on!"

"Twelve years ago, Catherine O'Hara, I wooed and won in the home of your childhood the lady who is now my wife. On a sweet summer's eve I told my love, sitting under an acacia, and upon a garden-seat the property of your respected sire. Hard by, you, then a little child, were swinging in a swing. Those same long silken Irish lashes drooped over those deep-blue eyes, and we never dreamed that you took note of us, sealing, in the usual manner, our vows of mutual love. Judge, then, how intense our agony, how complete and

awful our abasement, when, as we rejoined the festive throng for coffee, you cried aloud for all to hear:

"Oh, mamma! those two did so kiss each other, when I was swinging in the elm!"

"For twelve years, Kate O'Hara, the memory of that humiliation has troubled my indignant soul; but, at last, I am avenged—look here!"

I held before her one of the hand looking-glasses which lay on the table near, and she was preparing to say something in the dramatic style, as she snatched it from me with the proud air of a tragedy queen, when her eye caught the reflection of her face, and in a moment that fair countenance was blanched and pale, and she stood, with her head drooping, speechless. For upon her lip, reader, she saw, as I had seen, the certain sign and trace that, in some obscure corner behind the scenes, the race had been decided for the "O'Hara Stakes," and that the Brigand Lee had won. He had left half his cork mustache on that lovely lip.

"Kate," I said, "you cannot be vexed with me, for I congratulate you with all my heart. May you be as happy, dear girl, with our friend the robber, as 'those two' have been happy, whom you saw 'so kissing one another,' from beneath those silken lashes as you sat swinging in the elm!"

A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN the year 1742, a case of a very remarkable nature occurred near Hull. A gentleman travelling to that place was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles from the town, by a single highwayman, with a mask on his face, who robbed the traveller of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off by a different path, full speed, and the gentleman, frightened, but not injured except in purse, pursued his journey. It was growing late, however, and being naturally much agitated by what had passed, he rode only two miles farther, and stopt at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr. James Brunnell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related, to several persons present, the fact of his having been robbed; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark, and that every guinea in the purse taken from him was thus marked. Hence he hoped the robber would yet be detected. Supper being ready, he retired. He had not long finished his supper, when Mr. Brunnell came into the parlor where he was, and after the usual inquiries of landlords as to the guest's satisfaction with his meal, observed, "Sir, I understand you have been robbed, not far hence, this evening." "I have, sir," was the reply. "And your money was marked?" continued the landlord. "It was," said the traveller. "A circumstance has arisen," resumed Mr. Brunnell, "which leads me to think that I can point out the robber. Pray, at what time in the evening were you stopped?" "It was just setting in to be dark," replied the traveller. "The time confirms my suspicions," said the landlord; and he then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money, and so very extravagant, that he (the landlord) had been surprised at it, and had determined to part with him, his conduct being every way suspicious; that long before dark that day, he had sent out Jennings to change a guinea for him; that the man had only come back since the arrival of the traveller, saying he could not get change and that, seeing Jennings to be in liquor, he had sent him off to bed, determining to discharge him in the morning. Mr. Brunnell continued to say, that when the guinea was brought back to him, it struck him that it was not the same which he had sent out for change, there being on the returned one a mark, which he was very sure was not upon the other; but that he should probably have thought no more of the matter, Jennings having frequently had gold in his pockets of late, had not the people in the kitchen told him what the traveller had related respecting the robbery, and the circumstance of the guineas being marked. He (Mr. Brunnell) had not been present when this relation was made, and unluckily before he heard of it from the people in the kitchen, he had paid away the guinea to a man who lived some distance, and who had now gone home. "The circumstance, however," said the landlord in conclusion, struck me so very strongly, that I could not refrain as an honest man, from coming and giving you information of it."

Mr. Brunnell was duly thanked for his candid disclosure. There appeared from it the strongest reason for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any others of the marked guineas should be found, and the gentleman could identify them, there would then remain no doubt in the matter. It was now agreed to go up to his room; Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse, containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became certainty; for the gentleman declared the purse and guineas to be identically those of which he had been robbed. Assistance was called; Jennings was awakened, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly, but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and next day taken before a justice of the peace. The gentleman and Mr. Bran-

nell deposed to the facts upon oath, and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence which could not be credited, was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong seemed the case against him, that most of the man's friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected, and, when arraigned, plead not guilty. The prosecutor swore to the fact of the robbery; though as the thing took place in the dusk, and the highwayman was in a mask, he could not swear to the person of the prisoner, but thought him of the same stature nearly as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, when they were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse, positively, and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief; and he testified to their having been taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The prisoner's master, Mr. Brunnell, deposed as to the sending of Jennings for the change of a guinea, and to the waiter's having brought back to him a marked one, in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the discovery of the purse and guineas on the prisoner. To consummate the proof, the man to whom Mr. Brunnell had paid the guinea, as mentioned, came forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the evening of the robbery from the prisoner's master, in payment of a debt; and the traveller, or prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked guineas taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

The judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by this strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence, without going out of court brought a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some little time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up till the very moment of his execution.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Brunnell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunnell not only acknowledged himself to have been guilty of many highway robberies but owned himself to have committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered.

The account which Brunnell gave was, that after robbing the traveller, he had got home before him by swift riding and by a nearer way. That he found a man at home waiting for him, to whom he owed a little bill, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the twenty guineas which he had just obtained by the robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunnell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunnell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the facts, and of the guineas being marked. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again; and as the affair of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become publicly known, he saw nothing before him but detection, disgrace, and death. In this dilemma, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the money in the waiter's pocket. The rest of the story the reader knows.

An innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, mashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable old dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her handbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hut! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train; two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured." "La, me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

It is said that a Highland gentleman with his servant, a long time ago, while travelling through England, came to an inn, where there was only a single bed—covered of course with the inevitable tester. Neither had ever seen a bed; and the gentleman, accordingly laid himself down on the canopy, while his henchman crept in between the blankets. Towards morning the bare boards began to feel rather hard and cold, when the man of elevated position in society inquired of "John" how he did. "Vera weel, sir," replied John. "Ah!" rejoined the gentleman, "if it was na for the look o' the thing, I wad come down myself."

STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

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IS A JOY FOR EVER!

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THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

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CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin.

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THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

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THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

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And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave discs, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and discs, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of this avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

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RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE feature of the week is the occupation of Goldsboro by Sherman, the junction of a portion of his army with Schofield's forces, and their combined movement westwardly towards Raleigh. The latest despatches are only to the 22d, which leave the news some nine days behind. Sherman's march seems, thus far, a grand and continual triumph. According to a correspondent, the rebels appeared content to act as escort to his army, trotting along in front as if they had captured his whole force. Sheridan had arrived safely at White House. Various speculations are afloat as to "the war clap which will soon be heard from" that the New York *Commercial* gives circulation to. The wise ones predict that the unexpected source will be the Shenandoah; that Hancock, having thoroughly organized his veteran corps, will make a grand sweep down the valley, following nearly in the route of Sheridan, and, entreaching himself at the north gate of Richmond, will await the concentration of Grant's auxiliaries, and if the rebel capital is not evacuated in the meantime, will compel an unconditional surrender. This is a prediction; as a matter of curiosity, its fulfilment is worth looking for. Other matters of interest are appended in this week's record:

March 16.—Sherman on his march towards Fayetteville met with little obstruction. At Columbia he destroyed the immense arsenals and railroad establishments and 46 cannon. At Cheraw, a town on the south bank of the Great Pedee, he found much machinery and war material, including 25 cannon and 5,600 barrels of gunpowder. In Fayetteville he found 20 pieces of artillery and other material.

In the attack made by Hampton on Kilpatrick's headquarters at daylight on the 10th, Kilpatrick, having escaped capture, formed his men and drove the enemy with great loss, recapturing about all he had lost. Hampton lost 86, left dead on the field.

A letter from Newbern states that our forces occupy Kingston, and are repairing the bridge across the Neuse river, which will be finished in a few days. The rebel ram was burned. The enemy were demoralized. On leaving Kingston for Goldsboro most of the North Carolina troops belonging to the Eastern part of the State, left the ranks and returned to their homes.

On the 12th, the Mayor of Kingston surrendered the city. The enemy left 700 dead on the field before crossing the river.

The rebel ram *Neuse*, destroyed by the rebels at Kingston, had a crew of ninety men, exclusive of officers, who surrendered. On the ram were 21 hermetically sealed cans of powder, two 100-pounders and two 68-pound rifled guns.

Despatches from New Orleans to the 18th state that Gen. Canby was near Mobile, and an attack would be made within five days.

Forrest was reported at West Point, Miss., with 3000 men.

March 20.—Sheridan arrived safely at White House, on the night of the 19th. After leaving Columbia movements were made northward, striking the Virginia Central Railroad and destroying it at several points. Two days were occupied in accomplishing this. Sheridan next moved to the Fredericksburg road, marching to the two crossings of the South Anna, which were found defended by infantry behind earthworks. A charge was made; the rebels were scattered and their guns captured. Several skirmishes took place, and Early narrowly escaped capture. Sheridan lost only 50 men and two officers. Nearly 200 negroes and 300 rebel prisoners came in with him. He had to turn back a large number of negroes, as he was unable to feed or protect them. He has been supplied at White House with everything he might need for future movements. Longstreet, with his corps, is said to be lurking in his neighborhood.

Admiral Lee reports to the Navy Department that he had defeated the rebel Gen. Roddy, and destroyed his camp at the mouth of the Elk river, Ala. He reports a strong growing Union feeling in Alabama, and thinks there is no doubt of that State soon returning to her allegiance to the government.

An official order has been issued from the rebel Cabinet for the immediate raising of negro regiments for the rebel armies.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of March 13th, says that an attack was made on two of the batteries defending Mobile Bay, on the previous Saturday, by our monitors. Two of them silenced the batteries, and drove the men from their guns.

March 21.—Major R. B. Compton arrived at Washington with despatches from Sheridan. He brought 17 battle flags captured from Early in the recent battles in the Shenandoah.

Correspondence between Davis, Lee and Grant concerning a military convention to settle our difficulties, is published. Davis closed his letter, giving his authority to act, with these words: "Enter into such an arrangement as will cause at least a temporary suspension of hostilities."

News from Sherman confirms that he occupied Goldsboro without much opposition. The centre arrived at that place on the 21st, and formed a junction with Schofield's force at a point eleven miles east of Goldsboro. On the night of the

19th, Johnston attacked a Union force near Bentonville, and was successful the first part of the day, having captured three guns; but the rebel General's despatch says that in the evening the Federals "received reinforcements and assumed the offensive, which was with difficulty resisted by the rebels until dark." We captured the 46th North Carolina rebel regiment.

The *Commercial's* Hatcher's Run correspondent of the 18th, says that our troops there had been under arms for 36 hours, expecting an attack from the enemy. Sherman and Schofield are reported moving up the Weldon road. The same authority states that "a war clap will soon be heard in a quarter least expected from friend or foe."

Before leaving Fayetteville, Sherman destroyed the extensive arsenal there. It was the largest in the South. Every cotton mill and several residences were also destroyed. Six steamers were burned.

A squad of 245 rebel deserters, including one officer, came into the Union lines on the 24th, and reached Washington.

March 22.—Refugees from Richmond, arriving in our lines on the James river, report that great consternation prevails in the rebel capital. The government have been sending war materials, machinery, etc., for some time to Danville and Lynchburg. Sheridan has put a stop to this transportation in a great measure, by destroying the Lynchburg and Richmond canal, the only means of communication left. The Danville road is almost worn out, with no material to repair it. It is said that Stephens, Hunter and Lee are hopeless of the rebellion, and have so informed Davis. The arming of the slaves is too late.

Sherman having called for reinforcements for his army during their further march northward, an immense number of troops, were promptly sent from Beaufort to Goldsboro, preparatory to meeting the main army of Johnston. A battle was imminent; hence Sherman's army was increased to an overwhelming force, the extent of which may lead to a general retreat, or a surrender of the enemy. Johnston was reported within five miles of Raleigh, and a part of Lee's army had gone to reinforce him.

The rebel pirate *Shenandoah* arrived at Melbourne on February 25th. She had burned eleven ships on her voyage from the Cape to Melbourne.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Dr. Gunn has been appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue for this District.

The trial of Moses Frank, for forgery, concluded by the jury disagreeing after having been out twenty-five hours.

The *North Star* having broken her shaft, no mail steamer left New York on the 3d ult.; the mails by the steamer which left on the 13th ult. will be due about the 7th inst.

The captain and mates of the *Great Republic* have been convicted on the charges of cruel and unusual treatment of some of their sailors while clothed with a "brief authority."

Smith, one of the passengers by the *Derby* from Hongkong, died at the pest-house of small-pox, Tuesday. The other patients are said to be doing well. There would seem to be no danger of a spread of the contagion.

A despatch has been received in this city, directing a hall to be engaged for the celebrated pianist, Gottschalk, who will leave New York for California, by steamer of April 3d, and will give a series of concerts here.

James McConnell was convicted of cutting his wife's throat with intent to commit murder, and was sentenced to one year at San Quentin. The wife's testimony was mainly instrumental in procuring his conviction. Before sentence was passed she filed an affidavit that she did the cutting, and that her husband had no hand in inflicting the wounds.

John D. Marvey and Manuel Buzzi rode their horses on Stockton street, Wednesday afternoon; James W. Deas, in disregard of the rules of the course, attempted to cross the track, and was run over and considerably injured. The many accidents which have happened from carelessness of this nature should warn pedestrians to be more cautious. A horse might be made to stumble, and its "fast" rider have his neck broken, when there would be general weeping and wailing. Marvey and Buzzi were arrested—as if it were not bad enough for the "gay boys" to have had their innocent diversion interfered with and their valuable lives endangered by the stupid foot traveller!

During the past week a number of sudden deaths have occurred: Charles S. Norris died at the West End Hotel, of congestion of the brain; he was about thirty years of age. . . J. M. McDonald, proprietor of the Eclipse Livery Stables, on Pacific street between Kearny and Montgomery, was stricken with apoplexy while riding on the Presidio road, and expired. Deceased was a native of Ireland, aged 40 years; he leaves a wife and three children. . . A laborer, known only as "Sam," fell and expired in a fit at Griffin's fish warehouse on Davis street. . . Charles Degan, (German,) a cigar and tobacco dealer on Steuart street, near Folsom, died of apoplexy. . . Philip Grosse, a shoemaker on Battery street, was drowned in the bay. He was near-sighted, and probably walked off Broadway wharf accidentally.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

The San Rafael *Journal* says that Bolinas township, Marin county, is becoming the centre of attraction to oil-seekers.

The Alpha (Gold Hill) mine was sold at Sheriff's sale, recently, and was purchased by Geo. Jones for about \$40,000.

A splendid fifteen-stamp quartz mill for the Keystone Company at Austin is on its way out from New York.

Charles P. Eaton, who stole money from letters in the Marysville Post Office, was sentenced by Judge Hoffman to ten years in the State Prison.

George Randall, of San Pablo, Contra Costa county, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun upon which he was leaning, March 27th.

A Catholic church will soon be erected at Dutch Flat, Placer county; the sum of \$1,400 has been contributed for the purpose.

The residence of T. J. Lockhart, situated about eleven miles from Marysville, in Sutter county, was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. The fire was the work of an incendiary. Loss about \$5,000; no insurance.

Capt. C. Warner has been appointed Postmaster at Virgin, on the recommendation of Senator Stewart. John Church, the late Postmaster, having been elected State Printer, was thereby disqualified for the Federal position.

The *Wilmington Journal* says that "Three-fingered Jack" recently left Fort Yuma for Guaymas, in a boat with four other men. When about six hundred miles away from any inhabitant they had occasion to land; as soon as Jack's companions were on shore, Jack shot one dead and wounded another; the other two fled.

The Nevada *Gazette* says it is feared that the hard frost of Sunday night, March 26th, destroyed some of the prospective fruit crop in that neighborhood. Mr. Bays, living a few miles from Grass Valley, states that his entire pear crop has been nipped in the bud.

Heavy teams from California, (says the *Virginia Enterprise* of the 26th ult.), freighted with goods for our various business houses, are again becoming numerous in our streets. Soon our principal thoroughfares will be crowded with these sloops of the Sierras. Immense quantities of freight, including a great deal of heavy machinery, are awaiting transportation over the mountains.

The Board of Directors of the State Agricultural Society are making arrangements for the annual fair, and the indications are very encouraging that the exhibition will be fully equal to any preceding one. Dr. John F. Morse, one of California's most pleasing speakers and profound scholars—a man in whom the progressive spirit of the age is fully developed, yet tempered by sound judgment and a cultivated taste—has been invited to deliver the address of the occasion.

The trial of George Beale and George Baker for the murder of Mr. Delaney, an aged man, closed at Salem, Oregon, March 25th. Over sixty witnesses were examined, and a chain of circumstantial evidence produced almost unequalled in criminal records. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The prisoners were sentenced to be hung May 15th. Beale begged to be shot, rather than hung, which was denied.

An Englishman named Berry committed suicide on the 25th ult. at Alviso. He was about 60 years old, of temperate habits, and had been doing a prosperous business as a merchant. What his troubles were is not known to his friends, but the remark that they were greater than he could bear, and a request in regard to his property, gave the only intimation that he was tired of life.

The Marysville *Express* is informed by a gentleman who has made a tour through the mining districts in the upper portion of Yuba and Nevada counties, that he never before saw such general activity as prevails generally throughout that portion of the country. While the heavy works are being pushed with great activity, he says that wherever water has been introduced rockers and pans have been brought into service, and the present mining season, which has hardly yet been opened, will be the most prosperous that has been known for many years.

The Shasta *Courier* is happy over recent developments in the mines of that county. The editor has the good fortune to own feet in the Kellinger (perhaps in other claims, but of that we have his confession,) and recently specimens containing a large percentage of virgin silver were taken therefrom. . . The Baxter is producing splendid representative bricks of gold and silver, and is set down as a "reliable institution." . . The Spring Creek mill is procuring new machinery for saving its gold; it has sufficient rock, easy of access, to employ it for all coming time, with a good yield of ore. . . Dr. Hall, of Janesville, has a son in Idaho who has been urging his father to join him, as he had diggings there that would pay from four to ten dollars a day. The old gentleman accepted the invitation, but was detained by heavy snows, and meanwhile worked away at a hill claim in Shasta county which had been paying small wages. Recently he struck a better thing than Idaho promised, and his claim is now paying an ounce a day to the hand.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
 Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
 Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
 Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House, 8.
 San Mateo, 20, railroad.
 Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage.
 Half Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
 Redwood city, 30, do. do.
 Mountain View, 38, do. do.
 Santa Clara, 47, do. do.
 San Jose, 50, do. or steamer and stage, 51.
 Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
 Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
 Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
 Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
 Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
 San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
 Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
 Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
 Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
 Sacramento, 117, do. do.
 Stockton, 117, do. do.
 Martinez, 33, do. do.
 Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
 Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
 Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage.
 Vallejo, 28; Marc Island, 37; Napa city, 50.
 White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
 Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
 Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
 Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
 Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
 Sau Quecuti, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 21.

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Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be conveniently examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors); otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each 1/2 ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each 1/2 ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

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The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

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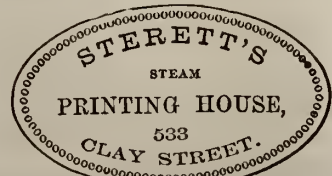
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TIRED OF THE BACKWOODS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago last spring—that is, in the year 1839—my two brothers started from our township, east of Stanstead, Lower Canada, each with an axe and some “grub,” which meant bread and boiled pork, for a dark wood, ravine, and river a few miles distance from the paternal opening. They had manfully helped to clear land of heavy trees; to build, first a log-house, and then a frame-house, for their father, and then they wanted another world, or farm, to conquer. With young, strong hearts and hauds, they went on to their section of wild land.

Five years, and they had done wonders of work; then the youngest brother began to long for the comforts of civilization.

“I tell you, John,” he said, “I cannot stand it; five years I have lived, and moved, and had my being in the woods. True, we have done acres and ages of clearing, but we have been almost as much hermits as the bears in winter, while we were doing it. Now the mills are going, with a good and growing connection, and the house is ready for you to bring home a queen bee and begin a hive. My name is Walker.”

“The house is as much yours as mine, brother; and if you would just look about for a wife, you might be as happy as the day is long.”

“That is just what I want to do; but I do not want to choose from a quarter section, with three red-haired girls and one cross-eyed one. I want to go to Montreal and stay a year, and read and study, and see life. There is money in bank, and money always comes to you like bees to buckwheat. I must go. I shall break out and burn down Brookwood, where my palace is to be, if I can come back and settle into a contented Benedict or bachelor. I am going to Montreal, and Jack Burroughs and I will club our wits for a year, and see what sort of mark we shall make. We have both got some money to use or lose, and you shall see what will come of it.”

The steady, jog-trot brother, who never did anything with a rush, but always had his year's work done in three hundred days, remonstrated quietly against the loss of his chum.

“Literature is a losing business, mostly,” he said, “poets are always poor.”

“But I cannot be poor unless I turn out a dissipated scamp. There is enough here to come back to, and I must see the world, and sing my song through a periodical, or I shall be desperate.”

The end of all their talk was that my literary brother went to Montreal. Jack Burroughs was weary of smoking cigars on the steps of his hotel, of ogling pretty girls at church, driving fast horses, and doing nothing else. He was therefore delighted to join a “congenial spirit” in a monthly magazine. The *Portfolio* was charmingly got up, and contained poems with faultless rhymes, sketches of good society, not drawn from life; letters from abroad written at home; epigrams with the stings kindly left out; and satires penned in a charitable spirit. There was a serial written by Jack, full of naughty people—ten disreputable and two decent characters. Contributors saw themselves in print sometimes, for my brother was a generous youth, and he was editor-in-chief. A young lady wrote from Daisy Dell, and enclosed an original poem; the letter was post-marked Scrogg's Hollow, it was sealed with a red wafer, (remember this was in a colony twenty years ago,) it was written on coarse paper, and yet the elegant young editor was “taken” with the poem. The young sprig wrote encouragingly to the young bud. The poetess took pattern by his letter, and improved her next missive, though the paper was still coarse, and the wafer differed from its predecessor only in being blue. There was tenderness and grace and beauty in her lines, though she had never seen Paris note-paper, or envelopes, or ladies' sealing-wax of various delicate colors, and seals with pretty mottoes. It was plain from her response, that she was a close observer, and also that she could only evoke beauty from her own heart, and not from a stationer's shop. At first it was pleasant pastime to the young poet to promote the improvement of the young poetess, who was only fifteen. After a time he had queer fits of palpitation when her letters came or ought to have come; and finally, when the summer days grew long, he decided to go into the country for health, relaxation from arduous duties, and trout-fishing.

“I tell you, Jack, her verses have the ring of the true metal.”

“Let me see her MS., governor.”

The governor hesitated.

“Hand over her letters, and I will write her life, and tell you her fortune and character, and all that sort of thing. You will not, eh? Then she seals with a red wafer, and writes on whity-brown paper, and commits all sorts of sins against taste. I judge a woman by her stationery when I don't see her, and by her gloves and hose when I do.”

“She writes like a Hemans, Jack.”

“But your invisible inamorata writes on villainous paper, and in an unformed, ungraceful hand, and you are ashamed of her.”

“I have told you no such thing; but suppose you are right,

would you find fault with nectar because you had to drink it out of pewter?”

“To be sure I would. I am fond of the everlasting fitness of things, the harmonies of the universe, and all that sort of thing. Diamonds should not be set in copper or lead.”

“I am going down to Daisy Dell on Monday.”

“You don't say so! What a gathering of hearts and darts, of moonlight on the waters, of shimmering shadows, and singing of groves and doves, and all that sort of thing, there will be! How long do you tarry with the Peri in Paradise?”

“I'll write and tell you all about it.”

“Off in five minutes,” shouted the happy editor to his chum on Monday, as he climbed on the stage-coach, with his pockets full of fish-lines, artificial flies, siukers and floats, bullet-pouch, powder-horn, and caps, a bundle of fishing rods, and a rifle in a case.

“All good luck to you, governor,” said Jack, looking up, but not climbing to shake hands. “Write and let me know what sort of fish you catch; and if you don't catch any, let me know for my comfort.”

The traveller was broiled, and baked, and buried in the dust that day; and finally he was set down before a village inn, though Scrogg's Hollow was a slight apology for a village. The inn was a large white building, lacking the inevitable green blinds of this country of sunshine and sunstrokes, and it stood on a corner in “the village of Mayfield,” without a tree to shade it, though no one likes lukewarm beer, coffee, or black strap.”

The two front rooms of this “house of entertainment,” were bar and reception room. The bar-room where the traveller made his first entry, was papered with many-colored pictures of a travelling menagerie. There was a green elephant, a red lion, a blue leopard, an incredible woman taking an impossible leap from a pony to a “high horse” on the wall; and a live dog as big as a moose, three chairs, and a bench on the floor. There was a pen in one corner, containing what such enclosures always contain. The poet was not enchanted, and he took his leather bag to the next room. The carpet was red and yellow, the curtains were red, the hearth-rug was red, the table-covering was red and blue. The looking-glass was festooned with rose-colored paper, the fireplace had a screen of the same. There was a sofa and some chairs, covered with horsehair, and an open door-way led into a bed-room that smelt just like the inside of the stage-coach. There was no bell-pull, and the hungry youth waited till some one passed the door, and then ordered dinner. A tidy girl came then, with her hair elaborately curled and a bow of red ribbon in it. “At least we shall have a white table-cloth,” said mentally the melting guest. No such thing. The repast was laid on the blue and red cover, and a plate with red flowers, and no napkin. After a time a dish of smoking boiled potatoes, and fried ham and eggs appeared. A piece of mince pie, the contents of which were chopped by a lazy boy, was set for dessert. The beer was sour and warm, and the poet ordered tea; it came quickly, and had a red look and a taste of brick-dust, but it was the only thing in the room that was not hot. The discomfited diner essayed conversation with the spruce waitress.

“Do you know James Brown, of this town?” he asked.

“He's an own uncle of mine. He's a good forehanded man, is uncle Brown; but he's old. He says he never took a newspaper, or bought a book except the Bible and the almanac; and yet he's got a girl who writes for the papers, and she does not doubt she will write a book one of these days. She writes real pretty verses, though she is two years younger than I am.”

“Is she as pretty as her cousin?” asked the gallant young man.

“I don't think either of us will be hung for our beauty: but Minnie is cross-eyed, and she stoops, and she is very thin; and she does not care how she looks very much, if she can get a book or a chance to write.”

“Here's a go,” thought the poet. “Where is Mr. Brown's house?”

“Just a mile up the north slope.”

Toward evening my elegant brother (he had nearly all the grace and charm there was in the family) strolled up the slope. Two more square wooden houses, like the inn, stood out under the sky, to be burned in summer and frozen in winter. Not a tree except those in the orchard was in sight, and that was some distance from the dwelling. He called at Mr. Brown's, and asked for a drink of water. A gentle lady, who did not look as though her husband was exactly a “congenial spirit,” with the Bible and almanac for his only reading, called to her daughter, saying: “Minnie, dear, you will draw some fresh water.” Wilhelmina Brown was the poetess of my brother's dreams. There she stood, what people call “all warp and no filling”—a girl of fifteen, tall, unformed, with arms like sticks, bare and freckled; red hair, on its way to auburn, but this hot day looking decidedly red; and, possibly worse than this, she squinted. No mistake about it; one eye looked one way, and the other some other way. She brought a cup of cool water, and spoke in a sweet voice, though timidly. She wiped her wet hauds on her white and

blue cheek apron—not gracefully, for she was bashful; and the gentleman was finer and handsomer than any she had ever seen. Brother came home, and stayed a few weeks, went hunting and fishing, and wrote a large package of poetry, and “Rural Rambles,” for the *Portfolio*. In due time he returned to Montreal. Somehow the *Portfolio* failed of success. It could not be for want of talent of all sorts. Somehow Miss Brown's last two letters remained unanswered. They came to hand when the editor was in the country; and Jack Burroughs had a very proper sense of their want of taste and elegance. Brother read Law, and, for aught I know, Phisic and Divinity, and wrote; and alternated between Grassville and Montreal for some years. At last he began to ask: “Why do I live?” “Of what use am I?” “Do I make the world happier or better?” He went abroad, he made a visit to England, to France and Italy, to try to answer his questions. He went as a student of men, of government, to answer his questions. He studied very humbly, and recorded very honestly; and he would sooner have abjured capital letters altogether than place them at the beginning of lines enough to make a sonnet. So entirely cured was he of poetry.

In Paris my charming brother was at home. He had a pride in speaking French like a Frenchman. He visited the salons of distinguished women. He became the friend of the beautiful Madame Levernier, the pet of Lafayette, now seventy years old, and as lovely as an infant. In the home of Madame Levernier he met persons of true distinction, and of almost all nations. One day Madame said to him: “I will show you this evening one of the most beautiful of your countrywomen. She came to me on her way to Italy. She has returned full of inspiration and beauty.” Brother waited impatiently for the evening, with an undefined presentiment in his heart. When he found himself honored by the promised introduction he did not feel as if he and the lady needed to become acquainted. She seemed to be spiritually of his family. “Surely,” he said, “in some anterior state of existence I must have known this lady.” Miss Lebrun was tall and regal in her style of beauty. Her rich auburn hair was dressed as a coronal, and her amber robes, shaded with black lace, draped her for a most imposing picture. She opened her mouth, like the fairy, to speak gems and pearls; and her companion gave himself up to the overmastering joy of love. Madame Levernier watched the impression made by her favorite with delight. There was a conjunction of happy stars. The gentleman solicited permission to accompany his new friend through the Louvre. She graciously granted it, promising him a note next day, to fix a time for their visit. More joy! He should see her handwriting. Next day he received a charming rose-colored envelope, sealed with daintiest care; but within was a worn and time-discolored half-sheet of paper, on which was written the following:

“MY FRIEND: We have met again. The cross-eyed, red-haired, unformed girl of fifteen is forgotten. The dream of my life, that began in brightness, that gave me the germs of education, that had in it the golden clue of hope and heaven, was dashed in darkness and despair. But the true soul finds always its resurrection. I am no longer a child full of tremulous fear, but a woman, born to dare and accomplish. You will not think me presumptuous because I say this. You know me better. I welcome your friendship with a true appreciation, but not with a brighter hope than formerly. I want to introduce you to the friends with whom I am travelling. To-morrow at twelve, at the Louvre, you will meet them.”

“Your grateful friend,”

“WILHELMINA BROWN.”

“P. S.—This is written on the blank leaf of your last letter; thanks for my paper. I ought, perhaps, to say that I have been in Italy with the family of my uncle, my mother's brother. He had a diplomatic appointment from the President of the United States. My mother was born in New York, where my uncle has always resided. The last five years I have spent with these dear relatives, and I have had the best worldly advantages. I fancy I have made some improvement.”

“W. B.”

Brother returned with Miss Brown's party. He built a house at Brookwood, and brought home the regal poetess the next year, with no fear of his committing arson. I can answer for him that he has not shown the slightest symptom of “breaking out” for twenty years.

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The day I did not sweep the house there came to it one whom I did not expect.

Never speak of a rope in the house of a man that was hanged.

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no6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HENRY TOOMY, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES H. RAY, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover in U. S. gold coin, the sum of \$946, alleged to be due from defendant to plaintiff upon a certain promissory note, and upon an account stated, as set forth and alleged, in plaintiff's complaint, with interest on said sum of \$946, at the rate of two per cent. per month, from May 25th, 1864, and costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you, payable in U. S. gold coin for said sum of \$946, and interest as aforesaid and costs.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

By G. C. LECHE, Deputy Clerk.

Chas. McC. Delany, Plaintiff's Attorney. de24-3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

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Mr. Charles Wheatleigh,

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Mr. WHEATLEIGH in his original character of DANNY MANN.

First appearance of

MISS EMMELINE VOELLER, as ANNE CHUTE.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, April 1st,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN!

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET!

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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Furniture.



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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

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MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, Commander

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ON THURSDAY, APRIL 13th

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

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Up stairs, San Francisco.

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GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

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THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD!

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Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

Saturday afternoon performances by the Minstrels, at the Opera House.

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TICKETS, - - - - - ONE DOLLAR EACH

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—OF—

WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the

INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by

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FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

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FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,

Burns, Cuts,

Flesh Wounds, Boils,

Chilblains, Blisters, Braises,

Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,

Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,

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AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

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is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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APRIL 13th - - - - - SACRAMENTO

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

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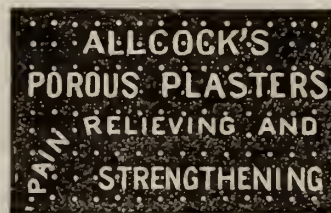
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CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - \$300,000
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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire in any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
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The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

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HAVE RECENTLY received the following NEW PUBLICATIONS:

Chateau Frissac: or Home Scenes in France. A new French Society Novel, by Olive Logan, author of "Photographs of Paris Life." 12mo.
The Three Scouts, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Cudjo's Cave," etc. 12mo.
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The Perpetual Curate. A Novel by the author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. Octavo.

The Three Scouts, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Cudjo's Cave," etc. 12mo.

Family Secrets. A companion to "Family Pride," "Pique," etc. 12mo.

Mattie. A story, by the author of "High Church," "Owen," etc. Octavo.

My Brother's Wife. A Life History, by Amelia B. Edwards. Octavo.

Comparative Geography, by Carl Ritter, Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin, translated by Wm. L. Gage. 12mo.

Saint Paul in Rome. Lectures delivered in the Legation of the United States at Rome, by Rev. C. M. Butler. 12mo.

Guizot's Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the day. Translated under the supervision of the author. 12mo.

The Brother's Secret, by William Godwin. 12mo.

Banting's celebrated letter on Corpulency, with a review of the work from "Blackwood's Magazine," and an article on Corpulency and Leanness from "Harper's Weekly." 8vo. Pamphlet.

My Own Story, by Marian Leigh. 12mo.

Autumn Leaves, by Samuel J. Gardner. 12mo.

Cousin Alice. A Memoir of Alice B. Haven. 12mo.

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Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan. A story of the Times of Whitelield and the Wesleys, by the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." 12mo., etc., etc.

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOY, Superintendent

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 19.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 8, 1865.

TERMS, \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

Things—By "Inigo."
My Sojourn in Silver Land.
A Plea for the Supernatural.
Flowers—The Tulip.
The Colonel's Valentine and its Fate.
On Flirts.
The First John Brown.
The Unfortunate Sailor.

INTERIOR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from "Robin Hood."

EDITORIALS:

Victory! Victory!!
Paragraphs on Minor Topics.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XXIII.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S:

Notices of New Publications.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS:

A Condensation of the Telegraphic War News of the Week.

POETRY—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

At the Dawning.
Too Late.
A Health.

LOCAL AND INTERIOR ITEMS:

The News at Home and Abroad.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, April 8th, 1865.

IN the words of a distinguished morning journal which is not only inspired itself at times but which also occasionally becomes the source of inspiration to others: "I write this with an eagle's quill."

Because Richmond is ours!

It ought to be, for the Lord knows we have been long hours enough in getting it.

Richmond is taken!

Like many other prescriptions it had to be well shaken before being taken, but that doesn't matter much so that our armies have gone through it in single phial at last. If that remark does not move my friends to laughter I will fling this eagle's quill aside and write with other squills.

It is a fortunate thing that there are not many Richmonds in the field, for if they were we'd have to take them all, and one in about four years is all that our city can stand. I question whether our people will get over this last celebration for four years to come.

Carpentier—President of the Telegraph Company, author of all the despatches to the associated press, and an old friend of mine—"we were boys together"—telegraphed me on Monday evening that the wires were down beyond Omaha, but that he had good reason for believing that Richmond had fallen, adding, with an electric wink, that it had fallen into very proper hands.

And he also added: If there are any tears shed on the occasion be sure they are not Carpentier's.

I knew very well that as Richmond fell greenbacks would go up, for they lay in opposite scales and both were fishy. Accordingly I operated with an eagle's quill and the result was that I had to conceal myself the next day, as a gentleman to whom I had contracted to deliver several hundred thousand dollars in the currency of the realm—perhaps I should say currency of the realm, for it is paper, and much is afloat—came after me with an eagle's claw.

The consequence was that I oscillated between the Bay View Park and the Bank Exchange Parker—of this I am positive, though the collocation may seem comparative and this explanation superlative. Nobody saw me, for one eighth of the town had been summoned before the Court of Inquiry to testify against O'Byrne, and the other seven-eighths to testify in his favor.

Of course the majority had it. I was very much reminded of the celebrated sheep-stealing trial, where two men saw the prisoner with a sheep on his back, but he brought up ten men who didn't, and was of course triumphantly acquitted, the balance of evidence being decidedly in his favor.

I only returned to town yesterday, after an absence of four days. Talk of what one day may bring forth, think of what four days may bring one!

Many things had happened in the meanwhile. Several gentlemen who participated largely in the celebration had got sober. Amos Clafflin had joined the Dashaways, and was a

member in excellent standing; he contemplated a removal to the Mission, the construction of a horse railroad, and the surrender of his latch-key to his landlady.

It fills my soul with joy to ascertain that not one of these virtuous resolves have been carried into immediate execution, for one should never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow.

I also found that School Director Thompson had borrowed an eagle's quill and written a despatch to his fellows of the Board of Education, which may well be called a "happy despatch," as he managed to rip himself up in it very much after the Japanese fashion. It was smart enough certainly, but discretion is the better part of wit as well as of valor, and after all it was one of those letters which had better not been written.

I also found that the Mexican steamer was in, and they told me my "stock was looking up."

I believed it, as to my certain knowledge, it had been lying flat upon its back for some time, it could not well look any other way.

It has been determined to levy only one more assessment, and this is for the purpose of purchasing "pans." It is pandering to a depressed taste, I fear, but still I intend to pay my proportion of the cost, as a refusal on my part might cause a panic in the market.

Pan was a heathen deity I believe, who used to live by the riverside and make whistles out of reeds. I fancy he'd whistle nowadays if he stood where I do and had to "pan out" as often as I do. If this sort of thing goes on long I intend to apply to the Nevada Legislature and have my name changed to Capt. Pannix.

However, I trust that the result of the present experiment will not be a flash in the pan, and that the retort, when we come to retort the amalgam, will prove a "retort courteous."

On my return from the country I found they had mounted a "Swamp Angel" at Maguire's, invented by a talented young townsman of mine named Sears—who must not, however, be confounded with Miss Richardson's "Northern Seer." It will be seen at a glance that the name of one is singular, while that of the other is not.

I was rejoiced to find that Gen. Maguire's "Swamp Angel" proved more effectual in quelling secession than Gen. Gillmore's did, for behold, the Perry had returned to her allegiance and once again gladdened the heart of audiences with her pretty ways and means.

I was the more glad of it, because I did not want to see her like the Mrs. Peri of whom Moore sings:

— at the gate
Of Eden stand, disconsolate.

It seems to me that Mr. Wheatleigh must have repeated Hamlet's famous soliloquy:

Toby, or not Toby,

for some time in his mind before he made up his mind to be Toby. For the character does not give him scope enough for the full display of his powers.

Of course every one was delighted to see Mrs. Edwin win that applause as "Zoe," which she no doubt has now come to exact as a right, since it is generally conceded on all sides that

A thing of beauty is a Zoe forever!

I notice that the *Magnolia* is to be produced this afternoon and evening, and that it will be repeated Monday evening of next week. Unlike Gen. Gillmore's "Swamp Angel," it has not failed with the third or fourth trial.

Of course I can write of the Eureka, "I found it" immediately on coming into town. I don't know much about what is going on there, however, for I am afraid to go in often, lest the manager, who is looking out for a new "end man," should offer me an engagement. Were I in his place I should appoint one of the young ladies of the troupe to the position, for then we might playfully speak of the Witch of End'er, and write that she moved our Souls to mirth.

Another thing that I found on getting back to town was

the Philharmonic—so called because the house is always filled on the occasion of its concerts. This was in full blast, in several full blasts, in fact.

I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Lizzie Allen sing, which would have atoned for deficiencies elsewhere among the members, had any existed, but I am glad to say that there was no need of viewing her singing as a sacrifice of atonement. Still, I knew what her tone meant the moment I heard it. Her voice is sweet, full and flexible, her style is excellent, and her manner on the stage good; I rather admire an apparent air of independence which seems to say to the audience that she is doing them a favor in singing to them at all.

The rest of the performance passed off so well that there is no need to particularize. So I will merely give the programme as translated by a friend of mine who took a Grosse seat if not the gross receipts.

"Euryanthe" (You're another!)..... Von Weber.
Grand Symphony in D..... (—n Profane Music.)
Adagio and Allegro..... (Anglice, Bummer and Lazarus.)
Larghetto..... (Laughter—very funny.)
Scherzo..... (Squarza—aria from Punchinello.)
Allegro molto..... (The alligator is moulting.)
Solo on the Violin..... Louis Schmidt. (Tune on the fiddle by Smith.)
In the Highlands—"Scotch Overture"..... Words by James Linen,
Sicilienne, from *Les Vepres Siciliennes*..... (sea linen
handkerchiefs or "wipers"—the Italians spell it with a "wo."
"Poet and Peasant"..... (Bohemian and Ranchero.)

I should like to mention the sustained effort of one old gentleman with a fiddle, who got off with his fiddle at the tap of the bell, every time. Generally the fiddle is an awkward instrument to play upon in public, as it suggests to the imaginative mind the idea of a meditative man nursing a baby and rubbing the small of its back at the same time. But that is neither here nor there. My old friend last night played well his part, there all the honor lies.

I have little more to record, except that they have been Patchen up a race between that horse and the brown gelding Fillmore over the Bay View Track, to come off Saturday for \$4,000. Of course everything goes, and if everybody doesn't go the fault is their own if they are not there. With which remark I make my bongh, and you all may take leave of

INIGO.

(For the Californian.)

AT THE DAWNING.

FRAIL little bark, on the rough ocean cast—
Ocean of Life, dark and wild!

Ah! many's the storm and cold cheerless blast,
E'en shipwreck, perhaps, e'er the voyage be past,
And thou art at rest, little child—

Poor one!

Safe from the storms dark and wild.

Poor little feet! that the thorns will make bleed—
Thorns 'mid the roses cast!

Thou'lt wander alone, for none will heed
If thy footsteps fail or thy tired feet bleed

Till the ending comes at last—

Weary feet!

And roses and thorns be past.

Wondering eyes! to be dimmed by tears,
Tears that are hid by a smile!
Blue eyes! to grow dim in the coming years,
For falsehood and sorrow weeping your tears;
Weeping 'neath the mask of a smile—
Sad eyes!

Weeping a weary while!

Poor little heart, that will ache so sore—
Ache with a cruel pain!
When dear hopes are gone, to return nevermore,
Ah! then, thou wilt ache till thou reachest a shore
Far over life's troubled main—

Little heart!

Where endeth all woe and pain.

INGLEX.

NEVER let grass grow on friendship's path.—*Old French Proverb.*

TOO LATE.
 TOO late thy honeyed words—
 Too late thy tears:
 A life is told by grief,
 And not by years.

And I have lived the woe,
 In one brief day,
 Of twice three score and ten—
 My heart is gray!

Thou canst not thrill its pulse
 With hope nor fear:
 The Day is well-nigh done;
 And Night is near.

Thou, in thy selfish thought,
 Wouldst have me live,
 When Life were worse than naught,
 But—I forgive.

Go! bathe no more the brow
 Thy lip once pressed;
 For I am weary now,
 And fain would rest!

C. H. WEBB.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TIDINGS OF SUSAN.

ABSORBED in the conflicting tortures and delights of his bondage, Francis Tredethlyn had thought very little of that missing cousin who had once been so near and dear to him. Now and then, when he had been most entirely under the spell of Maude Hillary's fascinating presence, the vision of a rosy rustic face, framed in a little dimity bonnet, had arisen suddenly before him, mutely reproachful of his forgetfulness and neglect, and he had resolved that on the very next day some new steps should be taken in the search for Susan Tredethlyn. But then, on that next day, there was generally some flower-show or *matinée musicale*, some boat-race at Putney or appointment to play croquet at Twickenham, in short, some excuse or other for devoting himself to Maude Hillary; and poor Susan's rustic image melted away into chaos. But Mr. Tredethlyn was suddenly startled into recollection of his neglected duty by the receipt of a letter from his solicitors, Messrs. Kursdale and Scardon, asking for an early interview, and announcing that they had an important communication to make respecting Miss Susan Tredethlyn, otherwise Miss Susan Turner.

An important communication! The Cornishman felt his face grow hot as he read the letter. Susan was found, perhaps, he thought. He had never mentioned her name to Maude Hillary, and now it might be that she would need all the devotion of a loving protector, perhaps even the strong arm of an avenger, at a time when his every thought was absorbed by his approaching marriage. The young man did not wait for any ceremonious appointment, but hurried off at once to Gray's Inn, and presented himself before Mr. Kursdale, the senior partner.

In the quiet office Francis Tredethlyn's hot eagerness tamed down a little before the matter-of-fact manner of the solicitor. There was a sober tranquillity in the aspect of the man, and of the place, which seemed to have a singularly soothing effect upon all human emotion. The sober little clock ticking on the grey stone mantelpiece, a skeleton clock, exhibiting its entire anatomy to the public eye, and superior to all meretricious adornment, seemed to be perpetually ticking out in the stillness—

"Let me advise you to take it easily; let me recommend you to take it quietly: whatever the Law can do for you will be done here; but it must be done in the Law's own way, which is very slow, and very complicated, and rather trying to human patience."

Mr. Kursdale received Francis with calm cordiality, and after a few stately compliments proceeded at once to business.

"You will remember that my opinion, and that of my partner—for I availed myself of his judgment in the matter—you will, no doubt, recollect, that after considerable study of the manuscript or journal which you confided to me, I came to the conclusion that the writer of that journal had contemplated imposing upon your cousin's simplicity by a mock marriage, a sham ceremonial, performed before some person falsely representing himself to be a district registrar. This opinion was really forced upon me by the wording of the diary. Look at the diary in what light I would—and I assure you I weighed

the matter most carefully—I could not see my way to any other conclusion."

"I understand," answered Francis, "I knew the man was a scoundrel. I made that out, somehow or other, from his journal. I knew he meant mischief and treachery upon little Susie; but I couldn't make out *what* treachery till you opened my eyes to the truth."

"But suppose that, after all my care, I was too hasty in forming a conclusion. Suppose that we have been mistaken, Mr. Tredethlyn."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Some days since, I happened to open a drawer which had been unopened for a long time, and hidden under a lot of other documents I found the diary which you entrusted to me. The sight of the manuscript reminded me of you and your missing cousin, so I suppose it was only natural that I should turn over the pages—not in the hope of finding any new meaning in them, however, for I had studied them too carefully for that. I turned them over, and while debating the question of a mock marriage, the thought suddenly flashed upon me that it would be at least very easy to ascertain if any genuine ceremonial had taken place in London. Remember, Mr. Tredethlyn, I did not for one moment imagine that there *had* been a real marriage, and I fully believed that the trouble I was about to take would be wasted trouble. If I had not from the first been firmly convinced that the writer of the diary contemplated a sham marriage, and nothing but a sham marriage, I should, at the outset, have done that which I only did the other day."

Francis Tredethlyn's impatience was so very evident that the lawyer, slow as he generally was, quickened his pace a little as he went on.

"I was determined to institute an investigation of the books of every registrar's office in the metropolis during the months of January, February and March, 1849. I entrusted a confidential clerk with this task, and three days afterwards he brought me the result of his investigation. On the 27th of February, 1849, Robert Lesley was married to Susan Turner, in the office of the district registrar for Marylebone. The registrar's name was Joseph Pepper; the names of the witnesses were Mary Banks and Jemima Banks, of No. 7, Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Francis, reverently. "Thank God, for my little cousin's sake, that this man was not the scoundrel we took him for."

"Whether such a marriage, contracted under a false name on your cousin's part, and it is very possible also under a false name on the part of the writer of the diary—whether such a marriage might not be open to dispute, is another question. However, the ceremonial, so far as it went, was genuine, and in any case there would be some little difficulty in setting it aside."

"It shall not be set aside!" cried Francis, "if I have the power to enforce it. Thank God for this, Mr. Kursdale, and thank you for the thought, late as it came, that led to the discovery of the truth."

"You must remember, though, my dear Mr. Tredethlyn," remonstrated the solicitor, who was almost alarmed by the young man's eagerness, "you must bear in mind that it is just possible there may have been some other Susan Turner and some other Robert Lesley married in the month of February, 1849, and that this registration may refer to them."

"I am not afraid of that," Francis answered, decisively. "No, the man meant to be a scoundrel, I dare say, but my little Susie's artless confidence touched his heart at the very last, perhaps, and he *could* not be such a villain as to deceive her. Rely upon it, Mr. Kursdale, the marriage was a genuine marriage, and I shall live to see my cousin righted, and to divide my uncle Oliver's money with her."

Mr. Kursdale stared at his client in blank amazement.

"You would—do that?" he asked, after a pause.

"Of course I would. Poor little, ill-used darling! The money was hers, every penny of it, by right. I—I meant at first to have restored it all to her; but new claims have arisen for me, and I can only give her half the fortune that should have been her own."

The solicitor stifled a groan.

"And now how am I to find Susie?" asked Francis. "This registration business gives us a new clue, doesn't it?"

"Unquestionably. We can at any rate hope to find the two witnesses, Mary and Jemima Banks, and from them we may discover your cousin's present whereabouts. I'll send a clerk to these Banks people to-morrow."

"Do you know, I think I'd rather go and look for them myself, and at once," said Francis. "I've been very neglectful of Susie's interests lately, and I feel as if I ought to do something to make up for my neglect. I'll go myself, Mr. Kursdale, and try to find out these people. If I fail, you must help me to find them. If I succeed, I'll come here to-morrow morning and tell you the result."

The young man wrote the address of the people in St. John's Wood in his pocket-book, shook hands with his legal adviser, and hurried away. He was so eager to atone for the neglect of the past by the activity of the present. He

hired a Hansom in Holborn, and was on his way to St. John's Wood five minutes after he had left the lawyer's office. He sat with his watch open in his hand, while he made abstruse calculations as to the time it would take him to find the females, Mary and Jemima Banks, extort from them all the information they had to give, drive back to his hotel, reorganize his toilet, and then make his way to Twickenham. He had grown something of a dandy of late; he employed a West End tailor, belabored his honest head with big ivory-backed brushes, and bedewed his cambric handkerchief with the odorous inventions of that necromancer of the flower garden, Monsieur Eugène Rimmel. The big Cornishman smiled at his reflection in the glass sometimes, wondering at his own frivolity. But it was for Maude Hillary's sake that he brushed his hair laboriously every day, and grew critical in the choice of a waistcoat. He had even hired a man to wait upon, and had a little regiment of boot-trees in his dressing-room.

St. John's Wood proper is perhaps one of the most delightful suburban retreats in which the man who, yearning for the waving of green trees about his abode, is yet obliged to live within an easy cab drive from the City, can make a pleasant temple for his *lures* and *penates*. Dear little villas, embosomed in foliage; stately mansions, towering proudly out of half an acre of trimly-kept garden, invite the wealthy citizen to retirement and repose. The young lilacs and laburnams of to-day may represent but poorly the bosky verdures of the past, but still the Wood of St. John is a cool and pleasant oasis in the great arid desert of London.

But there are outskirts and dependencies of St. John that are not quite so pleasant—ragged wastes and shabby little terraces that hang like tattered edges disgracing a costly garment. These dismal streets and dreary terraces may not belong of right to St. John, but they hang about him and cling to him, and shelter themselves under the grandeur of his name nevertheless.

Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood, were very pretentious little dwelling-places, fronted with damp stucco, and with a tendency to a mossy greenness of aspect that was eminently dispiriting. Woolcote Villas were of the Elizabethan order of architecture, and went off abruptly into peaks and angles wherever a peak or an angle was possible. How such small houses could require the massive stacks of Elizabethan chimneys which made Woolcote Villas appear topheavy and incongruous to the eye of the stranger, was an enigma only to be solved by the architect who designed those habitations; and why Woolcote Villas should each be finished off with a stuccoed mustard pot, popularly known as a Campanello tower, which was not Elizabethan, and not practicable for habitation, being open to the four winds of heaven, was another problem perpetually awaiting the same individual's solution.

The Hansom cabman, after driving through all the intricacies of St. John's Wood on different false scents, came at last upon Woolcote Villas, through the friendly offices of a milkman, and pulled up his horse before the door of number seven.

Francis alighted and rang a bell—a bell with a slack wire, which required to be pulled a great many times before any effect was produced. At last, however, the bell rang, and then, after a pause and another peal, the door was opened, and a slipshod servant maid, with a flapping circle of dirty net hanging from the back of her disorderly head, emerged from number seven, Woolcote Villas, and presented herself at the little gate before which Francis Tredethlyn was waiting.

The young man asked if Mrs. Banks was at home. Yes, she was at home, and Miss Banks also. Did he please to want the apartments?

Mr. Tredethlyn told her that he had particular business with Mrs. Banks, and that it was that lady whom he wished to see. The girl looked disappointed. There were a good many bills in the Elizabethan windows of Woolcote Villas, and the demands of lodgers were not equal to the supply of furnished apartments.

The sound of a tinkling piano, played very badly, greeted Mr. Tredethlyn as he entered the narrow passage. The dirty maidservant opened the door of the apartment whence the sound came, and Francis found himself in a shabby parlor, tenanted by a young lady, who rose from the piano as he entered, and who was very fine and yet very shabby, and a trifle dirty, like the parlor, and like Woolcote Villas generally. The young lady wore a greasy-looking black silk, relieved by a coquettish little apron of Stuart plaid, and adorned by all manner of ribbons and narrow velvets, with a good deal of mosaic jewellery in the way of hearts and crosses, and anchors and lockets; and her hair was turned back from her forehead, and flowed in graceful ringlets of the corkscrew order upon her stately shoulders. She was altogether a very extensively adorned young lady; and she gave a little start expressive of surprise and timidity, with a just slight admixture of pleasure, as Mr. Tredethlyn presented himself before her. Many single gentlemen had inspected the long-vacant lodgings, but there had been no one among

them so good-looking, or so splendid of aspect, as this tall, broad-shouldered Cornishman, revised and corrected by his West-end tailor.

"The apartments, I suppose," the young lady said, eurtseying and simpering. "My 'ma being busy, perhaps you will allow me to show them to you. This is the parlor. If the use of a sitting-room only is required, *with* partial board, including dinner on Sundays, the terms would be seventeen and sixpence. Private apartments, without board, fifteen shillings, or with full board—"

The young lady would have proceeded further, but Francis Tredethlyn interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I don't require apartments; my business is quite of a different nature. Your name is Banks, I believe?"

The lady inclined her head graciously. Life was very dreary in Wooleote Villas, and the advent of a good-looking stranger could scarcely be otherwise than agreeable, even if he was not a prospective tenant.

"Mary—or Jemima—Banks?" asked Francis.

"I am Miss Jemima Banks," the young lady replied, with considerable dignity. She began to think the good-looking stranger inclined to be presumptuous; but Francis was too preoccupied to be aware of the intended reproof.

"I am very glad that I have been so fortunate as to find you," he said, "for I believe you can give me the information I want. You were present at a marriage before the registrar, at an office in Foltthorpe street, Marylebone, on the 25th of February, 1849. Can you tell me where the young lady who was married went after the ceremony? I have some right to ask this question, for Susan Tre—Susan Turner is my first cousin."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Miss Banks, surprised out of her stateliness. "Poor Susan was your cousin, was she? Why, she came home here a fortnight after her marriage."

"She came here?"

"Yes; she was lodging here before that, and she and her husband went off to Paris after the ceremony, and there was no breakfast and no nothing; and Mr. Lesley, he was always very high and mighty-like in his ways, he flung down a twenty-pound note upon the desk before the registrar, and when the man said something about change, he threw up his head scornful-like—it was a way he had if anything vexed him, 'There's your money,' he said, 'and don't let's have any humbug,' and then he dragged his poor little wife's hand through his arm, just nodded to me and mother, and walked off to the cab without a word, leaving me and mother in the registrar's office. The registrar was full of praises of the gentleman's generosity, and said he'd like to tie up half-a-dozen such couples every week, but mother was regularly cross about that twenty-pound note, and went on about it all the way home, saying, that Mr. Lesley had ground her down close enough about the rent for these rooms, and needn't go showing off his generosity to strange registers."

"And my cousin Susan went to Paris?"

"Yes, but only for a fortnight, and we was to keep the apartments for her, which we did, and at the end of a fortnight she came back, dressed beautiful, and with all sorts of lovely things in her boxes, and she was looking so well and so happy, and anybody would have thought she was the luckiest woman in the world. But mother, she used to shake her head about it, and say she never knew those secret sort of marriages to come to any good, because, when a gentleman begins by not wanting to own his wife, he's very apt to end by wishing he hadn't married her; but mother always looks at the black side of things, whether it's taxes, or whether it's lodgers, or whatever it is, so I didn't take much notice. Mrs. Lesley seemed very happy, and Mr. Lesley; for the first week or so, he stopped at home a great deal, and scarcely ever went out, except to take his wife out to dine, or to a theatre, or something of that kind, and they really seemed the happiest couple that ever was; but by-and-by Mr. Lesley went away; to college, his wife told me; and I shall never forget how she cried, poor thing, the night he left her, or how lonely she looked sitting in this room, where they'd been so happy together, with their little oyster suppers after the theatre, and everything that heart could wish. She'd got some books that he'd left behind him spread out before her on the table, and she was turning one of them over when I went in to see her.

"They're very hard to understand, Miss Banks," she said, "but I try to read them, because I want to be clever, and able to talk to Robert when he comes home."

After this she was almost always reading, poor little thing, and she'd sit in this room for days and days together; for she didn't like to go out alone, and mother does drive and worry so, that it wasn't often I could get out with her. Mr. Lesley was to be away three months, she told me; and I'm sure that poor thing used to count the hours, and minutes almost, wishing the time to go; but when the three months was up, there was no Mr. Lesley; he was going fishing somewhere in Wales with some grand friends, she told me, and wouldn't be home till the next vacation. I never saw any one so cut up as she was by the disappointment, though she wouldn't talk about it,

only I could see every morning by her face, that she'd been lying awake half the night, crying her poor eyes out."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" murmured Francis Tredethlyn.

This all absorbing passion called love was a sorrowful thing then, he thought, let it come to whom it would, a onesided frenzy, a perpetual sacrifice, a self-imposed immolation.

"Pray tell me all you can about my cousin," he said to Miss Banks. "You cannot imagine how anxious I am to hear of her."

"I'm sure she and me was always the best of friends," answered the fair Jemima, with a touch of diplomacy; and if you *did* think of taking the apartments, me and mother would do all in our power to make you comfortable, if it was only on Mrs. Lesley's account: for she was one of the sweetest young creatures I ever knew. She stayed with us three weeks before she was married, and I never shall forget her pretty face the day she first came up from the country after the lodgings had been took for her."

"Mr. Lesley engaged the lodgings, I suppose."

"No, it was Mr. Lesley's brother."

"Oh, he had a brother, then?"

"Yes, his brother was something in the law, I think—a very nice gentleman, and almost the living image of Mr. Lesley himself."

"Can you give me a description of Mr. Lesley? I never saw him, and I want very much to know what kind of man he is."

Miss Banks hesitated for some moments.

"It's so difficult to give an exact description of any one," she said. "Mr. Lesley was a tall, handsome-looking man, with fair hair and blue eyes. I don't think I could describe him any nearer than that."

Francis Tredethlyn sighed. There are so many tall, handsome-looking men with fair hair and blue eyes; and it is chiefly in melodrama that people go about the world conveniently marked with a strawberry, or a coronet.

"Answer me one question," said Francis, eagerly, "before you tell me the rest of my cousin's history. Do you know where she is now?"

Miss Banks shook her head, and sighed despondently.

"No more than you do, sir," she exclaimed. "It's two years and a half ago since I set eyes upon Mrs. Lesley, and I don't know no more than the dead what's become of her since."

"Then she is as much lost to me to-day as she was yesterday," said Francis, sadly. "But you can at least tell me all you know of my poor cousin. It may help me to some clue by which to find her."

Jemima was evidently a good-natured girl. She begged Mr. Tredethlyn to be seated, and placed herself opposite to him.

"I'll call mother if you like," she said, "but I think I can tell you more about Mr. Lesley; mother is such a one to wander, and when one's anxious to know anything quick, it don't do to have to deal with a person whose mind's always harping upon lodgers and their ways. Of course everybody knows lodgers are tiresome, and nobody lets apartments for pleasure, and nobody would pay taxes if they could help it, and poor-rates are not expected to raise people's spirits; but if facts are disagreeable, that's no reason you should have them cropping up promiscuous in every style of conversation. Till now it used to be a relief to me to come and sit with Mrs. Lesley of an evening, and hear her troubles, if it was only for the sake of a change."

"I thank you heartily for having been good to my cousin," Francis Tredethlyn said, earnestly. He was thinking that he would drop into a jeweller's shop on his way homeward, and choose the handsomest diamond ring in the man's stock for Miss Jemima Banks.

"I don't know as I deserve any thanks, sir," answered the girl. "I couldn't help taking to Mrs. Lesley, and I couldn't help feeling for her when I saw her so solitary and so sad. Months and months went by before her husband came back to her, and when he did come her baby was born, and there was the cradle in the corner just by where you're sitting, and she seemed as if she couldn't make enough of the child."

"But Mr. Lesley, he didn't seem so wrapped up in the baby as she did," continued Miss Banks; "and I used to fancy she saw it and fretted about it. He couldn't take her out to dinner anywhere this time, nor yet to the theatre, on account of the child. She asked him once to take her for a drive somewhere in the country, and to take the child with them; but he laughed at her and said: 'I don't think there's a pleasanter sight in creation than an estimable mechanic in his best clothes, with three children in a wicker chaise, and a fourth in arms; but don't you think we may as well leave that sort of thing to the mechanic, Susie? the poor fellow has so few chances of distinguishing himself.' That was just the sort of speech Mr. Lesley was always making, half laughing, half scornful; he was always going on in a sneering way about the baby, and her being so fond of it, and devoting herself so much to it; and sometimes one of those nasty speeches of his would set his wife off crying, for her health wasn't very strong just then, and any little thing would upset

her. And then he'd look at her with a hard, cruel look that he'd get sometimes, and throw his book into a corner, and get up and walk out of the house, banging the door to that degree that mother would be unnerved for the rest of the evening. Mr. Lesley took to stopping out very late this time, and used to let himself in with a latch-key, long after me and mother had gone to bed; but I know that Susan used to sit up for him, and I know that he used to be angry with her for doing it; for Woolcote Villas are slight-built, and I've heard him talking to her as I lay awake overhead. He was at home for some months this time off and on—but he'd be away for days together—and when he was at home he had a tired way like, that made me feel uncomfortable somehow to see him. He was always yawning, and smoking, and sitting over his books, or lying asleep upon the sofa; and I'm sure if I'd been Mrs. Lesley, I should have been glad when he took himself off. But lor' bless your heart! poor little thing, she fretted about his going away, just as if he'd been the kindest of husbands. He wasn't going back to college any more; he was going to Germany this time. I know she wanted to go with him, poor, tender-hearted thing; and I heard her say to him, so pitiful like, once: 'Oh, Robert, what will become of me when you are gone! If you would only take me!' But he only laughed at her, and cried out: 'What! abandon the baby?' So at last the time came for him to go, and his poor wife got paler and paler every day, till I'm sure she looked like a living corpse walking about the house," said Miss Banks, unconsciously paraphrasing Shelley.

"And this man left her."

"Lor, yes, what did he care for her looking white and sorrowful? He was more wrapped in his new portmanteaus, and travelling bags, and dressing-cases, and such like, than in his wife or his child. He went off as gay as could be, though he left Mrs. Lesley almost broken-hearted. And he didn't leave her too well off either, I know, though she always paid mother to the moment; but all her pretty dresses and bonnets that Mr. Lesley had bought her in Paris had grown shabby, and he hadn't bought her any new ones. She had so many excuses for him like, and pretending that he was very good to her. Poor dear thing! after he was gone away the baby was her only comfort; and I'm sure if it hadn't been for that child she'd have fretted herself away into the grave. Well, sir, the baby was four months old when Mr. Lesley went away to Germany, and he was only to be away three months at the longest, Susan told me: she was very friendly with me, and I always called her by her first name. And she used to count the days just as she did before; and she'd say to me often how the time was going, and her husband would soon be back; she used to write him letters—such long letters, all full of her talk about the baby, and his taking notice, and growing, and such like; but she didn't have many letters from him. 'You see, Jemima, he's always going from place to place,' she said; 'and then my letters lie at the post offices where I direct them, and half the time he doesn't receive them at all; so I can't wonder at not hearing very often from him;' she used to be so pleased, poor dear, when a letter did come, though I'm sure they were short enough, for I've seen her open them; but, ah! when the three months went by, and Mr. Lesley didn't come back, how dreadfully she did fret! always secretly, though, for she didn't seem to like that anybody should know her troubles, for fear they should blame him, the brute. 'He's going further north,' she told me; 'Germany's such a big country, you know, Jemima; and I'm afraid, from what Robert says, he thinks of going beyond Germany, to the capital of Russia perhaps. You see, it's necessary for him to travel in order to complete his education.' I couldn't help laughing outright at this; for I thought if Mr. Lesley wasn't educated enough with all his books, and colleges, and crackjaw languages, and such like, he never would be educated. However, that was no business of mine, and I keep my thoughts to myself. The time went by, and still there was no news of Mr. Lesley coming home. He was always going further and further north, she told me, when she spoke of him; but she'd got to talk of him very little now, though I know she was thinking of him and fretting about him all day and all night too; for I've slept with her sometimes, and heard her moan in her sleep, and speak his name, O so pitiful!"

"Poor girl! poor girl! she was little more than a child!" murmured Francis Tredethlyn.

"No more she was," answered Miss Banks, with energy; "and him as ill-treated her was a brute. I'm sure I never thought much of him, with his scornful, sneering ways, treating me and mother as if we was so much dirt under his feet. As for that poor young thing, it was a sorrowful day for her when she first set eyes upon him, fine gentleman though he was, and above her in station, which she was always telling me as a kind of excuse for his bad conduct. Well, sir, his letters got fewer and fewer, and still Susan kept her troubles to herself, and only said he was going further north, and that he would be back before the year was out. But the year passed, and he didn't come back, and he'd been away nearly ten months, and the baby was fourteen months old, when a letter came for Susan, with St. Petersburg on the post-mark

I never shall forget that day. It was dull, cold, March weather, with the wind howling and moaning enough to give the liveliest person the chills, and Mrs. Lesley had been sitting by the window all the afternoon watching for the postman. She was beginning to be nervous about her husband's health, she told me, as it was so long since she had heard from him. The postman came at last, and I was down-stairs with mother when he came. Mrs. Lesley ran into the passage and took the letter herself. We heard the parlor door shut, and then five minutes afterwards we heard a scream and a heavy fall. Me and mother rushed up-stairs, and there was poor Susan lying on the floor, with a letter clutched in her hand, and the fingers clenched upon it so that neither me nor mother could loosen them. We lifted her up and laid her on the sofa. She didn't seem to have fainted dead away, for she opened her eyes directly, and said, 'Oh, why didn't you let me lie there till I died?' And it was enough to pierce the hardest heart to hear her. Mother began talking about the troubles of the world, and asked her if there was bad news in the letter. 'Oh, yes!' she cried; 'cruel news—dreadful news!' And then mother asked her, 'Was Mr. Lesley dead?' 'Yes,' she said, 'dead to me! dead to me!' Mother fancied she meant he was really dead, and said she hoped Mrs. Lesley was left comfortably provided for. You see, having seen a deal of trouble herself, mother will look at things in that light. And then Susan cried out that her trouble was one that we could never understand. I couldn't bear to leave her; but I got mother out of the way—for her ways are apt to be wearing to any one that's in trouble—and I stopped with Susan all the evening. But she never spoke once; she only lay quite quiet upon the sofa, with her face turned to the wall; but I knew that she was crying all the time; and when I took her the baby, thinking the sight of him might comfort her, she only waved him away like, with her hand. I didn't leave her till twelve o'clock that night: but she was still lying on the sofa with her face turned to the wall. But just as I was going away she stretched out her hand and said, 'God bless you, Jemima, it is very good of you to stop with me, but there is nothing upon this wide earth that can give me any comfort now.' I didn't see her the next morning, for she went out very early, and took the baby with her, and she didn't come back till late at night, and then she came back without the baby. You might have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door to her and saw her come in without the child. 'Oh, Susan,' I said, 'what have you done with Robert?'—he'd been christened Robert after his 'pa, and I'd stood godmother for him. Susan was as pale as death, but she said very quietly, 'I've put him out to nurse in the country, Jemima. I was obliged to part from him, for I'm going away.' I thought all in a moment that she was going abroad to her husband, and that her grief had been about parting with her child; but then I remembered what she'd said the night before, about Mr. Lesley being dead to her, and do what I would I couldn't make it out. I'm sure I was as much cut up at the thought of her going away as if she'd been my own sister."

(To be continued.)

OUR INTERIOR CORRESPONDENCE.

PLACERVILLE, April 4th, 1865.

IT was with considerable regret that I bade adieu to the mountain city of Nevada. It is undoubtedly one of the pleasiest mining towns that I have had the fortune to visit in my wanderings over this State. I believe in a former letter I spoke of the rich mineral wealth that nature had stored away in this section of the country. There are some leads here, which compare well with the representative rich mines of the State. Many men have reaped fortunes in a few months, and nowhere on this coast have prospecting parties more reason to be hopeful than in Nevada county. Not the least of the attractions of the town of Nevada is its hotel accommodations; the table set at the "Union" is by far the best that your itinerant correspondent has put his legs under since he left the Bay City. (This is written expressly for the attention of some hotels, which I will not mention.)

Leaving Nevada for Folsom in one of those delectable conveyances called a "stage," I underwent a process of thumping, shaking and upsetting that I never thought my constitution was elastic enough to go through without a complete letting down. But I managed to worry bravely through the infliction as far as Auburn, at which point the road decidedly improves.

Auburn is a dilapidated, ancient-looking town, seeming as if it were providentially dropped in its present place expressly to provide a stopping-place for the innumerable stages that pass through it. Scarcely any business is done in the place; nobody ever expects to do any, and the inhabitants generally pass their time in the most tedious of all occupations in life—doing nothing.

Newcastle I shall ever remember with feelings of gratitude for it was at that spot that I bade a temporary adieu to the stage, (I do not mean the stage where folks play, but the conveyance where passengers find riding to be the hardest of work,) and once more felt the delights of travelling like a Christian—by rail.

I had to stop at Folsom a couple of days, and was pleased enough not to have to stay there longer. It is almost as dull as Auburn, but they talk of starting two manufactories there soon, in which case the town will undoubtedly become a very important one in the Sacramento valley.

Latrobe is a collection of some half-dozen houses, and it is also the present terminus of the Sacramento Valley Railroad. Thence to Placerville we had eighteen more miles of staging. But this time I was destined to a most pleasant disappointment, for we found the road in excellent condition, and I arrived here without once having cause to let my "angry passions rise" or in any way impairing my delicate digestion. The country through which this road passes presents a beautiful picture. Here, the view embraces beautifully green, rich fields, relieved in the distance by thick groves of trees. There, a picturesque mountain road winds around some tall, bold eminence, the high, snow-clad peaks of the Sierras forming a pleasing contrast to the grass-covered tops of the smaller hills.

Not having had time as yet to prospect Placerville, I defer saying anything about it at present, but will make it the subject of future correspondence.

ROBIN HOOD.

P. S.—I was just directing this letter, when the glorious intelligence was received here of the capture of Richmond. Great is the excitement in town; much is the whisky that is drank; gorgeous is the bunting that is hung out, and tremendous is the amount of patriotism afloat. Bells are ringing, the militia is parading, boys are shouting, and guns are being fired. There never was such a terrific state of excitement known before in the quiet, staid city of Placerville. All business is suspended, and the inhabitants are bound to have a good time generally. It is stated that the news would have reached here early this morning, but that the telegraph operator at Folsom celebrated to such an extent that he forgot to send it further. While I write the noise outside in the street is deafening. Patriotism and whisky are on the rampage—especially whisky—and both are pardonable under the circumstances.

R. H.

THE "FASHION."—"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion," says an old proverb, and so Messrs. Porter & Covey seem to have thought when they consolidated their fortunes and took possession of the Fashion stables on Sutter street, between Montgomery and Sansome. No one can pass the building without being attracted by the appearance of its front, for it is—like life—checkered. The interior reveals a view of decidedly the best and most completely-arranged stables in the city, probably one of the best on the continent. It has almost as many stories as one of our first class hotels, and the horses have rooms on nearly every floor, those that live in the sky parlors paying no more for board than those occupying the basement. To the majority of stables, the Fashion, in its interior economy and appointments, presents about the same contrast that the Occidental offers to most hotels. Buggies, robes, harness and horses, one must needs be fastidious, indeed, if he cannot find a turn-out to suit his fancy there. "Podgers," in a private letter, writes that he often wishes for a pair of Porter & Covey's nags on the Bloomingdale, as they do not furnish such teams on livery in New York. It was from their establishment the team came that brought three gentlemen in from the Cliff House in a short twenty-four minutes some time since. The character of all horse men is by no means above suspicion, and the fraternity, owing to the laxity of moral principle exhibited by some unworthy members, has won a not altogether enviable reputation, but it is safe enough to bet on either Porter or Covey—for they are both family men and have something more than individual reputations to lose.

WHERE TO BUY FLOWERS.—We take great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the establishment of C. B. Miller, Florist, 206 Bush street, whose advertisement appears in another column. Mr. Miller roams the cultivation of flowers his pleasure and study at the East before the embarrassments which the present war brought to so many induced him to adopt it as a profession. We have often observed that less taste is shown in the arrangement of bouquets by the venders here, than in almost any other city in the world. A flower-girl in Paris will tie you a bunch of violets or roses with a taste that makes them precious to the eye; but here the crowding together of staring colors and the production of a wad that can be seen or scented a block off, with no regard to the harmony and contrast of tints, and a total absence of consideration for the eye which craves an occasional sprig or leaf of green, seems the only object aimed at. Mr. Miller, however, arranges his floral favors in a most tasteful manner; withal he discourses most intelligently upon the theme that is nearest his heart—sometimes in THE CALIFORNIAN—and we take special pleasure in introducing so deserving a gentleman to the kindly patronage of our readers.

Private Frank Williams, of Company G, Eighth Regiment, while assisting in firing a salute at Alcatraz, Thursday, was instantly killed by the premature discharge of a cannon.

MY SOJOURN IN SILVER LAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3, 1865.

MY DEAR INIGO.—I am once more at home, and have congratulated myself a great many times that such is the case, though, strange as it may appear, (after grumbling in the way I did,) I was beginning to like Virginia City and its surroundings. However, women are allowed to change their minds. Poor things! that is one of their few privileges.

After the first few days of my sojourn in Virginia the mind dried up a little, and it was possible to walk out if you did not mind going over the tops of your boots. One gets used to everything, they say—even to having remarks passed on one's understandings, more particularly if they are not disparaging remarks; and as there are not quite so many women in Virginia City as in San Francisco, the men cannot afford to criticize severely, so I "passed muster" very well.

I went "prospecting" a little on my own account, and gained lots of information; in fact, I was instructed in the way of making "several" fortunes. I was strongly reminded of a story told me once by a friend who had been staying for some days in Acapulco. While there, he was mysteriously approached one day by a seedy-looking individual who wanted the loan of a few dollars, and who informed him that he could show him where there was a quantity of treasure buried—it was under a part of the old ruined church (which I presume you remember); he went on to describe how one had to go down seven steps and then count seven more, and turn to the left, etc., and there he would find diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and, as they say in Ireland, "gold galore." All this had been confided to the seedy-looking individual's grandmother, or some other elderly feminine, by a Spanish non, on her deathbed. "But," said my friend, "why don't you go and get it yourself?" "So I would," said the seedy individual, "but I should have to get a permit from the Government to be allowed to make my researches, and as my wife is sick in New York, I am obliged to go away on the next steamer, to see her." However, to return to my prospecting:

I did not climb Mount Davidson. Two or three people who had, told me it was not worth the trouble—that it did not give them "a sensation" (except in their knees;) but I climbed to the top of the Ophir grade, where I met with two or three parties of Indians. Some of them were dressed in a very remarkable manner; one I noticed particularly, and I will endeavor to describe his costume, so that when the next fancy ball takes place at the Cosmopolitan, (which John Henning solemnly promises is to be when the new building is finished,) you may not be at a loss for a costume, as I think you told me you were at the last ball. To begin, then:

One red morocco slipper, with Scotch stocking;
One top boot;
Corduroy (not white satin) breeches;
Scarlet military coat, with one sleeve;
Striped flannel undershirt;
Stovepipe hat, (black,) decorated with red and green feathers.

I assure you the effect was splendid, and the wearer looked as if he thought so. The costume of the ladies (what there was of it) was equally unique, but I cannot undertake a description of it. The whole set of them came chattering round us. What they wished to say it was impossible to make out. They seemed to take a great interest in me; my companion said he could not account for it, unless by supposing it was because I am fat, and they thought I should be good to eat.

From the top of the Ophir grade we had a splendid view of the country. At our feet lay Gold Hill, American Flat, and Silver city—all life and animation: quartz mills crushing out fabulous amounts of silver; mines "dumping" out rock to give, when crushed, at least five hundred dollars per ton; wonderful mule teams sticking fast in the mud, and the unfortunate mules having to be pulled out by any charitable person who happens to be "around" and will assist the driver, who, poor fellow, gets worn out, and feels almost like "sticking" himself. Notwithstanding that there is, I am told, a great deal of silver in the mud, it is not any the more pleasant to be held fast in. Should they build a railroad to the Truckee river, so that the quartz mills can be worked by water-power and rock crushed for less than half the expense it now is, perhaps somebody will collect the mud out of the streets for the sake of the silver in it, and we shall have no more silver pavements, which certainly are not desirable when in a liquid state.

I scrambled down a ravine from the Ophir grade, and inspected a great many "claims." I saw "Gentle Annie" reclining on the side of the hill, and "Mary Ann" coquetting with Uncle Sam and Overman at the foot, and I sat down on a flume by the Caledonia tunnel, and had a long conversation with a very intelligent Scotchman I found there. I am led to believe, from the information I received generally, that every "claim" has three ledges, and that they will all begin to take out "pay rock" in a day or two. There is no doubt that every one of them is "on the Comstock ledge," which must branch out in at least a hundred different directions. I

located a little "claim" myself, and am confident that the Comstock runs clear through it. I would offer you an interest in it, but I think you object to assessments. The President of one of the companies said to me the other day: "Stockholders are so unreasonable; after they have paid assessments for a year or two, they begin to wonder if they are ever to get a dividend." Sordid wretches! I assure you he explained the whole system in such a persuasive way that I have almost made up my mind to pay another assessment on my "Josephine," which I see is called for, though the stock is only selling at fifty cents. Presidents and Superintendents must live, and they cannot be expected to undertake such arduous situations (where they actually have to go into a dirty mine, six or seven hundred feet under ground, two or three times in a year) without being allowed fast horses, plenty of champagne and all the other little *et cetera* of genteel life.

There were affectionate inquiries made about INIGO by several ladies of Virginia City, among others by the beautiful "Rowena," of the Cosmopolitan Ball, who certainly has not lost any of the beauty or grace for which she was so much admired while in San Francisco. She complained that the CALIFORNIANS in Virginia City generally were gone before she could get hold of one, so I said to her exactly what you would have said yourself: I had no doubt that THE CALIFORNIAN, or "any other man," would be happy to throw himself at her feet, if he thought she wished it. And now, Mr. INIGO, why do you not send a thousand CALIFORNIANS to Virginia City? Is the package already as heavy a one as can be "toted" over the mountains?

I did not return by the Pioneer route, as I had intended. I was deluded into going over the German Level by the promise of sixty miles of "splendid sleighing," because "it had been freezing hard the day before." The "splendid sleighing," however, brought to my memory the old Runic chapter, one verse of which says: "Trust not to the ice of one day's freezing; neither to the serpent who lies asleep; nor to the caresses of her you are going to marry; nor to a sword that is cracked or broken; nor to the son of a powerful man; nor to a field that is newly sown." I give you the whole verse because, as I have proved the first sentence to be good advice, possibly the same may be said of all the rest.

The snow not being sufficiently frozen, the horses could not keep their feet; and when they were down they could not help themselves, the snow was so deep. The drivers, poor fellows, seemed to be made of patience, for they never complained, though they had to get down in some parts of the road every few minutes, either to dig out the sleigh or pick up the horses.

We reached the Sierra Nevada as the sun was setting in colors of green and gold, blue and crimson, so gorgeous that it is impossible to describe its beauty. We rested awhile, and looked around. We saw a vast chain of snow mountains, looking like wave upon wave of an immense sea that had been suddenly frozen. These snow mountains are to me enchanted ground; the whispering of the wind through the pine trees seems like a thousand voices; the very trees themselves, one almost fancies, may have been bands of warriors rushing forward to bar our progress, changed to their present form by the wand of some powerful magician, and capable of being restored to their original shapes at any moment. Like the Norsemen, I almost believed in the race of the Frost giants, and wondered which of those tall pine trees represented Ymir, from whom the legends say this race descended, and where was the

—"snow-skating Skadi,
Who dwells there, I trow,
In her father's old mansion."

After travelling over these mountains one can readily imagine there may be some foundation for the old Scandinavian tales of travellers going over the hills and yielding to a strange fascination, which induced them to wish to penetrate the interior, and, getting in, being enchanted and remaining there, like "Proud Margaret," whose story used to delight me years ago. Some few verses I remember still:

"Proud Margaret slept in at the door of the hill—
Time with me goes slow—
And the hill-king salutes her with eyes joyful;
But that grief is heavy, I know."

"And one brought out a filled-up horn—
Time with me goes slow—
Another put in a gilded corn;
But that grief is heavy, I know."

"The first drink she drank out of the horn—
Time with me goes slow—
She forgot straightway both heaven and earth;
But that grief is heavy, I know."

"The second drink she drank out of the horn—
Time with me goes slow—
She forgot straightway both God and his word;
But that grief is heavy, I know."

"The third drink she drank out of the horn—
Time with me goes slow—
She forgot straightway both sister and brother;
But that grief is heavy, I know."

I think there are about fifty verses relating "Proud Margaret's" adventures, all of which seem possible after sleighing over the Sierra Nevada. Our sleighing, however, came to an untimely end ten miles before reaching Dutch Flat, and we

betook ourselves to the mud wagons. During these ten miles I privately made many vows that if I ever did get home I would not pay a visit to Washoe again for the next ten years, certain; but all this feeling soon wears off, and I should not mind starting again to-morrow!

Just before changing from the sleigh to the mud wagon, we met the "up train;" the road was so narrow that there was some difficulty in the sleighs passing each other, and we stopped for a few minutes. While there, the following conversation took place between the two drivers:

"Down" driver.—"Where's Charley? Have you heard anything of him?"

"Up" driver.—"Oh yes, he's behind, coming along slowly. He's got a lot of women."

"Down" driver.—"O Lord! just the worst kind of a lot he could possibly have."

Here there was a great "guffaw" among the male passengers of both sleighs. I thought this was cruel on the part of the driver, because none of the ladies (we had four) had complained during the whole trip, and, for anything he knew to the contrary, we were models of courage and patience. We had profited by the experience of an acquaintance who once undertook to remonstrate with Hank Monk, as she said, "in the civillest manner possible." In recounting it she told us, "All I said was: 'Please, good gentleman driver, don't go so fast; I am one of the biggest cowards in all creation!' but he only replied: 'Don't you think my life is as valuable to me as yours is to you?' and went on faster than ever. I declare," she concluded, shuddering, "my bones crack, even now, when I think of it."

At Dutch Flat we left one of our gentleman passengers, who said he had "had enough of it for the present," and again went on our way. Outside the town for about a mile, the gentlemen were obliged to walk through the mud. One individual, however, of the Jewish persuasion, declined, alleging he would get a "sore throat." I may here remark that this person invariably hid himself under his wife's shawl when there was any walking to be done, though at other times, and in the eating and drinking line, he seemed lively enough. It is strange that in stage travelling, there is always one disagreeable passenger. "Such is life," I suppose.

The road, in consequence of the thaw, was very bad until we reached Illinoistown, where we were to breakfast. However, there was no breakfast ready, and all the people of the house rushed at once into the kitchen and began to fry and frizzle. Just as they had concluded their labors the driver called, "All aboard!" and we had to scramble into the wagon without breakfast. Out rushed landlord, landlady and daughter, in a state of freuzy. "Why did you let us get breakfast when you wasn't a going to stop?" shrieked the old lady. "Yes, why did you?" echoed her spouse, "It's a shame, so it is," said the young one; and they all joined in a chorus of "Shame." All the response they got from the driver was "all aboard," and an "aside" for the benefit of the passengers of "I'm determined to teach that old woman to have breakfast ready at a proper time." We left the trio standing on the piazza, with indignation strongly depicted on their countenances, but we left no sympathy with them, for they gave us a wretched dinner when we passed through on our way up to Virginia.

The mud had dried up and the roads now were only rough. We had to catch the railroad so as not to miss the Sacramento boat, or, as it was Saturday, we should have had to lie over until Monday. I have no hesitation in saying here that I experienced some of the "tallest" driving that it has ever been my lot to witness. I certainly survived that experience, but I have not yet got over the effects of it. Still, it was splendid; we had to "make time," and, as the driver remarked to an enquiring passenger, "couldn't do it if we went slow." "If you want to miss the boat," he continued, "say the word;" but nobody did "say the word," and away we went "over bank, bush and scare." The course of Young Lochinvar, I am convinced, is not to be mentioned with ours. Fallen trees were not a circumstance—we went over them; where there were bridges, we patronized them; where there were none, we went through the creeks. A few boulders, more or less, were of no consequence, and I am under the impression that we went over one ox team. I am sure I caught a "bird's-eye view" of the horns of the oxen. Up hill and down dale we sped; I don't think the gates of the "what's-his-name place" would have "prevailed against us" if they had happened to be in our way. Dogs barked, and children yelled as we flew through the villages, but, like the "Wild Huntsman," we never paused in our mad career. At length the railroad station was in sight and we found we had "made time."

I have no doubt that Hank Mouk is a great driver, and I mean to pay him a visit one of these days; but I feel quite certain he cannot beat Nelson McDonald, who, I think, might be safely "backed" to drive one the world over, without upsetting, or allowing any obstacles to bar his progress. I should be quite willing to trust myself with him were I obliged to undertake such a journey, feeling that somehow I should come out safe in the end. After such an exciting ride the railroad seemed very flat and stupid, and I felt weary of

it long before we got to Sacramento. As soon as we reached the boat I got a comfortable state-room, and at once consigned myself to the arms of Morpheus. If anything happened on the way down worth recording I am unable to record it, for I slept soundly the whole trip. I do not think that the Occidental baby, who used to keep all the boarders awake, could have aroused me from my peaceful slumbers. On reaching San Francisco I managed, however, to tumble myself into a carriage, which conveyed me to my comfortable quarters at the Cosmopolitan, where, (like the fat boy in *Pickwick*.) I fell fast asleep again. When I did get fairly awake and went out, I thought San Francisco seemed stupid. Montgomery street did not have half the charm of U street, for all the latter's mud and shabby drygoods stores, and I almost wished myself back in Virginia City. Perhaps the mountain fairies have cast a spell on me; so that you need not feel surprised if you hear of my returning to Virginia very soon.

MARY PERCEVAL.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The bridge from Steamboat Point to the Potrero Nuevo will be completed and open for travel within four weeks.

The will of J. B. Bayerque, deceased, late of Pioche, Bayerque & Co., has been admitted to probate. The estate is estimated at \$50,000.

Pacific Engine Company, No. 8, appropriated \$25 to aid the St. Andrew's Society of this city in prosecuting the officers of the *Great Republic* for "their brutal and cruel treatment of the crew of said ship."

A young son of Thomas E. Byrnes, residing at the corner of Fourth and Jessie streets, was riding on a heavily-loaded wool cart, April 1st, when he fell off and was run over by the truck, injuring him so severely as to cause death in a short time. The lad was an only child, and the sympathy elicited for the bereaved parents found expression in a very large attendance at the funeral of their loved one.

Owen Mullen, a soldier, killed his brother's wife, Mrs. Johanna Mullen, a few days since. The act was alleged to have been accidental, but some of the attendant circumstances led to a suspicion that it was a case of murder with deliberation and malice. Judge Shepherd held Mullen to answer before the County Court. Bail fixed at \$2,500.

Jeremiah Donahue, of Alvarado, Alameda county, went to the law office of Messrs. Casserly & Barnes, on Tuesday afternoon, to transact some business, and after a short time suddenly complained of indisposition. He received medical attention at once, but without avail. He died in about twenty minutes at the office.

The Library Rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, having been rendered more attractive by rearrangement and such additions to the library as recent acquisitions have placed at the command of the Directors, were again opened to visitors on Thursday. The officers of the Institute are making every exertion to render the society worthy of popular support. If their labors are properly appreciated by those for whose benefit the Institute was organized, there will soon be a great increase in the membership.

An immense meeting, at the call of the Christian Commission, was held at Platt's Hall, Thursday evening; the object being to demonstrate not only the gratification for recent victories but to give a substantial token of sympathy for those who have been wounded in achieving them. Speeches were made by Mayor Coon, Revs. C. P. Lyford and M. C. Briggs, W. H. L. Barnes and Frank Pixley. At the conclusion of the meeting the sum of \$2,120 85 was collected. \$5,626 had been obtained during the day, making a total of \$7,746 85.

The model of a patent self-acting wagon-brake, invented by M. K. Lewis, of Iowa, has been introduced to the attention of citizens recently. The brake is connected with the wagon-tongue, and whenever the team resists the momentum of the wagon, the wheels are at once locked by eccentric cams which are turned against them. The idea is so simple, and the brake so effectual, that in looking at the model the only wonder is that it had not been thought of long ago. It will undoubtedly prove of great utility on the mountain roads of California, where the skill, patience and profanity of teamsters are sufficiently exercised without having to "mind the brakes."

GRAND CREDIT SALE OF HOMESTEAD LOTS.—Messrs. Cobb & Sinton, will sell on Saturday, April 22d, four hundred homestead lots on the most liberal credit, situated adjacent to the Willows and adjoining the property of the San Francisco and Eureka Homestead Associations. The Folsom street cars land passengers within a few hundred feet of this property. The title is United States Patent, and is therefore unquestionable. This sale will present an opportunity seldom offered to procure homesteads on liberal credit terms. Maps can be had of Cobb & Sinton, No. 406 Montgomery street.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning-birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain:
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

(Edward Coate Pinkney.)

THE COLONEL'S VALENTINE, AND ITS FATE.

CHAPTER I.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

"I NEVER was guilty of such a thing in my life," said the Colonel, calmly.

"Never sent a valentine?"

"Never."

"Nor received one?"

"No."

"Benighted ignorance! Here is a man to whom the most pleasing emotions are unknown; whose heart has never been wrung by the sight of its fac-simile pierced with a barbed shaft, or softened with a delicious couplet wrapped in roses! I'll tell my cousin Mary. Miss Arundel, here is a full-grown man who never sent or received a valentine."

Now, if any one had been attentively observing him, they might have detected a slight change in the indolent composure of the Colonel's handsome features. His negligent posture became the least bit more upright, and a glance from under his sleepy eyelids towards the lady addressed as Miss Arundel, might have aroused in that same attentive observer some little of the interest of speculation. That is, if the attentive observer had been at hand; which he wasn't.

Colonel Hugh Carton had been leaning carelessly over the back of a couch on which lounged his friend and inquisitor, Francis Graham, the boyish son of the Colonel's present host. And if Col. Carton had been asked some ten days ago what he thought about country visits in general, he would probably have answered with a shrug. "Bored!" His opinion had undergone modification by this time, however. Perhaps the Grahams were singularly felicitous in the party of guests they contrived to draw together; perhaps ten days of such glorious weather as rarely falls to the lot of February's infancy had something to do with the complacent state of his mind. At any rate, when young Graham appealed to Miss Arundel, there was in Col. Carton's momentary emotion a small stir of regret that this was the last evening of his stay. The young lady was occupied with one of those never-ending resources, the photographic albums, and she did not look up to answer her cousin's speech. It could not possibly matter to her about Col. Carton and his valentines.

"What a noise you are making, Frank!" she said. "You drown the music."

"Music!" echoed Frank. "A dissipated entreaty to 'Take this cup of sparkling wine.' You know I ought not to listen to that, Mary. And it makes my flesh creep, and turns you all into water-nymphs and gnomes. No. Whose caricatures have you got there?"

"I have got Titians as Margaret," replied Miss Arundel, quietly, faithful to her book.

"Somebody dressed up to resemble her, you mean?" said Frank.

He made one or two more efforts to draw his cousin into

what he called conversation, failed, gave it up, hid a yawn with some difficulty, and snatched away. Those two were hopelessly stupid; the one as bad as the other: and suddenly something seemed to flash upon Mr. Frank, and he exclaimed. "By George!" and looked back; but the relative positions were just as he had left them.

It might have been supposed that the Colonel, thus left free, would naturally join the young lady in her examination of Titians as Margaret; but he did not. He only altered his position by leaning against a dark background of curtain, so as to be able to take in the whole room, with all its arrangements a glance. Certainly his hostess was a woman of tact. The general fault in these country-house assemblages was, he considered, that the guests were too much *en masse*; too gregarious. Now, here and there, in Mrs. Graham's drawing-room, small tables were dotted about, admirably placed, and admitting of games for two only, apart from the rest, without being positively isolated—tables at which delightful little flirtations could and did go on with the most comfortable freedom from disturbance. Some one or two of these caught the Colonel's eye in its glance round the room, and he smiled to himself slightly. It is to be feared that he had a disposition to be cynical about them. He never flirted himself; it was an amusement that had no charm for him; but he thought this a very clever plan for parcelling off sundry pairs out of the mass of guests, and making them amuse themselves—and others who chose to look on. Then his eyes came back to Miss Arundel over her book. They rested there with a strange expression for a moment, and then dropped. Other people, perhaps, would have seen little beauty in the face, except the beauty inseparable—in a degree at least—from youth. But Col. Carton did not see as other people did. He was up in the clouds about Mary Arundel; up in the clouds for the first time in his life. All that was most exalted; all that he would have been sceptical about a fortnight ago, tinted his thoughts of her. He threw the light of stars about her till it dazzled him. He fancied—see how visionary the practical man grows when he is touched—he fancied that, little as he sought her, they were yet together in perpetual, half-conscious thought of each other, and reference to each other's judgment. But his visit was over, and could not be prolonged. He did not yet know whether he meant to go away, having kept silence, or not.

Perhaps this uncertainty was a charm in itself; he could not tell. By-and-by, when the music began again, he left his leaning posture and approached Mary's table.

"It is a pity that pleasant things should come to an end," said the Colonel, out of his cloud.

From any one else such a commencement as this, by an abstract proposition, might have made her laugh; but somehow the Colonel had got into a habit of speaking to her out of his half-finished reveries, and she was used to it.

"I don't know," responded Mary. "They say that pleasure itself would cease to be pleasant, if it had no end."

The Colonel meditated.

"That applies to the present only; I mean to this life," he said.

Mary did not answer. There was such an odd mixture of grave thoughts with lighter ones in this man's talk, that he perplexed her. Just now, however, he seemed to rouse himself all once. If he meant to speak out, there was no time for wandering off into foreign discussion.

"I never thought to close a visit such as this with so much regret," he said. "I am obliged to leave here to-morrow. You go also, I think?"

"Yes, I must be at home for my sister's wedding. It is fixed for the 14th."

The Colonel grew a shade paler, as he looked down upon the face that was never raised to his.

"If I thought—" he began slowly.

He never finished. The voice of his restless friend broke in upon him, and he stopped. He never did anything in a hurry.

"Valentine's Day," said Frank, catching his cousin's speech, and innocently unconscious that he could have been spared. "A very proper day, too. Now, Mary, confess; haven't you a weakness for valentines?"

"No, Frank."

"Carton," said Frank, solemnly, "she is afraid of you and won't owe it. Valentine's Day has never passed yet without bringing her a cargo of what she affects to despise."

Mary laughed.

"And very amusing it is; especially when I get an original lyric from Francis Graham. You know, Frank—"

"Ch—ut! Don't add libel to your other crimes. Carton, when we wore pinafores, Mary promised to be faithful to me forever. I would have kept my pact and waited for her—I mean, allowed her to wait for me," said Frank, twinkling his eyes; "but you see how it is. A wiser man than I am condemns valentines, and my poor annual offering is rejected."

Mary answered quickly, a little displeased:

"Frank, you carry your nonsense too far. Of course, I am very fond of valentines, and you can send me as many as you like. Real ones," she added, trying to speak lightly;

"all done up in a beautiful lace envelope, with 'To my Valentine' illuminated outside."

Mary stopped. There was a movement in the room which she understood, and she rose, not altogether sorry to get away.

"I shall remember," said the Colonel, turning to her. And then he added: "I'm afraid I shall not see you to-morrow; I start early. Good night, and good by."

He might have held her hand a little longer than was usual or necessary; perhaps he did.

But Mary went through the other "Good nights" with perfect calmness, and no one was sufficiently interested in her to notice that her eyes were very bright and her cheeks had more pink in them than usual. And the Colonel changed his dress and went to the smoking-room, after his habit; but he did not stay there long, and he was very silent. In the early morning, Frank Graham volunteered to accompany his friend for a mile or two. I dare say the Colonel could have dispensed with the courtesy; but he did not say so, acquiescing simply.

As he rode away, Colonel Carton turned his head, and looked slowly up along the range of windows which still had their white blinds down. It is just possible that this wistful backward look was seen, but that is Mary's business, not ours.

CHAPTER II.

HAUNTED.

Colonel Carton was in town; a lonely, meditative man. He had spent a whole dull month in town. He had sauntered through club-rooms, comparatively empty; he had acquired secret, and probably lying information, respecting the opera for the forthcoming season; he had read political articles till he was choked with politics, and found himself holding an inquest on poor dead Poland in his broken sleep. He had gone about from place to place aimlessly, with a weight on his mind, and a vague belief that there was a flaw somewhere in the government of the universe, but where it was he could not tell. For when Colonel Carton rode away from the Graham's "place in the country," I don't think he ever contemplated the possibility that this thing which had happened to him would happen. The Colonel had never sent a valentine in his life before; he sent one then. It was not a string of mild rhymes of his own putting together; nor a purchased and printed piece of insane sweetness. It is true that he, who did nothing by halves, bethought him of the lace envelope which Mary had spoken of. She was jesting, of course; but she should have one. I don't know how many respectable deniers in such fancy goods hated the Colonel for his hardness to please; and I should be afraid to chronicle the price at which he finally secured a single envelope of the most delicate elaboration of design and finish. And on the outside of this he wrote gravely "To my Valentine." There might have been a comical sort of dismay in his face as he looked at the sentence; but he was not ashamed of it: he was too much in earnest. Whatever it looked like to others, it meant for him, "To my wife—if she will have me."

He could not have borne, of course, that indifferent eyes should see that dainty envelope and know it for his. But no one was to see it—that is, no one but Mary. And then he had written his letter, and the light of stars got into it and filled it. He came down out of his cloud to write; solemnly in earnest. The tender words which made their escape, somehow, from his unaccustomed pen, gave him so odd a sensation when he saw them, that he was fain to lay his hand over the page and hide them from his own eyes as he went on.

What a fool he was!

This he would have said now; for this valentine, which had grown under his hands into an almost sacred thing, never was answered.

Colonel Carton was not a conceited man; but he had a certain proper amount of pride. What had this girl seen in him that she should not only mock him first with an affectation of interest, but absolutely receive his proposal with an insulting silence?

He might not be worthy of her, perhaps; but he was her equal in society's eyes; and, at any rate, an honest man's offer of his heart and home and faithful devotion is at least worth a reply. The Colonel's pale face used to flush a little at those times when he was turning this over in his mind; indeed it might be difficult to say when he was not turning it over in some indirect fashion. He would not have told the episode to his dearest friend—by the way, I doubt whether he had a dearest friend; if he had, that same friend kept strangely aloof from him now. The Colonel had few likings; his heart would have been all his wife's, if—

Well, it was of no use to think any more about it. And, having come to that conclusion, the Colonel would deliberately begin again, and go over all the details of that visit which had been so precious to him.

By-and-by, however, the Queen's speech having gone the round of the papers, and become a thing of the past, people began to come up to town, and the season came in.

Colonel Carton went to the Opera a good deal, for the sake of the music; which was very simple and childish of him.

but he didn't care for that. He rode also, as other men did; in fact he lived outwardly as though nothing strange had befallen him; but he was not content. He began to have fits of moralizing about life and its purposes; he began to feel terribly weary and oppressed with all the tramp and bustle of Carlyle's worn-out world; above all, and at all times, he was haunted.

Once, as he stood staring absently at the carriages, closely packed together in the grand drive, something came flapping at the Colonel's heart and awakened him. It was only a face; a young face in a bonnet, looking out towards him from one of those carriages, but with no recognition in it. He had a momentary doubt, indeed, whether it was anything more real than the spectre which always haunted him; but the doubt was only momentary. Some one said near him that the Queen was coming; but Colonel Carton did not wait to see her Majesty: he turned and went away heavily. He took himself to task for his folly, and tried to fling upon it a bit of his old cynicism. He was very angry with himself indeed. For several days he tried a faster life than was usual with him: it disgusted his fastidious taste, and he gave it up. Once again he was destined to come into indirect contact with the woman who had injured him. He was in the strangers' gallery of the "House," and some one tapped him on the shoulder, greeting him with effusion. It was young Francis Graham.

"How are you, old fellow? Jolly slow, isn't it?"

And then he made a gesture in the direction of the curious-looking cradle which is called the ladies gallery.

"Mary Arundel is there, with Lady Temple—her sister, you know. Married Temple, the Member, last February."

The Colonel made no movement at all, but kept on looking straight before him. A little fit of impatience seized him. Was he never to get rid of her? Never to be able to hear her name, or think of her, without this strange tumult of agitation? It would be better to leave England at once, he thought. And then he began to wonder, in a desultory fashion, what she thought of it all? Was she merry, like she used to be? Did she enjoy all the gaieties of a town season, with her conscience untroubled?

Perhaps it would have given him a dreary sort of satisfaction if he could have known that Mary was not particularly merry or gay; that it was all dull work, stale and unprofitable; that the chatter of her companions, when they retired to that little sanetum where the rattle of teacups sounded so inviting, fell on her ear like the buzzing of insects, intolerably monotonous. But the Colonel could not know this; and if he had, he could not have understood why it was so. He waved off Frank's invitation to the place in the country for the autumn; he didn't think he cared about shooting, much. In fact, his plans were undecided; probably he should go to Switzerland, or to Rome; perhaps on to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER III.

LADY TEMPLE'S DESK.

"Let me come in a bit, Carton. What an awful time it is since you were here!"

"Just two years," replied the Colonel, thoughtfully. "I hadn't this room then."

Frank Graham laughed, and made a grimace at the superfluity of looking-glass which surrounded him.

"No: you may get a view of yourself in any position you like. I don't know why you were put here; one of the mysteries of domestic polity, I suppose."

The Colonel shivered slightly, as a blast of wind sounded round the house and finished up with a dismal moan at the window.

"The fire is comfortable," he said. "If I recollect rightly, it's different weather from that we had this time two years. Many people here, Frank?"

"Well—yes; pretty fair. You know most of them. The Temples are here; the governor wanted Sir John to quarrel with about some bill or another. And Mary Arundel is with them. Carton, don't be angry with a fellow; but, do you know, I used to fancy—"

"There's just fifteen minutes to dress in," said the Colonel, rising with his usual deliberation; "and I don't know that I can do it, so—"

"In polite language, I'm to 'take and hook it,' eh? Well, I'll not hinder such a get-up as yours. By-by."

Colonel Carton gave exactly five out of the fifteen minutes remaining to meditation; which did him very little service. So he would have to meet her again. How? He tried to settle this question, and failed. After all, it did not depend entirely upon himself; it was as well, perhaps, to leave it to chance.

He was down in excellent time, notwithstanding the wasted five minutes; and it fell to his lot to take Miss Arundel in to dinner.

I don't suppose that a more taciturn couple ever descended a staircase together. The Colonel had renewed his acquaintance with Miss Arundel indeed, but with the most inimitable distance and gravity. No one, seeing them meet, would have suspected the existence of those past passages in their lives which once drew them so closely together. And the Colonel

did not think it necessary to make conversation either. Beyond the barest civilities, he said nothing, and seemed quite content that Mary's attention should be wholly engrossed by her other neighbor.

That night the Colonel played chess with Lady Temple at one of the convenient little tables before mentioned. It was rather a silent game, so that they could not have made much progress towards intimacy by means of words; neither can I tell how it was that before he checkmated her the Colonel caught himself speaking to Lady Temple with his old peculiar mixture of frankness and reserved accorded only to his friends, while she listened to him, and answered him too, as though they had known each other from childhood instead of having met for the first time an hour or two ago. The psychologist might resolve it into a simple question of natural affinities; at any rate, whatever the cause, the result is certain, that these two sought each other out from the first night of their meeting as old friends might have done.

"My sister is going to sing," said Lady Temple, one evening, as the pieces were placed. "I'm afraid this will be a poor game, for I always listen to Mary. You have heard her?"

"No," the Colonel was not aware that Miss Arundel sang at all.

"Yet you must have met here once before, I think?"

"Yes."

"That is strange. Perhaps it was—ah, yes, I remember; singing was forbidden to her just then; she is never very strong. Do you play first?"

"Colonel Carton propelled the king's pawn into its accustomed square, and appeared to watch his adversary's move with interest."

"Miss Arundel is much quieter than she was two years ago. I remember that she was the life of all pleasure arrangements. If she is in delicate health, that explains it."

"Ask her," said Lady Temple, laughing. "She will tell you it's old age.—Mary is odd."

The Colonel looked at her ladyship's blonde face and fair hair speculatively. She must be at least five years younger than Mary, he thought. And then, with a finger on the piece he was about to move, he stopped. As a rule he did not care for amateur singing; people in the constant habit of hearing first rate professionals seldom do. But this was another thing, altogether different from the amateur singing of his experience. He kept his eyes on the board steadily, but Lady Temple saw that he was not thinking about the game.

"Suppose we give it up for a time?" said her ladyship.

He looked up quickly, with a slight smile.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Temple; not unless you wish it; I move the bishop."

Foolish play, as Lady Temple knew, and utterly foreign to his usual tactics; but she said nothing, and the Colonel lost the game in a few moves.

"For the first time!" said her ladyship, triumphantly: "we will not begin again to-night."

Colonel Carton acquiesced. Mary was still at the piano, and likely to remain there. When such assemblies as these get hold of a fine voice, there is very little merey shown to its owner. By-and-by the Colonel got restless, and went up again to Lady Temple.

"You said your sister was not strong. Won't she be tired?"

"Yes," said her ladyship; "I shall put a stop to it."

Perhaps she expected him to accompany her to the piano, but he did not; neither did he join the group of enthusiasts who loaded the singer with thanks and flattery. Mary and he were seldom near each other; when they were, it was as though they had both touched an iceberg, and never again could thaw into any degree of kindness or warmth. Yet still the Colonel stayed on. He had only come down for a day or two, but a week was gone already. He did not know how closely those keen eyes of young Graham's watched him, nor how perplexed the young man was with his behavior.

"They make love like crowned heads," said Frank; "that is, if it isn't all a sell; I never saw such stateliness between lovers."

But there was no love-making in the case; nothing at all like it.

And one evening Colonel Carton determined with himself that he had stayed too long already, and would positively take his departure the next morning. He was standing indolently in the doorway of the back drawing-room when he made this decision; and round the fire, in that cosiest of retreats, he saw Lady Temple and her sister, two or three other young ladies, and Frank Graham, all in some animated discussion—all, that is, except Mary. Her face was turned towards the fire, and the profile, which was all he saw, struck him with its expression of weary listlessness. Suddenly Mary turned and looked at him—a strange look, averted hastily in a moment, for she had not known that he was there. But the Colonel saw the quick rush of color over her face—saw her put up one hand to hide it, and felt desperately that he must go away, or once again he should be a fool.

"Carton!" cried Frank, darting up, and drawing him towards the group. "The very man I wanted. He never

sent one in his life. I heard him boast about it in that very room. Isn't it a true bill, Carton? I've adopted your opinions. Bear witness with me that valentines are silly, childish, nonsensical, everything that's bad."

The Colonel, with a bitterness that the occasion did not seem to demand, replied:

"As mediums for inflicting pain and unwarrantable insult, I think them admirable, Frank."

Every one looked up at the Colonel as he said this. Even Frank began rashly: "Hallo, old fellow, I didn't think—" and then stopped, not knowing what to say. Lady Temple was the first to break the uneasy silence, which she did with an assumed indifference.

"Col. Carton judges them harshly. I have had many a laugh over mine before I was married. I don't get any now. I remember that the last I had was on my wedding morning, and I never opened it."

"Never opened it!" repeated Frank. "What a shame!"

"No. It wasn't likely I could attend to such matters then. When I took off the outside cover, and saw what it was, I threw it with a lot of old letters into my travelling desk, and there it is now for anything I know to the contrary. It's odd I never had the curiosity to look for it; suppose we have a search now? Frank, you may fetch the desk, if it isn't too heavy for you."

No one spoke while Lady Temple unlocked the travelling-desk, which looked too ponderous for a lady's use, and had papers in it suggestive of Sir John's big caligraphy. No one noticed the tall figure behind her chair; no one saw the lips compressed and white, the head bending lower and lower, and the long fingers pressing into each other as Lady Temple dived into the secret recesses of the desk. He saw it all now; all his blind stupidity, and what it had caused, flashed across him as Lady Temple held up the long-hidden envelope. Half a dozen small hands were stretched out eagerly for it; one, larger than these, suddenly pressed somewhat heavily on her ladyship's shoulder.

"Lady Temple, may I entreat of your goodness to restore to me that letter?"

"Colonel Carton!—to you?"

"To me. I sent that valentine; the only one I ever did or ever shall send. Lady Temple, on my honor it contains nothing that could offend you in any way. Another time I will explain fully; now, to my regret and remorse concerning it, grant my request."

Lady Temple did not hesitate a moment. Something in this man's agitated manner appealed to her too strongly, and once again the Colonel held in his hand the luckless envelope of elaborate design and finish, and looked down upon the address in his own writing: "To my Valentine."

"It strikes me that we are being selfish," said Lady Temple, shutting up the desk briskly. "Take it back, Frank, and, young ladies, follow me, if you please, into the drawing-room, where everybody is wondering why there is no music."

The Colonel stepped forward out of his corner. Did Mary know? Did she understand all, and forgive him?"

"Not you," said the Colonel, when she rose to go with the rest; "not you, quite yet. Surely my punishment has lasted long enough!"

They stood together on the hearth, and the Colonel held out the unhappy valentine above a tiny jet of flame.

"You know that it is your property," he said. "I never thought of your sister at all; never thought of any other Miss Arundel than you. How was I to know you were not the eldest?"

"If it is mine, give it to me, Colonel Carton."

"Presently. I asked you in it to be my wife, Mary; as you had a right to expect I should do. What could I think when I got no answer? Perhaps we have both misjudged each other?"

"Perhaps."

"Through this error? We have been dreadfully polite these few days," said the Colonel, with a comical ruefulness. "I couldn't have stood it any longer; I meant to go away to-morrow."

The Colonel paused. The light of stars began to shine about her again as he held out his hand.

"Mary, I would be very true and loving to you. Will you be my wife?"

Perhaps Mary was a little bit afraid of a scene just then, knowing that at any moment she might be summoned to the piano; and she was not strong. Her answer, when she did answer in words, was another question:

"Will you give me my valentine at last, and let me go?"

I think the Colonel was satisfied with it.

"BIRTH" and "DEATH" are words merely. "Chance" and "Change" define them. Even now I see the world recede; but I carry myself about with me wherever I am transported. Therefore hath memory her portion in my immortality.—*Kimball*.

QUIET thyself until time try the truth, and it may be thy fears will prove greater than thy misfortune.—*Southwell*.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

* Correspondents will address all business communications to the Proprietors of "THE CALIFORNIAN," No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor "CALIFORNIAN," as above.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

REMOVAL.—The publication office and editorial rooms of THE CALIFORNIAN are removed to 532 Merchant street, between Montgomery and Sansome.

VICTORY! VICTORY!!

RICHMOND has fallen; a profane presence has entered the parlor of the Confederacy, and the former occupants have left in disgust. It is the usual custom when persons leave the city with the intention of spending the summer in the country, to mention the probable time of their return, or at least leave their address, that they may be written to or called upon; but in the present instance the custom—at once a convenience and a courtesy—seems to have been neglected. Consequently we are as yet ignorant as to the destination of the tenants whose lease has been so suddenly raised, and cannot pronounce positively whether they purpose to spend the summer in the Carolinas or an eternity in the last ditch. Sultry as the climate of the Carolinas always is in the summer months, we have an idea that Sherman would contrive to make it slightly warmer for them than usual this season, though, as contrasted with the alternative of the last ditch, a sensible salamander would not hesitate for a moment in making a choice.

Whither the Confederates have gone, or where they will take up their next lines of defence, is a matter of speculation but not an affair of much moment. Lee and his armies are very much in the position of the prize-fighter in the ring knocked into his corner, and with a very small probability of being able to come to time. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that his backers look pale, while the stakeholders lay their heads together to settle preliminaries in anticipation of a speedy throwing up of the sponge.

It is but reasonable to write that the end of the rebellion is near at hand. True, the rebel army is as yet uncaptured, but the staggering blow has been dealt. Its bulk is nearly as great as ever, but so is that of the bear through whose spine a rifle bullet has been sent. In the capture of Richmond a point necessarily vital may not have been struck, but from the nervous shock inflicted we have an idea that the rebellion cannot recover. Prestige is gone from the generals that in the beginning of the war were almost uniformly victorious, the faith of the rebels in their oracle is extinguished with the desertion of the shrine. Hemmed in and surrounded on all sides, they look vainly around for a place of refuge or a point where a successful stand can be made; and even to the restless proud spirits who originated the rebellion, and thus far have guided it, it must now be plain that a further prosecution of their efforts is useless, that a prolongation of the struggle can prove only a concession to pride at the expense of human life, and the probabilities are that they will consent to sacrifice their ambition and assume a position of comparative humiliation sooner than to further swell the sea of blood, whose crimson waves have already deluged the land. Every important strategic point which the limits of the Confederacy furnish is already in our possession; their source of supplies are cut off, the doors of the coast are shut and locked in the face of the foreign powers that so long slipped secretly in to their assistance with clothing and the munitions of war—in short, the rebellion at the present time may be likened to a crab, its legs lopped off so that it is incapable even of running backwards, and its helpless body and fragile shell at the mercy of the knife which is poised above it. The absurd protestations on the part of the South and the ridiculous belief entertained by its Northern partisans that the war will go on interminably even after the disorganization and scattering of the armies proper, is sheer nonsense. As well claim that the tail of a ram would go on bucking after its head was chopped off and its body cut up into sections! That the whole population south of Mason and Dixon's line intend to resolve themselves into single soldiers, leaving their homes and all the comforts which even chivalry cannot afford to despise, finding in every stump a fortification, and skirmish-

ing for the annoyance of the enemy through swamps and morasses, subject at every turn to be met by some slave who has an old account to settle, and certain to be hung if captured—all that balderdash is too apparent to be seriously listened to. Private warfare has no recognized existence, and the capture of the main rebel army or even its disorganization would bring the individuals who chose to wage it down to the level of robbers and murderers, subject to be dealt with summarily whenever and wherever captured.

The social amenity party which President Lincoln is giving at City Point, and to which Secretary Seward has accepted an invitation, while the rumor is that the rebel leaders have not sent their regrets, looks forward to the speedy restoration of peace. It looks as though our opponents had at last yielded to the persuasions of powder that respect which they refused to cede to the suggestions of sense, the dictates of humanity, and the pleas of a patient people. In this view it must be remembered that an entire change of programme is necessitated on the part of the North. Our loyal and zealous journals must cease to declaim about monsters, and barbarians at the recital of whose deeds humanity blushes, once more tuning their lips to speak in dulcet tones of "our Southern brethren." Their names can now be mentioned without pollution, and the man who refuses to believe that the people with whom we a few years since associated in friendship, to whom we were united by ties of blood as well as by the bonds of a common political faith, became by one mistaken step devils whom the pulpit and press should heap vituperation upon, and curse before heaven as well as fight in the field—that man will no more be called copperhead and traitor. For if this war has not been wholly in vain, prosecuted without a purpose and brought to a conclusion without any adequate result, if the Union is indeed to be restored and the North and South reunited, are once again to live together under the same flag, fighting for the future shoulder to shoulder and not front to front, depend upon it that social amenities will have to be practiced and decency of language maintained in preliminary dealings on both sides.

TWO NEW JOURNALS.—We received last week the first number of the *Journal of the Trades and Workingmen*, edited and published in this city by A. M. Kenaday, long employed in the printing department of THE CALIFORNIAN, occasionally a contributor to its columns, and for a short time one of its proprietors. The *Journal of the Trades* is a neat little paper, evidencing care in all of its departments, and bearing upon its face a practical expression which argues well for its future. An article in the first number upon the old theatres of San Francisco has been very extensively copied. The *Journal* further announces that "Mark Twain" is going over the mountains in quest of petroleum, and will stop on the way at several places to furnish it with characteristic articles. In both instances we fear the *Journal* is wrong, as Mark tells us that he wouldn't even cross over to Oakland for all the oil that town could hold; and as for the other thing we know that he is engaged to write for THE CALIFORNIAN for a longer period of years than the chances are that he will live, and at a greater salary than the proprietors can possibly pay. All of which, however, does not prevent our wishing the *Journal of the Trades* a trade-wind to fill its sails.

Of the *California Rural Home Journal*, published by T. Hart Hyatt & Co., we have already spoken in highly commendatory terms. Its articles are varied, able and exhaustive; the selections are made with discrimination of the agricultural wants of our State, its typographical appearance, is unexceptionable, and altogether it seems destined to fill the bill excellently well. We would express a fear that it is too perfect of its kind to pay, but the remembrance that the same prophecy was made of THE CALIFORNIAN, and that the prophecy signally failed, induces us to cast no shadows in our cotemporary's path. May the same power speed it that is prayed to speed the plough!

CARRIING A WRONG IMPRESSION.—"Carrie Carleton" honored THE CALIFORNIAN by submitting a poem to it which was declined in a letter of thanks, accompanied with divers reasons, any one of which must, in itself, have satisfied the authoress' mind. In the first place, there was poetry in type to last a month or two; secondly, the poem, although mainly good, contained some weak and faulty lines which we thought Carrie might better; thirdly, the woes which victories bring in their train have been already sung so often and so well and so similarly that the theme has lost its novelty. It seemed scarcely worth while to cloud the joy of our readers over the fall of Charleston by telling them how many widows and orphans were the result. Again, we did not wish to be accused of wishing to discourage enlistments. And now we are told that the authoress, with that letter of thanks and declination in her possession, has been and gone and told that it was declined because of "being too radical." Oh, "Topsy Turvey," how could you? That was turning the thing topsy-turvy indeed!

For Editorial paragraphs, see fourth page.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

LEAVES from the Note-Book of a New York Detective, "edited" (written that means) by Dr. John B. Williams, published by Dick and Fitzgerald, is about as representative a volume of cheap nonsense as one often finds, even in Eastern invoicees. It consists of a number of stories, nearly all of which have the same aim and termination. Some old gentleman in every instance—so far at least as we have waded into the contents—has a daughter with whom some young spoony is in love, and is murdered under circumstances which involve the girl or the spoony—sometimes either but oftener both—under a tremendous cloud of suspicion. The detective comes in, smells a mice in some out of the way corner, our two lovers are made happy and virtue is its own reward. To use an expression which all policeman will readily recognize and understand, every case which our detective favors us with, seems a "put-up job"—something expressly arranged for him to unravel and ferret out. His ideas of nature's great law of compensation are somewhat peculiar, for he tells us that one "Mary Norval" wronged of property left her by an uncle, by a wicked cousin, who nips the will, subsequently recovered the property, and as the culmination of her adventures "was soon after married to a wealthy Bostonian," her wicked cousin dying about the same time of delirium tremens. Now it was all right so far as the cousin was concerned; the author had a right to ring in any terrible retribution on the cousin that he pleased, but what on earth had poor "Mary" done that she should be married to a wealthy Bostonian? We pause for a reply.

Coal and Coal Oil, by Eli Bowen, is published by the Peterson Brothers. In this volume we have an effort by unscrupulous publishers to avail themselves of a popular excitement, and by giving a taking title to a book sell thousands of copies, when on its own merits alone they could not sell dozens. In a book containing between four and five hundred pages we have perhaps twenty in which coal oil is incidentally mentioned. The author tells us in his preface it was originally written and published some seven years ago under the title of *The Physical History of the Earth*. It is simply a series of geological speculations, in great measure devoted to the Mosaic account of the creation, and having a deal more to do with crude theories than with crude oil. The author says it was his first intention to publish the coal addition he has built on to the original volume as a separate document; it is a pity he hadn't, for that would have been more honest than to sell with only this pennyworth of bread such an intolerable deal of sack.

Lord Oakburn's Daughters, by Mrs. Ellen Wood, is printed by the Petersons, from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author. In Mrs. Wood will be recognized the prolific parent of *East Lynne*—which our best-informed dailies erroneously persist in attributing to her twin sister in sensations, Miss Braddon—and more other novels than we have space to enumerate. Printed in pamphlet form, the leaves are uncut, and want of time just now does not allow us to cut them, consequently our present notice of the book and its merits must necessarily be somewhat incomplete. Glancing over the pages, however, we imagine that in most respects it does not differ from its predecessors, for we discover an adultery or two, several seductions, and a fair seasoning of other sins. Variety is said to be the spice of life, and perhaps acting on that idea has enabled Mrs. Wood to achieve her remarkable success in literature. We shall have more to say of the book, however, after reading it.

The Practical Cook Book, by E. A. Howard, is published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. As we unfortunately have no young housekeeper connected with the editorial department of THE CALIFORNIAN, it is impossible for us to give this valuable work that extended and critical notice which we would wish to. Unlike the famous cook book of old, the one before us does not tell us that the first thing in cooking a turbot is to catch a turbot. Of course we cannot pretend to have thoroughly digested the contents of the book, but a cursory examination warrants us in saying that we rather like the receipt for making muffins, though we do not go a great deal on the one for composing batter puddings, and are ready and willing to take direct issue with the authoress upon her style of drying pumpkins and peeling potatoes. Our friend "Auguste," a popular and distinguished chef de cuisine, promises us an elaborate and erudite critique of the work for next week.

The Beautiful Widow, by Mrs. Shelley, author of *Frankenstein*, is published by the Petersons. Mrs. Shelley offers considerable of a contrast to the half-shelly authoresses who in the taste of the present day find their profit and reputation. The title of the work may certainly be called a taking one, for a beautiful widow would take or capture most anybody. The story is one of English life, occasionally shifting to other scenes. It is quite dramatic in style, and the desire that persons will have to see what manner of woman the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley was, and to estimate her mental calibre, will probably produce quite a demand for the book.

If the intention of Mrs. Lasselle had been to naught

extenuate, instead of christening her book *High Life in Washington*, she would probably have called it "High Old Life in Washington." But she strikes the harp, or rather the chords of society gently and weakly, and gives us nothing to startle or shock anybody. It is one of the usual class of novels, spun out and diluted down according to a measured rule and an imposed standard. The very natural desire to know all about a city where young ladies shoot everybody that doesn't marry them will make the book sell. It is published by the Petersons.

(For the Californian.)

FLOWERS—THE TULIP.

THE ancient Greeks scattered in the porticoes of their temples a succession of Narcissuses, Hyacinths, Anemones, Irises of all hues, Violets of all sorts, Roses of various kinds, and every odoriferous plant; they also adorned their altars and decorated the statues of their gods; they strewed flowers in the victor's path, and wore wreaths of them in their holy ceremonies. As Keats tells us:

"It was the custom there to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song."

And at their banquets and festivals they crowned themselves with

"Garlands of every green, and every scent;
From vales deflowered or forest-trees branches-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each, as he did please,
Might fauzy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his case."

No wonder that man, in the beautiful simplicity of earlier times, loved flowers, and hence formed an eloquent language that speaks to the heart in a voice more touching than the tenderest accents. No wonder that the most lovely ornament for the young virgin was thought to be a chaplet of fair flowers, the most glorious distinction of the warrior a wreath of bay-leaves. No wonder that the bier of the early dead was strewn with these fitting emblems of a passing existence.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says: "Happy the young and light-hearted maiden who, ignorant of the silly pleasures of the world, feels no occupation to be more agreeable than the study of plants and flowers. She seeks in the fields her most touching ornament; each season brings to her new joys, and every morning a fresh harvest of flowers repays her diligent cultivation; a garden is to her an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction." By a charming art these beautiful productions of nature are converted into liquid perfumes, precious essences, or valuable conserves. One of the most delightful accomplishments that can be chosen for the fair sex is that of catching the transient shades of beauty which are found upon flowers and fixing them on paper. The able pencil shows to us the Queen of Spring with her spherical form, her delicate colors, the beautiful green of her foliage, the thorns which protect her, the dew-drops which bathe her, and the butterfly which skims lightly over her beautiful form. The beauty and grace that may be displayed in grouping flowers, united with the gaiety of their colors and the harmony of their tints, are objects well worthy the attention of those who were born to render life delightful.

Nothing is forgotten in depicting them, and when we look upon the faithful representative, even in the depths of winter, we may fancy that we inhale the perfumes of spring. This study, in imparting a taste for all that is beautiful in Nature, fills the soul with ravishing emotions, and opens before us enchanted avenues of a world full of wonders. "Flowers," says Pliny, "are the joy of the shrubs which bear them," and this eminent observer of nature might also have added, "and of those who love them and cultivate them." Look at the Tulip, (*Tulipa Sylvestris*), and examine it. Thomson examined it with an admiring eye, and left us the following reflection of the beautiful flower in the mirror of poetry:

"Then comes the Tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand."

On the banks of the Bosphorus the Tulip is the emblem of inconstancy, but it is also the symbol of the most violent love. The wild tulip is found in the fields of Byzantium, with its crimson petals and golden heart. The petals are compared to fire and the yellow heart to brimstone, and when presented by an admiring swain to his mistress, it is supposed to declare that such is the effect of the fair one's beauty, that if he sees her only for a moment his face will be as fire and his heart will be kindled to a coal. The tulip was called *Tulipan* or *Turban* from the similarity of its corolla to the superb head-dress of the barbarous Turks, who almost worshipped its elegant stem and the beautiful vase-like flower which surmounts it. They never ceased to admire the gorgeous hues of gold and silver, of purple, lilac and violet, of deep crimson and delicate rose-color, with every possible variety of tint all harmoniously blended together, and spread

over the rich petals of this splendid member of the Court of Flora. The resemblance its shape bears to the turban is thus alluded to in *Lallah Rookh*:

"What triumph crowds the rich divan to day
With turbaned heads of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veiled and awful face
Like tulip beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the invisible west winds' sighs?"

Formerly, a feast of tulips was celebrated in the seraglio of the Grand Seignior. Long galleries were erected, with raised seats, covered with the richest tapestries, presenting the appearance of an amphitheatre. On these were placed an almost infinite number of crystal vases, filled with the most beautiful tulips that could be procured. In the evening the scene was splendidly illuminated, the wax tapers, as they gave light, emitting the most exquisite odors. To these were added lamps of the most brilliant colors, forming on all sides garlands of opal, emerald, sapphire, diamond and ruby. Innumerable singing birds in cages of gold, roused by the splendor of the scene, mingled their warbling notes with the harmony of instruments whose chords were swept by invisible musicians. Showers of rose-water refreshed the air, when suddenly the doors were opened, and a number of young odalisks entered to blend the brilliancy of their charms and appearance with that of the enchanted scene.

In the centre of the seraglio a splendid pavilion shaded the Grand Seignior, who negligently reclined on costly skins, while the lords of his court, habited in their richest attire, were seated at his feet to behold the dances of the lovely women of the court in all the luxurious display of their light and dazzling dresses. These sometimes encircled and at others glided round the vases of the tulip whose beauty they sung. It was not seldom that a cloud rested on the Sultan's brow; then he looked upon all around with a stern and severe aspect. What! could chagrin then enter the soul of that all-powerful mortal? Had he lost one of his provinces? Did he fear the revolt of his fierce Janissaries? Ah, no! two poor slaves alone had troubled his heart. He had observed during the gaieties of the feast a young page presenting a tulip to a beautiful girl who had captivated him. The Sultan was ignorant of their secret, but a vague feeling of inquietude took possession of his heart—jealousy tormented and beset him. But what is the jealousy of a Sultan, or what are bolts and bars against Love? A look and a flower are enough for that mischievous urchin to change a horrid seraglio into a place of delight and to avenge beauty outraged by chains.

Tulips have had their worshippers in other parts of the world besides Turkey. It was from 1644 to 1647 that the tulipomania exercised its influence in Holland. The most precious kind was called *Semper Augustus*, and was valued at 2,000 florins. It is said to have been introduced into England about the year 1580, for Hakluyt thus writes in 1580: "Now within these four years there have been brought in England, from Vienna in Austria, divers kinds of flowers called Tulipas."

The Tulip is of the bulbs one of the easiest of culture, and the most beautiful, and no garden or conservatory of any pretension should be without a collection of them. IRIS.

(For the Californian.)

A PLEA FOR THE SUPERNATURAL.

YOU do not believe in the supernatural? All evidence in support of communications between the seen and the unseen world to your mind is born out of the cunning of the knave and the credulity of the fool. The sweet humanities of religion, by which, in all ages, men have sought to link themselves and their destinies to something beyond the material and the apparent, are to you but vain delusions, weaknesses, or worse? To you there is nothing real but what the corporeal eye can mirror; nothing substantial but what can be felt and pressed, weighed and measured? In your estimation the blue infinitude is but the sky for MAN; the sun, the moon and stars were hung in the heavens to light his pathway alone; that his crops may grow, the bounteous rains fall; to fill the sails of his commerce the trade winds blow! All that exists for his use alone—and the object of all the machinery of the universe is that he may live and struggle and scheme—get rich, or fail. And then?—with "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," it is ended!

I do not so believe. I believe in far more than I can actually see or for a certainty know. What is now revealed to us is, to my thinking, but a small part of the great whole. What you call supernatural is to me the natural. To me your belief is miserable; to you, mine is foolish and insane. Very well. A day will perhaps come when your sight will have a wider range; and it may come before your eyes have closed in what we call death—as it did to me. For there was a time when I thought as you now do; but, thank Heaven! that time has passed. Let me tell you:

It was midnight in the tropics. I stood at the helm of a little bark—her name and her destination are alike immaterial. I struck one bell of the middle watch, and, with scarce a hand resting on the wheel—so gentle and steady was the wind and so easily did the vessel steer—I drank in the beauty of the night.

I seemed the only living being in those silent waters; my watch-mates lay sleeping in comfortable corners about the decks, for vigilance was relaxed under the *dolce far niente* of the tropic seas. The moon was full and in the mellowness of its light the sea seemed broader and the eye capable of looking further into the mysteries of the heavens than by the garish glare of day. The soft trade wind nestled in the white sails above me, that neither flapped nor quivered, but, as the sailors say, "asleep," drew gently in their duty. Save the low rippling plash of the water at our bow, no sound broke the silence which brooded over all.

To my mind the scene which I have faintly attempted to portray, is grander, more sublime than aught else in Nature. Like the little voice that came to the Prophet on Horeb, it reveals God to the soul. It does not impress with the might of Omnipotence, as do the convulsions of earth and air, but it reveals to us the immensity of existence, the eternity of being.

I stood at the wheel which needed no control, and looked over the level plains of water, farther and farther, till the stars came down to meet it; above, into the sky, where the stars swung softly in the moonlight, like silver bells; behind us, at the stream of light which marked our course through the dark water, rivalling the "wake" of the moon, which left a silver road over the sea. My heart opened under the influence, and upon my soul there fell a calm—not a quiet of inertness, but a feeling of silence and awe, in which the soul recognized itself and its Maker.

Two bells came, but I did not strike them. I was busy with my thoughts. Over my head the Southern Cross arched its arms. My eye met its stars, and memory turned to the Northern sky—to the North Star and its "pointers;" back, back my recollections ran, through wild and wicked and shameful scenes, to my childish days—to the cottage on a Northern hill, with a window looking out upon the glory of the brilliant Northern night, and I almost fancied I heard the sweet voice of my mother as she called the stars by their names, and led my thoughts beyond their orbits to the throne of Him who made them, looking upon me the while with eyes that spoke the boundless love of a mother's heart.

Back to those sweet days my mind ran, and then returned to my present; my heart swelled with bitterness, and I groaned aloud. Black with sin and crime, owning the restraint of no law, human or divine, how could I think of my mother; how could I call upon the God I had defied!

A meteor flashed across the heavens; bright and swift it ran its brief course and disappeared forever. To me it was an emblem of myself: having no part in the sweet glory around, it was quenched in darkness; my heart accepted the omen, and I dropped my hands from the wheel in black despair.

A moment, and every nerve thrilled, my heart stopped its beating, and a strange feeling filled me. I stood like one changed to stone, but with every faculty alive. Softly, oh! how softly; clearly, oh! how clearly! a voice called me by my childish name. All the peace of heaven was in that tone; all the sweetness of infinite love spoke to my soul in its music, and before me stood my mother as she was years ago. I saw her—I knew her!—I turned, and she was gone!

I was alone again—save the ripple of the water there was no sound. But I was not alone in spirit! My mother had come from her rest to her child, and in that moment my eyes were opened; I knew that heaven was, that its gates were not shut to me, and that the eternal love sufficed to embrace me—a sinner. I wept tears of relief, of sweetness untold; a hope I never knew before sprang up in my heart, and a joy and comfort and resolve; and I blessed God. And when I struck four bells and left the wheel, it was as a different man.

You may say that I dreamed; that I was deluded by a powerful and overwrought imagination, you may prove to a physical demonstration that such a thing could not be; but you cannot convince me. That I could not hear and see this, on the trackless Indian Ocean, miles and miles from land, prove nothing. I did. Whether with the sense of the body I care not; but my soul saw and heard, and it knows.

G.

FEARFUL.—An advertisement in the *Evening Bulletin* says: "Wanted, a situation by a practical Borer, lately from the East." In Heaven's name, were there not enough borers and borers here before, and what salary does he expect to get with a full market? Aside from the *toreados* that bore the piles of the wharves until they crumble, and the bottoms of ships until they founder and sink, have we not the wretches who stop you in the street with some prosy narration which does not interest you in the least, or who bore you with questions on every conceivable subject from the marriage of some utter stranger to both of you to the cutting of a baby's teeth? If that Borer gets a situation we hope it will be with a millstone around his neck, and that his first employment will be diving for oysters in the deepest part of the bay.

THE tongue was intended for a divine organ but the devil often plays upon it.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THE FIRST JOHN BROWN.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, when a form of worship was forced upon the Scottish people by the sword, which was alike repulsive to their taste and to their conscientious judgment of the Gospel in its simplicity and purity, lived John Brown, a pious Edinburgh carrier, who thought it a duty to succor the persecuted ministers of the Gospel. One of these men had recently been succored under the roof of the poor carrier, and when he departed, made him acquainted with his hiding-place. Just at that time, Claverhouse, afterwards the Earl of Dundee, was scouring the country, with troopers as cruel as himself, in search of the hiding-places of the preachers, and knowing the reputation of Brown, went to his lonely dwelling, called the "Cottage on the Muir." Early in the morning the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Claverhouse at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to stay within doors, insisting that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other person, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time, the tramping and neighing of horses, mingled with the hoarse laugh and vociferations of dragoons, brought John, half-dressed, to the door.

Claverhouse immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner intended for something betwixt flattery and irony, proceeded to make inquiries respecting "one Samuel Atkin—a godly man, and a minister of the Word, and outrageously addicted to prayer!" John admitted at once that the person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, that of his present residence, or place of hiding, he was not free to speak.

"No doubt, no doubt," rejoined Claverhouse, "you know nothing! How should you, all in innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember more accurately. You, my little farthing rushlight," continued Red Rob, alighting from his horse and seizing the girl rudely and with prodigious force by the wrists, "you remember an old man with a long beard and a bald head, who was here a few days, baptizing your sister, and giving good advice to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?"

The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the doorway, then at her father, and dropped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence.

"And so," continued the questioner, "you are dumb: your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets. But what think you of speaking with your fingers, or having a proper and pertinent answer just ready at your finger ends, as one may say? As the Lord lives and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay" [displaying a thumpkin or finger screw] for my sweet little Covenanters; and then [applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb] you will have no manner of trouble in recollecting yourself; and don't knit your brow so [the pain had now become insufferable;] then we shall have you chatty and amusing, I warrant."

The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and with expostulations, threats and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavored to relax the questioner's twist.

"Can you, mistress, recollect anything of this man we are in quest of?" resumed Claverhouse, haughtily; "it may save us both some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of your present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject."

"Woman!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, "hast thou so soon forgotten thy God? and shall the fear of anything that man can do induce thee to betray innocent blood?"

He said no more, but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the arch persecutor, "bravo! old Canticles, thou word'st it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Atkin, pious Mr. Atkin, worthy Mr. Atkin! But we shall see what light this little telescope of mine will afford on the subject," pointing to a earhine or holster pistol which hung from the saddle of his horse. "This cold, frosty morning requires that one," continued Claverhouse, "should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heart by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty, for the benefit of society, and for the honor and safety of the king—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls—simply and unceremoniously, and in the neat-

est and most expeditious manner imaginable, to blow out your brains." While he spoke the whole troop gathered round and presented muskets.

John Brown dropped down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, while his wife stood by in seeming composure, and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects whatever.

"What!" exclaimed Claverhouse, "and so you must pray, too, and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks and elay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty staunch and confirmed loyalists I do not care though we entrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of king, council, and Richard Cameron. So proceed, good John, but be short and pithy. My lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they soften under the whining of your devotions."

But in this last surmise Claverhouse was for once mistaken, for the prayer of this poor uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and rihaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced there were evidences of better and relenting feelings: "And now, guid Lord," continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, "since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good pleasure that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we maun e'en look forward to more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blindfolded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord, reclaim them from the error and evil of their course, ere it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place and on this blessed morning, and and upon a puir, weak, and defenceless fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant. Now, Isahel," continued this defenceless old man, "the time is come at last, of which I told you that day when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?"

To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, "The Lord gave, and He taketh away." So saying, she approached her blindfolded husband, and elaped him around the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then, lifting up her person to an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his earbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot she had formerly occupied.

"Come, come, let's have no more of this whining work," said Claverhouse suddenly. "Do your duty, soldiers!"

But the word fell upon a row of statues; and though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a "God Almighty bless your tender hearts," was heard coming from the lips of the now agitated and almost distracted wife. But Claverhouse was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with obedience; so, drawing a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and walking firmly and slowly up, placed the weapon close to the ear of his victim. There was a murmur of discontent and disapproval among the men as they looked upon the change which a single awful instant had effected; and even Red Rob had the hardihood to murmur with an oath loud enough to be heard, "This is too bad!"

The widow of John Brown gave one shriek of horror, as the fatal discharge was given; and then she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. "What think ye, good woman, of your bonnie man, now?" vociferated Claverhouse, returning the pistol with a plunge into the holster from which it had been extracted.

"I had always good reason," replied the woman to think well o' him, and I think mair o' him noo than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God an' man for this morning's work?" continued she firmly.

"To man," answered the ruffian, "I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands!"

He then rode off and left her with the corpse. The napkin that encircled her neck, was now spread upon the snow and the disconsolate woman slowly gathered the scattered fragments of her husband's head, and covering the body with a plaid, took her infant in her arms and sat down beside her murdered husband, weeping bitterly. * * *

The cottage of John Brown has long disappeared from the muir, but the little spot where it stood is still green amidst the surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot there lies a slab, now almost covered with grass, upon which with a little clearing of the verdant growth from the fading characters, the following rude but expressive lines may still be read:

"Clavers might murder godly Brown,
But could not rob him of his crown."

THE UNFORTUNATE SAILOR.

IN the Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, we find the following account of a case in which, as solicitor-general, he was engaged in 1807. It is impossible to read it without feeling impressed with a degree of horror at the indifference with which human life was legally, and often wrongfully, extinguished in the beginning of the century:

"A case has been lately laid before the attorney-general and me, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, to consider of the expediency of prosecuting for a libel the proprietor of a weekly newspaper called the *Independent Whig*, which has brought some facts to our knowledge that demand the most serious attention. A sailor, of the name of Thomas Wood, was tried by a court-martial at Plymouth on the 6th of October last, on a charge of having been concerned in the mutiny and murders which were committed on board the *Hermione*. It was in September, 1797, that the mutiny took place; and the prisoner being only, as was supposed, of the age of twenty-five when he was tried, could not have been more than sixteen when the crime was committed. The fact was proved but by a single witness: that witness, however, who was the master of the *Hermione*, swore positively that the prisoner, who, he said, at the time bore the name of James Hayes, was the very man whom he remembered on board the *Hermione*, and that he saw him take a very active part in the mutiny. Notwithstanding the positive oath of the witness thus identifying the prisoner, yet, as the witness said that he had never seen the prisoner since, and as the appearance of a man generally changes very considerably in the nine years which elapse between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, little reliance could be had on such testimony. It was, however, the only evidence in support of the prosecution. But what was wanting in the evidence for the crown was supplied by the defence. It was delivered in writing, and was in truth a supplication for mercy rather than a defence. The following passage contains the whole substance of it:

'At the time when the mutiny took place, I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Drove by the torrent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter amongst the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell, if I sided with or showed the smallest inclination for mercy; and then follow entreaties for compassion on his youth, and a declaration that he had not enjoyed an hour's repose of mind since the event took place. The court found him guilty; he was sentenced to be hanged; and the sentence was carried into execution on the 17th of October. In the meantime, his brother and sister, who were in London, heard of his situation, and made application at the Admiralty. They insisted that their brother was innocent: that he was not even on board the *Hermione*; but was serving as a boy in the *Marlborough*, at Portsmouth, at the time the mutiny took place; they procured a certificate of this fact from the Navy Office, and transmitted it to Plymouth, where it arrived previous to the execution. The guilt of the prisoner, however, appeared so manifest from his own defence, that no regard was paid to the certificate, and the execution took place. This proceeding was animadverted on in the *Independent Whig*, in several successive papers, with very great severity. The members of the court-martial called upon the Lords of the Admiralty to punish the author of these libels; and, in consequence of this, they were laid before us. The attorney-general suggested, at the consultation, the propriety of making some inquiry into the fact before the prosecution was instituted. We neither of us entertained any doubt of the man's guilt; but yet the attorney-general thought that it would be advisable to be able to remove all possible suspicion upon that point. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot by the solicitor of the Admiralty; the result of which was, that the man was perfectly innocent, and was at Portsmouth on board the *Marlborough* when the crime was committed in the *Hermione*. He had applied to another man to write a defence for him; and he had read it, thinking it calculated to excite compassion, and more likely to serve him than a mere denial of the fact."

We hear nothing of the prosecution of the villainous captain for the crime of perjury, in this truly affecting case of legal murder.

We used to listen to her play, all the while wondering whether her soul was floating away far off, and her fingers only touched the keys so as to call it back to her—no, not to her—she never thought of self—to call it back to us, who loved her. She talked to the angels in the twilight! She would tell them long tales of how she loved us, and we loved her, how good God was, how beautiful the earth! And we two little things who scarcely understood their spirit talk, sat still, on the quiet balcony, close to the window; feeling as though God were very near, and we were telling Him beautiful prayers, with the notes of her piano for our voices.

It is not study that produces a writer; it is interest. In the mind, as in yonder chimney, to make the fire burn you must narrow the draught.—*Carson*.

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of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and rosy hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

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REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel* oil, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antilithic and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

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THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES.

THE

MOST DANGEROUS FOE ANNIHILATED

A PERFECT CURE FOR CATARRH!

DR. R. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

AND MODE OF TREATMENT

IS THE ACME OF PERFECTION!

For centuries Catarrh has defied the skill of Physicians and Surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. It is pronounced incurable by the Medical World, and people at large.

For over thirty years Dr. Goodale has battled with this fell disease. His TRIUMPH is complete. His Remedy and mode of treatment cures this terrible malady in all its types, forms and stages, with the same uniform certainty that water quenches fire. It is irresistible.

No Violent Syringing of the Head or other mal-practices resorted to.

The Disease cured by a Harmless Fluid inhaled from the Palm of the Hand.

No Exorbitant Fees for Advice. Instruction Free.

Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send a stamp for DR. GOODALE'S NEW PAMPHLET ON CATARRH, its perfect mode of treatment, and rapid cure. Information of priceless value. Send or call at once.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

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CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGURY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents for the Pacific Coast,

401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,

San Francisco.

Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express.

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Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

de17-5m

NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ore; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave discs, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and discs, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street, San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624

CLAY STREET,

(Old No. 17)

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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624 Clay street, San Francisco.

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

TRUNKS, VALISES, CLOTH BAGS, &c.,

FURNISHING GOODS,

GENTLEMEN'S

—AND—

Fine Clothing

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and compressing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupils of Chirurgical and Surgical Machinery of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

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FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores. Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing.

The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations. re25-1f

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WINE ROOMS,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

No. 321 MONTGOMERY STREET, (a few doors below California.)

Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS, and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

re4-3m

I. D. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

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THE REASON WHY

EVERYBODY USES

THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP, OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effectual.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores generally. Manufactory, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco. Ja7-3m

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE atmosphere is so charged with the electricity of good tidings that our citizens are scarcely fit for anything else than giving vent to their expressions of joy and gratitude for the last crowning glory to the armies of the Union. The horrors of civil strife are now nearly at an end. It is beyond belief to imagine that the proud spirit which gave birth to, nurtured and developed, the hellish design of disuniting the great American States, can ever survive this last overwhelming shock. The pride of secessionism is humbled to the dust; and the spirit of the Southern people which for four years has been overawed by Southern bayonets now can rise triumphant, and proclaim its adhesion to the doctrine of indivisibility.

We cannot follow the regular style of dates in the "record" this week, but collate all points of interest in the ten days' struggle. From all we can glean, the theory is probable that Lee had formed a plan to crush Sherman and then fall back to attack Grant. To hide his real designs, he attacked our lines on the 25th, but Grant saw his motives, and took him at his word, and massing all his forces on the south side of the James drove the rebels one by one from their entrenchments. We condense herewith the details and final result:

On the morning of the 25th of March, at half-past 4 o'clock, an attack was made by the enemy in three divisions under Gen. Gordon. The line held by the Third Brigade 1st Division, was seized and, with little effort, Fort Steadman fell into their hands. Establishing themselves on the hill they turned the guns of the fort against us; but the Union troops on either flank stood firm. On the arrival of the Second Brigade, a charge was made on the hill, aided by the troops of the First Division on their flank, and the enemy were driven out with the loss of 1,600 prisoners. General McLaughlin was captured in Fort Steadman. The fighting was kept up steadily, and after various results, the day ended with the advance of our entire lines. The following are the essential points in the General Order issued to the army after the first day's fighting:

"The enemy, with a temerity for which he has paid dearly, massed his forces and succeeded, through the reprehensible want of vigilance in the 3d brigade of the 1st division of the Ninth Corps, in breaking through our lines, capturing Fort Steadman and batteries Nos. 9, 10 and 11. The prompt measures taken by Major-General Parke, the firm bearing of the troops of the Ninth Corps on adjacent portions of the line held by the enemy, and the gallant 3d division of this Corps, together with the energy and skill displayed by Brig.-Gen. Hartsuff, quickly repaired the disaster. The enemy was driven from Fort Steadman and our lines, with heavy losses in killed and wounded, leaving eight battle flags and over 1,900 prisoners. The result of the day was the defeat of the enemy's plans and the capture of their strongly entrenched picket line, also the capture of ten battle flags and 2,800 prisoners."

The following are the losses of the day on our side. In the Second Corps, killed, 51; wounded, 462; missing, 302; in the Ninth Corps, killed, 60; wounded, 388; missing, 506. The Second Corps captured 361 prisoners. Grant says that our losses since the 25th of March, in killed, wounded and missing will scarcely reach 7,000.

From the 25th to the 30th there are at hand no particulars of any fighting in that interim. It is presumable that after the first day's battle both armies were occupied in maneuvering and strengthening each other's positions. Grant seems to have pressed forward his troops with great energy and rapidly fortified his lines. Sheridan's cavalry arrived safely to his aid, and the record of his valorous deeds are not exceeded in brilliancy by the greatest hero in the annals of war. Fifteen monitors, forty ironclads, and an innumerable fleet of smaller vessels made their appearance in the James. Each day developed new results. On the 1st of April, the greater portion of the army not engaged with the enemy were erecting earthworks on the new line and repairing the roads. The combined forces of Sheridan's cavalry and Warren's infantry advanced against the enemy, driving him several miles and capturing 4,000 prisoners and many guns. The rebels retreating to their works, were flanked by the Fifth Corps and again routed. Moving south by the White Oak road they were vigorously pursued by Sheridan. McKenzie's cavalry from the Army of the James meantime advanced on the Ford road, and again was the enemy flanked and defeated. Thus had the tide of disaster followed up the retreating foe till it culminated in the capture of Lee's two greatest strongholds, Petersburg and Richmond.

President Lincoln went down to City Point and thence kept up a continuous telegraphing of the advantages gained each day. April 2d, at 4:30 P. M., Grant telegraphed as follows:

"We are now up and have a continuous line of troops. In a few hours we will be entrenched from the Appomattox, below Petersburg, to the river above. The whole captures since the army started out will amount to not less than 12,000 men, and probably 50 pieces of artillery; do not know the number accurately. A portion of Foster's division of the Twenty-fourth Corps made a gallant charge this afternoon, and captured a very important fort from the enemy, with its entire garrison."

On the morning of the 3d of April, the following despatch flashed its joyful tidings through the length and breadth of the land. It tells the whole story and sums up in a few words the grand result of this week of battles:

"We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning (April 3d.) I captured many guns. The enemy left in great haste. The city is on fire in one place; we are making every effort to put it out. The people received us with enthusiastic expressions of joy. Gen. Grant started early this morning with the army towards the Danville road, to cut off Lee's retreating army, if possible. President Lincoln has gone to the front."

"WEITZEL."

The Secretary of War telegraphed on the same day to the Governor of this State that both Petersburg and Richmond were occupied by our troops.

Since the morning in which our troops entered the rebel capital, the telegraph has been giving us gladdening and still more glorious news. Grant and Sheridan are now in full pursuit of Lee's diminished forces; only amounting now to two small columns. It is beyond doubt that they will be captured. All that remains anything like organization have gone north of the Appomattox, apparently heading for Lynchburg or Danville. The houses through the country are nearly all used for hospitals. The country in every direction is filled with fleeing soldiers; 25,000 prisoners fell into our hands.

The latest news, up to the hour of going to press, is that Lee and the remainder of his demoralized army have been captured by Sheridan. To give good grounds for its truthfulness we give the following from Gen. Grant, dated at Nottoway Court House:

"Last night Sheridan was on the Danville Railroad, south of Amelia Court House, and sent word to Gen. Meade, who was following with the Second and Sixth Corps, by what is known as the River Road, that if troops could be got up in time, he had hopes of capturing, or dispersing the whole of Lee's army. I am moving with the left wing, commanded by Ord, by the Cox, or direct Burkesville Road. We will be to-night at or near Burkesville. I have had no communication with Sheridan or Meade to-day, but hope to hear very soon that they had come up with and captured or broken up the balance of the Army of Northern Virginia. In every direction we hear of men of that army going home, generally without arms. Sheridan reports Lee at Amelia Court House to-day."

From Sherman, we learn that a portion of his forces had an engagement with the enemy at Mount Olive on the 21st and 22d. It was very severe and continuous. Johnston commanded the rebel line. The battle was arrayed on two opposite ranges of hills on the south side of the Neuse, our troops facing west. Both armies were defeated by earthworks. Sherman's were hastily constructed. The conflict was desperate on both sides, the rebels charging our lines, and our men charging theirs five times. The fighting on Sunday was principally done by the Twenty-eighth and Fourteenth Corps. On Monday, the Seventh and Eighteenth Corps came up and relieved them. The rebel forces were finally overpowered and retreated in confusion towards Raleigh. The Union army entered Smithfield, about half-way between Goldsboro and Raleigh.

The following is the substance of a despatch from the N. Y. Herald's correspondent in front of Mobile:

"On the 23d of March, Gen. Smith, of the Sixteenth Corps, accompanied by Gen. Canby and staff, that day arrived at Nasby's Mills on Fish river, on the east side of Mobile bay, ten miles distant from it and twenty-six miles from Mobile. The entire Thirteenth Corps, under Gen. Granger, is expected, and the Sixteenth Corps, at Danby's Mills, during the evening of the 23d. Firing in the direction of Mobile was heard for twenty-four hours previous to the 23d. It was supposed to proceed from the monitors engaging shore batteries."

The Richmond Sentinel has the following from Tennessee:

"Thomas, having transferred a portion of his army to Knoxville, and united them with Gillen, is said to be moving in the direction of the Virginia line. At last accounts his command had reached the vicinity of Greenville, a little over half way between Knoxville and Bristol. The expedition is accompanied by an engineer corps of 2,000 men, who are engaged in building the railroad in front as fast as the enemy reach them. Communication with the base, at Knoxville, is kept up. The object of the expedition, no doubt, is to possess and hold Southwestern Virginia, and, if practicable, move on and capture Lynchburg."

News from the headquarters of the Department of East Tennessee states that the advance of Stoneman's force, commanded by Major Keogh, A. D. C., entered and captured the town of Boone, N. C., on the 27th of March. Gen. Stoneman's command is now well into North Carolina, and will be heard of soon in the heart of rebellion.

Grant and Sherman had an interview at City Point on Monday evening. A number of Grant's staff and Corps commanders were present at the meeting, Sherman said success was assured from the commencement. The enemy were unable to offer any serious opposition. He said his boys had no trouble in chasing the rebels. Grant and Sherman, after consultation in the headquarters tent, had an interview with the President. Sherman gave him a graphic account of his operations, and represented his army as capable of accomplishing the grandest results.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

San José has 1,003 children between the ages of four and eighteen, being the fourth infantry town in the State.

A farm of 1,000 acres is to be cultivated the ensuing season at Ruby Valley by the Overland Mail Company. One hundred men will be employed.

The Ledger says thieves are abundant in Amador county. Recently Robert Paine's cabin was entered and robbed, leaving the owner minus even his clothing.

Bridget Lyon and Miss Goodenow were drowned at Washington, Nevada county, Saturday by falling from a log used as a foot bridge.

McNell was severely injured at North San Juan, Nevada county, on the 29th ult., by the caving of a bank of earth; his back was broken.

Frederick H. Mosier, (formerly connected with Col. Lander's wagon road party,) committed suicide, on the 29th ult., at Honey Lake.

The fish of the Lower Carson lake are dying by millions. In consequence of there being no flow of water from the Upper lake, the alkali has become so strong that they cannot live.

The cold nights for the past week, and the drying winds during the days, (says the San José Courier of the 4th inst.,) it is greatly feared will do severe damage to all kinds of fruit, and prove very injurious to the grain crops of the valley.

A. A. Sargent has accepted the invitation of the State Board of Agriculture to deliver an address on the occasion of the next Annual Fair. His subject will be "The Education of the Industrial Classes."

The Marin Journal of the 1st inst. says that a difficulty occurred at Chileno, between Juan Silvas, a Spaniard, and Juan Bejarano, an Italian, during which the latter shot the former with a pistol and killed him.

Dr. F. A. Parke, of Sacramento, has recently been prospecting for oil and locating claims in Colusa county. The samples obtained burn freely, and the Doctor and his associates in interest are confident that they have greased the wheels of fortune beyond the contingency of a clog.

The Stockton Independent very justly urges the right of the soldiers of the Pacific Department to generous treatment by our citizens. A "Sanitary Fund" for their benefit would be a commendable measure, many of them being disabled, and no provision having been made for their relief.

A female camel was born at Stockton on the 31st ult. An exchange says that its mother was also a female. There can scarcely be a doubt of it. An old "he" one may get his "back up," but perfect symmetry of proportion is not his peculiarity.

John Biddle was knocked down and kicked in the side by John Williams, of Susanville, Cal., recently, receiving injuries which resulted fatally. Williams was arrested, but escaped.

The Enterprise calls on Californian ranchmen to send their surplus onions to Nevada, where they sell readily at 25c. per pound.

The Jackson Ledger, of April 1st, says that Masters Stewart and Turner, two lads about seventeen years of age, have been prospecting for quartz at Butte City, and during the past week struck a pocket of decomposed quartz from which they have taken out \$1,000. A very rich claim of rotten quartz has recently been struck near Tuttle town, Tuolumne county, (as the Democrat is informed), which yields a hundred dollars to the pan. Sorocco & Co., at their quartz mill near Volcano, cleaned up, lately, after a run of thirteen days, and had the snug sum of \$9,000. The Dutch claim at Buckeye Hill, owned by Huffman, Muller & Co., after a week's run, yielded \$1,700. This (says the Nevada Transcript) is about the average yield of the claims in that locality. The Hueston Hill mine, at Grass Valley, produced \$8,500 in five days running. A ledge eighteen inches in thickness, and rich in sulphurets and free gold, has been found near the French Mill, Nevada county, after running a tunnel 120 feet.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society of California Pioneers at the last regular meeting: A. J. Shrader, Daniel H. Haskell, A. J. Jackson, Alex. Badlam, Louis Wolf, Charles F. Glein, W. J. Stringer, J. W. Winter, A. K. Gage, Frank M. La Roche.

Dr. BENTON will lecture on Psychology, or the Science of the mind, to-night at Platt's Hall. Dr. Benton comes before the public with accredited local references from such men as Mr. Leland, the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, and others, as to his personal ability; and, doubtless, his series of lectures will prove highly amusing as well as instructive, as he experiments with electric magnetism, illustrating the remarkable influences of the mind over susceptible persons while under magnetic influences.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electro-pathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4-3m

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovvitt's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses; and all the latest Parisian necessities of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

'y30-lm
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY, APRIL 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK! VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL! SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON THURSDAY, - - - - - APRIL 13th
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid

Steamship

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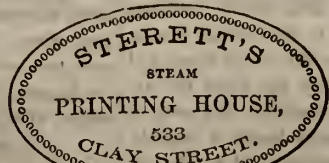
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ON FLIRTS.

MR. Hugh Elliot, some time minister at Dresden, and a most brilliant and observant man, has left us a picture of Lady Hamilton which will interest all women, and men too, because Lady Hamilton's celebrated flirtation with Nelson will always be historic; and further, because the unhappy fate of the heroine has often been related to sympathizing English men and women. Had she not flirted with Nelson, we have been assured that the battle of the Nile would never have been fought, and the supremacy of the British fleet would never at that time have been so established.

"Lady Hamilton," writes this acute observer of the woman whom the greatest hero in England thought the most beautiful creature in the world, "is bold, forward, coarse, assuming and vain; her figure is colossal, but (except her feet, which are hideous) well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. * * * Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity, who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of him. Lady Hamilton takes entire possession of him, and he is a most willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have ever seen. Sir William is old and infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her." Here, then, we have a picture of a most accomplished flirt, who flirted herself into fortune and into fame, and who would have done yet more, had fortune further aided her. Mr. Elliot wrote, "Lady Hamilton will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and will play a great part in England." The fickle goddess, however, to whom worldlings bend, deserted this celebrated woman; she had risen from the low position of a chambermaid and a painter's model to be the idol of our greatest seaman, and, after serving England more than is generally acknowledged, at last, as a retribution for her wickedness, she died in misery and want.

Now how did Lady Hamilton capture Nelson and lead him into misery and sin? How was she enabled to entice away from a wife whom he loved, and with whom, as he said, he could find no fault? Simply by flirtation; a practice as dangerous as it is universal, and one of the most harmful in the world. Truly, if we look at it from the first incipient symptoms to its varied and final results, half the misery of the civilized world is to be put down to it; yet almost every young lady or gentleman, and many an old one, is willing to indulge in it; and not a few defend the practice, and assert that they think it perfectly harmless. "Surely," they say, "there can be no harm in a little *innocent* flirtation."

Now it is perhaps an invidious task to condemn so universal a practice; but, without at once doing so, we may be permitted to say that an innocent flirtation is very difficult to be met with. That which is most innocent takes between two young and unmarried people whose affections are as yet fixed upon no particular object. A young gentleman who is desirous of finding a partner for life, and who is, in nine cases out of ten, asked to a party or a picnic, that he may do so, very naturally, and just as harmlessly, looks around him to find the prettiest and the most eligible girl. His intentions, we may believe, although he perhaps does not acknowledge this to himself, are honestly bent towards matrimony. If he is a young man of to-day, he has a tacit reservation to keep single as long as he can. He does not go into the marriage market as one goes into other markets, with the immediate intention of at once securing his purchase or his choice. He is a matrimonial fisherman, and intends, as he well may, to indulge in the sport, and to play with his fish before he finally lands it. But what is sport to him is perhaps death to others. The silly fishes are quite ready to take the bait, and perhaps one or two encumber his hook, while he has no intention of drawing them up. If, to turn to our former simile, he institutes a preliminary huxtering, an examination of the market, a searching into a similarity of tastes and pursuits, he is pretty sure to be called a flirt; and yet what is the poor man to do? The young ladies in such a case should be very careful of their hearts, for society, while allowing them every latitude, does not permit them the liberty of choice and proposition, except during leap year, a year of which they never take advantage.

If a young lady tries to make herself agreeable to this young man, if she talks earnestly or rattlingly, if she laughs, dances, and giggles with him, and puts herself in the most graceful attitudes, her female friends will at once charge her with design, and stamp her as a flirt. We, however, should not so call her. What she has done is legitimate enough. There would be no marriages whatever unless ladies in some measure took the initiative; and marriage is and always will be of so intense an interest, of so gigantic an importance to woman, and to the world in general, that we can forgive anything within the bounds of delicacy and fairness which a young lady may do in order to get the articles of partnership for life fairly drawn up. Women must, from their good humor and kindly nature, also make themselves pleasing; they are the charms of society and of life; without them man would relapse into utter barbarity; and for these reasons, the innocent flirt—that is, if she does not exceed the bounds

we have marked—may be reckoned as quite harmless and as so doing her duty, and that which, simply enough, her mother and grandmother did before her.

Perhaps we should not follow the custom of the world in applying the term thus loosely to those who carry on fairly the preliminaries to the matrimonial warfare, and commence their approaches as regularly as a general laying siege to a town. Innocent flirtation, although a very dangerous pastime, especially to women, is fair enough; but as gamblers never care about sitting down to eighteenpenny rubbers, or for playing double-dummy at whist for the love of it, with their friends or their wives, so the true flirt, either male or female, does not care about the pastime unless there is a little spice of wickedness in it. If a young lady is engaged to a very estimable but easy-going young fellow, of whose heart she is quite secure, she will not be satisfied unless by a cunning flirtation she raises up just the ghost of an antagonistic jealousy in it. She will dance with a man who uses his legs and feet more gracefully than her lover; she will sit next to another at a picnic, ask him for a flower, or convey to him and to her faithful Corydon how immensely she is charmed with the company of another. She will delight to tease him, very often with the express purpose of getting up a lover's quarrel, and of seeing how far she can wound the heart which has laid itself at her feet. When she does so, she becomes at once the flirt proper, and flirtation no longer is innocent, but actually wicked.

What, then, is this practice? Wicked flirtation, which is always more or less dangerous and immoral, and which, as our newspaper will show us, has so often such tragic and disgraceful ends, is the exercise of our powers of fascination and of pleasing, with the express purpose of conveying "to the mind of a person of the opposite sex, the assurance that his or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us." There are a thousand ways of doing this, and every way is wrong. A word, a squeeze of the hand, a gesture of admiration, or, at times, one of impatience, will equally serve, and will send back the blood to the heart of a silly girl with a flutter of impatient and tumultuous joy. Both sexes are equally to blame; for this kind of flirtation is a species of lying, and one can lie with the eye or hand as well as with the tongue. There are other songs without words besides those of Mendelssohn. Those songs are songs of the Syrens; they are flatterers, which lead those who listen to them to sad destruction.

The man who gives himself up to flirtation—unless, as a single man, he does so to get married, or, as a married man, he does it in a burlesque and open way, and advertises his friends that he carries on the little game merely for the fun of the moment—is a very contemptible being. Although he carefully guards himself against making any promises, and loudly proclaims himself as a non-marrying man, yet he has no right to indulge in this soft dalliance of the will and intention. He has no right to play and trifle with the feelings of a young woman just to gratify his vanity—for vanity is, after all, at the bottom of this, unless, indeed, we put it away for a worse passion. The tenor of his behavior to an honorable woman can have but one construction; nay, however he may like flirting himself, he would probably be very unwilling to have his daughter or his sister subjected to the same kind of address. Besides, while a man is engaged in flirtation with a girl, and perhaps—nay, most likely—raising hopes in her bosom which he will never fulfill, nor she will ever forget, he prevents her from receiving the attentions of an honorable and good man, who would, in all probability, offer her his hand.

The female flirt has this excuse, that she does not so much endanger the hearts or hurt the reputations of her partners in the game as the male one. On the contrary, in carrying war into the enemy's country, in overthrowing and damaging him, and in revenging upon him the injuries he has done to her sex, she may perhaps consider that she is doing a very useful and praiseworthy thing. Certainly there may be that way of looking at the matter; but whether we consider it thus lightly, or not, we shall find that women are injuring their own sex and doing a very dangerous and foolish thing. After all, a young single woman who flirts, merely confesses that she cannot attach young fellows to her by fair means. She wishes to attract more notice than falls to her share, and being unable to do so in the ordinary way, she takes the extraordinary. But she does so at great sacrifice and cost to herself. A married flirt is not the most happy of mortals, because her husband is very likely to suspect that as she attached him she may attach others. Nor are the gentlemen who are caught by flirts the fish most worth catching. They are men without much delicacy or perception, and, having required a great deal of attention to attach them, may, and most likely will, demand much humoring and cajoling during the course of their married life.

Of all kinds of flirts—the romantic, who looks into your eyes and asks if you do not like Tennyson's poetry, and if the moonlight is not very beautiful; the manly, who rides to cover, and talks about horses and dogs, who knows when the St. Leger is run, and admires the stately woods and pretty

race-course of Goodwood; the scientific, who begs you to class a fly, or to pronounce upon a fossil; the sentimental, who believes that happiness does not exist in this life, and who, while asserting that there is "no such thing as true love," tries to make you a specimen of the true lover; the "gushing," who talks nonsense purposely, and says, "Well, there now, 'tis my way, you know; I am such a giddy thing!"—of all these, together with the boating flirt, the dancing and the musical flirt, who somehow makes love to you in the pauses of the song; of all kinds of flirts, we repeat, the married flirt is the worst of all. There are many married flirts; they are indeed said to be on the increase; and the ingenious way in which they attract young fellows, and insinuate that they are "blighted beings," or have made a "mistake in marriage," is equally curious and reprehensible. It was in something of this way that Cleopatra entangled Antony, and Lady Hamilton Lord Nelson. It was with fine scorn that the former, placing all her selfish love in the foreground, in the midst of her passion and wondrous power, stooped to ask Antony after his wife—"How is the married woman?" So also Lady Hamilton taught Nelson first to pity, and then almost to despise, the good wife whom he had wronged. The married flirt is by far the worst of all: and the only possible, but very inefficient excuse for her is, that she began the practice when single and in a bad school. In France we have, however, a large number of married flirts, from a cause exactly contrary to this: because there the sexes are so strictly separated before marriage that they cannot indulge in the pastime until marriage has given them full liberty—an indulgence of which they are not slow to avail themselves.

The proximate cause of flirtation is said to be a wish to please, to be polite, and to make the party pass off well; but the primary one is, we fear, nothing but a selfish wish to shine and to attract praise. It may be all very pleasant, but it is certainly exceedingly wrong, and being wrong it is stupid and unwise. It goes against true propriety in both sexes; with a woman it is unfeminine as well as injudicious; with a man it is unmanly. With only one class of people can it be excused, and that class is a large one, formed of those light, facile, agreeable persons, who have neither real heart nor feeling, but who fancy they have plenty of both; who are compounded of a graceful desire to please and a continual and selfish wish to be pleased, and who flutter about from one person to another, saying tender nothings, and amusing themselves in a butterfly way, to the best of their ability, and to the utter forgetfulness of anybody else. The only thing that we should wish to do with these pleasant little parties is that which Sam Weller did to the Fat Boy when he tried to flirt with pretty Mary. "Oh Sam," said he, slowly, "shouldn't I like to give her a kiss?" Upon which it is related that Sam, with a long whistle, took him into a corner, and dismissed him with a quiet kick.

The subjects of flirtation can easily put a stop to the practice if they choose; for if they do not allow their vanity to be played upon, then they will escape scot free. When a young lady fixes her eyes upon a young gentleman, and heaves a pensive sigh, the best way for him to do is to look quite unconscious. Thus, when our antagonists determine upon firing explosive shells and steel-pointed shot, John Bull puts up his iron plates; a little quiet scorn and impenetrable dullness will disarm the most determined flirt in the world. After all, although we condemn flirts, we do not approve of prudes. What we want to arrive at in the society and mixture of the sexes is natural, quiet, jovial and cheering conversation, secular or religious, without any unfair attempt at the entanglement of the passions; when this is attained, we can fairly believe that a lover or a sweetheart will be most calmly and wisely chosen, and with the very best chance of making a fitting and faithful husband or wife.—*From the Gentle Life.*

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WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent. no19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000

Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$600,000

Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donoboe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSEN, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the

Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE

OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

ju15 316 California street, San Francisco.

Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

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ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE

OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

V. SQAARZA,

For sale by
ja28-tf 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the

inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with the attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—inured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. dc10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW

style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. sc24

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS—MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,
SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.

Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.

Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.

Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.

Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.

Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.

Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.

Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.

Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.

Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.

febl1-3m.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf **J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.**

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or more acquaintances.

A NEW INVENTION!

LEWIS'S

Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-tf

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchid family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 Bush street,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

400 HOMESTEADS!

CREDIT SALE,

APRIL 23d, 1865.

One-third Cash, One-third in one Year, One-third in two Years.

Descriptive Maps now at our office for delivery, gratis.

COBB & SINTON, Auctioneers,
ap8-tf 408 Montgomery street.

PORK TRIMMINGS $\frac{2}{3}$ GIVEN AWAY.

WILSON & STEVENS,
HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF
Broadway and Sansome streets to their new store,

No. 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending through to Sutter, a few doors below the Metropolitan Market, and

"ARE $\frac{2}{3}$ GIVING AWAY!"

Hogs' Spare Ribs, Rib roast, Pork Chops, Hogs' Heads, Tender Loins, Kidneys, Pigs' Feet, Premium Hams, Sides, Lard, Pickled Pork, cheaper and better than at any other place in the City

WILSON & STEVENS,

No. 506 MARKET STREET, and
ap8-1m No. 7 SUTTER STREET.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

Engagement of the Celebrated Actor,

Mr. Charles Wheatleigh,

Supported by the

POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, April 8th, 1865.

Reproduction of the successful Play of

The Magnolia!

Mr. WHEATLEIGH in his great character of TOBY!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, April 8th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

THE MAGNOLIA

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - \$1 00
Parquet - 50 cents
Gallery - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY
AND MAGNETISM.

DR. H. A. BENTON, of New York, will commence a SERIES OF LECTURES to the Ladies and Gentlemen of San Francisco,

On Saturday Evening, April 8th,

AT PLATT'S HALL,

In which will be explained the apparently mysterious and truly wonderful discovered science of Electrical Psychology, or Science of the Mind, and the Magnetic Influences upon the system, for amusement; also, with proper directions for the curing of disease. He will illustrate the wonderful phenomena upon such persons in the audience as are willing and found susceptible. Having been for many years eminently successful in the Eastern States, hopes to have a good opportunity to display his skill here.

Admission, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.
FREE LECTURES to Ladies on THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 6th and 8th instant, at 2 o'clock P. M., at Platt's Upper Hall.
Rooms for office and treatment, 109 Montgomery street, ap8-11

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL.

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - Proprietor.
GEORGE H. COES, - Stage Manager
B. P. ISAACS, - Musical Director

GRAND REORGANIZATION OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD!

Composed of the following talented artists:

MR. J. E. TAYLOR Ethiopian Comedian.

FRED. SPRUNG, Bass and general Performer,

GEO. WINSHIP, Ethiopian Comedian,

MISS CLARA DAY, Prima Donna.

A. J. Talbot, George H. Coes,

P. B. Isaacs, Frank Medinn,

Mons. Charles, Louis Morton,

H. H. Nordblum, F. Wassburg,

Sig Pluto, H. Groh,

MISS DELLA SAGER, LITTLE CLARA.

AN ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING!

The following new Acts and Songs will be produced: The Perfect Cure, The Black Wizard, Privates in the Army, Grecian Statues, Look out for the Masked Battery, Stump Speech, I'm Lonely Since my Mother Died, The Peace Commissioners, Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far, etc., making in all a strictly FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT, for the accommodation of LADIES and FAMILIES.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO!

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

GRAND CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

Will be given at

UNION HALL, HOWARD STREET,

On MONDAY EVENING, April 17th, 1865.

TICKETS, - - - - - ONE DOLLAR EACH

The object of this Society is the Relief of the Poor.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!

H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,

No. 522 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fo4-tf

BAY VIEW PARK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

Trotting Match for \$1,000—Mile Heats, three best in five, in harness.

Mr. Rice names Mr. Bowley's ch. g. Fillmore.
Mr. Eoff names Mr. Hendrickson's br. h. George M. Patchou, Jr.

This trot, by stipulation of owners, will take place precisely at 2 p. m.

Admission to the Park, - - - - - One Dollar
W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

N. B.—On last Saturday, the 1st inst., Patchou trotted at Sacramento, in harness, against time, (average of 2:37.) three straight heats, in 2:31 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:27, 2:29 $\frac{1}{2}$.—*Sac. Union.*

This match was made up before the above recorded race took place. The time made by Patchou would make the backers of almost any gelding in this or any other State weaken; but the owner of the Ex-President says, "Come one, come all, this race goes out."
a8

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. K. SCHAEFEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEFEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A. SCHAEFEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tj8-1nc

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

APRIL 13th - - - - - SACRAMENTO
APRIL 22d, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
MAY 3d - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
mh26 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,
No. 51 THIRD STREET,

Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,
SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,
And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh25-3m

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

—OF—

WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP,
WHOOPIING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD,
LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the curvilinear appellation of the

INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,

mh4-tf San Francisco.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,

Burns, Cuts,

Flesh Wounds, Boils,

Chilblains, Blisters, Brains,

Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,

Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,

Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS
GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

416 and 418 Front street,

mh4-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway. } San Francisco, Cal.

de21-3m

ATKINS MASSEY,

UNDERTAKER,

(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,

First house below Kearny street.

Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases, Office of the City

de3-tf and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEIXON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BAR-TOW'S PATENT METALLIC
BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 20.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 15, 1865.

TERMS: \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

Dips, Spurs and Angles.—By "Ass-medeus."
The Adventure of Padre Vicentio. By "Bret."
Flowers.—By "Iris."
The Ruins of San Francisco.—By H. My First Brief.
Mochlin in the Netherlands. Second Sight.

EDITORIALS:

The Uses of Victory.
Editorial Paragraphs.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XXIII. (concluded) and Chapter XXIV.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS:

A Condensation of the Telegraphic War News of the Week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POETRY—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

The Vendue of Jeff. Davis.—By F. B. Harte.
One Cry.
One Word with Thee.
Not Lost.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP:

Special Correspondence of THE CALIFORNIAN.

THEATRICAL TALK:

The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

GOSSIP ON ART, MUSIC, ETC.:

Domestic and Foreign Gleanings.

LOCAL AND INTERIOR ITEMS:

The News at Home and Abroad.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

DIPS, SPURS AND ANGLES.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, April 15th, 1865.

I HAVE struck a lead, and hope the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN will see my drift. It is useless to go round prospecting, chipping croppings with a hammer; one must go deep for gold. My lead is California Society. I follow it in all its dips, spurs and angles—dip into everything, spur up the laggards and look at the subject in all its aspects. The indications are rich.

I THINK it would be an admirable plan to arrest some of our city editors for contempt of court, and fine them handsomely in order to teach them that an editor has no right to try a criminal in the columns of his paper and pronounce him guilty, but should leave a jury to decide on the matter. The *Call* on Friday last published the following paragraph:

TRIAL OF A MURDERER BY COURT-MARTIAL.—The trial by Court-Martial of Barrega, the Spanish soldier, who murdered Wm. Niemeyer, the mate of the schooner *Furber*, a few weeks ago, at the "Bull Run" groggery, on Pacific street, commenced yesterday morning at the Presidio.

This trial is, if the *Call* be believed, a work of supererogation. Barrega is a murderer. He murdered Wm. Niemeyer at the "Bull Run" groggery. Why throw away time in trying him under these circumstances? Hang him at once! The *Call* states that he committed the murder, and a trial is unnecessary! The *Alta* has the same cool way of writing away a man's life; the *Bulletin* is no better. The latter, a few days ago, while the case of William Paul, master of the ship *Great Republic*, was still before the jury, actually published what it called "a good word" for him, manifestly intended to influence the minds of the jury in pronouncing their verdict. I believe in the freedom of the press, but cannot see wherefore in California newspapers are allowed to deliberately thwart the ends of justice, when in Europe and the Eastern States such a disreputable proceeding would subject them to a heavy fine or imprisonment. Were the press of California to observe a decent silence on the subject of the guilt or innocence of a party charged with crime until the courts had given a decision, thousands of dollars would be saved to the State, and the vexatious delay in empanelling a jury—one man after another being challenged and objected to because "he had read the newspapers"—be avoided. I think when the life of a fellow-creature is at stake, Local Items, however anxious he may be to write a "thrilling" paragraph, might sacrifice his desire to do so and follow the instincts of justice and humanity in substituting "charged with murder" for "murderer," and allowing the judge to sum up the evidence against the prisoner instead of anticipating him in his duty.

PIETY is undoubtedly a desirable thing, but advertising piety is an objectionable practice. It is not a thing to be offered for sale, as tobacco or other mercantile commodities, with the name of the brand attached. "Piety, of the old Methodist brand," "A first-class article of Baptist piety," etc., etc., do not look well in print. The following notice gleamed in the columns of the *Call* the other morning. It was inserted, I presume, as a little leaven with the laudable design of leavening the whole lump:

METHODIST—WANTED.—By a young woman, a situation in a pious family, (Methodist preferred); would take sole charge of children, do needle-work, or make herself useful and agreeable in any light capacity.

That young woman must be a treasure; she would take "sole charge of children"—would take charge of their blessed little souls also, I presume. She wishes to make herself useful in any "light capacity"—would act in the capacity of a shining light, of course.

Such a chance should not be lost; some Methodist family will certainly engage this pious young woman. The wages of Sin is death; *per contra*, the wages of Piety should be high.

THE *Flag* is now devoting all its energies to the Herculean labor of getting a character for the persecuted Felix O'Byrne, and a cottage for Mrs. John Brown. We fear that it will fail in the first—the Court, after fifteen days' painful and microscopic investigation, having failed to discover any indications of its existence. We hope, however, Mrs. John Brown will be provided with a home and not be condemned like the soul of her late lamented husband to go marching on, a wanderer through the State of California. Having hung her husband, America at least owes his widow a place to hang out. Let a subscription be raised to raise a fine three-story brick building in remembrance of the story of John Brown, who was an honest man and a brick in his way. We have the better half of John Brown with us still, though his body lies "mouldering in the grave;" let us, if we can afford no better, at least build her a little brown cottage. Beriah Brown would surely head the subscription in aid of his *cousin's* wife with a handsome sum.

THE Presidents of the six great Chinese Companies of California have struck a heavy blow at Chinese quacks. They publish a card informing their unfortunate, deluded Melian friends who rush to place themselves under the treatment of any uneducated Tartar who hangs out his shingle as doctor, that there is only one Chinese doctor in California! That is to say, there is only one who possesses a diploma, only one member of the Imperial College of Surgeons, if there be such an institution in China. How! Slop-Pot-Tea; yell, Woe, Sing Yung and all ye "other Chinese Physicians of little reputation or skill!" Even as President Lincoln hath endorsed Dr. Czapkay as the great California Physician, and sent him forth to heal those who are sick at the Courts of Europe, so hath President Yun Wo declared that Queen Fy is the great physician of China. Woe unto ye white scoundrels who have hired Chinese doctors to humbug the public, for your occupation is gone! It is no use your attempting to play your knaves, President Yun Wo has played his Queen, has won the trick, the game is in his hands.

THE Rebellion having had its last legs pretty effectually amputated, the newspapers are now beginning to publish heavy leaders about "our foreign relations." From reading these editorials I have come to the conclusion that the foreign relations they refer to are our English consins. I think that these foreign relations of ours will not be at all inclined to fight with us. If there is any fight, judging from the very complete whipping we have just given our brothers, we shall pitch into our consins in the most unscrupulous manner. However, it is to be hoped that the United States and England, will be content to cry quits, the former not holding the government responsible for the acts of ship-builders and merchants, the latter taking very little trouble to protect the interests of her subjects who responded to the cry of the South to be let a loan without considering that Uncle Sam had a lien on the cotton, which was to be the security for the money lent.

THE sweet little cherub which sits up aloft and looks out for the life of poor Jack was, in the case of the sailors of the *Great Republic*, a Scotch cherub. All honor to the St. Andrew's Society for the manner in which they have taken up the cause of these oppressed men. Captain Paul will no doubt be much profited by six months' imprisonment in the county jail. The mate, Coe, will, I trust, find the State prison uncomfortable, and his eighteen months' hard labor hard in reality and not in name alone. He will not, however, be compelled to exclaim every day: "Thank God, I am in the State Prison of California." Wall, cribbed, caged and confined for eighteen months within the county jail, will probably make good resolutions, and, if ever again dressed in a little brief authority, refrain from playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep. I think the St. Andrew's Society have scotched a pretty nest of snakes, and earned for themselves the thanks of the community.

THE telegraph tells us that the interior is in a blaze of excitement and drygoods boxes in honor of the glorious news from the seat of the late war, (it is as well to begin early to call it the "late war.") At Aurora we are told that a meeting was held in the Court Room, where "a number of ladies were present, who joined in singing 'John Brown,' and other patriotic songs." It is, I think, open to argument, whether "John Brown" is, strictly speaking, a patriotic song or not, though some "patriots" appear to take more interest in the progress of the soul of the late John Brown, than in the "union of hearts and the union of hands," insisted upon in that truly patriotic song, "The Flag of Our Union."

WHILE the Heron stalks the stage, Hawks will grace the pulpit of Grace Cathedral. Rev. Dr. Hawks of New York has received a call from the congregation.

THE fall of Richmond was attended by a remarkable fall in provisions. Eggs which, while the city was under the beneficent rule of Davis, sold at \$60 a dozen, when the city came under the Northern yoke, fell to 30 cents. This may be accounted for, perhaps, by supposing that many of the hens of Richmond remained loyal to the Union, and would not be coerced to lay eggs for traitors, or to hatch for treason. Richmond has so often been termed a foul nest of treason, that one would hardly have suspected a scarcity of eggs to have existed. The flour of Southern Chivalry was also sold very cheap, on the entrance of our troops.

POOR old Granny *Alta* has got into a squabble with the *Democratic Press*; that paper having stated that General Vega had given granny some sugar plums for espousing the Republican cause in Mexico, the poor old lady gets into a dreadful passion, and, brandishing her knitting needles at the *Press*, she calls him shocking had names. I am sorry that the dear old creature should forget herself so much as to make use of bad language. Fie, granny! "liar" is a very unlady-like word to use.

IT is not right to make fun of typographical errors in newspapers; be the proof-reader never so careful they will creep in. But occasionally an error of this kind is a blessing in disguise—to the paragraphist. In Wednesday's *Spectator* I noticed at the top of the local column an item stating that "the ticket which drew the first prize in the Fenian Gift affair was numbered 2,321." That seems appropriate—to give the fighting Fenians a "fist" prize.

THE Chinese are going into business in the most energetic manner. I notice a "Chinese Intelligence Office" advertised in the *Call*. The fact of the matter is that the Chinese have a good deal more intelligence than we are apt to give them credit for; Dr. Slop-Pot-Tea, though himself a "perfect cure" to look at, turns out many a perfect cure, and though he does not advertise his "institution" as established for "the suppression of quackery" is certainly injuring its professors to an immense extent.

I HAVE a little bit of news from Florence. Mrs. Agatha States, Italianized into Signora Agata Stasesi, has appeared there in *Ernani*, and achieved a wonderful success. We shall be proud to welcome back our wandering California States, as proud as we shall be to welcome back the erring Sister States. We shall probably next hear of Signora Agata Stasesi at the Italian Opera, London.

THERE is much talk about the distress in the interior. The travelling agent of THE CALIFORNIAN explains it by stating that a swarm of canvassers have, like locusts, swept over the land, devouring every green thing. However, as THE CALIFORNIAN circulates healthily throughout the State, the interior is rapidly recovering.

EVERY good Union man must rejoice at the glorious triumphs of the Federal arms. No less will every good Union man rejoice, the strength of those arms having been demonstrated, to see the Federal arms opened to embrace our erring brethren of the South.

CALIFORNIA'S exports are increasing every year. By the last steamer we sent to New York a remarkably fine article of California Linen.

ASMODEUS.

The fall of Richmond, and the surrender of Lee's army, were celebrated in grand style at Sacramento, Wednesday.

The residences of several citizens of Sacramento, accused of secession sympathies, were visited by the crowd of jubilant Richmond-takers, during the late rejoicing, and flags placed over them. The boys felt happy, and were determined that none should feel otherwise, whether they wished to or not.

Carson Valley is said by some petroleum-seeker to be a "basin of oil." The people over that way seem not disposed to let California get ahead of them in anything. The Carson *Post* says their town can grand discount the world for meanness, and if she were to bet money on it, she "would lose for betting on a dead thing."

A Gipsy camp (says the Sacramento *Bee*) is located on Eleventh street, near the Pacific Railroad. It consists of a small canvas tent, a large horse, two small mules, a saddle colored woman with a pipe, a villainous-looking bull-dog and four hatless children, all of a size. The Gipsy tells fortunes like a prophetess, but whips her children like "any other man."

[The following poem, written by a lady who has frequently adorned the pages of the CALIFORNIAN with her contributions, has been published in the London *Public Opinion* and also by a local cotemporary; but we deem it a gem of such rare excellence that we give it a new setting, taking occasion to substitute the name of the gifted authoress for the timid "L." which has hitherto been appended:]

NOT LOST.

LOST! lost!
A soul is lost!

Venturing upon the sea of Sin,
The terrible whirlpool drew it in;
And sinking unpitied and unblest,
'Twas buried—never, never to rest.
Surely it is an ungodly thought
That a grain of good should come to nought;
That a poor soul should cry out tempest-tost—
Lost! lost!

Lost! lost!
A heart is lost!

Floating upon the river of Love
In a fairy boat of fancy wove;
The downward tide bore the trusting bark
Where Despair's bleak shores rose wild and dark,
Where breakers of Passion vent their wrath,
And the quicksands of Jealousy shift the path;
And the wretched heart cried from the barren coast—
Lost! lost!

Lost? lost?
No soul is lost!
Bright gems on the breast of Beauty shine.
From the rayless caverns in the mine.
So, from the depths of the soul's despair
And Love's young heart by the tempest tost
May have Indian Summer after frost,
If we learn the Right, by the Wrong's sad cost—
We are saved—not lost.

EMILIE LAWSON.

SECOND SIGHT.

STUDY of the progress of natural and experimental science is well calculated to illustrate the aphorism about the meeting of extremes. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century, it had been the custom of philosophers to refer every unknown agency to the operation of a ghost or spirit. Evidences of this bygone tendency still remain in the modern scientific vocabulary, more especially the popular chemical vocabulary; though the causes and circumstances in which they originated are commonly forgotten. When the term "spirit of wine" falls on the ear, or it may be "spirit of salt," one is not prone to associate the word "spirit" used on such an occasion with the cognate meaning of a ghost. It had that meaning, nevertheless. The experimenter who first evolved alcohol from wine desired to make those to whom he addressed himself understand that the agent of vinous power, the beatific agent that made men merry, was a mysterious, and for that reason, to his mind, a spiritual agent; hence he called it "spirit of wine." Popular chemical nomenclature teems with kindred spiritual designations, even now. Many will occur to whatever mind imposes upon itself the task of going in quest of them; wherefore they need not be enumerated. Enough for present purposes to remark that the spiritual epoch of philosophy (for such it may well be called)—the epoch when every agency of qualities, whether partially or wholly unrevealed, was complacently referred to the dominion of a spirit—was quickly followed by another epoch, of character diametrically opposed.

Nature at length presented no secrets to the illuminati. Everything was to them explicable. Things from the explanation of which philosophers of our day would modestly retire, acknowledging such things to stand beyond the pale of their philosophy, were glibly and complacently enough explained by philosophers of the epoch to which reference is now made. Very amusing errors did these self-sufficient explanatory philosophers occasionally fall into. Everybody, one may well suppose, knows the anecdote about King Charles II. and the fish; how he puzzled the fellows of the then recently established Royal Society, by inquiring of them wherefore a dead fish should be heavier than a living fish; how the philosophers there and then accounted for it; and how, appeal to the balance having demonstrated absolute equality of weight between the two fishes, the self-sufficient philosophers were bantered by the king. Now the anecdote is of utility here, inasmuch as it is typical of the tendency amongst philosophers at a certain period—a tendency which attained its climax about the end of the seventeenth century. No question puzzled philosophers then: nothing was beyond their comprehension. Nature had no longer any secrets for these bold invaders of her outlying domains: all was explicable. In the year 1687 an anonymous book was published, entitled, "A New Treatise of Natural Philosophy, freed from the Intricacies of the Schools." Among other matters it contained an explanation of the way in which a basilisk kills people by looking at them. At this time we have got rid of the fabled basilisk; the creature that was reputed to kill by the mere pugnacity of his eye-glances. The creature is now known to be a myth, and the cases of sudden death, which happened reputedly from the eye-glances

of a basilisk, suggest more probable—if not, indeed, well-established—causes. But our author not only has no manner of doubt as to the existence of basilisks, but he explains quite glibly how it happens that the eye-glances of a creature should acquire such deadly power.

Now it happens that the progress of modern science, in eliminating the basilisk from out the list of created things, has at the same time explained the cause of belief in that fabled creature. When the circumstance is made known that the favored dwelling-place of basilisks, according to the testimony of authorities who vouched for the being of such creatures, was at the bottom of dried-up wells, pits and caverns, the modern reader will begin to suspect that the sudden deaths referred by mediæval writers to basilisk gaze were really caused by inhalation of carbonic acid gas. When, furthermore, we learn, on the authority of the book above quoted, that a certain inquisitive student of nature's ways, having protected his eyes with a pair of spectacles, managed once upon a time to scow a basilisk from head to tail, to gaze unharmed into the creature's very eyes, making a deliberate survey of the beast, and recording that he resembled in appearance a big toad, then does the ridiculous suspicion dawn upon one that the creature mistaken for the deadly thing, of mediæval fancy bred, was no other than a poor frog! Our author, however—the natural philosopher—explains the matter in quite another way. According to him, the spectacles had a positive value; so that without the spectacles no mortal eyes could have met the basilisk gaze without instant death to the possessor of them. According to our authority (who is a staunch believer, as we already know, in the deadly power of basilisk eyes,) the explanation of their potency consists in simply this, viz., the continuous darting, by a sort of radiation, as we should call it now, of certain sharp and penetrative emanations; atomic darts, purely mechanical things: whence the *rationale* of their action should, of course, be purely mechanical. The reader will doubtless call to mind how that greatest of travellers, Lemuel Gulliver (if M. Du Chailu be excepted,) finding himself in the midst of battle waged by Lilliputian warriors, seeing the tiny arrows fly about, and fearing lest his eyes might be injured, put on his spectacles to ward the arrows off. Precisely after that manner was it that, according to our authority, the adventurous individual who dared the basilisk in his cave protected himself against that creature.

These remarks were instituted to the end of showing how philosophers, over-arrogant in their own conceit—blinded, metaphorically so to speak, by the pride of their own self knowledge—have been known to explain phenomena to the satisfaction of the public, although hardly, it may fairly be assumed, to the satisfaction of themselves; or how, if indeed satisfied, they must have been content to deposit their faith on a pedestal of insecure erection and very small dimensions. Coming to the main topic of this paper, the faculty, or delusion, or pretence of second sight, I perceive that certain individuals, led away by the pride of their own philosophy, have curiously, and, as it would seem, illogically, assumed that apparitions, belonging to the category of the second sight, are explicable on a purely physical hypothesis; the phenomena of such apparitions presenting no more difficulty to the inquirer than those of the Polytechnic ghost. Now it is one thing to admit that long contemplation of wreathing Highland fogs may have exalted the Celtic mind to the condition of excitement necessary for feigning out of these vaporous emanations, corpses wrapped in winding-sheets, and other portentous visions of second sight; but it is altogether another thing to assume that such manifestations are merely the result of reflective and refractive phenomena. Moreover, if candidly investigated, neither hypothesis accords with actual testimony in regard to this matter. Whatever opinion may now be held concerning the reality or unreality of second sight, whether we choose to consider it a faculty possessed by certain individuals to whom extraordinary glimpses of the spirit-world are given, or whether we choose to look upon it as a delusion, bred of hypochondriasis, Highland fog, and the fumes of Highland whisky, there still remains no doubt but that the testimony favorable to the reality of second sight is both multifarious and precise. There is a speciality, too, as regards evidence affecting this matter; the speciality of appeal to the result, as confirmatory of the spectral appearances. Perhaps this is the most extraordinary particular noticeable in records of second sight. It is not merely that a seer, or one possessing the faculty of second sight, should vaguely protest that he observed a certain apparition not seen by others: such protestation, according to published testimony on this matter—and it is very voluminous—would not have constituted one a "seer" in the estimation of his fellows. There was a precision in this branch of demonology, which modern spirit-rapping sadly lacks: a fearless appeal to confirmatory results, suggestive of complete honesty on the part of the seer; and, strange to say—if I am to believe my authorities—which the future has made manifest in thousands of recorded instances. There is a precision, a particularity about these published examples of second sight, not a little embarrassing to one who would desire to eliminate from his own mind any preconceived beliefs

inquired of the woman the meaning of such an unbecoming and distracted action; whereupon she told him it was to prevent her maid seeing visions; and it fell out accordingly, for which it might have entertained, and submit his guidance wholly to the directing hand of testimony. Now the testimony, I repeat, affecting the matter of second sight, is most precise and particular: every ground of error seems to have been cleared away, every cause of deception eliminated. We do not find that Mr. Dash or Mrs. Blank saw a corpse lying near her on a certain blank day of a year undetermined; and that before the year was out somebody happened to die, not a hundred miles from the scene of the apparition; but we are circumstantially informed concerning the personal identity of the visionary corpse. Moreover, the lapse of time between the spectral apparition and the death it portended was, according to the authorities before me, infallibly predicted within small limits of error. It had come to be understood by these second-sight seers, that the winding-sheet which seemed to enwrap these spectral corpses disclosed, through the manner of its folding, the period of dissolution. If a spectral corpse was seen wholly enveloped by the winding-sheet, then the death had already happened, or would immediately happen. If the winding-sheet only extended halfway up the body, then death would occur after the lapse of half a year.

The antiquarian, John Aubrey, wishing to collate authentic testimony relative of the faculty of second sight, proposed a series of questions to two Scotch gentlemen thereon, and published their replies. The respondents do not differ in any important particular: both testify, to begin, that the second sight relates to things future, which will shortly come to pass; that sad and dismal events are the objects of this faculty, such as sudden deaths and dreadful accidents. Having intimated that the general characteristic of second sight is dismal—melancholy—deponent number one then states that he only knew of one instance to the contrary; "That instance," remarks he, "I have from a person worthy of credit, and it is this:

"Near forty years ago, Maclean and his lady, sister to my Lord Seaforth, were walking about their own house, and on their return both came into a chamber where the young child was nursed. The baby did as babies sometimes do now; it began to cry; whereupon the nurse was asked whether baby was well, and whether anything had gone wrong with its diet. 'Well, and well victualled,' replied the nurse; 'it crieth not for the cause of sickness.' 'Then why does it cry?' demanded the questioner; upon which the nurse, after a few moments of discreet silence, communicated the reason, and in so doing made known her faculty of second sight. 'Maclean (baby's papa) would die,' the nurse said, 'and the lady would shortly be married to another man.' Being pressed as to how she knew that event, she told the questioners (there were two,) that on their entrance into the room, she saw a man with a scarlet cloak and a white hat betwixt them, giving the lady a kiss over the shoulder; and thus it was that baby cried. All this came to pass after Maclean's death. The tutor of Lovet married the lady in the same habit the nurse saw him in."

Such, then, is the solitary instance of a result, *not* sad, *not* dismal, *not* melancholy, made known by anticipation through the faculty of second sight. Deponent number one, still enlightening the English antiquarian Aubrey on the subject of second sight, goes on to state that "second-sighted men see things visibly before their eye, but none sees but themselves; for example, if a man be doomed to be hanged, they will see him already dangling from a gibbet, or at least a rope about his neck: if to be beheaded, they will see him headless; if to be drowned, they will perceive an apparition of him in water; if to die suddenly by undetermined means, they will see a winding-sheet about his head. One instance I had from a gentleman here," states deponent, "of a Highland gentleman of the Macdonalds, who having a brother who came to visit him, saw him coming in wanting a head, but told not his brother that he saw any such thing; yet within twenty-four hours thereafter his brother was taken (being a murderer,) his head cut off, and sent to Edinburgh. Many such instances might be given."

The faculty of second sight was described by all whom deponent questioned on the matter as a troublesome thing; they would be gladly freed from it, but could not. He confesses, however, to having heard "lately" of a man very much troubled in his soul therewith, from whom, by his seriously praying deliverance, the faculty at length departed.

Relative to the exorcism of second-sight spectres, to getting rid of the faculty, I find, in Martin's tract on second sight the following anecdote:

"A woman of Stornabay, in Lewis, had a mind who saw visions, and often fell into a swoon. Her mistress was very much concerned about her, but could not find out any means to prevent her seeing these things: at last she resolved to pour some of the water used in baptism on her maid's face, believing this would prevent her seeing any more sights of the kind. Accordingly, she carried her maid with her the next Lord's day, and both of them sat near the basin in which the water stood, and after baptism, before the minister had concluded the last prayer, she put out her hand in the basin,

took up as much water as she could, and threw it upon the maid's face, at which strange action the minister and the congregation were equally surprised. After prayer, the minister from that time she never once more saw a vision of any kind. This account was given me by Mr. Morison, minister of the place, before several of his parishioners who knew the truth of it." Then follows a comment that the reader is requested to note. "I submit the matter of fact," our author adds, "to the censure of the learned; but for my own part I think it to have been one of Satan's devices to make credulous people have an esteem for holy water."

One of the questions proposed by the antiquarian Aubrey was this—Had any person or persons truly godly, or who might justly be presumed to be such, been known to have this gift or faculty? To this query respondent answers, "Not any godly, but such as are virtuous."

That it descends by succession deponent cannot learn. Nor can he learn how possessors of the faculty came by it. "They will not tell, which if they did, they are sure of their strokes from an invisible hand." He cites, as an example, the case of one Allen Miller, "who being in company with some gentlemen, and having gotten more than ordinary of that strong liquor they were drinking, began to tell stories about strange passages he had been at; but the said Allen was suddenly removed to the further end of the house, and was there almost strangled. Recovering a little, and coming to the place where he was before, they asked him what it was that troubled him. He answered he durst not tell, for he had told too much already."

As to the source whence second-sighted individuals derived their faculty, some attributed the gift to a compact with the devil, others to fairies: deponent hath heard that those that have this faculty of second sight have offered to teach it to such as were curious to know it. "Upon such and such conditions they would teach them," but their offers were rejected.

Deponent having furnished answers to all the questions propounded, concludes his epistle to John Aubrey, F. R. S., by the recital of a case narrated to him "by a very honest man in the next parish, who told it to me," deponent himself. The outline of the tale is as follows: The honest man's wife being in a fair way to increase his family, he bought some boards with which to make a bed for her. The boards still lying at the door of his house, there comes an old fishwoman, yet alive, and asks him whose were those boards. "My own," said he. "For what use hast thou them?" demanded she. "For a bed," said he. "I tell thee they shall be for a coffin," the fish-fag muttered; "for already do I see a corpse lying upon them." Thereupon the honest man was stricken to the heart, fearing the death of his wife. The old hag, having muttered her prediction, goes away; and presently the honest man sends for a carpenter to make the bed, which is accordingly done. It was baby, not wife, who died, my authority goes on to say; and out of the ends of the boards was made its little coffin.

It must not be imagined, in spite of the statements in this epistle to John Aubrey, that second-sight apparitions have only been vouchsafed to enlighten people on matters so serious as these of life and death; on the contrary, such trivialities as a broken pate, ducking in a puddle, and a forehead blood-soiled, but not damaged, have, according to another authority now before me—one who wrote under the pseudonym of "Insulanus"—been deemed worthy this mode of revelation; in proof of which the following:

"A gentleman, who is a native of Skye, did when a boy disoblige a Seer in the Isle of Rasay, and upbraid him for his ugliness, as being black by name and black by nature. At last the Seer told him, very angrily: 'My child, if I am black, you'll be red ere long.' The master of the family chid him for this, and bade him give over his foolish predictions, since nobody believed them; but next morning the boy, being at play near the houses, fell on a stone and wounded himself in the forehead so deep that to this day there's a hollow scar in that part of it."

"James Beaton, surgeon in the Isle of North Uist, told me [i. e., "Insulanus,"] that being in the Isle of Mull, a seer told him confidently that he was shortly to have a bloody forehead; but he disregarded it and called the seer a fool. However, this James being called to some of the MacLeans to go along with them to attack a vessel belonging to the Earl of Argyle, who was then coming to possess Mull by force, they attacked the vessel; and one of the MacLeans, being wounded, the said James, while dressing the wound, happened to rub his forehead, and then some of the patient's blood sticking to his face accomplished the presage."

But of all the sorry violations of the Horatian maxim, "Nec intersit Deus nisi," take the following, on the authority of our scribe, "Insulanus."

"Mary Campbell, a woman of acknowledged probity and candor, states that when she was a young girl, living in her father's house upon the Isle of Scalpa, there was a notable old seer, one Evander MacMhaoldonoh, a domestic in the family, who by the second sight foretold several events which punctually came to pass, and in particular that Kenneth Campbell, her brother, being on a jaunt in the Lewes, and as

he was returning home, accompanied by his servant, whom he had sent upon an errand to a village at some distance, as the said Kenneth was solitarily coming on his way, he found himself seized with a faintishness, which so gained upon him that he was obliged to crawl upon all fours, through mires and puddles, to a desolate cottage, where he remained that night, and after a sound sleep recovered of his ailment. The old seer that night seemed frettish; and being asked the reason of his being so much out of humor, told that the said Kenneth Campbell was not at his ease, and that he observed him by the second sight in a very distressed condition, his clothes being puddled, and all bespattered with filth and mud: which upon his return to the family next day he himself declared to have been literally true, according to the above prediction."

It may be that my readers will agree with me in the opinion that a sufficient number of examples have been quoted, by way of illustrating what is meant by second sight. The records of this faculty, illusion, hallucination, or whatever we may choose to call it, present a general similarity, one that renders a multiplicity of illustrative cases needless; and without cogent need one is glad to put aside the musty records of phantom corpses borne on biers, when it happens, as to the writer now, that the small hours of morning are entered upon, and the mystery of silence and solitude prevails. "Explain to us this mystery of second sight," do some phantom voices command me, whispering from yonder corner? No. I promised not that. Is it not enough to cite one's authorities? Are they not circumstantial and precise? Whether to believe or disbelieve is a question that each individual before whom this abstract may come must decide for himself. To believe nothing beyond reason is a failing of very contracted minds—one to which the very consciousness of our individual existence should be a standing reproof. The belief in things contrary to reason, always assuming reason to have been restricted to the sphere of its own competence, is another matter quite. Whether second sight be a thing beyond reason contrary to reason is a question, the corresponding answer to which would need the opening of much new ground of debate, and moreover would lead the writer to an arena of strife which he would rather avoid.—*J. Scoffern, M.B.*

GOSSIP ON ART, MUSIC, Etc.

AT HOME.

An effort is again being made to have the Astor Library opened in the evening.

A movement is on foot in Boston to erect a statue of Hon. Edward Everett. Over \$20,000 have already been contributed toward the enterprise.

James Miller, of New York, announces the Sonnets of Shakspeare, edited by a distinguished General, high in command (name not divulged,) and author of several popular works, with copious remarks and references.

Good books on American Ornithology are hardly to be had for love or money. Audubon and Wilson cost a fortune, and Nuttall's and Brewer's Wilson are out of print and the plates destroyed.

The statue of Hon. Horace Mann, which is to be placed in front of the State House, in Boston, will be completed early in the summer, and it is said the work of preparing the pedestal would be commenced in the spring, as soon as the frost was out of the ground.

The Brooklyn Art Association has completed its plans, for the erection of a new gallery, and in conjunction with the Philharmonic Society will purchase the lots adjoining the Academy of Music, and erect thereon a building suitable for their joint purposes.

The City Council of Newport, R. I., have voted to erect a monument to the memory of the late Maj.-Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862. It is to be of granite, with a molded base, supporting a shaft twenty-one feet high, and is to cost about \$1,600.

Simmons, the sculptor, is now in Washington, modelling busts of our distinguished men. He has had sittings from Vice Admiral Farragut, Gen. Banks and Gen. Augur, and is to model busts of Gens. Grant and Meade, and also of the President and his Cabinet. He went to City Point and had several sittings from Gen. Grant.

ABROAD.

Wm. Vincent Wallace, lately reported as in a dying condition, is in a state of convalescence.

A new journal is to be started in Turin to be called *Il Conte Cavour*.

The Sultan has ordered the Emperor's *Life of Napoleon* to be translated into English.

The Pope intends to create a new department in the Vatican Museum, to be entirely devoted to bronze statues.

Rossini gave a *soiree musicale* last month, at which the attraction is to be an original duo written by him expressly for Patti and Bellini.

The tomb of William Button, a Bishop of Bath and Wells, famous for his sanctity in the 13th century, has just been discovered by some workmen in Wells Cathedral.

A fine portrait of S. T. Coleridge, the poet, by his friend Washington Allston, the poet-painter, has been secured for the National Portrait Gallery of England.

The *Presse* states that the pictures and curious objects of art forming the collection of the Count de Chambord, will shortly be sold in Paris.

Three thousand five hundred and three new works were published in England last year. 715 were religious, 842 fiction, 565 poetry, etc., and 166 new papers and annuals.

The old convents of Mexico are being ransacked by French bookworms. Several valuable prizes have already been found, it is said. A vocabulary of the Maya language among others.

The new periodical edited by Henry Mayhew is out. It is called the *Shops of London*, and is a history of the trades and manufactures of Great Britain.

Mr. Ruskin resumes his contributions to literature in the *Art Journal*. He calls his new series the "Cestus of Anglaia"—the goddess of three graces who is claimed as the patroness of impersonation of painting.

The rehearsals of "L'Africaine" at the grand opera in Paris, were proceeding with lightning speed. All the scenes are painted save those of the third act. It was to have been produced by February 15th.

Joseph Court, the historical painter and director of the Museum at Rouen, died in Paris, aged 67. He was the son of a hair-dresser, but by his own genius raised himself to the level of the greatest painters of France.

Gounod has finished his musical adjuncts to Legouve's new tragic play which Ristori is to produce on the 15th of March, in Paris. It is called *The Two Queens*. Gounod's choruses are spoken of in the highest terms.

The Roman Pontifical Academy of Archaeology has decided that the colossal statue of Hercules, in gilt bronze discovered in the theatre at Pompeii, shall henceforth adorn the Vatican, and bear the name of the Ercole del Mastai, in memory of Pius IX.

Gibson, the sculptor, who has accumulated a large fortune by his art, announces his intention to bequeath to the Royal Academy, at his death, a sum of \$233,000, on condition that that body should fit up and keep in perpetuity three moderate sized rooms for the reception of the casts of all the testator's works.

The beautiful Church of St. Maclou, at Rouen has been seriously injured by the great storm of the 13th of January last. A portion of the steeple, which tourists will remember as one of the finest specimens of the florid architecture of the fifteenth century, was blown down, and fell into the nave.

It is asserted in Parisian journals that the original score of *Don Giovanni*, in four books, written in Mozart's own hand, has been discovered in the archives of the opera at Prague, where this opera was originally produced in 1787. If this is the case, is the copy which Madame Viardot has, and which was so long claimed to be the original, a forgery?

A wonderful story is being told of a classical Scotchman who now haunts the students' quarter in Paris, and earns a livelihood by singing Latin songs, and translating Tacitus to eager audiences, which crowd round the gutters in which he "stands and delivers" his songs and sentiments, raining sous on him as he ends.

The *London Review* publishes a letter from Dr. William Bell, the object of which is to show that Shakspeare was in Germany during what are called "the three missing years of his life," viz., from 1586 to 1589, and that he there attained some knowledge of the German language, and found in old German dramas and legends the materials for many of his plays.

The English copyright of Napoleon's *Life of Cesar* sold for £1,600. It has leaked out, through some of the type-setters or proof-readers, that it is as wearisome as the Great Desert, and will be utterly unreadable. The Sultan has given orders for its translation into the Turkish language as soon as it appears—a delicate compliment which will be appreciated. The work will not bear the Emperor's name on the title page.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford has just got another treasure in the shape of a new autograph of Shakspeare. It is written in faded ink on the title page of a small octavo Aldine edition of "Ovid's Metamorphoses" (1502.) The signature is abridged into "Wm. Shr.;" the *Athenæum* adds that "it is at once evident that unless it is a forgery, the hand which wrote it was that which signed the will of Shakspeare;" and the signature is corroborated by that of the owner in 1682, who has written within the cover, "This little book of Ovid was given to me by W. Hall, who said it was once Will. Shakspeare's."

A sad affair has happened in Paris. A. M. Tandou, chief classical editor of the leading French publishing firm, Hachette & Co., was married in May, 1863, as it seemed, very happily. He was rich, industrious, clever, and everything seemed to smile on him. Seven months after his marriage, his wife left him and took refuge with her father, declaring that her husband's violence rendered it impossible for her to live with him. This accusation Tandou always denied, and declared that when the application for a judicial separation should be made he would be able to disprove the charge. Contrary to his expectation, the Court decreed the separation. Shortly afterwards, Tandou was found hanging in his room dead. Before committing suicide he had written a letter to his wife declaring that he could not endure his despair.

(For the Californian.)

THE ADVENTURE OF PADRE VICENTIO.

A LEGEND OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ONE pleasant New Year's Eve, about forty years ago, Padre Vicentio was slowly picking his way across the sand-hills from the Mission Dolores. As he climbed the crest of the ridge beside Mission Creek his broad, shining face might have been easily mistaken for the beneficent image of the rising moon, so bland was its smile and so indefinite its features. For the padre was a man of notable reputation and character: his ministrations at the Mission of San Jose had been marked with cordiality and unction; he was adored by the simple-minded savages, and had succeeded in impressing his individuality so strongly upon them that the very children were said to have miraculously resembled him in feature.

As the holy man reached the loneliest portion of the road, he naturally put spurs to his mule as if to quicken that decorous pace which the obedient animal had acquired through long experience of its master's habits. The locality had an unfavorable reputation. Sailors—deserters from whaleships—had been seen lurking about the outskirts of the town, and the low scrub oaks which everywhere beset the trail might have easily concealed some desperate runaway. Besides these material obstructions, the devil, whose hostility to the church was well known, was said to sometimes haunt the vicinity in the likeness of a spectral whaler, who had met his death in a drunken bout, from a harpoon in the hands of a companion. The ghost of this unfortunate mariner was frequently observed sitting on the hill toward the dusk of evening, armed with his favorite weapon and a tub containing a coil of line, looking out for some belated traveller on whom to exercise his professional skill. It is related that the good father José Maria of the Mission Dolores had been twice attacked by this phantom sportsman; that once, on returning from San Francisco, and panting with exertion from climbing the hill, he was startled by a stentorian cry of "There she blows!" quickly followed by a hurrying harpoon, which buried itself in the sand beside him; that on another occasion he narrowly escaped destruction, his serape having been transfixed by the diabolical harpoon and dragged away in triumph. Popular opinion seems to have been divided as to the reason for the devil's particular attention to Father José, some asserting that the extreme piety of the padre excited the Evil One's animosity, and others that his adipose tendency simply rendered him from a professional view-point a profitable capture.

Had Father Vicentio been inclined to scoff at this apparition as an heretical innovation, there was still the story of Concepcion, the Demon Vaquero, whose terrible riata was fully as potent as the whaler's harpoon. Concepcion, when in the flesh, had been a celebrated herder of cattle and wild horses, and was reported to have chased the devil in the shape of a fleet *pinto* colt all the way from San Luis Obispo to San Francisco, vowing not to give up the chase until he had overtaken the disguised Arch-Enemy. This the devil prevented by resuming his own shape, but kept the unfortunate vaquero to the fulfilment of his rash vow; and Concepcion still scoured the coast on a phantom steed, beguiling the monotony of his eternal pursuit by lassoing travellers, dragging them at the heels of his unbroken mustang until they were eventually picked up, half-strangled, by the road-side. The padre listened attentively for the tramp of this terrible rider. But no footfall broke the stillness of the night; even the hoofs of his own mule sank noiselessly in the shifting sand. Now and then a rabbit bounded lightly by him or a quail ran into the brush. The melancholy call of plover from the adjoining marshes of Mission Creek came to him so faintly and fitfully that it seemed almost a recollection of the past rather than a reality of the present.

To add to his discomposure one of those heavy sea fogs peculiar to the locality began to drift across the hills and presently encompassed him. While endeavoring to evade its cold embraces, Padre Vicentio incautiously drove his heavy spurs into the flanks of his mule as that puzzled animal was hesitating on the brink of a steep declivity. Whether the poor beast was indignant at this novel outrage, or had been for some time reflecting on the evils of being priest-ridden, has not transpired; enough that he suddenly threw up his heels, pitching the reverend man over his head, and, having accomplished this feat, coolly dropped on his knees and tumbled after his rider.

Over and over went the padre, closely followed by his faithful mule. Luckily the little hollow which received the pair was of sand that yielded to the superincumbent weight, half burying them without further injury. For some moments the poor man lay motionless, vainly endeavoring to collect his scattered senses. A hand irreverently laid upon his collar and a rough shake assisted to recall his consciousness. As the padre staggered to his feet he found himself confronted by a stranger.

Seen dimly through the fog, and under circumstances that

to say the least were not prepossessing, the new comer had an inexpressibly mysterious and brigand-like aspect. A long boat-cloak concealed his figure, and a slouched hat hid his features, permitting only his eyes to glisten in the depths. With a deep groan the padre slipped from the stranger's grasp and subsided into the soft sand again.

"Gad's life!" said the stranger, pettishly, "hast no more bones in thy fat carcass than a jelly-fish? Lend a hand, here! Yo, heave ho!" and he dragged the padre into an upright position. "Now, then, who and what art thou?"

The padre could not help thinking that the question might have more properly been asked by himself; but with an odd mixture of dignity and trepidation he began enumerating his different titles, which were by no means brief, and would have been alone sufficient to strike awe in the bosom of an ordinary adversary. The stranger irreverently broke in upon his formal phrases, and assuring him that a priest was the very person he was looking for, coolly replaced the old man's hat, which had tumbled off, and bade him accompany him at once on an errand of spiritual counsel to one who was even then lying in extremity. "To think," said the stranger, "that I should stumble upon the very man I was seeking! Body of Bacchus! but this is lucky. Follow me quickly, for there is no time to lose."

Like most easy natures the positive assertion of the stranger, and withal a certain authoritative air of command, overcame what slight objections the padre might have feebly nurtured during this remarkable interview. The spiritual invitation was one, also, that he dared not refuse; not only that; but it tended somewhat to remove the superstitious dread with which he had begun to regard the mysterious stranger. Following at a respectful distance the padre could not help observing with a thrill of horror that the stranger's footsteps made no impression on the sand, and his figure seemed at times to blend and incorporate itself with the fog, until the holy man was obliged to wait for its reappearance. In one of these intervals of embarrassment he heard the ringing of the far-off Mission bell, proclaiming the hour of midnight. Scarcely had the last stroke died away before the announcement was taken up and repeated by a multitude of bells of all sizes, and the air was filled with the sound of striking clocks and the pealing of steeple chimenes. The old man uttered a cry of alarm. The stranger sharply demanded the cause. "The bells! did you not hear them?" gasped Padre Vicentio. "Tush! tush!" answered the stranger, "thy fall hath set triple bob-majors ringing in thine ears. Come on!"

The padre was only too glad to accept the explanation conveyed in this discourteous answer. But he was destined for another singular experience. When they had reached the summit of the eminence now known as Russian Hill, an exclamation again burst from the padre. The stranger turned to his companion with an impatient gesture; but the padre heeded him not. The view that burst upon his sight was such as might well have engrossed the attention of a more enthusiastic nature. The fog had not yet reached the hill, and the long valleys and hillsides of the embarcadero below were glittering with the light of a populous city. "Look!" said the padre, stretching his hand over the spreading landscape. "Look, dost thou not see the stately squares and brilliantly-lighted avenues of a mighty metropolis. Dost thou not see, as it were, another firmament below?"

"Avast heaving, reverend man, and quit this folly," said the stranger, dragging the bewildered padre after him. "Behold rather the stars knocked out of thy hollow noddle by the fall thou hast had. Prithee, get over thy visions and rhapsodies, for the time is nearing apace."

The padre humbly followed without another word. Descending the hill toward the north, the stranger leading the way, in a few moments the padre detected the wash of waves, and presently his feet struck the firmer sand of the beach. Here the stranger paused, and the padre perceived a boat lying in readiness hard by. As he stepped into the stern-sheets, in obedience to the command of his companion, he noticed that the rowers seemed to partake of the misty incorporeal texture of his companion, a similarity that became the more distressing when he also perceived that their oars in pulling together made no noise. The stranger, assuming the helm, guided the boat on quietly, while the fog, settling over the face of the water and closing around them, seemed to interpose a muffled wall between themselves and the rude jarring of the outer world. As they pushed further into this penitential, the padre listened anxiously for the sound of creaking blocks and the rattling of cordage, but no vibration broke the veiled stillness or disturbed the warm breath of the fleecy fog. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of their mysterious journey. A one-eyed rower, who sat in front of the padre, catching the devout father's eye, immediately grinned such a ghastly smile, and winked his remaining eye with such diabolical intensity of meaning that the padre was constrained to utter a pious ejaculation, which had the disastrous effect of causing the marine Cocker to "catch a crab," throwing his heels in the air and his head into the bottom of the boat.

But even this accident did not disturb the gravity of the rest of the ghastly boat's crew.

When, as it seemed to the padre, ten minutes had elapsed, the outline of a large ship loomed up directly across their bow. Before he could utter the cry of warning that rose to his lips, or brace himself against the expected shock, the boat passed gently and noiselessly through the sides of the vessel, and the holy man found himself standing on the berth deck of what seemed to be an ancient caravel. The boat and boat's crew had vanished. Only his mysterious friend, the stranger, remained. By the light of a swinging lamp the padre beheld him standing beside a hammock, whereon, apparently, lay the dying man to whom he had been so mysteriously summoned. As the padre, in obedience to a sign from his companion, stepped to the side of the sufferer, he feebly opened his eyes and thus addressed him:

"Thou seest before thee, reverend father, a helpless mortal, struggling not only with the last agonies of the flesh, but beaten down and tossed with sore anguish of the spirit. It matters little when or how I became what thou now seest me. Enough that my life has been ungodly and sinful, and that my only hope of thy absolution lies in my imparting to thee a secret which is of vast importance to the holy Church, and affects greatly her power, wealth and dominion on these shores. But the terms of this secret and the conditions of my absolution are peculiar. I have but five minutes to live. In that time I must receive the extreme unction of the Church."

"And thy secret?" said the holy father.

"Shall be told afterward," answered the dying man.

"Come, my time is short. Shrive me quickly."

The padre hesitated. "Couldst thou not tell this secret first?"

"Impossible!" said the dying man, with what seemed to the padre a momentary gleam of triumph. Then as his breath grew feebler he called impatiently, "Shrive me! shrive me!"

"Let me know at least what this secret concerns?" suggested the padre, insinuatingly.

"Shrive me first," said the dying man.

But the priest still hesitated, parleying with the sufferer until the ship's bell struck, when, with a triumphant, mocking laugh from the stranger, the vessel suddenly fell to pieces, and the rushing of waters which at once involved the dying man, the priest, and the mysterious stranger.

The padre did not recover his consciousness until high noon the next day, when he found himself lying in a little hollow between the Mission hills, and his faithful mule a few paces from him, cropping the sparse herbage. The padre made the best of his way home, but wisely abstained from narrating the facts mentioned above, until after the discovery of gold, when the whole of this veracious incident was related, with the assertion of the padre that the secret which was thus mysteriously snatched from his possession was nothing more than the discovery of gold, years since, by the runaway sailors from the expedition of Sir Francis Drake.

BRET.

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, February 28, 1865.

AMONG the small items of scandal is one referring to a prominent Philadelphia poet. He was found at the Continental Hotel, enjoying the society of a married lady, very much after the fashion of Francesca di Rimini and her enamored brother-in-law. A tableau ensued straightway, when the lady's husband entered; the latter was far beyond his wife's years, and did not know that youth combined with poesy could rob him of all his life held dear. He is reported at this writing to be midway between the Insane Asylum and the Divorce Court.

The more I live in the world the older I grow in the doctrine of Genesis, that all the thoughts of men's hearts are only evil and that continually; but I except the man who gave Buchanan Read, the other day, a house in the Quaker City which cost \$25,000. Whether it was Joseph Harrison or the merchant Clayborn I do not know, but the fact is certain. The donor had already bought for Read a country house, but the poet-artist being gregarious, refused to isolate himself far from the sweet society of streets, so the giver substituted for the villa a city residence. Read is a good drinker, but as he pays his debts and is honorable, I won't mention it. He has the good luck of having many friends; as a painter he is quite bad. Old Nicholas Longworth, his befriender, met him once in the streets of Cincinnati, and said:

"Tom, that was a fine poem of yours, this morning, in the paper; you are a first-rate poet, but a confounded bad painter."

I think that Read is a splendid lyricist and balladist, but his pastorals and epics are strained and ridiculous. Ticknor & Fields engross unfairly the poetical publications of consequence. Carleton, their sometime rival, has gone to Havana for his health. Carleton is a young man of say thirty-five,

and quite accomplished. He sings creditably, and plays billiards like a great chief. But I do not think that he conducts the publishing with sufficient dignity, but sensationally, as we publish papers and raise armies.

Hurd & Houghton appear to be looking up; at present they publish for incipient authors, at the expense of the latter, but have wonderful typographies. Some three years ago I visited those great presses, the Riverside and the University, at Cambridge, near Boston; the latter occupies the same building where the first book was published in Massachusetts. It stands opposite to the Harvard grounds, and not far from Charles River.

A young fellow named George Alfred Townsend has two books almost ready, a translation of *Manou Lescant*, by the Abbe Prevost, and a series of European papers to be entitled *The War Correspondent in Europe*. Townsend has been known, of late, as "Alfred Trample," but I have found him out, having facilities unsurpassed for so doing; he used to be the feuilletonist in Philadelphia, and superceded Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie in the literary and dramatic management of the *Press*, but went over to New York, rode a horse with McClellan and Pope in their two melancholy campaigns, and finally shied over to Europe, where he staid twenty-two months. His English literary experiences have been told in *Harper's Magazine*, but his book of the war correspondent abroad will exemplify representative Americanism in contrast with European institutions, manners and arts. Townsend is about twenty-four years of age, and I, for one, hope he will do well.

The "Orpheus C. Kerr" papers are to be recommenced soon, I understand, in the *Leader*. Since Fiske has become absolute in this weekly paper, he has expurgated much of its coarse partisanship, written a better dramatic summary than Clapp ever did, and added a lot of fine new writers to its staff. The *Leader* has in it the making of a great concern. *Apropos* of Fiske, I may say that the Count Joannes has sued him personally for libel. This suit was commenced at the instigation of a personal enemy, whom Fiske had superceded in the editorial chair. With a depth of gall never realized in the profession, the discharged person went to Court and made an affidavit that Fiske has libelled Joannes. The fact was true, but the honor of making it known strikes me as the meanest thing I ever read of.

The mother-in-law of Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Clemm, is living in great destitution in Baltimore, at a charity hospital. N. P. Willis and the young men who write for nothing for his paper, recently sent her a small subscription; the poor creature has given away every relic of Poe, the last being a pair of tongs to curl whiskers! and a small smelling bottle, which a Brooklyn manager obtained. Poe wrote *The Raven* in a little hut north of Central Park, in Westchester county. When he left Mrs. Clemm to go to Richmond, the old lady burst into tears: "I shall never see you again, Edgar," she said. A few days afterward, Poe was a dishonored corpse. Still, I am not one of those who wish that his life had been otherwise. Literature and character are better illustrated by Poe, as Fate and himself made him, rather than as society would have moulded him. Good men have no uses if there are no bad ones. All the world is a succession of contrasts.

Have you seen the excellent *exposé* of the Count George (Joannes) Jones in his suit for libel against Horace Greeley? I mention his non-suit merely to show how much genealogical love we have floating around in this republican country. Messrs. Kapp, Dwight and Leiber were called upon the stand to prove the impossibility of the titleship of a count being legitimately conferred by an ambassador, as Jones asserts his was. They established a converseance with feudal and titulary law which astonished me. Old Dr. Leiber is probably the greatest publicist in America. I see him frequently at the Century Club—a fat, genial, careless old character, who is at present absorbed in a mooted celebration of the fifth hundred birthday of Dante, which will probably be held at the Club Rooms. The Century affords some fine intellectual perspectives of Saturday nights, when the best artists, art-patrons, litterateurs and scholars are assembled, cooking their own oysters or sipping grateful toddies. Yonder is Bayard Taylor, tall, athletic, handsome, wearing becoming spectacles, but supple like an undergraduate. Close by is Church the painter, pale, cold and raven-haired, and next to him Launt Thompson the sculptor, with a marked face and kindly address, talking to Edwin Booth, whose noble head shows proudest even here where all are great-brained, except some dozen or two score, who stand for patron, and buy the pictures they do not understand. The two fine salons of the place are furnished with capital works of art, the most noticeable of which is Louis Lang's "Twelfth Night," which gives portraits of all the members in a Shakspearian procession. There is also a splendid engraving of Paul de la Roche's grand fresco in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and on the stairway is Ward's "Ethiop" in plaster. The Century Club is by all odds the finest association of professional gentlemen in America. Its house is upon Fifteenth street, and is very spacious and ornate.

Yours truly,

[DESULTORY.

HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

[THE penitential season of the Christian Church having this week been drawn to a close, it may be interesting to many readers to learn how the week is celebrated, and with what solemnity the anniversary of the Saviour's death is observed in the land wherein the blessed Nazarene suffered and died for the sins of mankind. The following selection is from the pen of Dr. Newman, who in his travels in the Holy Land, gives many entertaining and beautiful sketches of what he saw and learned in his journey from Dan to Beersheba:]

Following in the footsteps of the Master, on Good Friday eve I descended the acclivities of Moriah, crossed the same stoue bridge over which he had passed, and, entering the Garden of Gethsemane, I sat down beneath the aged olive-trees, and read the touching story of his passion. Returning to the city, in an "upper room," in company with a few friends, I partook of the Lord's Supper. That night I could not sleep. Walking out upon the house-top, I looked down upon Gethsemane. Unbroken silence reigned. The city slumbered. The lights around the balcony of the minaret burned dimly. The night wind blew softly from over the deep sea. The paschal moon was descending in the west. A silvery haze, like a gauze of purity, overspread the serene heavens. It was four o'clock in the morning. From an adjacent court-yard a cock announced the dawn of day. The distant east began to glow with the morning's earliest light. It was Good Friday in Jerusalem—the hour and the event of all time. Well may Christian affection ask, "Where is Calvary?" Who would not approach such a place in silent prayer? Wisely its identity is unknown to earth. Though its location is the first object of research by the Christian traveller when he enters the Holy City, yet it is the last to be determined with satisfaction. Tradition designates a rock, inclosed within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as the Mount of Crucifixion; but the site involves a controversy so complicated, that the mind prefers the recollection of the event to the examination of the argument. * * *

Toward the northeast corner of the city wall the sides of Bezetha are steep, rocky and broken. There desolation is complete, and the seclusion profound. The Kidron Valley winds around those rugged declivities, and the opposite sides of Olivet are barren and cheerless. Midway the hill there is a projecting rock, not unlike in form a human skull; on the north of it, a small ravine descends into the vale below, and just beneath it, on the east, the highway passes to the Heights of Beujamin. The sides are steep and covered with black moss. The term Calvary neither implies, nor is it used to designate a mount, but, coming from the Latin *calvaria* or *calva*, means a skull. If Golgotha is descriptive of a place where skulls lay uninterred, then this location agrees well with the sense of the word, as the dead that were here interred were so slightly covered with earth that the bones of such now lay scattered upon the ground; or if, as is more probable, it is the designation of a place where violent deaths occurred—the place for the capital punishment of criminals, whose bones, after the flesh had been devoured by wild beasts, lay bleaching in the sun, then this, of all other portions of the environs of the city, is singularly adapted for such a melancholy purpose. * * *

The Via Dolorosa is a lane-like street, narrow and crooked, leading from St. Stephen's Gate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and its dolorous name is no less significant of the tragical events which, according to tradition, occurred along its course, than of its forbidding and gloomy aspect. Like the "street which is called straight" in Damascus, and the Via Sacra in ancient Rome, the Via Dolorosa has a world-wide renown. Its windings, its rough pavement, its prison-like walls—penetrated with low doorways and grated windows—its rude arcade, excluding the sunlight and casting a deeper gloom within, sadden the mind, and are in keeping with the legends that have given to it universal notoriety. Along this dreary walk, amid its shadows and solemn memories, a wounded spirit finds companionship. As the industrious shrine-makers of this and of other ages, the monks have consecrated eight stations in this narrow street, commemorative of as many events in our Lord's journey from the dungeons of Antonia to the site of Calvary. In the northern wall of the Temple area are the two arches, now walled up, where stood Pilate's staircase, down which our Lord descended after his sentence was pronounced, and directly opposite is the Church of Flagellation, marking the place where he was scourged. Not many paces to the west is the *Ecce Homo* arch, where Pilate exclaimed to the infuriated mob, "Behold the man!" At the bottom of a gentle descent the lane turns to the left, and then to the right. Beyond this angle is shown a deep impression in the solid stone wall, made by the shoulder of Jesus when he leaned against it at the time he fainted. Near it is the house of St. Veronica, the illustrious woman who presented the Savior with a handkerchief to wipe his bleeding brow. From her residence to the terminus of the street the gloom and silence are painful; and at well-apportioned intervals are indicated, by broken columns, the places where Simon was compelled to bear the Redeemer's cross, where Jesus addressed the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and where his tragical death occurred.

Throughout Good Friday groups of pious pilgrims were threading the Via Dolorosa and offering their prayers at its legendary shrines. That night the Latin monks dramatized the crucifixion of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At an early hour the venerable Church of St. Helena was thronged with natives and strangers, consisting of Greeks, Latins, Copts, Armenians, Turks and Franks. To prevent a disturbance, the military governor of the city had ordered a detachment of Turkish soldiers to be present. Among the dignitaries in attendance to witness the fictitious tragedy were foreign consuls attended by liveried cawasses, a hundred French officers, with their orderlies, who had that day arrived from Beirut, and prominent among the distinguished persons was Lessep, the famous canal-digger, who had ascended from Egypt in an improvised chariot drawn by a pair of the noblest camels, and was the first who had crossed that ancient road since the day of Roman chariots.

It was past eight o'clock when the solemn drama was opened with the recitation of prayers in the sacristy of the Latin chapel. The light of a hundred gold and silver lamps, fed by olive-oil, scarcely dispelled the darkness of the hour. At 9 P. M. the pageant was fully commenced, and the long procession began its march, each person bearing a wax taper that shone dimly on the air of night. First came Augustine friars, attired in brown cowls and cassocks; then followed a stalwart monk, bearing an immense cross of light-colored wood, curiously figured. On the cross was nailed the carved figure of a man, crowned with thorns, from whose side the life-blood was flowing, and around whose loins was drawn a white linen cloth. Behind the crucifix came two choirs of monks and catechumens robed in white, chanting a funeral dirge, with responsive chorus; following the singers was Rome's eminent prelate, the patriarchal Bishop of Jerusalem, crowned with a gold mitre, wearing a black velvet cloak richly trimmed with gold lace, and bearing in his right hand a gold crucifix adorned with jewels; following in his train were priests of lesser rank in dark robes, and barefooted friars with shaven heads, to imitate the crown of thorns, and nuns in blue and black garments and white linen bonnets; and next came the French consul, the military officers, the common soldiers, poor pilgrims, and strangers from all nations, whose devotion or curiosity prompted them to join the imposing procession.

Within the church are lateral chapels, regarded as shrines by the pious, such as the prison of Christ, the chapel where he was bound, where he was mocked, and where his vestments were divided by the Roman soldiers. At the chapels the procession halted to listen to sermons preached in the Italian, French, German, Arabic and English languages. It was near midnight when the procession reached the foot of Calvary. Slowly ascending the rude steps cut in the solid rock, the heavy cross was set in its original resting-place on the summit. In imitation of the supernatural darkness, every light was extinguished. At that moment a tumult occurred. The rough voice of derision rose above the universal clamor, and echoed through the aisles and arches of that ancient building, as the Turkish soldiers charged upon the people. Enraged at the insult offered to his religion, the French consul drew his sword, threatening death to Turk or Christian who should crowd upon him. In a moment quiet was restored and the scene went on. Accident gave the charm of reality to the occasion. There stood the captain of the guard, with the smile of scorn upon his attractive though stern features; around him were his troops, and near them were fanatical Moslems reviling the spectacle; standing afar off were Christian women, robed in white sheets, concealing their person except their soft dark eyes, which peered out above their veils; and surging to and fro, like mighty waves, was a motley throng eager to behold the drama. Amid the solemnities human nature was revealed. * * *

The three sermons at the several crosses ended, the lights burn dimly again. And now began the descent from the cross, after the style of Rubens's great picture. Three venerable monks, impersonating Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and St. John the Evangelist, approached the cross to take the body down. One, climbing up behind the cross, and throwing a sheet around the body and under the arms of the image, held it fast, while another tenderly drew out the nails, kissing each one in turn as he laid them upon a silver plate; then receiving the body into his arms, with the head resting on his shoulder, wrapped it in fine linen, placed it upon a bier, and to the chant of another dirge the procession descended to the pavement of the church, where the image was placed upon the stone of unction for anointing, and hence borne to the tomb of Joseph, to await the joyous notes of Easter Sunday.

M. Edouard de Beaumont, an artist, who is also a distinguished archaeologist, has discovered among some hitherto undeciphered papers at the *Ecole des Chartes* a document giving the details of the falling in of a mine, by which a number of Burgundian soldiers, fully equipped in their accoutrements were buried alive. This circumstance is recorded to have taken place at the beginning of the fifteenth century in the neighborhood of Laon. M. de Beaumont has already commenced the necessary diggings, and archaeologists are deeply interested in his success.

ONE WORD WITH THEE.

ONE word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye, and hear thee say
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness;
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush forever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core;
Whether we meet again, or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief, yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice—where last we met alone;
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own;
One word of bliss: O God! and can it be
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED.

TIDINGS OF SUSAN.

"I WISH to Heaven she had stopped with you," exclaimed Francis Tredethlyn. "She had few friends, poor girl, and had no need to leave any one who felt kindly towards her."

"But she did leave us," replied Miss Banks; "she paid mother every farthing she owed her, and packed up her few little things. She would make me take some of her pretty ribbons and collars, that had been bought in Paris, and never worn out, for she didn't care to dress herself smart when Mr. Leslie was not at home; and then she sent for a cab and went away. I heard her tell the driver Shoreditch railway station, for I ran out to the cab and kissed her the last thing and begged her to come and see us whenever she came back to London; and she promised that if she lived, and things went well with her, she would. But from that day to this we've never set eyes upon her."

And this was the end of what Miss Banks had to tell. Francis Tredethlyn's thoughts wandered back to Mrs. Burfield; it was to her that Susan Tredethlyn had gone in the March of 1851. So far the girl's history is complete; but the grand question still remained, Where was she now to be found? A deserted wife, a friendless, and perhaps penniless mother; what had become of this lonely, inexperienced girl between the March of 1851 and this present autumn of 1853.

"But surely you can give me some clue by which I may trace my cousin?" said Francis, after a pause; "you can give me the address of some friend, some intimate acquaintance of Mr. Leslie's; he must have had visitors while he lived here."

Jemima shook her head decisively.

"Not one," she answered: "except for bringing his brother home to dinner once or twice, when he was first married, no mortal belonging to Mr. Leslie ever darkened mother's doors. Mother and me used to think it odd, and of course there always are advantages in lodgers keeping much company, which makes up for extra trouble; and the most audacious lockers up that ever were can't go and lock up under visitors' very noses. But we supposed, as Mr. Leslie's marriage was a secret one, he didn't care to bring his friends home."

"But his brother came?"

"Yes, only when they were first married; he never came after."

"Did you hear the brother's address?"

"Well, I have heard that it was in some of those law places, the Temple, or Gray's Inn; but I never heard any nearer than that."

Mr. Tredethlyn gave a despairing sigh; he thought of Mrs. Burfield's description of his cousin, pale and wan, waving her little hand out of the carriage window as she left Colton slough, friendless and poor. Was it not more than likely that she had only gone away to die, and that his search for her would end at last in the discovery of a grave?

But might not the man, the husband who had deserted his innocent and confiding wife, might not he be found and made to pay a heavy penalty for his sins? Vengeance seems but a poor thing at the best, but it is at least something; and Francis Tredethlyn felt a fierce desire for revenge against the cold-blooded destroyer of his cousin Susan's happiness.

He asked Miss Banks many more questions, but she could tell him no more than she had already told him. She had never heard anything of Mr. Leslie's family or antecedents, directly or indirectly. She knew he went to college, but she

never remembered hearing what college. She had fancied sometimes that Mr. Leslie's name was an assumed one: indeed, she was sure it was; for when his brother had come to dine at Woolcote Villas the first time, he had inquired for Mr. Robert by some other name. Unfortunately, that other name had entirely escaped Miss Jemima's recollection.

"He caught himself up short," she said, "as if he was vexed with himself for having let slip that other name, and I never heard it again the whole time Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were with us. I don't think Susan knew much more about her husband's affairs than I did, for he always treated her like a child; and even when he was kindest to her, he seemed to have a high and mighty way with her, that would have kept any timid person from asking questions."

Francis thanked Miss Banks very heartily for the trouble she had taken to enlighten him to the extent of her power, and then bade her good afternoon.

"If you should meet with any one wanting apartments and board, either partial or entire, you'll perhaps be kind enough to bear mother in mind," the young lady said, as she escorted him to the door. He murmured some polite assurance that he would neglect no opportunity of promoting Mrs. Banks's interest, and returned to the Hansom which had been waiting for him during his prolonged interview with the good-natured Jemima.

From Woolcote Villas he drove to the office of the Marylebone registrar, and from that official he obtained an assurance that the marriage between Robert Leslie and Susan Turner, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1849, was, so far as his part of the business went, as legally binding as if the ceremony had been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury within the solemn precincts of Westminster Abbey.

"If they chose to be married in false names, that was their business," said the registrar, "and they might find themselves bothered about it by-and-by. But, except where there's property, it isn't often that a person's called upon to prove his marriage. I suppose, by your making the inquiry, there is property in this case?"

Francis Tredethlyn shook his head.

"I know no more about that than you do," he said.

"Well, shan't forget that business in a hurry," said the registrar, who was inclined to be communicative. "In the first place, the man was one of your regular tip-top swells, and that's a kind of party we don't often see here; and in the next place, he gave me a twenty-pound note, which was the first windfall of that kind that ever dropped into my pocket, and is more than likely to be the last."

"Can you tell me what the man was like?"

"Tall and fair, with blue eyes and light hair; your regular swell: not the heavy military swell—more of a delicate, womanish way with him; but such as you may see by the dozen any afternoon in St. James's street or Pall Mall."

This description was no clearer than that given by Jemima Banks. Francis could scarcely walk through a London street without meeting with some man who might be described in the same words. He left the registrar's office, and went back to his hotel; and, absorbed in the arduous duties of his toilet, thought alternately of lost Susan Tredethlyn, *alias* Susan Leslie, and of beautiful Maude Hillary, who was so soon to be his wife.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN'S DISINTERESTED ADVISER.

She was so soon to be his wife! Yes, October was near at hand. Already the woods and hills beyond the "Star and Garter" were bright with autumnal tints of vivid orange and glowing crimson. The milliners and dressmakers, the outfitters and bootmakers, were perpetually appearing in the hall and on the staircases at the Cedars. Wicker baskets lined with oilskin seemed continually passing in and out of Mr. Hillary's abode, and Maude could rarely enjoy a quiet half-hour undisturbed by a mysterious summons, entreating her to inspect or to try on some garment newly brought home by a "young person" from town. Harcourt Lowther made himself quite at home both at the Cedars and at Francis Tredethlyn's chambers during this period of preparation. Francis took very kindly to his old master in his new capacity of friend and mentor. The habits of the past made a link between them. The old, half-friendly, half-supercilious familiarity which had characterized Harcourt Lowther's treatment of his servant melted now into a playful and almost caressing friendliness. Mr. Lowther was a thoroughly selfish man, and he found himself called upon in this instance to sacrifice his pride in the cause of his interest. He affected a hearty interest in Francis Tredethlyn's affairs, and contrived, somehow, by a series of manoeuvres, so subtle as to be imperceptible, to instal himself in the post of chief adviser to the inexperienced young Cornishman. Mr. Lowther was an idle man, a very clever man, too versatile for greatness, or even for any celebrity beyond that species of drawing-room reputation which women are able to bestow on the men who are not too noble to waste a lifetime in small accomplishments and shallow courtesies. He was very clever, very idle, very much inclined to quarrel with the decrees of Providence; and in Francis

Tredethlyn he saw the possessor of the two things he himself most ardently desired—a great fortune, and Maude Hillary for a wife. But he was true to his resolution to take matters quietly; and he assisted in the preparations for the wedding with as much outward show of pleasure as if he had been a match-making mother, rejoicing in the happy disposal of a whole brood of daughters. The big mansion in the new district of palatial streets and squares lying between Kensington and Brompton was fitted and furnished under Lowther's superintendence. He had meetings with architects, gilders, decorators and upholsterers; and, with only an occasional reference to Francis, gave his orders as freely as if the house had been his own. Sometimes, walking up and down the whole length of the three drawing-rooms, a strange smile flickered over his face—a contemplative smile, which faded away in the next moment, giving place to that perfection of fashionable indifference to all things in heaven and earth which was his ordinary expression.

The appointed day came at last, and poor Francis drove down to Twickenham, looking as pale as his light waistcoat, but supported by his friend Harcourt Lowther as best man. Once, and once only, Maude Hillary looked at her discarded lover while she remained Maude Hillary; but there was a world of mingled scorn and reproach in that one look. Ah! how different his love must have been from hers, she thought. Had he forsaken her for a wealthier bride, she would have gone far away from the sound of his wedding bells, and the sight of his wedding finery. In that one look she had seen that he was almost as pale as the bridegroom, but she could not forgive him for being there.

There was all the usual business. Autumnal flowers scattered under the feet of the bride and bridegroom; charity children in clean pinafores cheering in shrill treble voices as the bridal carriage drove away; and then a breakfast, and the popping of champagne corks, and the creaming of the delicately perfumed Moselle, and a little speech-making of the mildest character; and then a departure amidst all the confusion of a crowded hall and portico—young lady intimates pressing forward to caress the bride; loud-voiced young men congratulating the bridegroom; servants with white favors standing on tiptoe to get a peep at the show; and then the postillions crack their whips, and the carriage rolls away through the chill autumn evening, and Maude sees Twickenham town spin by her in a dim glimmer of comfortable fire-light, twinkling redly in cottage windows.

The wedding tour had been amongst the many things which Harcourt Lowther had kindly undertaken to plan for his friend, and after a great deal of deliberation, that gentleman had pitched upon one of the dullest and quietest watering-places in Devonshire, as the one spot upon all this earth best suited for Mr. Tredethlyn and his bride.

"You don't want the stereotyped Continental tour; the Rhine steamers are crowded with cockneys, who find it easier to spout *Childe Harold* than to regulate the administration of their h's. What do you know about the castled crag of Drachenfels, dear boy, and what do you care for all the hackneyed sentimentality about beery old knights and battered old castles? You don't speak any language but your honest native tongue, and you would be bothered out of your life before your travels were over—unless you took a courier—and then imagine seeing nature through the eyes of a courier! No, my dear Tredethlyn; the sort of thing for you is some quiet little watering-place—an humble cot, in a tranquil spot, with a distant view of the changing sea; and all that sort of thing; in other words, a tranquil little retreat where you and Mrs. Tredethlyn may have time to get acquainted with one another."

Francis was only too glad to take such pleasant advice. To be alone with Maude, alone beside the still gray sea in the quiet autumn evenings, seemed to him the highest bliss that earth could hold for any human being; and poor Francis blessed his generous friend for the sound judgment which was to secure him such happiness.

"I dare say I should have gone scampering all over the Continent, but for you, Lowther," he said, innocently. "Those other fellows at the Cedars advised a tour through half Europe: 'See plenty of life,' they said; 'freshen yourself up with change of scene, and pick up all the jargon you can out of Murray, so as to be able to hold your own in society. Everybody travels nowadays, and it doesn't do for a fellow with lots of tin to be behind the rest of the world.' But I'll take your advice, Lowther. I wanted Maude to choose the place for our bridal trip, but she wouldn't; so we'll go to the Devonshire village."

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Lowther had any other than the most friendly intention when he selected Combe Western as the scene of Francis Tredethlyn's honeymoon: but, on the other hand, it must be confessed that had Harcourt wished to inspire Maude with a weariness of her husband's society, he could have scarcely selected any place better calculated to assist him in the carrying out of his design. At Combe Western, the misty autumn days were unbroken by any change, save the slow changes of the hours, and the gradual darkening of the sky. There were pleasant

drives and romantic scenery to be found in the neighborhood of Combe Western; but Devonshire is a rainy county, and as it rained with little intermission during the whole of that honeymoon period, Francis Tredethlyn's bride was compelled to find her chief amusement in the prim lodgug-house drawing room and the society of her husband.

And this society was not congenial to her. He was handsome and pleasant to look at; manly, good-tempered, generous. No mean or unworthy sentiment ever dropped from his lips. She respected him, and was grateful to him; nay, even beyond this, there was a certain latent affection for him lurking in some corner of her heart, but she was very tired of him nevertheless. To be truly attached to a person, and desperately weary of them, is not altogether an impossibility. Are we not sometimes weary of ourselves, whom we yet love so dearly? When you get tired of a book you have nothing to do but close the volume and restore it to its shelf. But you cannot shut up your friend when he becomes tedious; you must needs go on, wading through page after page of his conversation till you yawn in his face, and arouse him to the unpleasant conviction that he is a nuisance.

Maude was very gratefully and affectionately disposed towards her father's benefactor; but she grew terribly tired of his sole companionship during that rainy six weeks in the quiet Devon watering-place. If the bride and bridegroom had gone on that stereotyped foreign tour so strongly protested against by Harcourt Lowther, Maude's sunny nature would speedily have asserted itself. She would have found in the rapid changes of scene, in all the pleasant excitement of quick travelling, plenty of subject matter for conversation with her new companion; there would have been always some common ground on which they could have met, some little incidents of a traveller's day, which would have aroused a sympathy between them. But thrown on their own resources at Combe Western, a Horace Walpole and a Madame du Deffand might have exhausted their conversational powers, and yawned in each other's faces. Maude found herself wishing for the end of her honeymoon before the first week thereof had drawn to its close; and Francis, always timidly watchful of his wife's beautiful face, felt a chill anguish at his heart as he perceived her weariness of spirit.

Thus it was that, when they returned to London, the husband and wife were little nearer to each other than on their wedding day. No pleasant familiarity with each other's thoughts and feelings had arisen during that dull residence in a dull watering place. That subtle process of assimilation by which—except in some dismal examples—husband and wife grow like each other in mind and feeling had not yet begun. They were strangers still; in spite of Maude's esteem for her husband's character, in spite of Francis Tredethlyn's blind idolatry of his wife's perfections; and Harcourt Lowther, who was one of the guests at their first dinner-party, was not slow to recognize the state of the case.

"You'll get on admirably together by-and-by, dear boy," he said to Francis, as they smoked their cigars together, in a luxurious little study behind the big library, some days after the great dinner. "You'll get on superbly with your lovely wife, if you only play your cards cleverly. There must be no Darby and Joan business, you know—no sentimentalism. Lionel Hillary's daughter is just the woman to be disgusted by that sort of thing. It was all very well, of course, to do the romantic during the honeymoon; but that's all over now. Your wife will go her way, and you'll go yours. Her friends will absorb you. You'll have your club, your horses, your men's parties, and perhaps, by-and-by, the House—for you ought decidedly to get into Parliament—and it will be utterly impossible for you to spend all your mornings hanging about your wife's rooms, or nursing her Skye terriers, as you seem to have done hitherto."

"But I like so much to be with her," Francis remonstrated, piteously. "It's very friendly of you to give me these hints, and I daresay you're right, to some degree. I know Maude used to seem very tired at Combe Western, and we both got into the habit of looking at our watches in a dispiriting kind of way every quarter of an hour; but since we've come to London she has quite recovered her spirits, and we are so happy together; you should have heard her laugh the other morning, when I taught one of the Skyes to shoulder arms with a lead pencil."

Mr. Tredethlyn laughed aloud himself at the recollection of this feat. Harcourt Lowther shrugged his shoulders, and a frown, or the passing shadow of a frown, darkened his handsome face.

There are some natures in which there is a certain element of childishness, and between such natures no desperate antagonism is ever likely to arise.

"We were dull at Combe Western," said Mr. Tredethlyn, presently; "but since we've been in London we've got on capitally. I've been everywhere with Maude—shopping even; and I've written out the lists for her parties, and been on a round of calls; and, in short, I've been the happiest fellow in all creation."

"No doubt, my dear boy; that sort of thing's delightful for a fortnight; but look out for the day when the twin

demons of satiety and disgust will arise to wither all these Arcadian delights."

Francis pondered gravely. He had been happy since his return to London, for he had seen Maude bright and lively, pleased with the novelty of her position, happy in her father's affectionate welcome, serene in the consciousness of pure intentions, and grateful for the devotion, of which some new evidence met her at every turn. Poor Francis had been entirely happy; but it needed only a whisper from an elegant Mephistopheles in modern costume to render this simple Cornishman doubtful even of his own happiness. It might be only a sham and delusion after all, and Maude's sunniest smile might be the smile of a victim resigned to the sacrifice.

"If you think that Maude is likely to grow tired—," Francis began, in a very melancholy tone; but Mr. Lowther interrupted him.

"If I think! my dear boy. How can I do otherwise than think what is obvious to the dullest apprehension. Take life as other people take it, my dear, simple-minded Tredethlyn, and you'll find it go smoothly enough with you. Try to live on a plan of your own, and—the rest is chaos. No woman will long tolerate a man tied to her apron-string. She may be flattered by his devotion in the beginning, but she ends by despising his folly."

So it was that Francis Tredethlyn began life under the advice of his friend, Harcourt Lowther. After that evening in the studio the young husband no longer intruded himself upon his wife's leisure, or attempted to identify himself with her pursuits. He found plenty to occupy his own time, for Harcourt Lowther always had some new scheme for his friend's employment or amusement. A race, that no man living in the world could exist without seeing; a horse to be sold at Tattersall's; a celebrated collection of pictures at Christie and Manson's; a bachelor's dinner at a club; a review at Wimbledon; somehow or other there was always something to be seen, or something to be done, of a nature in which Mrs. Tredethlyn could neither have any part nor feel any interest; and when Francis and his friend dined alone with her, as they did very often, it happened somehow that the conversation was always of a horsey and masculine character, painfully wearisome to the ordinary female mind. If Mr. Lowther had been intent on widening the natural gulf which circumstance had set between these two people, he could scarcely have gone to work more skillfully than he did; though it is of course to be presumed that he was only an unconscious instrument, an involuntary agent of mischief and ruin.

(To be continued.)

MECHLIN IN THE NETHERLANDS.

[FROM Alfred Trample's forthcoming volume, "The War Correspondent in Europe," the annexed description of the Mechlin Cathedral tower and the beautiful chimies of its famous carillon, is selected. The strolling hero, one Applegate Shrink, happens in his wanderings to visit the old city, and thus vividly describes the cathedral:]

APPLEGATE obtained rooms for his patrons in a hotel upon the Grand Place, but took more modest quarters for himself in a boatman's inn on the river-side. The rest of the company, being wearied with travelling, kept in their quarters, and he sallied out to see the churches and the town. There are many fine edifices in the Netherlands, but it was a whim of the young courier that this cathedral of Mechlin exceeded them all in grandeur. Its massive gray tower went up so dizzily that the head reeled to follow with the eyes its flights of buttresses. It was like a champion of man, with its granite feet wide planted, looking defiance to God. It seemed to grow higher as one measured it, lifting the beholder, as by some spell of loftiness, till with his thoughts his body seemed ascending. As we grapple some precipice firmly, and yet fear to peer down the abyss lest we might fall, so Applegate felt his feet falter as he gazed up, and up, and up, and up again, as by some infinity of spaces too vast to be inclosed in a single glance, and he could have wished to cling to the solid earth with both his hands, lest it should sink beneath him, and he go floating like the stones on the fair pinnacles to some niche above the swallows' nests. There were other objects to attract: the priests who entered and departed below; the poor old women and the school-children climbing the steps of the transepts, the many fantastic carvings above the windows and portals, yet none of these could divert him from the grand tower. The eagles should have been its architects, to bear its separate stones so far into the sky.

While the great mariner was on the ocean, searching for a world, the Flemish masons were wearily heaping up this landmark. They did not hope to see it finished; for those were the days when art was its own recompense, and generation after generation took up work and helped it forward—as in our own time, a few men put a stone to the world's liberties, though they may not see the perfect edifice. Applegate attempted to restore to the cathedral its dangerous scaffolds and the masons who trod their gossamer floors. The sounds of trowel and adze rang out again, mingled with turbulent choruses. He heard the names of Charles the Bold and his fair daughter of Burgundy blended with the deeds of the

dauntless guildsmen who scattered the chivalry of France and England, and dictated terms to kings. Suddenly, a multitude of birds darted through the open windows far up among the highest pinnacles, and a peal of beautiful music floated out on the evening-air. It was the cathedral-carillon. It fell far and wide over the silent city, like wings of sound folded for the night upon a brood of tiny houses. It was at first a local peal like the lark's as she sings upon her perch; but by-and-by, the air, which had only quivered like the feet of listeners who are eager to dance, took up the music, and seemed itself to sing.

The song went out in wavy undulations, as if the thousand tune-birds were flying everywhere. Now soft, now keen, now silvery, now profound; the hundred bells seized the measure in their turn, and at last the dim old city grew intoxicated with music. The quaint Flemish gables seemed to rock, like the trees to the lute of Orpheus; the belfry of the mossy halles was quite beside itself with merriment; the wooden shoes upon the uneven stones kept time to the notes of the musician, and in the end, the whole round landscape, like a world, rose and fell to the irresistible cadences. What emotions were not expressed in this grand opera—love, mercy, despotism, energy, power. You can hear the mother's lullaby mingled with battle-bugles; a sweetheart's ballad is drowned by a deep requiem; the farmer's boy, tilling a field, glides into the loud chorus of the congregation praising God, and when the carillon ceases, the earth still thrills as if the very winds had come from their four quarters to murmur at their disappointment because too late.

Applegate obtained the key to the tower-door from a beer-shop near by, and a chatting old woman followed him up the dim stone stairs; he could not have found his way unguided; the flights were many, and disconnected; now and then the route leading around the outside of the tower, gave him glimpses of the deep city, and at last he gained the belfry where the carillon hung suspended. There were not less than a hundred bells, of all sizes, from the most minute clochette to the huge beffroi or tocsin, arranged in parallel lines, and connected by wires with the keys of some invisible instrument. The old woman pointed out the closet where the musician was hidden; and, to be rid of her garrulity, the lad gave her a few sous, and obtained permission to descend when he pleased. New flights of steps carried him to the last stage of the tower, whence, climbing a high ladder, he gained the edge of the battlement, 348 feet from the ground. Mechlin lay beneath him, divided by the river Dyle, which meandered like a ribbon through the meadows around the tower, and at the horizon rose the faint spires of four great cities, Louvain, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp.

At this spot one should read the history of the Netherlands, thought Applegate, with the whole country beneath one for a chart, for, upon this little circle of space all civilization was once concentrated—art, architecture, learning, manufactures, commerce—it was their cradle as it became their grave! Out of this panorama filed those great Crusaders who set up the cross in Jerusalem.

A new religion started behind them; its creed was equality and liberty; weavers and brewers were its apostles; it has proselytized half the world. Then came trade, without which there can be neither learning nor art, to turn into the Low Countries rivers of wealth. Soon rose new reformers, who tempered faith with freedom. They laid down their lives not in vain, if, leaving the old religion, they left more rights to man.

But decadence ensued; labor hoisted its golden fleece and sailed away to England; Applegate saw the grass growing in Mechlin streets; a bugle rang out as he gazed, and a squadron of clumsy Belgian cavalry came filing into the town; these were the pitiful descendants of the dauntless burghers and artisans who once defied the Emperor of Europe! The old town gave a deserted echo to their tramp; a few Flemish boors came out of the rare old gables to look on, and when the horses' hoofs sounded no longer, silence and gloom, like a habitual garment, fell upon the old ecclesiastical city.

Here the bells below began to play, and the lad, anxious to see them in operation, descended to the tower. The huge stone walls threw back the sound, till every stone in the broad structure tingled, and Applegate imagined himself upon the inside of one great bell. Responsive to the fingers of the invisible musician, each tongue was vocal in its turn. And so had this same carillon sung to Mechlin for four centuries of day and night, in peace and war, deserted or besieged, in her affluence and in her prostration. Whatever mutations marked the world around it, the high tower in the clouds made music for ever.

AN AUTHOR'S PROFITS.—Dumas the elder has worked twenty years for ten hours a day; he has written 400 volumes of novels and thirty-five plays. Together they have been sold for 18,213,600 francs, that is to say, about £728,544. For twenty years M. Dumas employed, or rather caused to be employed, no less than 692 persons. During his visit to this country, he is to be the guest of the Hon. George Bancroft of New York.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1866.

Mr. C. H. Webb has retired from THE CALIFORNIAN.

CORRESPONDENTS will please direct their favors hereafter to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

REMOVAL.—The publication office and editorial rooms of THE CALIFORNIAN are removed to 532 Merchant street, between Montgomery and Sansome.

THE USES OF VICTORY.

WITH the capture of Lee's army that phase of our national struggle which may be aptly termed the warrior's era has passed. Those positive forces which a four years war have slowly gathered will henceforth meet with little to expend their strength upon, and the era of the statesmen and thinker, of argument and conciliation, is close at hand. But an unforeseen difficulty may arise. It must not be forgotten that we were hurried into this war by feebly-protracted statesmanship, and it is not improbable that, on the other hand, peace may be delayed by retention of the martial spirit and the acquired velocity of a tremendous material force that four years ago was set in motion.

The best argument in favor of a conciliatory spirit toward the rebels lies in the fact that we have triumphed over the rebellion. Whatever may be the fate of Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy of which he was the Chief Magistrate is at an end; whatever may be done with Lee, the army which he so ably commanded is annihilated. Whatever may be the final disposition of the tools of these two chief conspirators, the absurd theories which they labored to uphold, the fallacies for which they bled with a courage and endurance worthy of a good cause and purer motive, are overthrown. If we may take the words of Vice President Stephens, that "slavery was the keystone of the Confederacy," with the removal of that hideous blot upon humanity and progress, the arch has fallen, and we can feel little else than pity for the few short-sighted laborers who have barely escaped destruction in its ruin. That principle of human justice which demands an example for the purpose of deterring the future commission of a similar crime, does not obtain here. With the destruction of slavery and State rights, the cumulative causes of the rebellion can never occur again. Civilization and progress are continually leading us out of the pitfalls in which we have stumbled. If it has been truly said that the precedents of other nations offer no guide to our own policy, the law that beheads and quarters the traitor was founded on absolutism and terror, and belongs to a principle of government which is often as illogically shown in the decapitation of royal heads and the overthrow of institutions that are supposed to be of divine origin. Within the last few centuries, the theories of government have undergone a radical change. Its strength is no longer measured by its power over the subject, but rather by its own self-control. The strongest government is no longer that which is the most rigid, but that which can afford to be the most merciful.

As the policies of statesmen are more or less controlled or impeded by the spirit of the people, and as this in its turn is influenced by the press, it becomes those conservators of public sentiment to modify that rancor into which the advocacy of extreme *exparte* views, proper enough in time of war, but mischievous in peace, have often unwittingly betrayed them. Some of these journals will languish for their customary pabulum. Others will find it hard to give up certain formulas which have in some way taken the place of ideas, and a few will have to abandon invective—always a cheap and easy form of composition. But having great faith in the recuperative powers of the American mind, and the curative qualities of our national atmosphere we can believe that this class will prove only an exception and that the homely sound sense of the nation, represented as it is by the Chief Magistrate, will prevail. In this Mr. Lincoln will have an able supporter in Mr. Seward, whom we trust, spite of his serious accident, may long be spared to the nation. The fact that no war or foreign embroilment has sprung out of our foreign complications during the last few years is an evidence of his ability to grapple with the even more delicate questions of the hour.

THE ACCIDENT TO SECRETARY SEWARD.—The latest news of the condition of Secretary Seward is to the effect that his injuries by the fall from his carriage are assuming a dangerous character. Erysipelas is threatened. Medical men fear that he cannot repair the waste of vitality, in consequence of his inability to partake of solid food, and that the coming warm weather will be fatal to him. Even in the midst of popular rejoicing over the glorious events which promise peace and Union, intelligence of this nature will cast a gloom over the land.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MAGNETISM.—The entertaining lectures of Dr. Benton have been given nightly at Platt's Hall during the week, and have been well attended. These lectures are accompanied with some surprising illustrations of magnetic power, and are awakening an increasing interest in the community. Dr. Benton lectures this evening, after which he will be forced to suspend his series, until the latter part of next week, owing to the hall being held under prior engagements.

GRASS VALLEY NATIONAL.—A change has recently taken place in the editorial department of this paper; W. S. Byrne withdraws and J. R. Ridge becomes sole editor. The *National* has always been a welcome exchange, and we doubt not—now that the war-cloud has well-nigh passed, and the discussion of national policy may give place in some degree to more pleasant and genial topics—Mr. Ridge will make it one of the best journals in the State.

WE this week publish Part First of a story by an English writer: "My First Brief." The conclusion will be given in our next number. Americans are not over-sensitive, nowadays, in regard to the criticisms of their cousins across the water—in fact, rather like to see how they appear through English glasses—and a good story should not be lost because it gives an occasional rap at our peculiarities, real or imagined.

A grand vocal and instrumental concert in aid of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will be given at Union Hall, Howard street, Monday evening, 17th inst. The best musical talent of the State has been engaged, and as the work of the society is the relief of the destitute without regard to race or sect, there should be a crowded house. Remember—"He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Judge Hoffman on Wednesday passed sentence on the officers of the *Great Republic*, as follows: Captain J. W. Paul, for assault on Daniel Gilliopson, six months in the county jail. First Mate Lott B. Walls, for assault on Manuel Rodriguez, John C. McLaren, James Dunn, Henry Bates, and Daniel Gilliopson, sixteen months in the county jail. Second Mate William Coes, for assault on George M. Daggett with a dangerous weapon, eighteen months, with hard labor, in the State Prison. It is only just to say that throughout the trial of these offenders against humanity and law, the utmost energy has been displayed by Assistant District Attorney Sullivan, and no point omitted which had a proper bearing in procuring their conviction.

In re-publishing a poem from the pen of Mrs. Emilie Lawson, on our second page, a line was omitted from the concluding stanza; the mistake was overlooked in the hurry of sending the "first side" of the paper to press. The verse should read as follows:

Lost? lost?
No soul is lost!
Bright gems on the breast of Beauty shine
From the rayless caverns of the mine.
So, from the depths of the soul's despair
A flower may grow for a saint to wear;
And Love's young heart by the tempest cross
May have Indian Summer after frost,
If we learn the Right, by the Wrong's sad cost—
We are saved—not lost.

OPERA SEASON.—Opera cloaks are beginning to be looked up by their fair owners, and premonitory scrapings of fiddles are heard on rehearsal mornings at the Metropolitan. Astrologically the indications of the musical "stars" portend a gay season and a plethoric treasury. The Bianchis open at the Metropolitan on Monday night with *Lucia*. Maguire's grand troupe, already on their way here, will probably open their season at the Academy of Music about the first of May. The company consists of the far-famed Adelaide Phillips, *prima donna contralto*; Signora Sconcia, *prima donna soprano*; Sbriglia, *tenor*; Mafio, *basso*, and Orlandino, *baritone*. The troupe will bring with them the costumes and music of *La Prophete*, *Faust*, *Don Sebastian*, *Lu Juive*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* and other new operas. Mr. Rieff, the former musical director of the Lyster troupe, completed the engagement with those *artistes* and will occupy his former position in the present troupe.

The family of Old John Brown are living in Red Bluff, and are in a needy condition. In Sacramento and Marysville subscriptions are being taken for their benefit.

(For the Californian.)

THE RUINS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Extracted from the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, of April 10th, 2865.]

TOWARDS the close of the 19th century the city of San Francisco was totally engulfed by an earthquake. Although the whole coast line must have been much shaken, the accident seems to have been purely local, and even the city of Oakland escaped. Schwappelfurt, the celebrated German geologist, has endeavored to explain this singular fact by suggesting that there are some things the earth cannot swallow—a statement that should be received with some caution, as exceeding the latitude of ordinary geological speculation.

Historians disagree in the exact date of the calamity. Tulu Krish, the well-known New Zealander, whose admirable speculations on the ruins of St. Paul as seen from London Bridge have won for him the attentive consideration of the scientific world, fixes the occurrence in A. D. 1880. This, supposing the city to have been actually founded in 1850, as asserted, would give but thirty years for it to have assumed the size and proportions it had evidently attained at the time of its destruction. It is not our purpose, however, to question the conclusions of the justly-famed Maorian philosopher. Our present business lies with the excavations that are now being prosecuted by order of the Hawaiian Government upon the site of the lost city.

Every one is familiar with the story of its discovery. For many years the bay of San Francisco had been famed for the luscious quality of its oysters. It is stated that a dredger one day raked up a large bell, which proved to belong to the City Hall, and led to the discovery of the cupola of that building. The attention of the Government was at once directed to the spot. The bay of San Francisco was speedily drained by a system of patent syphons, and the city, deeply imbedded in mud, brought to light after a burial of many centuries. The City Hall, Post Office, Mint and Custom House were readily recognized by the large full-fed barnacles which adhered to their walls. Shortly afterwards the first skeleton was discovered, that of a broker, whose position in the upper strata of mind nearer the surface, was supposed to be owing to the exceeding buoyancy or inflation of scrip which he had secured about his person while endeavoring to escape. Many skeletons, supposed to be those of females, encompassed in that peculiar steel coop or cage, which seems to have been worn by the women of that period, was also found in the upper stratum. Alexis Von Puffer, in his admirable work on San Francisco, accounts for the position of these unfortunate creatures, by asserting that the steel cage was originally the frame of a parachute-like garment which distended the skirt, and in the submersion of the city prevented them from sinking. "If anything," says Von Puffer, "could have been wanting to add intensity to the horrible catastrophe which took place as the waters first entered the city, it would have been furnished in the forcible separation of the sexes at this trying moment. Buoyed up by their peculiar garments, the female population instantly ascended to the surface. As the drowning husband turned his eyes above, what must have been his agony as he saw his wife shooting upward, and knew that he was debarred the privilege of perishing with her? To the lasting honor of the male inhabitants be it said that but few seem to have availed themselves of their wives' superior levity. Only one skeleton was found still grasping the ankles of another in their upward journey to the surface."

For many years California had been subject to slight earthquakes, more or less generally felt, but not of sufficient importance to awaken anxiety or fear. Perhaps the absorbing nature of the San Franciscans' pursuits of gold getting, which metal seems to have been valuable in those days, and actually used as a medium of currency, rendered the inhabitants reckless of all other matters. Everything tends to show that the calamity was totally unlooked for. We quote the graphic language of Schwappelfurt:

"The morning of the tremendous catastrophe probably dawned upon the usual restless crowd of gold-getters intent upon their several avocations. The streets were filled with the expanded figures of gaily-dressed women, acknowledging with coy glances the respectful salutations of beaux as they gracefully raised their remarkable cylindrical head-coverings, a model of which is still preserved in the Honolulu Museum. The brokers had gathered at their respective temples. The shopmen were exhibiting their goods. The idlers or "Bummers"—a term applied to designate an aristocratic, privileged class who enjoyed immunities from labor and from whom a majority of the rulers are chosen—were listlessly regarding the promenaders from the street corners or the doors of their bibulous temples. A slight premonitory thrill runs through the city. The busy life of this restless microcosm is arrested. The shopkeeper pauses as he elevates the goods to bring them into a favorable light, and the glib professional recommendation sticks on his tongue. In the drinking saloon the glass is checked half way to the lips; on the streets the promenade-

ers pause. Another thrill and the city begins to go down, a few of the more persistent toppers tossing off their liquor at the same moment. Beyond a terrible sensation of nausea, the crowds who now throng the streets do not realize the extent of the catastrophe. The waters of the bay recede at first from the centre of depression, assuming a concave shape, the outer edge of the circle towering many thousand feet above the city. Another convulsion, and the water instantly resumes its level. The city is smoothly engulfed nine thousand feet below, and the regular swell of the Pacific calmly rolls over it. Terrible," says Schwappelfurt, in conclusion, "as the calamity must have been, in direct relation to the individuals immediately concerned therein, we cannot but admire its artistic management: the division of the catastrophe into three periods, the completeness of the cataclysms and the rare combination of sincerity of intention with felicity of execution."

H.

(For the Californian.)

THE VENDUE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE CAUSE.

OF all the tyrants whose actions swell
The pages of history, and tell
How well they fought, and how brave they fell
In battle assault or seige, pell mell,
Or blew up their foes and themselves as well,
By way of a general ridding,
Commend us to Jefferson D. who spread
On the "outer wall" a flag of red,
And called to an auction sale instead
The wretches who did his bidding.

And yet, so fickle's the human mind,
In fact or fiction you'll always find
The popular taste is most inclined
To the traitor that's most consistent,
And the standard drama declares the fact
That he ought to die with his weapon back't,
Or fall on his sword in the final act,
As Brutus once did in his tent.

Laugh at the principle if you will,
One feels a kind of indefinite thrill
For the hunted pirate who covers still
O'er his magazine with an iron will
And a pistol cocked and loaded,
And knows that capture will bring the flush,
The swift upheaval, and awful crash,
The blinding smoke and the sullen splash,
But never dreamed of selling for cash,
As certain people we know did.
Alas! that the theory and the rash
Example are both exploded.

No doubt that Samson essayed to crown
In some such manner his life's renown
In that final act which they say brought down
The house on his last appearance,
Or, if further illustrations you lack,
I've been keeping the scorpion figure back,
Who, girdled with fire, is never slack
In effecting his mortal clearance.

But there are skeptical folk who doubt
If Jefferson Davis really sold out,
On the eve of his final defeat and rout,
Such trifles as pots and kettles,
Or ever his proud soul stooped so low,
While girdling his loins for a final blow,
To lend himself to a Yankee show,
Whose very detail belittles,
And call the tale a *canard*—as near
What really is genuine and sincere
As the duck of Vaucanson might appear
To the one that digests its victuals.

But ah! the poet, whose prophet eyes
Can look through the battle-clouds that rise,
Sees not the traders who sacrifice
Such homely trifles as housewives prize,
But a symbol of something greater—
The selling out of a mansion built
On the soil where a Nation's blood is spilt,
With Fate for an auctioneer, and Guilt
Close by, an amazed spectator.

To such there comes a terrible awe,
To think that the people who gathered saw
The mighty arm of some Northern Thor
Uplifting the auction hammer,
And knocking down with each terrible blow
Some things that the catalogue didn't show,
In words that the reader will find below
Mixed up with the vendor's clamor:

THE SALE.

"Going, gentlemen!—going, gone!
The entire furniture, slightly worn,
And the family portraits these walls adorn,
Well worthy of any man's—hanging;
And some English carpets as good as new,
A little down-trodden, but then they'll do
If you let Grant shake 'em and put 'em through
The usual beating and hanging!

"Who bids for a genealogical tree—
A beautiful piece of embroidery,
A very first family's pedigree?
What a chance for our youthful scions!
Who bids? As the article's useless now
I'll take—five dollars!—too bad, I vow!
Well, put it in greenbacks! What name? eh, how?
Ah, beg your pardon!—'Lord Lyons'!

"A family bible I offer next,
Which opens itself at a certain text
About Onesimus that once vexed
The church as a *casus belli*;
And all those passages stricken out
Which provoke research in this age of doubt:
How much?—Ah, thank you?—'tis yours, my stout
Old Cardinal—Antonelli!

"Now here's an article one might skip,
But the lot goes together—a driver's whip,
And, barring some stains on the thong and tip,
It's still in complete preservation:
Who bids? where's the man who's afraid to speak loud?
What, you, little white-coat, just back in the crowd,
With yellow moustachios and bearing so proud!
Going, gone!—to the Austrian Legation!

"Going, gentlemen—going, gone!
The household gods of a man forlorn,
For the benefit of the wives that mourn,
And of children's children, yet unborn,
And of bonds that none shall sever;
The house, and all that the house contains,
The wandering ghosts and their vengeful manes,
The naked walls and their blot and stains,
And even the title that now obtains
With an U. S. Grant forever!"

F. B. HARTE.

THEATRICAL TALK.

BUSINESS at the Opera House has been wonderfully good for Lent.

On Monday, the *Magnolia* was played for the last time for the benefit of the translator.

Tuesday, *Nine Points of the Law* and *A Bull in a China Shop* filled the bill.

On Wednesday, after the mild domestic drama of *Rachel the Reaper*, the new local farce, *Dr. Slop-Pot-Tea*, by the author of *Assessments*, or, *Look after My Josephine*, *Do You Know Jones?* and numerous other dramatic perpetrations, was produced. It made the audience laugh most consumedly, therefore it may be reckoned a successful "screaming farce." Its chief merit is that it hits the humor of the time. "Felix Squizzlem, M. D." (Harry Courtaine) having but a small practice, takes the advice of his negro servant, "Pete," (Barry), and taking his cue from the prevailing mania for consulting Chinese physicians, assumes the cue and dress of a Mongolian doctor, and under the title of "Dr. Slop-Pot-Tea," commences to practice upon the credulity of the citizens of San Francisco. Pete acts as his interpreter; Leonidas Brutus Carverho Squizzlem has told his wife that he intends to go to Placerville to attend to the practice of Dr. Guzzlebosh during his absence. Patients flock to consult Dr. Slop-Pot-Tea who would have no confidence in Felix Squizzlem, M. D., and everything goes well until "Mrs. Squizzlem," (Mrs. Perry), comes in with a lady friend, "Mrs. Comstockledge," (Miss Belle Land,) to consult the famous Chinese doctor, and discovers him to be her Squizzlem. This is the *denouement* of this amusing trifle. The appearance of Harry Courtaine as a Chinaman convulsed the audience with laughter, and they also laughed heartily while he sang a most pathetic and doleful Chinese ballad, the accompaniment to which was played by the orchestra on Chinese fiddles, tum-tums and gongs. I always wish to give credit where it is due, and therefore take much pleasure in stating that I have discovered that Mr. J. L. Schmidt, the leader of the orchestra composed the beautiful Chinese music to which the ballad was sung.

On Thursday, the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets took a benefit, which must have bountifully replenished their coffers. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The performance commenced with Boucicault's drama, *Jeannie Deans*. It was admirably played. Mr. Wheatleigh's "Counsellor Fairbrother" was a superb piece of acting; Harry Courtaine was wonderfully effective as "Geordie Robertson;" Mrs. Sophie Edwin in "Jeannie Deans" finds a character peculiarly suited to her, and in her enaction of it left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Perry, as "Effie Deans," gained immense applause, and the other characters were very well sustained. I do not think it will be a great while before the "pretty chrysalis," as the *Call* styles Miss Clarkson, shows the wings of the butterfly, judging from her rendering of "Madge Wildfire." I hope she will not fly away when matured.

The better the day the better the deed, thought Manager Maguire when he chose Good Friday for giving a benefit to Mrs. Pink, whose little girl was in June last burned to death while performing at the Opera House. *Jeannie Deans* and *Slop Pot-Tea* were announced as the evening's entertainment. Mr. Harry Courtaine, however, being very ill all day, suffering much from bad spirits, *Dominique the Deserter* had to

be substituted for *Dr. Slop-Pot-Tea*. To-night the *Colleen Bawn* will be played. On Monday Mr. Charles Wheatleigh will take his first benefit. The public will, I am sure, be glad to testify their appreciation of the pains he has taken to afford them amusement during the last few weeks, by giving him a bumper benefit. Mr. Charles Thorne will on this occasion make his first appearance since his return from China. The play will be *The Octoroon*, with Wheatleigh as "Salem Scudder" and Thorne as "Jacob McClusky." Easter Monday. *The Octoroon* and Wheatleigh's benefit! Surely Maguire's Opera House will be well filled. *Sybilla*; or, *Step by Step*—a play which had a successful run in London and New York—is announced as being in active preparation.

On Tuesday next, Miss Heron will leave her appreciative Virginian friends and return to San Francisco. About the week after next she will commence a farewell engagement of a few nights.

The Eureka Minstrel Hall has been doing anything but a brilliant business during the past week, although the entertainment given has been a pleasing one, and the choruses, in particular, so fine that no lover of good vocal music could fail to be satisfied. The musical element is there, but I think the one thing lacking is the funny element. Taylor is a good "end-man," but people will make "odorous" comparisons, and sigh for the departed Billy Birch.

The American Theatre opened on Tuesday last with a good company. Chief among a constellation of stars shone the bright Worrell sisters, Jennie, Sophie and Irene. The grand burlesque spectacle of the *Elves* was produced in splendid style with magnificent scenery, new music and local songs. This afternoon and evening the fairy spectacle of *Cinderella* and the nautical drama of *Black-eyed Susan* will be produced. This company comprises considerable comedy talent in the persons of Mrs. Judah, Fred Franks and little Jennie Worrell. The prices have been placed at such a low figure—50 and 25 cents—that it will be indeed strange if the fine entertainment given does not nightly draw a fine house. The scenery is new throughout, having been painted expressly for this season by Mr. Torning.

A paper after the style of the *Paris Figaro Programme* is to make its appearance on Monday; it will publish the bill of the play at the Opera House and the programme of the opera at the Academy of Music, when the season commences, and be circulated in both houses. Its title will be *Figaro*.

TOUCHSTONE.

LOCAL AND INTERIOR ITEMS.

An affray occurred at Dayton, Nevada, between V. D. Flint and P. L. Moon, in which the latter was killed.

Richard Kneale, convicted of killing Robert Kneale, in Grass Valley, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Thirty-two lodges of Good Templars, (a temperance order,) have been organized in this State during the past six months.

The California Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. will meet in San Francisco, May 2d.

A prize fight took place near Virginia, Nevada, recently, between Foy and Kelleher. Thirty nine rounds were fought; Foy won the money, though the other took the "belt"-ing.

The Supreme Court having decided there was no help for it, the Board of Supervisors have reluctantly issued bonds for \$400,000 in accordance with the subscription of the city and county of San Francisco to the stock of the Central Pacific Railroad.

The Monitor *Cutmanche* has not yet obtained its full complement of men—a chance for a few of the street-corner grumblers at "hard times and nothing to do." Others desiring constant employment can secure it by starting a newspaper.

Geo. E. Rolland has withdrawn from the *Stockton Record*, E. O. Judd becoming sole editor and proprietor. Mr. Judd is an old type, and knows how to get up a paper at once a faithful *Record* and an entertaining visitor—better still, "that which he knoweth, the same doeth he."

Superintendent Swain, of the Mint, has withdrawn the resignation which he had placed in the hands of the Department. He was urged to continue in the position by all the bankers and many of the merchants of the city, and also by a despatch from Secretary McCullough.

Inasmuch as the rebellion is believed to be about ended, Gov. Low has concluded not to call for the Ninth and Tenth Regiments of California troops, as recently contemplated. Infantry for "the next war," will continue to organize, however, Governor or no Governor.

Lieut. Lafferty and detachment surprised Mason, the murderer, whose crimes and escapes have made him notorious in the southern part of the State, at the head of Panoche valley, April 12th; the villain made the most desperate attempt to escape, and finally succeeded, but not until his horse was shot and himself badly wounded in the hip by a shot from the Lieutenant's pistol.

ONE CRY.

I AM tired! No one knows
Save God and I
How the wild wind blows,
Piercing my tender breast
With its icy blast,
Tears my heart, and makes unrest
Bend my spirit with the past
Like a spear in a cruel hand.

How I suffer! No one heeds
Save God and I.
How this poor heart bleeds,
And these bitter life-waves surge
With torturing strength,
Singing a mocking dirge
Which will end at length
In sheer mockery when I'm at rest!

MY FIRST BRIEF.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

"TAKE my advice, Hector, old fellow, and travel, if travel you must, on this side of the Atlantic. Fortune has knocked at the door of your chambers at last; but if you are not back by November, you will lose your chance," said one of my friends and fellow-barristers, as he bade me good-by on the platform at Euston Square. Sound counsel, probably, but thrown away on the recipient, as my mind was made up, and it was too late to change it.

I am a member of the Inner Temple—in my case a barren honor, since, during the years that had elapsed since my call, I had been numbered among the briefless. Not that I am one of those forensic amateurs who have no wish to toil, and who embrace the profession as jauntily as they would enter a club. On the contrary, I have both a desire and an aptitude for work, coupled with a laudable ambition for chief justiceships and puisne judgeships, if not for the woolsack itself. Mine was an instance—by no means, I fear, a solitary one—of a gentleman whose sole requirement was to be employed and kept to hard labor, and whose modest aspirations were thwarted by flinty-hearted attorneys. Imagine, then, the half incredulous delight with which I received from Nailer and Clutchit, of Chancery Lane, my retainer in the great case of *Whittle vs. Wotherspoon*. The hearing had been fixed for the autumn term, so I had ample time to study this deeply interesting process in all its bearings. Study it I did accordingly, and with all the ardor of a novice. I carefully read, and copiously annotated, four bagfuls of papers and parchments. I served up the great case at breakfast, lunch and dinner, and even in my dreams I was haunted by *Whittle vs. Wotherspoon*. I prepared a thrilling speech, ransacked legal libraries, and practiced myself in extracting the truth from an unwilling witness by daily subjecting my clerk to a most severe cross-examination with reference to trunancies and speculations hitherto disregarded.

At last my health began to suffer from confinement and over-fatigue, and I reflected that I was thoroughly master of my client's affairs, and that a long vacation intervened between the present moment and the hour of my forensic triumph. I resolved to relax my intellect, and brace my nerves by travel, and a happy inspiration suggested the New World as the scene of my holiday ramble. In spite, therefore, of my friend's well-meant counsel, I embarked at Liverpool, and the Cunard steamer making a fine summer passage, on the eleventh day my feet were treading the dusty pavement of New York. It was, however, what Americans call the "heated term," and the upper ten thousand were at Saratoga and other watering-places. My stay at the gigantic metropolitan hotel was therefore short, and having visited the falls, Washington, Philadelphia, and the other principal lions of the North, I was eager to explore the South, not at that time torn by civil war.

My plan—one usual with British travellers—was to steam down the Ohio and Mississippi, to tarry awhile in New Orleans, to make some stay at St. Louis, and thence to make some excursion long enough to entitle me through life to speak authoritatively on prairies, Indians and buffalo hunting. Afterwards I intended to scamper through the Gulf States, and notably that South Carolina which was already showing the armed head of secession. To be sure, time began to run short with me, seeing that I had lingered in the North longer than was prudent, and I should have but just sufficient time to hasten back to New York, and embark, that I might reach London early in November. The great case of *Whittle vs. Wotherspoon* was to come on in that month. Making my way by railroad to Cincinnati, therefore, I devoted but twenty-four hours to the queen city of the West, her pigs, patriots, caucuses, and timber-flats, and finally embarked upon the broad Ohio in the *Henry Clay* steamboat.

The *Henry Clay* was a fine vessel of her class; her cabin was as full of looking-glasses, gilding and polished bird's-eye maple as a French café; her hurricane deck was a promenade of enviable smoothness; and the ladies' pavilion was sufficiently replete with ormolu, buhl and silk curtains to have

made a boudoir for a princess. The cook was a clever mulatto, the waiters and stewards were the most nimble of darkies, and the table equipage was only too bright and spotless to suit the habits of the company. So far all was good; and although I am sure that extravagant fires were kept up in the engine-room, while I had reason to suspect that the safety-valve was screwed down to prevent inconvenience, still no accident occurred, and the speed was undeniable. But the company! Well, perhaps I had no reason to complain, but it seemed to me that we had on board more than our fair complement of "Western pioneers," of "sportsmen"—which last word implies something very different in America from its British signification—and of "native raw material."

I will not deny that there were some passengers of good manners and breeding—some highly-educated New Englanders, one or two dashing Virginian gentlemen, who looked and spoke like genuine descendants of Charles II.'s cavaliers, and a couple of lemon-complexioned ladies from the South, who had the taste and elegance of Parisians. But the majority consisted of very queerly-dressed and odd-mannered people. So much the better, thought I, as I whipped out my note-book and patent pencil. If the Americans were modelled after the standard of Old World propriety, who would care to visit them? Thus ran my reflections; their originality, their startling notions of etiquette, are the very attractions that lure the traveller amongst them. I made notes accordingly, and conversed freely with all comers; and the mass of information I received, though compressed into shorthand, actually overflowed my notebook. So various as it was, too; so bewildering in its contradictions!

Dr. Simon Coffin, of Connecticut, assured me that the South did not dare to go beyond words, and that, with Lincoln for President, every colored person in the slave States would be emancipated within a year, or that New England would know the reason why. Colonel Titus Fletcher, of Alabama, was quite of a different opinion; according to him, the South *did* dare anything and everything, would "conquer the cowardly North, sir, in sanguineous conflict, and hang old Abe Lincoln, sir, as high as Julius Caesar, or any other nigger-worshipping despot who should put a slight on our Southern chivalry, sir." And a third, senator Pudsey, of Maryland, differed radically from the colonel in all things, while flatly denying every word the doctor chose to utter. So far, my part was that of a mere spectator, but before long, though I was still unconscious, the curtain rose upon a drama in which I was most unwittingly to play the principal character.

At Clarksville, in the State of Indiana, there came on board an individual apparently in weak health, for he was huddled up in a camel cloak, with the collar turned up to his ears, in spite of the excessive sultriness of the weather; he leaned on a cane, and carried something that looked like a portable medicine chest, secured by one of Hobbs' patent locks. This person was dressed in black, of course, *a l'Américaine*; he had a long, lean face, an innocent brown wig that made little or no pretence to be anything but a wig, and blue spectacles. He was hard of hearing, and amazingly silent for a Yankee. I have thus attempted to sketch the portrait of a most unprepossessing personage, apparently sixty years old, infirm in health, and morose in temper. Who could have conjectured that my destiny hinged on the actions of that ungainly fellow-passenger, or that my brilliant prospects—poor legal Almaschar that I was—were to be dashed to ruin by the casual conduct of a lean old traveller in a brown wig?

I am myself a believer in the theory of presentiments, and I affirm on my honor as a Templar, that I felt a strong antipathy towards this man from the very moment of his unlucky arrival. And yet he did nothing to provoke such a sentiment. He was not quarrelsome, or censorious, or reckless in the disposal of tobacco juice, as many of my fellow-pilgrims were. Even his deafness, though secluded him from social intercourse, gave no annoyance to others. To be sure, when any loquacious New Englander endeavored to elicit his personal history by means of questions, the efforts which he made to comprehend were painful to witness, and his replies had something of the snappish character not unusual to the deaf; but at other times he would sit among a number of talkers, putting his hand at intervals, trumpet fashion, to his ear, and struggling hard to catch some scraps of the general conversation. But he never volunteered an observation, and was speedily left alone as a hopeless case.

Once I fancied that I saw the deaf traveller whispering to a negro steward in the cabin doorway, and I thought that the black started and laid his fingers on his lips when he caught sight of a white man approaching, but this may have been mere accident. Once or twice, too, this strange-looking being hovered about me as I stood alone on the hurricane-deck, blinked at me curiously over his blue glasses, and seemed on the point of addressing me, but ended by wheeling round with a growl, as some one else came sauntering up from the cabins. Repulsive as the aspect of the voyager was, I once or twice mustered sufficient charity to accost him, but on each occasion we happened to be seated at the public dinner or breakfast table, and an inarticulate muttering, accompanied by the application of the hand to his ear, was the only reply. At last

the man went on his way, somewhat to my relief, and I saw no more of him.

This event, I have since had cause to remember, occurred at Shawnee-town, on the right or Illinois shore of the river. We were all at breakfast, seated at long tables, and deep in the enjoyment of hot waffle cakes, hominy, turkey, molasses, venison-steaks, coffee, crackers, fish, pumpkin pies and iced water, when a voice in the doorway announced Shawnee-town, and forthwith the deaf gentleman jumped up as if he had divined the sound with unwonted sagacity, caught up his hat from the stand which it shared with fifty others, and shuffled on deck, followed by a grinning deputy steward with his valise and medicine chest. Our stoppage was brief; no one else left the steamer at that obscure place, and our breakfast was not interrupted.

When my hunger was appeased, I rose like the rest, scrambled for my hat, found it, put it on, and went on deck. Nothing remarkable happened. The stream was with us, the *Henry Clay* went like a snake through the water, and in a few hours we passed the free State of Illinois, and had Missouri on our right, and Kentucky, as before, on our left. In passing some red bluffs of sandstone rock, which Mrs. General Brake, of Osage county, took pains to assure me were considered, by competent judges, to whip all European scenery to trash, a gust of wind from among these bepraised cliffs blew my hat off, and but for the dexterity of a gentleman in front of me it would have been lost in the river. However, Captain Hiram Greenpole caught the truant hat in his bony fingers at the moment when it was clearing the rail to fall overboard. Would that it had! Alas that it was not permitted to float idly down the yellow Mississippi, a nest for the kungfisher, or a plaything for baby alligators! Perhaps, had that hat become flotsam and jetsam, on the Father of Waters, the dark web of my destiny might not have suffered the excision of its brightest strand. I may have lost wealth and honor, Britain a legislator, England a judge, through that unfortunate rescue.

It was evident by Captain Hiram's smiling face and polite gestures that he was actuated by the very best of motives, when suddenly, as he gazed upon the hat which he was about to restore to me, his countenance became overcast, and a long whistle broke from his compressed lips. Then he eyed me sternly, glanced at the hat again, frowned more decidedly than before, showed the unlucky *chapeau* to two or three lounging Southerners who stood near, and straightway drew upon me the scrutiny of as many pairs of suspicious eyes. All this occupied but a moment, yet it was unaccountable to me, and I began to wonder whether the captain were mad, or whether some wanton insult were intended. I came forward, naturally enough, to reclaim my property.

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Greenpole," said I, as affably as could be expected, "for kindly saving my hat."

"You own to it then, sir?" said the militiaman, lifting the ruffled article of attire high in the air. "Am I to understand that you own to it?"

"Own to it!"—an odd phrase, thought I. However, I said that I was the owner, and that I was obliged for the hat's preservation; and with that I gently withdrew it from his grasp.

"You heard that, Wilson, Ellis, Heckermann? and you, Dr. Jabez Cook?" asked the restorer of my hat, in a thrilling voice.

"We did. We'll testify, sure as death! What's more, we saw for ourselves. That *does* flog all!"

Such were the several rejoinders of the four passengers whose ocular testimony had been appealed to; but why, I knew not, nor could I guess. I had heard that Americans in the far west were somewhat peculiar in their behavior, and I set down Captain Hiram's melodramatic tone to a mere love of mystery and importance. Little did I dream that I should ere long be terribly undeceived. I went aft. The glare of the sun threw a flood of yellow light on the broad and tawny river, on the long trains of rafts that floated down with the current, on the broad-horns pulling along closer to shore, and on the sand-bars, and shoals, and trees half submerged, through the midst of which our skilful pilot was guiding our course with an unerring precision. The engines panted and hurried, the sharp bows cut their eager way through the turbid water, and the German musicians of the band struck up one of their lively waltz tunes. Everything on board told of life and motion, and the go-ahead determination in which America has long been deemed to excel; yet I was depressed by a feeling for which I could not reasonably account. It may have been merely the effect of the strange scenery—the gloomy cypresses, the black pines, the tangled swamps, the maize fields, tobacco patches, and "barrens,"—that contrasted so forcibly with the aspect of my native land, and reminded me that I was, after all, far from home, and a friendless stranger.

But this melancholy mood soon passed away, and I found myself in good spirits, and free of fancy, as before. However, if I was unchanged, a great and disagreeable alteration soon became visible in the demeanor of the rest of the passengers on board the *Henry Clay*. Wherever I looked I saw scowling brows, saturnine glances, looks of alarm, of hate, of

scorn, and I know not how many other unamiable sentiments, unmistakably levelled at me. Yes, at me, Hector Phelps, barrister-at-law. Unwittingly I had become the *bête noire* of the steamboat. I approached Mrs. General Brake, who in the morning had been very gracious indeed to the travelling Briton, but now she gathered up her skirts as if there were contamination in my contact, and turned away with a look of the most withering contempt.

Nor was this lady the only one of my former acquaintances who gave me the cold shoulder. Professor Harvey Blouse, one of the most learned botanists in the South, and Natural Philosophy Lecturer at Columbia University, hissed out the word "serpent," with a sibilant drawl that emulated the rattlesnake itself, and retreated into his sleeping-den. Miss Billiter, the belle of the boat, around whom sighed and languished a dozen sallow young gentlemen in satin waistcoats, turned from me with a little scream as I drew near. Even old Abraham Wells, the Philadelphia Quaker, scuttled away from me as if I had been plague-stricken. I saw Hiram Greenpole the centre of a group of most animated debaters, who talked and gesticulated, and pointed at me, and jerked their heads at me, and muttered and frowned like a set of stage conspirators.

Yes, I was the object of all this turmoil, of all this disgust, this loathing, this alarm and execration. And why? In the name of justice and sound sense, why? I had done nothing. I had in no way infringed the rules of even American etiquette. In politics I had been guarded and Erastian enough to satisfy the veriest time-server alive. And yet I was marked out as the object of scorn, dislike, and a sort of fear on the part of every one I beheld. In vain I asked myself the reason. But the fact was patent enough. I am not a nervous man, nor one of those vain persons who imagine themselves the centre of attraction to an indifferent universe. Neither can I be classed with those unhappy persons whose thin-skinned sensitiveness leads them to declare, with *Scrub*, that they *must* have been the subject of discussion, because the speakers "laughed consumedly." In my case nobody laughed; but looks sour and dark enough to presage an evil ending to the affair met my bewildered gaze on every hand.

It may, perhaps, be asked why I did not boldly confront the tacit accusation of the crowd, declare my innocence, and, in a word, take the bull by the horns. Alas! he who could ask such a question little knows the intricacies of human nature, or how impossible it is to convict the many-headed of injustice. Cicero himself would have recoiled from such an ordeal as that of addressing the motely passengers of an American steamer on the subject of their unfriendly mien. I had no alternative but to wait till the popular caprice should be at an end. But my troubles were but beginning. There were on board two smart young negroes—servants, as they were euphuistically styled, of a family going down to some place in Mobile. These two black lads had been very chatty and communicative, and when I found the white passengers so abruptly indisposed for my society, I walked forward for a gossip with my sable brethren. Yes, there was Scip, and there was Telemachus, mounting guard, as usual, over Massa's bloodhound, and Missy's parrot, and young Missy's guitar-case, and other portable possessions.

But scarcely had I begun to converse with my smiling black friends before Colonel Budge strode angrily up and desired to know "how I dared to tamper with his negroes?" But for the very singular behavior of the other passengers, I should have fancied that the colonel had been imbibing mint juleps too freely in the barkeeper's cabin; but, as it was, I naturally grew hurt and indignant.

"What do you mean, sir, by such unwarrantable language?" I inquired, I dare say very savagely; but at any rate the little wizened field officer looked desperately frightened, and he skipped away as nimbly as a dancing-master.

Presently I saw a portly lady, Mrs. Budge, advance, leaning on the arm of a gaunt planter, and escorted by a body-guard of two more. I thought she was coming to apologize for her consort's rudeness, but never was there a more unhappy conjecture.

"Scipio! Telemachus!" cried Mrs. Budge, in a deep, hollow voice, like that of a tragic actress, "go to the negro cabin this moment. If I see you speak again to this—this individual, you shall have such chastisement as a cowhide can inflict."

It was evident, to judge by the haste with which the two classic youths hurried their dark skins out of the presence, that Mrs. Colonel Budge was a woman of her word.

"Really, madam," said I, "you must be laboring under some extraordinary misconception: Your conduct, preceded by the insulting remarks of Colonel Budge, entitles me to ask the reason of—"

"Ask your own conscience, sir," said the lady with terrible emphasis, at which I started in spite of myself.

"Come away, madam. Pray, Mrs. Budge, let me persuade you to retire!" cried the gaunt planter, very hot and excited. "We shall presently bring this affair to a reckoning; but it is not fit that a delicate matron should endure the ignominy of conversing with an incendiary."

They hastened away to where the assembled passengers, huddled together like cattle, were looking on. Nor did I make any effort to follow them. My brains were in a whirl. I knew not whether to believe myself drunk or dreaming, or to imagine myself the inmate of a floating asylum for lunatics. An incendiary! Such was the singular epithet applied to me, apparently in sober earnest, by a grave, gray-haired man. Incendiary! What had I done to be classed with rick-burners and illicit fire-raisers?—I, a harmless foreign traveller, and a member of one of the learned professions? Surely, thought I, there must be some strange mistake; unless, indeed, I am the victim of calumny. But I had no enemy in the New World—consciously, at least; and although a wild thought *did* cross my mind to the effect that my unjust persecution might be due to the machinations of the malignant Wotherspoon, I quickly dismissed the conjecture as absurd. After all, however vindictive and subtle the defendant in the great case of Whittle vs. Wotherspoon might be, however anxious to extinguish the legal luminary secured by the opposite party, I could scarcely imagine the Sheffield manufacturer capable of inspiring with his hostile sentiments a whole caravan of Western Americans. No, the matter remained in my mind a moot point.

Meanwhile, I could observe that I continued to attract the most lively attention on the part of my fellow-passengers. Had I been a wild beast, I could not, as I walked the deck, have had a wider berth or more ample elbow room conceded to me. Moreover, I presently perceived that a division had taken place among the passengers, severing their number into two distinct camps. The majority—and in America a majority is everything—consisted of undoubted Southerners, sallow, fiery eyed, and unfriendly of mien. The minority included all the little knots of bag-men, jobbers, surveyors, doctors, editors, and dealers in "notions," whose nativity was due to New England, to Maine, to Vermont, and other down-east States. The former assemblage looked at me, to use a popular idiom, as though they would eat me. The latter eyed me as if I were a Jonah, whose immediate sacrifice would be the only possible manner of bringing matters to a satisfactory termination; and there was more irritation mingled with their fear than need have existed. Really, really, this was a strange, a most painful position.

But I had little time for cogitation before fresh food for wonder was afforded me. I caught sight of a black woolly head peeping cautiously up the cabin stairs, of a pink-striped cotton jacket, a dirty napkin, a sable face expressing infinite concern and trepidation, and a pair of saucer-like eyes, rolling as they looked unutterable things at me. I saw that it was one of the negro stewards, Cæsar by name, who obviously desired to make some communication to my harassed self, without the knowledge of the company on deck. Down I went accordingly; and lo! there was Cæsar, with one swart finger laid mysteriously on his blubber lips, to indicate the necessity of caution. At another time I should have been amused, perhaps, at the ludicrous solemnity of the black man, contrasting, as it did, with his professional costume and napkin of office. But I was in anything rather than a jocular mood, and it was in the very sadness of seriousness that I asked the black steward what on earth was the matter.

To my surprise he began the conversation with a question: "Why massa come here?"

I made no answer, and the negro went on:

"Why massa come here, eh? Oh, berry, berry foolish thing—berry venturesome thing! Go put finger in big alligator's mouth, eh? Tink alligator no bite him off, eh, poor Massa 'Biram? Tink dey not know massa? Answer me dat!"

"Think they not know massa?" Here was a question more gratifying to any lurking vanity in my composition, perhaps, than satisfactory in the suggestions it evoked. Was it possible that I was more celebrated than I was aware of?—that my name was known in the Western Hemisphere, even before I had been able to display my talents in court? But, if so, whence the clear signs of the popular detestation? Surely I was not deserving of so much abhorrence. What had I done to earn the execration of the people of America? Could a hoax be intended? Impossible! And then, too, it flashed upon me that the negro had called me by a certain Biblical name, the like of which never was bestowed at baptism on a Phelps of the Leicestershire branch. He had called me "Massa 'Biram," meaning, doubtless, Abiram; and I was on the point of asking for an explanation, when my interlocutor shrunk away alarmed, as another man of color came shuffling out of the saloon, where the waiters were jingling the plates and glasses in preparation for dinner, and announced that the captain of the steamboat "wished to see me" at once, and in his own cabin.

"Massa best look sharp!" concluded the negro, with an ominous grin.

Deeming it wisest, under the circumstances, to waive all considerations of dignity, I hurried to the little state-room, which the captain of the *Henry Clay* called his own. I tapped smartly at the painted door. "Come in!" cried a high-pitched voice; and I found myself in presence of Captain Jonathan Willis.

(Concluded in our next.)

DEATH OF MOZART.—There is something beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song, the last he sang, was the "*Requiem*." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch and breathing into it that audying spirit which was to concentrate it through all time as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length, the light footsteps of his daughter, Emilie, awoke him. "Come hither, my Emilie," said he; "my task is done—the *Requiem*—my *Requiem*—is finished." "Say not so, my dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "you must be better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; this wasted form can never be recruited by human aid. From Heaven's mercy do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie. Take these my last notes—sit down by the piano, here—sing them with the hymn of thy sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have so long been my solacement and delight." Emilie obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderer emotion, sung the following stanzas:

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

"Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasure of earth with regret
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

"Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee, the wretched shall find
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

"Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing;
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

A PROFESSOR QUIZZED.—The celebrated Archbishop Whately wrote the following "supposed elegy" on the famous geologist Buckland:

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine the stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay,
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcase let stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is encrusted all over;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

MEXICAN MUMMIES.—It is stated from Mexico that there have been discovered in the State of Durango several grottoes containing a vast number of mummies in perfect preservation. According to the descriptions contained in the archives of the Mexican Scientific Commission, other very remarkable sepulchral grottoes have been found in the State of Oaxaca. Some of them had been pillaged at the time of the Conquest, owing to the avidity of the Spaniards and the too ardent zeal of the Dominicans who undertook to convert the province; yet many escaped this profanation, and the natives continued for a long time secretly to convey the bodies of their chiefs, the descendants of the priests of Mitla and of the Zapotak Kings, to these hallowed burial places, where not only the remains of those personages have been found, but also their images made of baked clay; and it is not improbable that their records may be found there too.

MOUNT HOOD IN THE EAST.—Bierstadt has lately finished a noble work, a view of Mt. Hood in Oregon. An exchange thus describes the picture:

A mountain standing by itself in majestic isolation, and rising to the height of eighteen thousand feet, three times the height of Mount Washington. Apparently, one-half of this magnificent mountain, as seen in Bierstadt's painting, is covered with snow. In the foreground is the Columbia River, with its wooded banks, while at the left of the picture is a shaded plain, on which a herd of deer is feeding. The vast size of this painting, its fine contrast between the life and verdure of the foreground, and the white icy desolation of the mountain itself, and the superb coloring and manipulation, all combine to make this one of the most striking landscapes in the annals of American art.

A GREAT soul is too much above injustice, ridicule or grief, to be touched by them, and would be invulnerable if it did not suffer through compassion.—*La Bruyere*.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

IT is a happiness to be able to state that, from all indications, the "record" is drawing near its final chapter. To read the glorious news that each day brings without being joyful evinces something worse than indifference. The faint of heart that in the hour of the Nation's danger stood by her bedside and hypocritically bemoaned her fate, yet offered no words of consolation or encouragement in her saddest hour, how feel they now? Their doubts and prophecies, what do they amount to? The Nation owes them nothing! Her faithful children, by their zeal and patriotism, nursed her and preserved her; and now behold her! filled with greater vigor and renewed strength, and fulfilling the divine mission of granting to all within her dominion the blessings of liberty. Let the news of the week speak for itself:

On the 9th of April the rebel Army of Northern Virginia, under command of Robert E. Lee, was surrendered to Lieut.-Gen. Grant. The following correspondence relating to the surrender is herewith preserved in the "Record" of THE CALIFORNIAN, as it will be a prominent record in the History of the United States for all time:

APRIL 7.—Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.—GENERAL.—The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

APRIL 7.—Lieut.-Gen. Grant—GENERAL.—I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of the further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and therefore before considering your proposition ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender. R. E. LEE, Gen.

APRIL 7.—Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.—GENERAL.—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say, that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition I insist upon, viz.: That the men surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which a surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

APRIL 8.—General—I received at a late hour your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday. I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank with you I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to a surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but so far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be glad to meet you at 10 A. M. tomorrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies. Very respectfully, etc.,
R. E. LEE, General.

APRIL 9.—Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood by the South. Laying down their arms, they will hasten to that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another man, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

APRIL 9.—General—I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General.
To Lieut.-General U. S. Grant, Commanding U. S. Armies.

APRIL 9.—Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.—Your note of this day is but this moment—11:50 A. M.—received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg Road to the Farmville and Lynchburg Road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this Road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Headquarters Armies of the United States, April 9, 4:30 P. M.—Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.—Gen. Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia this afternoon upon terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

APPOINTMENT COURT HOUSE, April 9.—Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.—In accordance with the substance of

my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual parole not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regiment commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, APRIL 9.—Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding United States Forces—GENERAL.—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General.

Immediately on receipt of these despatches, the Secretary of War telegraphed as follows to Gen. Grant:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 9—9:30 P. M.—Lieut.-Gen. Grant—Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which he has this day crowned you and the gallant army under your command. The thanks of this Department and the Government and of the people of the United States—their reverence and honor—have been deserved, and will be rendered to you and the brave and gallant Officers and Soldiers of your command for all time.
E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Admiral Porter reports to the Navy Department the destruction of the rebel fleet on the James. With the exception of an unfinished ram (the *Texas*) and a small tug-boat the rebel rams and gun-boats were all blown up. They consisted of the following vessels: *Virginian*, flagship, with four guns, iron-clad; *Richmond*, four guns, iron-clad; *Fred.ricksburg*, four guns, iron-clad; *Nansemond*, two guns; the wooden ship *Roanoke*, one gun; a wooden torpedo tender and a school-ship. Some of these may be raised. The Tredegar works and Naval Ordnance depot were untouched.

It is rumored that Stoneman has cut the railroad between Danville and Greensboro, and that Sherman has occupied Raleigh.

Three companies of Moseby's guerrillas disbanded on Wednesday, at Culpepper, and dispersed for their homes. Moseby has less than 300 men, now mostly operating on the neck of land running down to Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg.

The New York *Herald* publishes a list of general officers surrendered by Lee. It comprises the General-in-Chief, 3 Lieutenant-Generals, 17 Major-Generals, 61 Brigadier-Generals, among them Anderson, Echols, Ewell, (already a prisoner) Finegan, Heath, Bushrod Johnson, Kershaw, Longstreet, Mahone, McCausland, Moseby, Ould, (the Exchange Commissioner) Pemberton, Pickett, Rosser, Sorrell and Henry A. Wise. The number of men actually surrendered by Lee is from 20,000 to 22,000. Within the past two weeks over 20,000 prisoners have been sent away from City Point. A large number are still there.

A despatch from Gen. Thomas, dated Nashville, April 11, gives intelligence that Selma (Ala.) was captured by Gen. Wilson's forces on the 22d ult. Forrest and Roddy, with their entire commands were captured. Our men dismounted, charged the entrenchments and carried all before them. Montgomery is also reported captured.

News from Mobile to the 4th, states that the siege progresses favorably. Rebel communication with Mobile is entirely suspended.

Sherman has notified his army commanders to be prepared for rapid marches. His army has been entirely re-equipped, and was ready to enter upon a new campaign for the extinguishment of Johnson's military power.

Lynchburg, Va., surrendered on the 11th, to a Lieutenant of Gen. Griffin's forces, at the head of a scouting party. McKenzie's brigade of cavalry has occupied the town to take care of public property.

THE *Union's* Paris correspondent says: "There is much alarm in the neighborhoods of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, as both these volcanoes are in a state of eruption, affording very grand spectacles for those who have no fear of being buried alive beneath burning lava. Near *Ætna* many estates have been overrun, as it is now a month since the fire and smoke have been bulging from its crater; but *Vesuvius* has only commenced within a few days. Many people are departing to witness the sight. The tops of the mountains are covered with snow, and in the evening brilliantly illuminated by the flames, while all day a dense volume of smoke is rising and filling the atmosphere far and wide."

FEELING is all in all! Name is sound and smoke clouding, Heaven's glow.

(For the Californian.)

FLOWERS—THE HELIOTROPE.

A CELEBRATED writer says: "I love flowers, as forming one of the sweetest lines in the God-written poetry of Nature, as one of the universal blessings accessible to all nations, climes and classes—blessings in their own loveliness alone, and in the pleasure derivable from the contemplation of loveliness, but trebly blessing us in the familiar and beautiful power they possess of awakening in our hearts feelings of wonder, admiration, gratitude and devotion, teaching us to look from earth to Him who called it into existence, and to feel how worthy of our increasing thankful adoration must be that Being, the meanest of whose creations is so wonderfully, so beautifully adapted to its appointed position in the vast world! Flowers seem to form the easiest and pleasantest pathway to further love and knowledge of Nature's glories. They are indigenous to every soil and familiar to every eye—a universal language of love, beauty, poetry and wisdom, if we read them aright."

What flower more agreeable to the eye, or more prized for its exquisite odor than the *Heliotrope*—(*Heliotropium Peruvianum*) a native of Peru! The Orientals say that the perfumes of the *heliotrope* elevate their souls towards heaven; it is true, they exhilarate us and produce a degree of intoxication. The sensation produced by inhaling them may, it is said, be renewed by imagination, even though years have passed away after the reality was experienced. The Countess Eleanora, natural daughter of Christian IV., King of Denmark, who became so notorious by the misfortunes, crimes and exile of Count Ulfeld, her husband, offers to us a striking proof of the power of perfumes on the memory. This Princess at the age of thirteen had become attached to a young man to whom she was subsequently affianced. This young man died in the castle when they were making preparations for the marriage. Eleanora, in despair, wished to take a long, last look at the object of her love and, if alive, to bid a final adieu. She was conducted into the chamber where he had just expired. The body was already placed on a bier and covered with rosemary. The spectacle made such a deep impression upon the affianced maiden that, though she afterwards exhibited courage equal to her misfortunes, she never could breathe the perfume of rosemary without falling into frightful convulsions.

The celebrated Jessieu, while botanizing in the Cordilleras, suddenly inhaled the most exquisite perfume. He expected to find some brilliantly colored flowers, but only perceived some pretty clumps of an agreeable green, bearing flowers of a pale blue color. On approaching nearer he observed that the flowers turned gently toward the sun, which they appeared to regard with reverential love. Struck with this peculiar disposition, he gave the plant the name of "*Heliotrope*," which is derived from the Greek words signifying "Sun" and "I turn." The learned botanist, delighted with his charming acquisition, collected a quantity of the seeds and sent them to the *Jardin du Roi*, at Paris, where the plant was first cultivated in Europe. The ladies collected it with great enthusiasm, placed it in their richest vases, called it the "Flower of Love," and received with indifference every bouquet in which their favorite flower was not to be found. An anonymous writer has made it emblematical of flattery, as it is said that when a cloud obscures the sky it droops its head. We would rather suppose that, like the lover whose heart is sad when absent from his mistress, the *Heliotrope* droops because it is deprived of the cheering rays of the sun that it seems to adore.

"There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Where'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fed;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale—
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear
And thou art faithless as the flower.

IRIS.

BAY VIEW PARK is waking up with the advent of the Spring season, and gives five days trotting during the coming week. To-day there will be mile heats, three best in five, with four entries. On Sunday a catch race, two mile heats; no admission charged at the gate. On Monday the great match in harness, two miles and repeat, between *Patchen* and *Fillmore* for \$2000, will come off. The full programme is published in our advertising columns. The new shell road in splendid condition, and Billy may look forward for a gala week and "mucha pesos."

THE WILLOWS are bright, green and beautiful in their spring vestments, and offer extra inducements to suburban pleasure seekers. Wimmer, a Boniface well known to good livers, has always the choicest edibles and drinkables at the restaurant and bar. A grand instrumental concert of sacred music by Chris. Andrew's band will be given every Sunday afternoon.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

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Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

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RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

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RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, sores for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

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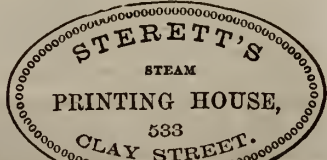
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10:20 11:00 11:40

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10:40 11:20 12:00

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OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
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OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000

Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$600,000

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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Doubhoo, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

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Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES, adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufacturers of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSEN, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

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ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

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Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals, And Standard and current light Literature.

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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

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For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Constiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

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E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

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IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

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MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side, SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

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Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st. febl1-3m.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS**Red Bluff.**

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

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GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every description, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear, or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under \$10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

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no6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAELEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court. The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

WM. LORWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.) ap8-4y8-inc

AMERICAN THEATRE.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE FOR LADIES
AND CHILDREN.THE WORRELL SISTERS
In the Fairy Spectacle of
Cinderella!THIS,
Saturday Afternoon and Evening, April 15th.Monday Evening—A Grand NEW SPECTACLE.
Admission—Dress Circle, 50 cents; Parquette, 25 cents.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,
OF NEW YORK,Has just arrived, and opened a Suite of Rooms and
Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice
in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and
Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic
and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen
years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the
various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no
medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and refer-
ences, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address,
109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from
10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:

Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hos. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.
Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms,
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

THE WILLOWS!

The HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of
public resort was opened to the public on SUNDAY, the 2d
of April, 1865; also the grounds were thrown open to those
who wish to spend a few hours of recreation and pleasure;
also the Lodging Apartments, Restaurants, and Ladies'
Refreshment Saloon, will be in readiness for occupancy.The Shooting Gallery, Ten-Pin Alleys, and Shuffle Boards
have been replaced, and are now ready for public patron-
age, as well as the Flying Horses for Children, which are
now in readiness to perform daily duty.Ample Stabling is attached to the premises, attended by
polite and watchful grooms.The THEATRE has been newly decorated, and rendered
more comfortable for public use, in which there will be a
grand instrumental Concert every Sunday Afternoon to be
followed by a GRAND BALL.The Grounds are thrown open to Military Companies, as
well as for Schools, for Picnics, Military Parades, etc.The Restaurant and Refreshment Saloons will be under
the charge of WIMMER, the celebrated Caterer.The Bars will be stocked with all the best brands of
LIQUORS AND WINES, and nothing will be left undone
to make the WILLOWS the grandest place of resort on the
Pacific Coast. The Proprietors hope, by reason of expe-
rience and strict attention to the comforts of their
guests, to secure a share of the patronage of the public.North Beach and Mission Railroad Company Cars leave
the corner of Montgomery and California streets every
eight minutes for the Willows.Programmes and Posters will be distributed throughout
the city for Saturday and Sunday Performances.
JACOB WIMMER,
Manager.

A NEW INVENTION!

LEWIS'S

Self-Acting Wagon Brake!By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are
made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly
and effectively, and are released the moment there is any
strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the
driver.It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has
everywhere given satisfaction.It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the
efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as neces-
sary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the
common brake.Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the
common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may
drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.It can be used in the same way as the common hand or
foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the
wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Fran-
cisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street
above First. aj8-1fPACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COM-
PANY.The following steamships will be despatched in the month
of APRIL, 1865:APRIL 22d, GOLDEN CITY
MAY 3d CONSTITUTIONFrom Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punc-
tually,
FOR PANAMA.Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall
by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspin-
wall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
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Engagement of the Celebrated Actor,

Mr. Charles Wheatleigh,

Supported by the

POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, April 15th. 1865.

Reproduction of the celebrated Drama of

The Colleen Bawn!

Danny Man. Mr. C. WHEATLEIGH.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, April 15th,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 17th,

Benefit of

MR. WHEATLEIGH!

On which occasion the grand National Drama of

THE OCTOON!Salem Scudder. Mr. WHEATLEIGH.
Jacob McClosky. Mr. C. R. Thorne.
(His first appearance since his return from China.)

Box Book now Open.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats \$1 00
Parquet 50 cents
Gallery 25 cents
Private Boxes, \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL.

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, Proprietor.
GEORGE H. COES, Stage Manager
B. P. ISAACS, Musical DirectorGRAND REORGANIZATION OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD!

Composed of the following talented artists:

MR. J. E. TAYLOR, Ethiopian Comedian.
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P. B. Isaacs, Frank Medina,
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H. H. Nordblum, F. Wassburg,
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MISS DELLA SAGER, LITTLE CLARA.AN ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME EVERY EVEN-
ING!The following new Acts and Songs will be produced:
The Perfect Cure, The Black Wizard, Privates in the Army,
Grecian Statues, Look out for the Masked Battery, Stump
Speech, I'm Lonely Since my Mother Died, The Peace Com-
missioners, Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far, etc., making
in all a strictly FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT, for the
accommodation of LADIES and FAMILIES.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO!

Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 25
cents extra; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock,
precisely.ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY
AND MAGNETISM.DR. H. A. BENTON, of New York, will give
one of his SERIES OF LECTURES to the Ladies and Gen-
tlemen of San Francisco,On Saturday Evening, April 15th,
AT PLATT'S HALL,In which will be explained the apparently mysterious and
truly wonderful discovered science of Electrical Psychol-
ogy, or Science of the Mind, and the Magnetic Influences
upon the system, for amusement; also, with proper docu-
ments for the curing of disease. He will illustrate the
wonderful phenomena upon such persons in the audience
as are willing and found susceptible. Having been for
many years eminently successful in the Eastern States,
he hopes to have a good opportunity to display his skill here.Admission, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.
FREE LECTURES to Ladies on THURSDAY and SAT-
URDAY, 6th and 8th instant, at 2 o'clock P. M., at Platt's
Upper Hall.
Rooms for office and treatment, 109 Montgomery street.
ap8-1f

GRAND CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL
Will be given at

UNION HALL, HOWARD STREET,

On MONDAY EVENING, April 17th, 1865.

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR EACH

The object of this Society is the Relief of the Poor.

BAY VIEW PARK.

FIVE DAYS' TROTTING.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15th.

Trotting Sweepstakes, mile heats, three best in five, in
harness, for \$200:
Mr. Rice names (Mr. K.'s) ro. g. Dick Vaux.
Mr. Kelly names (Mr. A.'s) h. m. Lady Maud.
Mr. Farrell names (Mr. P.'s) gr. g. Grey Eagle.
Mr. Evans names (Mr. H.'s) g. c. Hidden Treasure.
Horses to start at 2 o'clock P. M. Admission, One Dol-
lar.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16th.

There will be given a fine Wagon Race for the horses
that trot Saturday, to go two mile heats, and owners to
drive—to go to road wagons. No charge of admission will
be made at the gate.

MONDAY APRIL 17th.

Trotting Match for \$2,000, two miles and repeat, in har-
ness—to come off at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Mr. Eoff names (Mr. Henderson's) hr. h. George M.
Patchou, Jr.
Mr. Rice names (Mr. Bowley's) ch. g. Fillmore.

TUESDAY APRIL 18th.

Trotting Match, mile heats, three best in five, in harness,
for \$2,000, to come off at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Mr. Eoff names (Mr. L.'s) h. m. Rosa Livingston.
Mr. Dewey names (Mr. G.'s) ch. m. Jenny Noyes.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20th.

Trotting Sweepstakes, mile heats, three best in five, in
harness, for \$450.
Mr. Rice names Jim Barton.
Mr. Eoff names Latham.
Mr. Evans names Glencoe Chief.
Horses to start at 2 o'clock P. M.Admission to the Park, One Dollar
at 15 W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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One-third Cash, One-third in one Year, One-third
in two Years.

Descriptive Maps now at our office for delivery, gratis.

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406 Montgomery street.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and
choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and
will furnish parties or private houses with floral decora-
tions at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and
sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller
would invite attention to some curious specimens of the
Orchid family which his collection affords, and he would be
pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether
they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold
Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and
Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging
Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in pro-
mising to please the patrons who may favor him with a
trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those
who take an interest in flowers with any information rela-
tive to their care and culture that may be desired.MILLER'S 206 Bush street,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP,
WHOOPIING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD,
LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease,
and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater
extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its opera-
tion, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poi-
sons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowl-
edge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable
kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appella-
tion of the

INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,

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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

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Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
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AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS
GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the
most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by
magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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416 and 418 Front street,

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WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to
need any comments. A trial will convince the most
fastidious.

A full assortment of

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UNDERTAKER,

(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases, Office of the City
de3-1f and County Coroner.

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UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEITON,

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC
BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS.

de17-3m

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

ON Wednesday the continent of America reverberated with the tread of millions, as with and solemn step they marched to lay a martyr in the tomb. In San Francisco almost the entire male population participated in the funeral procession to show honor to the memory of America's Chief Magistrate. The soul of Abraham Lincoln has returned to God. While he lived he battled nobly for the right. His work was done, his mission was accomplished and he laid down his life. He is now numbered in the ranks of the noble army of martyrs. Who amongst us did not mourn the death of Abraham Lincoln? We hear of one here, another there, who rejoices over the deed of shame that has plunged a nation into mourning. Poor wretches! They know not what they do. Haug them? Pshaw! that were to disgrace honest help. The South had one staunch, honest friend, and a Southerner killed him. To whom can they now appeal for mercy? In the place of the olive branch extended them by large-hearted, generous Abraham Lincoln, the sword of justice gleams in the hand of stern, inexorable Andrew Johnson. Bitterly will the South bewail his death. They have cause. It was a grand sight, that procession on Wednesday last, where all nations, all creeds, all politics, were welded in the common feeling of grief for the death of a great and good man, and horror at the cowardly crime which took him from amongst us. We have buried Freedom's Martyr, but the spirit which animated him reigns in the hearts of millions who will perfect the work which he has left them to do. He bore all the heat and burden of the day, and has been called to receive his reward in heaven, while others reap the fruits of his labors on earth. Let us press steadily forward to the great end he had in view. Vengeance will be taken on the poor, paltry assassin; no spot on God's earth can afford him a shelter. Would that his name could then be utterly forgotten. The mere taking of his life cannot satisfy Justice for the crime he has committed. What does his life weigh against that which he destroyed? Let him be hanged like a dog, and having done that, we have done but a small part of our work. Abraham Lincoln is not to be thus avenged. Let the principles which he taught be carried out; let the same stern, uncompromising policy guide the Cabinet, and prove that Abraham Lincoln, though we have laid his body in the earth, still lives. When peace once more reigns amongst us; when slavery is utterly, eternally abolished, when the union of hearts and the union of hands is restored throughout the land; when Americans from North to South and East to West join together on the fifteenth day of April in each year to commemorate the martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln, and thank God who sent them such a man, then may we say that the great Apostle of Freedom, who, stricken to the earth by the foul monster Slavery, a weeping nation laid in an honored grave, is avenged—right nobly avenged!

The newspapers are much exercised about what will become of the negroes. We heard the great negro question very easily disposed of this week by a sensible old colored woman. She said: "I'm going right away down South, and so is every colored man and woman who came from there going down South; they all love the South." "But," we said, "how will you support yourself when you get South?" The old lady, giving her head a toss, exclaimed: "Well, I reckon it won't be very difficult to do that, as, when I was down there before, I had to support my master as well as myself, and now I've only got myself to look after." There is the negro question

in a nutshell. Give them only a fair show, let them remain in their beloved sunny South, and there is not much danger of their becoming a burden on the country. If as slaves their labor was sufficient to enrich the overseer, give the owner of the plantation a fair interest on his capital invested and provide themselves with food and clothing, surely as free men they will be able and willing to provide for themselves.

We do not approve of mob law, and do not think that those who distributed type so rapidly on Saturday need be very desirous to let all the public know that they had a finger in the "pie." "Do good and distribute," says the Bible, but we doubt whether this command would justify such distribution as was effected in the offices of the *Democratic Press*, *News Letter*, et al. On the other hand it is doubtful whether there was much harm done; but there may be:

Little Fred Marriott,
Fly quickly! Tarry not,
Picking up *News Letter* pi!
Stay not sucking your thumb,
Lest a worst thing should come,
And a noose let a Briton hang high!

The fever which had seized the mob (which "mob" did not appear to number more than seven men and a boy) was a typhus fever. The compositors gave up their "sits" to the mob with great alacrity, being unable to stand the press. If anything were wanted, after the terrible disclosures made by the *Flag*, to prove that Beriah Brown is, or was, at the head of an armed band of rebels, suspicion will become a certainty, when we state that a number of "shooting sticks" were found in the office; "proofs" of dirty work were found everywhere, and it is reported that he had for some time kept a number of blacksmiths in constant employment. Immediately upon entering the office one of the mob smelt a "rat."

We walked by the office and saw the wild B'riah, Gaze mournfully on as he saw a chap shy a Whole cartload of books from the top story window, And no one was near this destruction to hinder. For cheekily daring 't express his opinion, The minions of Johnson pitched out all his minion, His poor ill-used form they did cruelly batter, And if they'd caught him he'd have soon been dead matter. They hunted about for the cruel seceder— Who no doubt if he'd stayed would have headed their leader— They swore for their acts they had very good reason, And they called proofs of leaders clear proofs of his treason. No howels had they as they gutted the office, And they swore *sus. per col.* they would see "the old dough-face," But he took timely warning and went out of town, Convinced if he stayed he would soon be done Brown.

"Our erring sisters" are returning home. We shall be very glad to receive each erring sister as she knocks at the door and humbly begs for admission. At the same time, these sisters must not be very much astonished if the respectable sisters of the great family of Uncle Sam turn up their virtuous noses, and gather their skirts round them at their approach. This is to be expected, but the feeling will no doubt wear off in time. At first, Massachusetts will be apt to say, as poor, hardward Virginia takes her place in the family circle: "Here's sister Virginia come back, has she? Pretty airs she's been putting on lately, and nice company she's been keeping! I think the Magdalene Hospital would be a better place for her than among respectable people." California, too, as poor, weary, repentant Arkansas comes in, may cry out: "You git! Don't come near me, you odious thing. I won't have you sitting down by my side, if you are my elder sister." Then Uncle Sam will cry out "Come girls we won't have any quarrelling here. Kiss and be friends. Your sisters are very sorry for what they have done; so we'll let bygones be bygones. I've settled the hash of the fellows that ruined their characters, so that they'll never be able to boast of it." The repentant sisters will then be very glad to go to work in the dairy and the manufactories, and try by their good behavior in the future, to make their sisters who staid at home, forget the time when they ran away with scamps who dressed them up in finery and filled their heads with silly fancies, and as soon as the money they got from home was spent, deserted them. Let them come in. Give them decent clothes to wear. Let them tear off that druggled stars and bars that they thought such a pretty pattern, and take the honest old stars and stripes, and when they are dressed decently like their respectable sisters, folks will soon forget their *fauz pas* and not be able to distinguish one from the other.

We are glad to notice that the resolutions passed by the various associations and municipal bodies of San Francisco, in commemoration of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln are with one solitary exception couched in grammatical language. This exception is as might naturally be expected, found in the preamble to the resolutions passed by the Board of Education:

"That the spotless fame of Abraham Lincoln will endure so long as American institutions shall exist, we verily believe and design that the youth of the country should be fully impressed with the greatness and goodness of our lamented President, and the eminence of his public services."

We would respectfully inform the Board of Education that "design" does not govern the subjunctive mood, and that they therefore design that the youth of the country *shall* be fully impressed, etc.

The telegraphic correspondent of the associated press makes a sad hash of his description of the obsequies of the late President: "Dr. Gurley, standing at the head of the coffin, uttered a few most impressive remarks, chiefly in the solemn words of scripture, consigning the dead ashes of the once animated soul of Abraham Lincoln, to the original dust." This is simply horrible. Reason and decency would we should have supposed have led the editors of the *Alta*, if, indeed, there be a man of sufficient intelligence among them to be aware of its absurdity, to change such a phrase as "consigning the dead ashes of the once animated soul of Abraham Lincoln to the original dust," into something more sensible. We will, however, venture to say, that this vile denial of the immortality of the soul, will be republished by the entire newspaper press of California, without correction or comment.

Entire freedom of speech is not allowed, even under the beneficent rule of the British Government. On the 17th of February last, at a ball given in Belfast, Ireland, in aid of a Roman Catholic charity, a young gentleman of the name of M'Erlane got drunk. He shouted, said the policeman, "to—ll with the Queen, and that he would like to see the Prince of Wales hanged by the neck like a dog, and that he (Mr. M'Erlane) would be his public executioner." He also said he was "an enemy of the Queen," "a true St. Patrick" and that "he had 30,000 men under his command, to hunt down the Protestant Queen." This patriotic Irish gentleman, for merely "expressing his opinions," was actually sent to jail to take his trial for using seditious and treasonable language. This will doubtless much shock the miners at the Allison Ranch.

The *Flag* says that a day or two ago, Dr. Mouser was attending a lady patient, who, in the course of conversation, expressed her satisfaction at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, upon which the doctor arose from his seat, nud, taking the prescription he had written, deliberately tore it in pieces and informed the lady she must seek some other medical adviser. The doctor might have done better than this—he might have written her another prescription, or recommended a doctor of this city who would gladly have availed himself of the chance to prescribe for her.

The *Call*, speaking of Mr. James Cooke, calls him "the jester whom Shakespeare drew," enclosing these words in quotation marks. We should like the dramatic critic of the *Call*, to inform us from what author it is quoted. We have heard of "the Jew whom Shakespeare drew;" perhaps the critic imagines the "Jew whom Shakespeare drew," to have been a *jeu d'esprit*, and thinks it therefore allowable to change it into "jester."

The *Bulletin* gives the length of the procession on Wednesday, as at least three miles. The telegraph informs us that the length of the procession which followed the remains of President Lincoln to the grave, was three miles. We are inclined to believe that the telegraphic correspondent has made a mis-statement regarding the Washington procession, and that our contemporary has been "stretching" a little, as regards the one in this city.

In the death of Richard Cobden, America has lost a firm friend and an ardent admirer. It is doubtful whether he did not admire this country even more than he did his own.

TELEGRAPHIC message to a party whose address is unknown: Jefferson Davis, from the captain of the *Shenandoah*, Australia. TREM.

PARTING.

THE sun is lying in his western chamber,
The stately ships are sailing on the bay,
And cloud-larks spread n coverlet of amber,
Bordered with brown, above the drowsy day:
The opaline skies will shine the same to-morrow,
And white snails pass gilded with amber light;
But the coming shadow of a parting sorrow
Shall dim the glory of to-morrow night.

Now, in the West, the radiance grows dimmer,
The first faint star comes, shining tremulously,
And red rays from the distant lighthouse glimmer
Across the foam-capped waters of the sea;
To-morrow's dusk will bring the trembling starlight,
The wind will chase the white waves to the shore,
And fitfully again will come the far light
Of warning lamp—but thou wilt come no more.

Ever and everywhere spectres of parting
Stretch forth their weird hands, saddening our mirth;
Ever and everywhere hot tears are starting,
Where stands the empty chair upon the hearth:
But Nature brightly smiles though hearts are broken,
Taking at last her children to her breast,
And kindly hides in her mute mounds all token
Of the great heart-throbs of a life's unrest.

EMILIE LAWSON.

MY FIRST BRIEF.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

I HAD seen the commander of the steamboat before, but I had never spoken with him. He was a lean, wiry, undersized man, with a clever, rat-like face, much tanned by weather. He wore no nautical garb; none of those gold-laced caps, anchor-buttons and navy-blue suits, in which our British captains delight; but merely the everlasting swallow-tailed coat, black pants and satin vest, which seem as essentially a part of an American as his skin itself. The captain was tramping up and down his little den in a great state of fretfulness, biting his nails, stamping his heels on the floor, and viciously kicking a half-open locker in which his bedding lay during the daytime. The usual simile for a man thus angrily promenading an apartment is, or used to be, a caged lion; but the captain's size and features precluded a comparison with the king of beasts, and he put me more in mind of a restless lynx or an uneasy racoon.

"Shut the door, Juba," commanded the skipper; "shut the door, and take yourself off out of eavesdropping range. If I catch your black ears near my cabin door I'll nail 'em to the woodwork, spry as wild cats, I will."

Juba closed the door, and I heard his splay feet, in their ill-fitting shoes, scuffling away over the matting. The captain waited, listening, with his head on one side, for a moment or two, and then eyed me with anything but pleasure as he exclaimed—

"Well, mister, may I ask *what* you reckon will be the upshot o' this?"

"That, sir," said I, not without a certain austerity—"that, sir, I wait to learn from yourself."

The Yankee gave me a long and piercing stare, and then turned his face from me, and proceeded to ignite a match and kindle a cigar, just as though what I had said had been too absurd to require an answer. After a while he spoke again, in measured jerks, between the puffs of his cigar:

"Innocence is—puff—a good dog—but—puff—common sense—puff—brags it, I reckon. I've heerd—your grit was good—but the pitcher—can go too often—to the well—I some think."

"Do you want to drive me mad, sir," cried I, exasperated beyond all endurance, "that you persist in your innuendoes and dark speeches? It would become you better, as commander of this vessel, to remonstrate with your passengers respecting their inhospitable and brutal treatment of an unoffending stranger."

But here Captain Jonathan Willis interrupted me, plucking his half-consumed Havana from between his thin lips, and crushing it under his heel.

"Mighty unoffending!" exclaimed he, in his shrill tones; "and a stranger! most all-fired sertain that last, sirree!"

Then dropping his voice, and giving me a glance in which scorn and pity were blended:

"Mebbe you don't know, mister, that 'Nezer Trail, of Troytown, Missouri, sails in this bit of hollow timber?"

More mystery! Ebenezer Trail! Who, in the names of *Edipus* and the *Sphinxes*, was he? and why should his presence specially concern myself? Yet it was evident that the captain fully believed that the last statement ought to have crushed me, for he continued winking and nodding in the most expressive manner, while I gazed at him with dilated eyes and a brain more muddled than became a member of my clear-headed profession. The skipper was the first to speak.

"Most damned ugly fix you've placed me in, mister!" said he, as he resumed his promenade. "I'd have given fifty dollars out of my own pocket sooner than it should have been so, I would. The *Henry Clay* will suffer for it in reparation, I know she will. There hasn't been an unpleasantness aboard the barky ever since last fall, when the Lynchers took out the other chap of your sort, down Baton Rouge way."

The other chap of my sort! Delphi was limpid to this, and the Pythian intelligible in comparison.

"What did they do with him?" I gasped out.

"S'pect they hung him!" was the cool reply. "I saw what the buzzards had left of him—and buzzards won't eat broadcloth nor yet bones—hanging ou the cypress trees last trip."

A cold moisture broke out upon my forehead, and my knees knocked together, as I heard this comprehensive summary of the fate of my predecessor; although what he had done to deserve such a doom, or what fatal bond of resemblance might exist between myself and him, was more than my bewildered intellect could solve. The captain saw my agitation. A gleam of something like genuine pity passed over his hard-lined face. He peered cautiously about, lifted a warning forefinger, and in a low, chuckling whisper uttered these remarkable words:

"If you ask my advice, mister, I'll sell cheap. Here it is, free gratis for you, in one syllable—slope!"

"Slope!" I mechanically repeated.

The captain nodded. "Hist!" said he. "I hope none of those darned niggers are listening, for it might cost me a life, and I've none to spare. Never mind! my old mother

was a Bible Christian, and thought pretty much as you do. Look here! Next place we stop at, to take in wood, is Venice wharf. The *General Washington*, upgoing boat, will be there two hours hence or so; do you slip out, and hide behind the wood-piles till we're out of sight. Never mind your traps; skin's worth more than shirts and coats. Get aboard the *General Washington*, tie up your face as if you'd got the toothache, and never open your mouth to speak till your feet touch the soil of Illinois. Then you'll be safe. Hush!" And the captain opened the door, and gently pushed me out of his cabin, and shut me out. I went on deck. I sat down, far from any of the passengers, and I must have passed the next half-hour in a state of something like stupefaction; and yet my weary brain worked. Either I was mad, or everybody else must surely be fit for a strait waistcoat. What could have induced the skipper to volunteer such extraordinary counsel as that of flight? Surely a pitiful desire to possess himself of my scanty baggage could not have been the motive of his curious advice. Besides, what was the original cause of the dislike of the passengers to myself? While I was still feebly busy with this dark enigma I perceived that the *Henry Clay* was approaching a little wharf, around which clustered a few hovels of rude log-architecture. A bell tinkled with vociferous shrillness, and a white board nailed to a tree bore in long black letters the one word "Venice." There was a huge wood-pile for the use of passing steamers, and two or three German laborers in homespun clothes were bustling among the heaps of fuel.

I remembered that this was the place at which the captain had advised me to slip away. The moment was singularly propitious for escape; the dinner-gong had, not ten minutes before, called the passengers to the principal meal of the day, and all except myself had trooped off to the grand saloon. I could not eat; I was wretched and careworn; and so it felt out that when the plank was laid between the steamer's gangway and the wharf, nobody was on deck except the pilot, the steersman, and myself. The firemen and stokers came tramping out of the engine-room to assist in embarking the fuel, but they paid no sort of attention to me, as I leaned over the light side-rail.

The wood was got on board rapidly and roughly, and already the man whose duty it was to cast off the tow-rope that secured the *Henry Clay's* bows to the shore was standing beside the post over which the loop passed. Still I gazed idly upon the scene, on the dark forest, the imperfect clearings, the chocolate hued earth, and the poor hovels of this namesake of the mistress of the Adriatic. Suddenly Juba the black, napkin in hand, came softly up, stepping as if he were treading among eggs, and with a face of importance whispered in my ear:

"Massa, massa, captain send Juba say, dis Venice, dis destination massa booked for."

I gave a start. Of course I had *not* booked for Venice, but for New Orleans. But I quickly appreciated the skipper's kindness in renewing his well-meant hint in such a manner as to provoke as little suspicion as possible. For a moment the idea of flight sprang up within me; the shore was temptingly close; the plank was within a couple of yards; two strides would place me in safety. I hesitated. I pleaded upwardly the *pros* and *cons* of the case. Some instinct urged me not to waste time, not to throw away a chance, but to fly at once, and to hide behind the wood-piles until the *Henry Clay* should be hull down on the low horizon. But pride and shame were up in arms to prevent so ignominious a retreat from an invisible danger. After all, I was innocent. I was an honest man, the citizen of a friendly country, travelling on a lawful errand. What had I to fear? However capricious the people of the West might be, I should take the most dignified course in remaining to brave the matter out. Besides, in my portmanteau were a dozen shirts, two of them with embroidered fronts; my best frock and dress coats, patent leather boots, slippers worked by the fair hands of—never mind whom, and other articles that I was loth to lose. Moreover—and it is wonderful how petty and great considerations link themselves together in mental debate—I should be disgraced forever in the esteem of my two military uncles, as the first poltroon whoever bore the name of Phelps. So I burked and kept down the sensible instinct of self-preservation, and let the shallow reasonings win the day.

And as I lingered, behold, it was too late. The mooring-rope was cast off, the plank was slipped inboard, the bell tinkled, and the answering splash of the paddles threw all the yellow water into foam, and the *Henry Clay* slipped from alongside the wharf of Venice, and glided fast down the endless river. A chance the more was added to the limbo of lost and neglected chances. Juba had left me without waiting to see the result of his message, and I sat alone, moping and upbraiding my own tardiness, during the remainder of dinner-time. For, by a not uncommon revulsion in the human mind, after having omitted to embrace the easy transition to safety and freedom while the steamer took in wood at Venice, I was actually half disposed to jump overboard and swim ashore at all hazards, before the boat was a rifleshot from the bank. But I did nothing. I stood thinking of the marvellous and unac-

countable treatment which I had experienced, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that my feet were on the pavement of Fleet street once more.

The passengers came up in knots, and all gazed at me, and nudged one another, and spoke together mysteriously. The skipper came up, and gave a perceptible start as he espied me, but avoided catching my eye, and soon disappeared, whistling shrilly and beating a tattoo with his fingers on the woodwork, as he vanished into the depths below. On we went; our next stopping-place was Hopefield, in Arkansas, but it was not to be expected, with all the speed of the boat, that we should arrive there before night set in. Determined not to allow the boorishness of my fellow-travellers to annoy me, I drew out my note-book, and amused myself by jotting down in shorthand a quantity of miscellaneous information on various matters. I was thus usefully employed when my attention was attracted by a loud trampling and buzz of conversation, and lifting my head I perceived that six gentlemen were approaching with the obvious intention of addressing me.

Three of the party were known to me by name: Colonel Budge, who had charged me with the heinous offence of "tampering" with his colored servants; Captain Hiram Greenpole, the catcher of my hat, and the very author and mainspring of all the mischief; and a stately Virginian, Colonel Tarleton, by far the most gentlemanly and respectable of the Southern chivalry on board. The other three were utterly unknown to me. Colonel Tarleton seemed by common consent to have been voted chief of the party, for he it was who, stepping before the rest, removed his hat with such an air of lofty politeness, that I felt myself constrained to rise and return the salute.

"You have before you, sir, a deputation from the honorable passengers on board the *Henry Clay*," said the Virginian, in a tone of dignified hostility, such as would have become an ambassador presenting his sovereign's ultimatum at a foreign court.

"Well, sir?" returned I, outwardly calm, but inwardly perturbed.

"Sir," said the Virginian, "I have examined the books of this steamer, and I discover that you have entered your name as Hector Phelps, of the Inner Temple, London."

"Sir, I have," was my reply; "and I am not ashamed of it."

Here a stir, and what the newspapers call a "sensation," ensued, while some one muttered the words, "Hardened miscreant." The colonel waved his hands to entreat silence.

"I invite you, sir," said he, earnestly, "to disclose the truth. Would that you might be able to justify yourself! It would save me, sir, a most unpleasant office, and yourself from consequences which you ought to have weighed before entering on your present career."

"I must take leave to say, sir," I began, but the colonel interrupted me with—

"Hush, misguided man! you are not now in a position in which effrontery can avail you anything. The most brazen forehead, the most subtle tongue, would fail *now* to hoodwink those who must shortly be your judges. Denial and subterfuge will not mend matters, nor patch a rotten cause. Your only hope of mercy lies in instant confession, frank and free confession, and the denunciation of your wretched accomplices."

I stared at the incomprehensible speaker—perplexity, indignation, alarm, struggling for mastery over my mind; but never a word could I stammer out except, "Accomplices?"

"Yes, sir, accomplices!" thundered the Virginian, with a severity of eye and voice that would have roused the envy of an attorney-general; "for you cannot surely pretend to deny what is established by proofs clearer than the noonday."

"Fell the skuuk!" broke out an angry man from behind the tall colonel. The latter lifted his hand to implore silence.

"A moment, I beg!" said he; then, turning to me, "Miserable incendiary, unhappy fanatic, speak at once, and earn a milder penalty by giving up the names of those hidden villains of whom you are but the hired instrument. Speak, sir!"

Here was a predicament. Not only was I shunned, bullied, annoyed in all ways, warned to fly, baited like a bear, but I was put on my trial without a copy of the indictment, and was compelled to listen to epithets the most unwarrantable—"incendiary," "fanatic." I felt assured that such language would be actionable in all countries. Then, too, I was desired to name my accomplices, and to denounce my employers. Now I had no accomplices; and as for employers, surely Nailer and Clutchit, who had retained my services in the great case, could not be the "hidden villains" so darkly alluded to.

"If there be a law of libel in America"—I began, shaking all over with passion; but I was not suffered to proceed.

"Sir," said the Colonel, "remember that your hat—ah, you change color now! Yes, sir, your hat has been in the hands of Captain Hiram Greenpole, here present, and was by him submitted to the ocular scrutiny of four gentlemen of credit and veracity. And you owned to it, sir—you owned to it—shamelessly avowed the truth! Do you deny it now, sir?"

"Deny what?" I asked, with quivering lips, not at all certain whether to knock my tormentor down, or to fling myself

overboard. But the patience of the deputation was exhausted.

"Words are wasted on so black-hearted a scoundrel!" bawled little Colonel Budge, shaking his cane at me.

"He's confessed it once, and that's enough for any Regulators' Court in the West, I kinder fancy," remarked Hiram Greenpole; while the others showered on me such flowers of speech as came uppermost; and Colonel Tarleton, stepping aside to reveal a puffy, yellow-visaged planter who stood behind him, exclaimed:

"Self-convicted criminal! behold the man whose property you have stolen, whose house you have conflagrated, whose family you have consigned to destruction! Grovel, serpent, at the feet of the injured Ebenezer Trail!"

And the Virginian, clutching me by the collar, endeavored to force me to kneel at the feet of the yellow-faced man, who rolled his jaundiced eyes tragically at me, while all the other passengers set up a roar or squeal of applause, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs enthusiastically. Was all this a grim play, an ugly drama? Or was I not Hector Phelps, but somebody else? Had my identity been changed by one of those strokes of witchcraft of which we read in old books of *diablerie*? I struggled, and threw off the Virginian's grasp.

"I am a peaceable traveller," said I, gasping, "a member of the English bar, a gentleman—"

"Liar!" "Impostor!" "Double-milled, deep-red, madder-dyed villain!" cried several furious voices, and I was again roughly-collared, my hat was torn from my head, and passed along from hand to hand, every one attentively examining it, and breaking into a cry of triumph or execration at the result of the scrutiny. In vain I struggled, fought and pleaded. The majority overpowered me; my hands were tied together with two flaming silk bandanas, a red and a yellow one; my pockets were searched: my letters, purse, card-case, pocket-book, and the rest of my property were taken from me. The Virginian secured my note-book, and exultingly announced that its contents were in cipher, and that when the key should be discovered it could hardly fail to lead to important revelations. In vain I shouted forth protestations of my innocence, threats of the vengeance of Great Britain, and scraps of international law, until I was hoarse. No one listened to me. A hundred and eighty tongues wagged at once; nor from the babel of sounds could I derive any more definite idea as to my position than that I was a very hardened rogue indeed, and that I was likely to die impenitent.

Nor were all the members of the company disposed to endure the law's delays; for some rough men of Arkansas and Missouri proposed to inflict Tarleton and the more respectable passengers could accomplish to prevent my being severely handled.

"Patience, gentlemen, patience!" I heard the Colonel cry; "the majesty of the law shall be vindicated. Wait, only wait, till we can hand him over, at Hopefield, to those who will cut short his career of crime."

I heard all this, but sullen despair had come over me, and I no longer pleaded for the hearing which was so obstinately denied me. I sat on a bench to which I had been hustled rather than led, and awaited the pleasure of my captors with something of the stupid meekness which bewildered faculties produce. Evening, the short twilight of that southern latitude, was falling fast; the mist rose white above the tawny river, and the cries of wild animals resounded from the forest. The night came on, darkly clear; the stars gorgeously overhead in the moonless sky; the fire-beetles glowed among the bushes on the bank; I heard the deer belling, and the long howl of the wolf, and the whooping of the goatsucker. And then the gong beat out the noisy summons to another meal, and I sat on the deserted deck, but not now alone. A man, armed with a rifle, stood sentry in the gangway—sentry over me. He stood, pensively whistling, with his back turned, looking at the black outlines of the ghostly forest, and going through tune after tune. Mechanically my weary mind began to follow his sibilant melody, and I listened as "Nancy Dawson," changed to "Lucy Neal," and as "Riding on a Rail," melted imperceptibly into "Yankee Doodle," when a quick tread cut the musician short in the middle of a bar.

"Git along, Sam, and ask the barkeeper for a brandy cocktail. He can score it to my total. I'll take guard awhile," said the new comer, and the sentry went willingly off, resigning his gun and post to the volunteer.

"Be back in a pig's whisper, Sam!" was the parting injunction of the new-comer, in whom I now recognized the captain of the steamer.

"Well, mister," said Captain Willis, in cautious tones. "didn't I tell 'ee, and war'n't I a true prophet? Now you're regularly treed, and no mistake."

I tried to clear my brains. "Captain Willis," said I, "I do solemnly assure you that I must be mistaken for somebody else. My name is, as my letters, which have been scandalously taken from me, must prove, Hector Phelps."

"Whew!" whistled the skipper, scornfully; "what's the use of sticking to a stale trick? All's blown, man."

"And," pursued I, "I am quite innocent of every and any offence against the laws of the United States."

"Cut that palaver short, mister," said Willis; "'taint the first time, by chalks, that I've heerd chaps say that, but they never got believed so far south-west, I caution you. Now listen, for I see Hopefield lights yonder in the clearing, and Sam'll be up in a minute to take his gun again, and so open your ears as you love your neck. You're a sad scamp—you needn't snort so indignant; but I don't like to see a man strung up like a mangy cur, let alone burning alive, which ain't improbable nuther, seeing what you did at Rosehill plantation."

"What I did at Rosehill plantation!—I, Hector Phelps!"

"Look here," pursued the skipper; "all depends on what sort of a chap the sheriff may be in Hopefield there. It'll be touch and go work with you once the boys hear you're caught. If the sheriff's a man respected, a man to whip wild cats afore breakfast, you'll have a chance to get off with imprisonment until the States Marshal can smuggle you out to Illinois or Iowa. If sheriff's muf, you'll never see the inside of the jail, you wou't. Keep quiet; don't deny anything; don't aggravate the boys by mock innocence, or you'll rile 'em past moderation. Now I've warned you."

And before I could expostulate, up came Sam, and resumed his gun and guard, the skipper slipping away and leaving me to my fate. What was I to do?—what to expect? There, right ahead, gleamed the few lights of the little town where, as it seemed, my destiny was soon to be decided. The clash of steel and glass ended, and the passengers once more crowded the deck. In a few minutes the *Henry Clay* approached the quay of Hopefield, and I could see a dark mass of human forms, agitated to and fro by some common impulse, and uttering at intervals a low hoarse roar, that had a distressing resemblance to those uttered by wild beasts in a menagerie when feeding-time approaches.

I was perplexed to account for these signs of popular commotion, when the yellow Ebenezer Trail, of Troytown, Missouri approached me, and, with a most malignant scowl, tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed to the bows of the steamer, where burned five lamps, three green and two red, arranged as a pyramid:

"Which means," said, or rather hissed, the wronged Ebenezer, "that we've caught a snake more venomous than any rattler or copperhead on the pararies; and hark! the boys are getting ready to welcome you as you deserve."

A long, loud yell, that Pawnee warriors might have envied, so savagely exultant was the ring of it, came on the breeze, and then the red smoky glare of pine knots and resinous torches, and of a flaming tar barrel, threw a glow of lurid crimson over the dusky forms whose tossing arms and wild gesture gave them the air of demons toiling in their congenial element. I confess that my heart sank as the steamer was steered inshore, and when I heard the splash of the mooring ropes, and the grating of the plank that was thrust towards the wharf, I felt much as if I were on the scaffold, and resigning myself to the last attentions of the eminent Mr. Calcraft. The mob roared and leaped, and the passengers of the *Henry Clay* huzzared responsively. Obviously my capture was regarded as a victory.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we've got him, the dratted thief! hurrah! 'Biram's treed! 'Biram's treed! Chuck him over to us, misters!" Such were the cries of the crowd. "'Biram—Abiram!" again the recollection crossed me that I had been addressed by this name by the black steward. No doubt I was mistaken for another.

"Gentlemen," I cried, in despairing accents, "hear me. I am not the person you name. I am not Abiram."

"Yah! whoop! lying hound! We've got you, old 'possum! Yah! whoop!" yelled the populace.

The plank touched the quay. Colonel Tarleton grasped my left arm, Hiram Greenpole enclosed my right in his vice-like clutch, while two other persecutors impelled me from behind.

"Hurrah! huzza!" bawled the crowd, as, bare-headed and bound, I was pushed upon the plank, at the other end of which a confused medley of flaring torches, clenched fists, and angry faces awaited me. In the gangway stood Captain Willis, the wiry skipper.

"Gentlemen," screamed he, in the highest key of his shrill voice, "I bring you a queer bird for your cage yonder by Soapstone Creek. Off to jail with him! Where's the sheriff?"

"Here am I!" answered a deep voice; and a stout, resolute-looking man, in a farmer's garb of "hutternut" colored homespun, elbowed his way to the plank.

"A prisoner for you, sir, charged with arson, conspiracy, and other offences. Collar him well, I advise," cried Colonel Tarleton.

"I'm ready," said the sheriff; "give me a grip of him. Stand back, boys. Marshal, stand by me; and you, mister, you, constable there, bear a hand!"

"No, no," hawled the mob; "no law but Judge Lynch's law. Hang him up to the next tree—drown him—burn him, as he and his black devils burned white women and children—into the fire with old 'Biram—skin him—scalp him—huzza!"

"Gentlemen," roared Colonel Tarleton, "don't break the law. All worthy citizens, help me to give up this man to the custody of the legal authorities. Sheriff, in the name of the United States and the State of Arkansas, do your duty!"

There was a regular fight, compared with which an election riot is child's play. I was hustled, beaten, bruised, trampled, overthrown, trodden to a jelly, dragged up again, fought for, tugged at, mercilessly pounded and pummelled. A great game of "pull devil, pull baker," took place at my expense; but at last, the sheriff being resolute, and Colonel Tarleton a really humane man in his way, the law triumphed, and I found myself, bruised, bloody and with torn clothes, the inmate of a rude log-house, called by courtesy a prison. I never thought that I could have been so glad to see the inside of a jail; but we live and learn. My summary execution had only been delayed on the assurance of the sheriff that he would consent to my speedy trial, not before a regular court, but before the extra-legal tribunal of the "Regulators." The proposal to send me to Little Rock for examination before the State Court met with an indignant rejection, and I was told that on the morrow I must plead before the rough and ready jury of the "Regulators."

But on the morrow I was delirious, and tossing to and fro on my maize straw bed, in the throes of a dangerous fever. Ill usage, heat, anxiety and the unhealthy climate had combined to bring on this disorder, so common in Missouri and Arkansas. I was kindly nursed by some free persons of color, who had the courage to brave the popular odium in their charitable wish to comfort the desolate stranger. From my heart I thank them. But for them I should have died in that wretched place. Long I lay between life and death, burning hot and deadly chill alternately, and raving of Whittle v. Wotherspoon, of Ebenezer Trail, and of the great cause I was to plead before the Regulators against Abiram, at the suit of Nailor and Clutchit. But before that court I never appeared. When I was strong enough to converse, the doctor kindly told me that I was a free man.

A letter had arrived from the real Simon Pure, the true Abiram Peters, the famous abolitionist emissary, for whom I had been unhappily mistaken. This Peters, a fanatical but crafty enthusiast, was obnoxious as having excited the negroes on many plantations to revolt, as having spirited away numberless slaves to Canada, and having been, in fact, a fire-brand through the South. This Abiram had been the old passenger in wig and spectacles who had attracted my notice during his short trip in the *Henry Clay*. Carrying, as he did, his life in his hand, he had assumed the aspect and bearing of old age and infirmity to prevent recognition, and was himself not aware that within the hat he wore, under the lining, was written in full his detested name, Abiram Peters, the publication of which would, in the South, have been his death-warrant. This hat, which closely resembled mine, I had most unluckily mistaken for my own in the hurry of quitting the cabin, Peters having by a similar blunder, appropriated my hat when he lauded at Shawneetown.

When my hat was blown off, and was caught by Hiram Greenpole, the lining was disturbed, and the name was described. Hence arose the whole mistake. No definite charge being made, I was unable to justify myself, while all on board the *Henry Clay* firmly, and not unnaturally, believed me to be Abiram Peters in person. My fever probably saved me from the halter; and the real Abiram, seeing in the journals a full account of his own capture, and guessing how I had got into the scrape, wrote a letter from Pennsylvania that fully exonerated me. It was then discovered that Ebenezer Trail had never set eyes on the man to whom he charged the burning and massacre; that no person in Hopefield knew Peters by sight; and that in feature and complexion the abolition agent was wholly unlike me. Of course I was set free; nay, I was loaded with apologies and fair words, and my property was restored to me.

But already had October begun, and until the 15th I was too weak to travel. I crossed the Atlantic by the next steamer, took the mail train from Liverpool to London, and, after a few hours repose, rushed to Westminster, put on my wig and gown, and hurried into court, to find—what? to find the great case of Whittle v. Wotherspoon drawing to a close, shamefully mismanaged by that idiot Prattles, of Pump Court, who filled my vacant place. The Chief Justice ruled dead against us; the jury followed his lordship's lead; the wretched Wotherspoon triumphed; and the faces of Nailor and Clutchit, as they shook their heads reproachfully at me, smote me to the heart. Shall I ever get another brief? At any rate, I shall never forget the manner in which I lost my first.—*St. James' Magazine*.

TRYING TO SETTLE IT.—A Scotch minister, in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying in an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee we may be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

ATLANTIC GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN.]

NEW YORK, March 2nd, 1865.

THE stormy March has come at last, and we are thinking about huying spring overcoats. Gold is down, but cloth iso't, and the reluctant Southerners will greatly oblige us by "caving" as soon as they can with dignity. Now, why in the demnition bow-wows shall they persist for a free edifice of sable sorrow, in depriving us of the many little gimcracks which make civilization tolerable? [Our correspondent has been gratified with a more speedy compliance than perhaps could have been expected at the date of his letter. The "caving" has commenced in a way that promises to bury the "free edifice" very effectually; and the recent assassination of the President has clinched the nails in the coffin of the "Southern Confederacy."—EDS. CALIFORNIAN.]

The searching investigations which the Government agent, Lafayette C. Baker, has made into the alleged malpractice of bounty officers and substitute brokers, has made, of course, its quantum of excitement. Baker is probably the most accomplished detective in the country—a perfect Jonathan Wild, actor as well as magistrate—and his career during the existing war has been as wild and varied as that of Robert Houdin or Sergeant Champe. His power of characterization and costume is wonderful. Among the late investigations he personated in one day a soldier, an officer of the navy, a country Supervisor, and a Jack Tar. Some of his disclosures were ludicrous, others melodramatic. One of the arrested bounty brokers, who cannot write his own name, is worth \$200,000 in real estate; another, who eighteen months ago slept in the gutters or under the tiles, has \$45,000 on deposit at the Broadway Bank. The probabilities are strong that justice will be meted out to them without stint.

Among the precious schemes of the time is one to take the control of its fire organization from the city and make its management a perquisite of the State. So, one after one, the charters which make a great corporation are sundered from it, and few vestiges of municipal liberty are left.

Some copies of Sala's new book have come to hand, sent by him to his admirers on this side of the water. It is sketchy and contradictory, its paragraphs vivid but not correct, and underneath all lies his sinister or reckless lack of principle. Yet it is strange to see how one or two good men, far removed above him as Elijah from any peeco-a-liner who reported his going up, affected even this mercenary hack, the most unscrupulous of working journalists in our tongue. He visited the pure and good Longfellow, whom all of us love, and says this of him:

"He gave me a cigar, and he smoked one likewise. Some one in England had just sent him an album full of photographs of English men of letters, and I was proud to see that mine was among the number, and he recognized me by it; prouder than though I had been bidden to stand before a king. I rose at last, loth to depart, and left him there, sorrowful but not desolate. I presume I shall never see him again, but I shall never forget that I have been permitted to touch his hand and to listen to the discourse, full of calm and wise and gentle things, of a noble American man—of him who wrote the 'Village Blacksmith,' and 'Evangeline'—of him whose life has been blameless, whose record is pure, whose name is a sound of fame to all people—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

I honor Sala no more than before, but his adulation affirms what I have always held of the truest, purest and highest of our poets.

A. Malespine, the foreign editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, is perhaps the truest friend of America in the French metropolis. He has visited this country and admires it greatly; besides, he manages to attach himself to the United States diplomats and was intimate with the late minister Dayton. The *Opinion Nationale* circulates about nine thousand copies, and is radically republican; the *Siecle* circulates forty-odd thousand and the *Presse* four thousand; the *Moniteur*, (morning edition) ten thousand; the *Monde*, twenty-five thousand, the *Petit Journal*, one hundred thousand copies. The latter publishes no foreign news and so escapes the stamp duty. Most of the Parisian journalists are legislators as well; the cleverest of them, and most indefatigable is Emile de Girardin. Malespine, mentioned above, has published three brochures in favor of the Union in its effort to put down the present unholy and causeless rebellion. In our hour of triumph, we must not forget the few friends we had in France during the darker days.

Olive Logan's book, *Chateau Frissac*, is praised and quoted at large. She is both authoress and actress, having written a play as well, which, in current puffery, is asserted to have been read and commended by the Empress, but I have seen so much of the reality of the alleged American reputations abroad that I am skeptical even upon this point. And after all, what has the Empress' opinion to do with the literary value of any book? I would much sooner depend upon yours or my own. Must dramatic people always be toadies and parasites, even when they get out of the theatre?

You should see the theatres in which many trans-Atlantic "reputations" are made, to be afterward advertized in *extenso* here—wretched Hebrew and costermonger temples on Bishops-

gate street or Hackney road, where a lady goes at her peril, and a gentleman to his disgust. The longer I live the more am I disappointed with every thing histrionic. Here is Gaylor, dramatic author *par excellence*, yet his life is a hodge-podge, now getting off a burlesque, now a medley for some negro minstrel's motley corps, now a drama upon oil or stock-jobbing, now stealing the thunder of some foreign play-wright, and eking out a few dollars under cover of some imported and successful play. Personally, Gaylor is jolly enough, and he has the stature of a giant.

Wallack's is the theatre, *par excellence*, of New York, but what a degenerate representativeism do we find there! Its leading lady, Miss Henriques, is a pretty little face, without power or versatility, and her popularity must be ascribed only to the fineness of her wardrobe; John Gilbert is the best of the heap, but he is not a student; old Norton, to the dishonor of his profession, keeps a liquor bar opposite the theatre; Mark Smith has enough talent but no industry; the rest are only serviceable, like mortar, in a house; and yet this play-house place is at the head of our dramatic art.

The more I think over the literature and the art of the war just closing in triumph to our arms, the more am I disgusted that during this struggle, which, upon one side or the other, has enlisted all the passions, and should have evoked the highest inspiration, the most nervous prosody, the most exhaustless argument and illustration, we have had no literature at all, or such as is fit for children merely. Possibly some General, more devoted to letters than the mass, may have made careful notes and analyses of his particular campaigns, but I have heard of none. There has been no Xenophon to record his disasters, no Cæsar to describe his triumphs, no Livy to cast together these mighty materials, so that they shall make an everlasting monument. We have had as good "fighting generals" as the world ever produced, but they have not shown us that they are equally happy with the pen. A parcel of ragged and illiterate boys are hanging after the army, to send home superficial and deplorable stories of what they neither see nor comprehend; but as yet the war has produced no literary genius. I was once a correspondent, as I have already told you, and I never read a military book of any kind. Yet, forsooth, I sat in judgment upon Generals.

Recently I strolled into the Astor Library to spend a leisure hour over *Cæsar*. I cannot tell you in this "Desultory" letter how I was thrilled and charmed by his concise and profound genius. There was a preface to the translation, describing the Roman art of war, the organization of their armies, their method of marching, encampment, siege and assault. Never before had I lamented the sluggishness of my school days. It is a pity that one goes to school so young. Amid the motley people who haunt that fine Bibliotheque to dissipate and sleep, I sat over old Cæsar as a girl sits over a romance. After all, the best education for peace is that of war! Give men strong, martial bodies, quick faculties, concentration, and a love of country and glory—these being the components of a soldier—and we shall also have good scholars, staunch, public-spirited citizens, and enough love of art and letters to inspire taste without encouraging enervation.

I would like to have something to praise, but can't find it. The artists have a reception shortly, and perhaps, if I attend it, I may see or hear something to puff. Till then, I stop this waudering budget of

Yours truly, DESULTORY.

"JENKINS" AT THE RECEPTION.

ONE of the editors of the Cincinnati *Commercial* thinks that "Jenkins" ought to describe the dress of the gentlemen, as well as that of the ladies, who attend great balls and parties. He tries his hand as follows on the gentlemen who were present at a late reception in Washington:

Mr. J—n Sm—h (I must adopt the regular Jenkins style of initials only) wore a coat and a pair of pantaloons that would do honor to any tailor's shop. The latter were a little too long, and it was the general impression that the charming wearer would have looked much better had he rolled them up a little.

Mr. J—n—s had a hat of exquisite material. The block was imported for him specially. He also, like Mr. S—h, wore a coat and pantaloons. The former was of beautiful texture, and had pockets behind.

Mr. J—n—son was attired very fashionably in black broad-cloth—coat and pants, together with a vest which had two pockets and a convenient place for a watch.

Mr. R—h—son wore a shirt of beautiful material, handsomely plaited in the bosom, and embroidered all round. It had just been ironed, and imparted to the wearer a very unique appearance.

Mr. B— was remarked for the excellent pair of shoes he had on. They had just been half-soled, and made delightful music.

Mr. F— was splendidly attired, but the article which attracted most attention was his pocket-handkerchief, which was hemmed in a remarkable manner. A slight cold in the head caused him to use it frequently.

Mr. H— was the cynosure of all eyes, on account of the beautiful and costly buttons on his pantaloons, which differed from all others in being "flaps."

Mr. S— wore a magnificent undershirt of steel gray, with his name on the corner in indelible ink.

Mr. T— displayed a beautiful pair of whiskers, which must have cost an immense sum. They were universally admired.

Mr. S— wore a ring on his little finger, and the cuffs of his shirt were charmingly held in the embrace of mother-of-pearl.

Mr. W— added, to a new costly apparel, a pair of stockings that attracted much attention. They were upheld by India rubber garters of the finest finish.

Mr. R—, (the enterprising tallow-chandler,) was much admired for the suavity of his manner and the buttons of his vest.

Mr. C—, (in the petroleum business,) was beautifully perfumed with a new article of bears' grease. He smelled very sweet.

Mr. Blank, (in the dry goods line,) wore a cravat which was tied with much taste, and a standing-collar which fitted his finely formed neck with great tightness.

Mr. I—, (the celebrated spruce beer dealer,) was the observed of all observers, on account of his boots, which were the finest calf-skin, and were said to be genuine rights and lefts.

Mr. K—, (in the orange and peanut way,) wore a costly pair of woolen mittens, knit expressly for the occasion.

Mr. M— took the palm for mustaches. They were in a high state of waxation.

Mr. L— made a very graceful appearance in plaids. What was chiefly remarkable about him was the beautiful color of his shirt, which was of the finest brown muslin.

Mr. N—'s finely moulded form was set off to great advantage by a pair of suspenders of the finest texture, and a beautifully starched "dickey."

Mr. V— was splendidly attired. In addition to a coat and vest, he wore a pair of pantaloons which were buttoned with neatness and precision.

THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

WHAT! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!

Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits more blest than the "Planet of Even,"
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God speed into Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Tro'd his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He is looked for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
The youth in his birthplace, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far-off stands his beckoning bier!
He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er—
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's eul—
It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass—with his sword—to the presence of God!

What more? Shall we on with his ashes? Yet, stay!
He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day!
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land—
The bright gold of thousands has pass'd through his hand.
Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
No jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
No trappings—no horses?—what had he, but now?
On!—on with his ashes!—HE LEFT BUT HIS PLOUGH!

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children and neighbor may mourn on his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who descended Faue's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepp'd to the sky!

[N. P. Willis.]

AN, *vanitas, vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire; or, having it, is satisfied?—*Thackeray.*

THE fate of many a person is, up to a certain point, a tangle which must be unravelled by friendly hands if it is not to be tightened into an irretrievable knot.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WE compile the facts connected with the recent National bereavement, presenting to our readers a careful collation, worthy to be preserved as a reliable record. Much of our space, this week, is devoted to the engrossing topic; we feel that pending the visitation of the great grief which sits heavily upon the heart of every true patriot, minor topics become comparatively insignificant:

On the evening of April 14th, (Good Friday,) the President, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, a Miss Harris and Major Rathburn, went to Ford's theatre, Washington, to witness the performance of *The American Cousin*. At about 10 o'clock, a man came into the private box, and, rushing past Major Rathburn, who was standing near the door, placed a pistol close to Mr. Lincoln's head and fired. Instantly springing upon the cushioned balustrade of the box, he drew a knife, made a backward plunge at the President, and jumping to the stage, exclaiming "*Sic semper tyrannis*," he disappeared before the audience could recover from their bewilderment. Escaping through a side door, he mounted a horse and fled. On examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head, above and back of the temporal bone; and that some of the brain was oozing out.

Miss Harris, who was in the box with the President, makes the following statement of the daring and terrible assassination: Nearly an hour before the commission of the deed, the assassin came to the door of the box, looked in, and took a survey of the position of its occupants. It was supposed at the time that it was either a mistake, or an exercise of impertinent curiosity. The circumstance attracted no particular attention at the time. Upon his entering the box again, Major Rathburn rose and asked the intruder his business. The latter rushed past the Major without making any reply, placed his pistol close to the back of the President's head, actually in contact with it and fired. Major Rathburn sprang forward and received the stab in his arm. The murderer then jumped on the stage and effected his escape. The rapidity with which the attack was committed upon the President was astounding. Mrs. Lincoln saw the form of the assassin go down from the box, and thought Mr. Lincoln had fallen out. She looked to see if she could see him on the floor, and barely saw the culprit jump to the stage, when, alas, as she turned her eyes to the box, she saw Mr. Lincoln's head had dropped forward upon his breast, and at once realized what had transpired.

From the moment the President was shot, up to his death he was insensible, exhibited no signs of pain, and recognized no one. In fact, it was believed he did not open his eyes. The blood troubled his breathing, often making it exceedingly difficult. He lingered until the next morning, Saturday, when at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock he expired.

The wretch who committed this most diabolical of all dark deeds, and deprived the nation of its honored and beloved head, is James Wilkes Booth, son of the famous actor of that name, and brother of Edwin and J. B. Booth, who once resided in San Francisco.

About the same hour that the President was murdered, an assassin entered Secretary Seward's apartments and under pretense of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bedside and inflicted two or three stabs in the throat and two in the face. The assassin after wounding Mr. Fred. Seward, Major Seward and Mr. Hansell on the stairway, went to the chamber where lay the sick Secretary. As Robinson the nurse, opened the door to learn the cause of the disturbance outside, a man struck at his breast. In his hand he had a long knife-blade, which appeared to be about a foot in length, and an inch wide. Robinson determined to oppose his progress, and raised his arm to parry the blow; the consequence was that a wound was inflicted in the centre of his forehead, close to the hair. The knife glanced, and he clenched the hand in which the man held the dagger, which came down upon Robinson's face, and felled him to the floor. Miss Seward, at this juncture, escaped from the room, and ran to the front window, screaming "Murder!" The assassin rushed to the bed where Mr. Seward lay apparently in a helpless condition, and gave a tremendous blow at his face. He missed his mark, however, and almost fell across Mr. Seward's body. By this time Robinson recovered and jumped on the bed and caught hold of the assassin's arms. While he was thus attempting to hold the assassin, the latter struck Mr. Seward on the left side and then on the right side. The assassin then raised up, and he and Robinson came to the floor together. They both got on their feet, Robinson still keeping firm hold of him, when the assassin reached his left arm over Robinson's shoulder and endeavored to force him to the floor. Finding he could not handle Robinson in that attitude, he dropped his position, and with the hand which was around his neck caught hold of Robinson's right arm, and struck behind Robinson with the knife. Robinson forced him towards the door, which was open, with the intention of throwing him over the banisters. Major Seward who was entering the room, immediately clutched the assassin, and the latter then struck Robinson in the stomach, knocking him down. He then broke away from Major Seward and rushed down the stairs. Mr. Seward's wounds are not mortal, and,

up to the present, the most favorable symptoms have presented themselves. No arteries were cut.

The would-be murderer of Secretary Seward is supposed to be a man named Survall, who is now under arrest, and will, no doubt, with his wicked accomplices, suffer a terrible penalty for their dark and damnable crimes.

The funeral obsequies of the President in Washington were of the most solemn and impressive character. The annals of civilization furnish no parallel to the fealty with which the memory of the illustrious dead was honored. It is estimated that one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons were in the streets participating in the ceremonies. The foreign ministers, with attaches, in all fifty-six, were present. Their places in the programme came immediately after the President and Cabinet. This, for the first time in our history, was in accordance with the usage of foreign nations, where the diplomatic corps follows the monarch. Heretofore, they have been placed in the programme after the ex-President, and Justices of the Supreme Court.

Upon the arrival of the head of the procession at the East front of the Capitol, the coffin was borne to the centre rotunda. President Johnson stood at the foot of the coffin, surrounded by a throng of Senators, high military officers, and a small number of Illinoisians as chief mourners. Dr. Gurley, standing at the head of the coffin, uttered a few most impressive remarks, chiefly in the solemn words of scripture, consigning the dead ashes of the once animated body of Abraham Lincoln to the original dust. The deep tones of his voice reverberated from the vast walls and ceiling of the rotunda, now first used for such a solemn occasion. During the impressive scene many were affected to tears. The remains were placed in the rotunda, and were to be conveyed thence, under escort, to Springfield, Illinois, via Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo and Chicago.

In all parts of the British provinces there was a general suspension of business, and every manifestation of deep sympathy with the people of the United States, and respect for the character of the deceased, were expressed.

A National Monument Fund is on foot, and a plot of ground six acres in extent, in the heart of the city of Springfield, Ill., has already been selected as the burial-place of Freedom's Martyr.

THE people of this city were slow to believe the terrible news which came to them on Saturday last from Washington; but when it was confirmed by despatches giving in detail the incidents of the monstrous deed which had been perpetrated, there was scarcely a loyal heart in San Francisco but beat as heavily as though the bereavement were of a personal nature. The entire city put on the habiliments of woe; and the sad, serious expression which met one everywhere, gave evidence that not alone was the loss of the Chief Magistrate deplored, but that the man beloved more than any other for qualities which take a warm, firm hold upon the affections, was lost to his kindred—the nation—forever. In some instances the intensity of grief found vent in outbursts of passion too sudden and formidable to be repressed by considerations of law or prudence. The reflection that certain persons and presses had constantly reviled and abused the nation's best earthly friend during his years of anxious toil and unselfish devotion—while employing every talent, all the means his judgment could suggest, to bring our country honorably through her difficulties—came with bitter poignancy now that that friend had fallen by the assassin's hand. The offices of the *Democratic Press*, *News-Letter*, *Monitor*, *Occidental* and *Franco-American* were visited and their contents thrown into the streets. The military, in the meantime, were called out, and, with the police, soon restored order to the city. On Sunday, in all the churches, allusion was made to the calamity that had befallen the nation, and fervent prayers ascended for wisdom and prudence in this hour of trial and responsibility. Funeral obsequies were celebrated on Wednesday—the day upon which the body of the President was committed to the tomb. Never before was so large a procession formed in this city, comprising all the organized bodies, military and civil, and a vast concourse of citizens. Not the least significant feature noticed was the attendance, on foot, of Archbishop Allemany and many other clergymen. The funeral car was similar to that used upon the occasion of Col. Baker's burial. At the Pavilion the exercises consisted of an oration by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, the reading of the late President's second Inaugural, singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and benediction by Rev. Dr. Peck. The entire proceedings of the day exhibited a unanimity in honoring the memory of the late President, a decorum and solemnity creditable to the city and worthy the sad occasion.

THE OBSEQUIES IN THE INTERIOR.

Sacramento.—In the morning services were held in all the churches. In the afternoon a large concourse of people gathered at the pavilion, adopted resolutions and listened to an address by the Rev. M. C. Briggs. The bells were tolled and guns fired during the day.

Marysville.—The day was generally observed there. A procession paraded the principal streets, and a very touching

and patriotic address was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Wythe of San Francisco.

Benicia.—The funeral obsequies of the late President were observed at this place with great solemnity. The programme included a procession, the largest ever seen in the county, church services, and a eulogy delivered by Hon. M. S. Chase, of Martinez.

Petaluma.—All business places were closed during the day, and a large procession, consisting of the militia, fire department and all the societies, with a large number of citizens, marched through the principal streets to the Plaza, where appropriate services were held. Cannon were fired every half hour during the day.

In all the smaller towns of the State the day was observed as one of mourning and prayer. Business was everywhere suspended, and religious services held.

(For the Californian.)

MODERN CHIVALRY.

WE have waited long, and he has come at last—the bright, consummate flower of Southern Chivalry. Great, valorous and true, as every knight should be. He has come to us perfectly graduated in the school of Southern thought, without an imperfection in his complete audacity. John Wilkes Booth! Let his name be blazoned high on the roll of modern chivalry—highest of all men that ever will be, for the judgment of the true standard makes him matchless and perfect in the sum of his villainies. Yes, he was great, for, worshipping the divinity of men who earn their bread by the sweat of other men's faces, it was his greatest deed to strike down the representative and head of the greatest nation of to-day, whose life is freedom, whose constant watchword is freedom, and whose noblest end and aim is freedom to every soul created in the Divine image. Valorous he was, as he had been taught by the selfish and degrading passions of his nature, when, overcome in principles, he would seek reparation in the demonstration of personal rage. His valor dares not meet the soldier in the field, but comes in fiendish stealth into the unarmed presence; sends death to a peaceful breast; with gleaming dagger, after the deed, struts before the footlights; accomplishes the dramatic, meaningless utterance, then runs like a cur into the darkness for his escape. He was a perfect student in chivalric morals, and everywhere gives evidence of how true he is to the instincts of the modern knight.

What for thirty years the teachers have been teaching is consummated in this villain, who has gained an immortality in degradation. Treason, then blood, the perfect accomplishment of all barbaric modes of warfare, the halter, massacre and starvation for defenceless prisoners; and, when the direful wrong which would be accomplished is overcome by honorable warfare, its rankling hate and groveling, unreasoning passion foams at the mouth, and, dying, appoints itself for burial with the blood of assassination. How the infernal depths echo and reverberate with the laughter of sympathizing friends! Of the harvests of souls that come to them every century, there's none so rare as this. How the devils clap their hands in merriest laughter, not for the death, but in the hopes that life will keep a soul so rich in villainy! For his groaning, all the years to come, "Greater, greater than I can bear," will be the sweetest music that the fiends ever danced to. And for the deed accomplished, there is sweet companionship in the essay that failed but still approached the fair consummation of Southern chivalry, whose glory is never half-known upon the battle-field, but gives sweet music when its footsteps trip up the stairs of the mansion of peace and enter the ante-chambers of Death for Death's great gain.

The civilization of to-day shudders at the view of such barbaric deeds, but it does not tremble. Above the sickening ignorance, above the intemperance of passion, above the selfish inequality of souls, it can see the day of unclouded skies. Upward, upward its eyes are cast, and reaching to the Divine hand, it chants, in greater faith, the universal chorus: "Peace, peace on earth, good will to men."

M.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Preserve the privacies of your house, your marriage state and your heart from your father mother, brother, sister and all the world. Between you two, let no third person come to share the secret joy or grief that belongs to yourselves alone. Do you two, with God's help, build your own quiet world—not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confident of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed and forgotten in after moments and devoted love; but never let the wall of another's confidence be built up between your wife's or husband's heart. Promise this to yourselves and to each other. Review the vow at every temptation; you will find your account in it; your souls will, as it were, grow together, and at last become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had known this all-important secret, how many marriages would have been happier than, alas! they are.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, then the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done! [J. G. Whittier.]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

MAUDE TREDETHLYN took her new life very pleasantly. Her father was happy. There had been a reaction in the City; things were going very well for the Australian merchant; and Francis Tredethlyn was receiving handsome interest for his thirty thousand pounds.

He brought these tidings to his wife's boudoir one morning early in the new year.

"I knew you'd be glad to hear it, Maude," he said; "and now you see that it was a very fine thing for me to get into your father's business. So you need not have been uneasy about the matter, my darling."

Mrs. Tredethlyn lifted herself upon tiptoe, and pursed up the rosiest lips in Christendom. A kiss, transient as the passing flutter of a butterfly's wing, alighted somewhere amid the thickets of the Cornishman's beard.

"You dear, good old Francis! That is the pleasantest news I ever heard, except—"

"Except what, darling?"

"The news that papa brought me home a year ago, when a generous friend stepped in between him and ruin."

Francis Tredethlyn blushed like a schoolgirl.

"Oh, Frank, if I should ever forget that day!" said Maude, in a low voice, that had something of sadness in its tone.

Was she thinking that there had been occasions since her marriage when she had almost forgotten how much she owed to the devotion of her lover—occasions on which some little social failure—some small omission or commission—some petty sin against the laws of the Belgravia and Tyburnians, had been large enough to blot out all memory of her husband's goodness? How can you remember that a man has a noble heart, when, for want of the ordinary tact by which well-bred navigators steer their barks amid the troubled waters of society, he blurs out some unlucky allusion which paralyzes the conversational powers of an entire dinner table, and brings blight and ruin down upon an assemblage which had fairly promised to be a success? Or how can you be expected to appreciate the generous spirit of a being whose ungainly elbow has just tilted half a dozen *petites timbales de gibier* into the ruby velvet lap of your most important guest?

There were times when Maude was forgetful of everything except her husband's genial good nature and unflinching devotion. There were other times when her heart sank within her as she saw his candid face beaming at her from the

remote end of a long dinner-table, and heard his sonorous laugh pealing loud and long above the hushed accents of Belgravia.

He was her slave. If she loved him—and surely it was impossible that she could accept so much idolatry, and render no small tribute of affection in return—her love for him was pretty much of the same quality as that which she bestowed on her favorite Skye terrier.

He was such a dear, devoted creature—so sensible, so obedient; and if he did not quite stand up in a corner to beg, with a bit of bread upon his nose, it was only because he was not required to do so. He was the best of creatures—a big, amiable Newfoundland, ready to lie down in the dirt to be trodden upon by his mistress's pretty slipper, or to fly at the throat of the foe who dared to assail her. He was a faithful slave and defender, and it was very pleasant to know that he was always at hand—to be patted on the head now and then when he was specially good—to be a little neglected when his mistress was absorbed by the agreeable distractions of society—to be blushed for, and even disowned now and then, when his big awkward paws went ruthlessly trampling upon some of the choicest flowers in the conventional flower-garden.

He was her slave—her own. He loved her with an idolatrous devotion which she could rarely think of without smiling at his exaggerated estimate of her charms and graces. He was hers—so entirely that no possibility of losing him ever entered into her mind. He was hers, and we are apt to be just a little indifferent about the possessions we hold most securely. It had become a matter of course that her husband should scatter all the measures of affection at her feet, and hold himself richly repaid by any waif or stray of tenderness she might choose to bestow upon him. She had no uneasiness about him—none of those sharp twinges of jealousy—those chilling pangs of doubt—those foolish and morbid fears, which are apt to disturb the peace of even the happiest wife. She knew that he had loved her from the very hour of their first meeting, against his will, in despite of his better reason. She knew that he had been content to stand afar and worship her in utter hopelessness; and having now rewarded his fidelity, she fancied that she had no more to do, except to receive his idolatry, and smile upon him now and then when it pleased her to be gracious.

There was neither pride nor presumption in her nature, but she had lived all her life in one narrow circle; and she could not help being unconsciously patronizing in her treatment of the man who had taken Her Majesty's shilling, and blacked Harcourt Lowther's boots.

Francis Tredethlyn might perhaps have been entirely satisfied by brightly patronizing smiles and gentle pappings on the head, had he not been blessed with a friend and adviser, always at his elbow, always ready to step in with an intellectual lantern held gracefully aloft, and a mocking finger pointed, when the simple Cornishman's perceptions failed to show him the uncomfortable side of the subject.

"What a darling she is!" exclaimed Mr. Tredethlyn, as he left the house with Harcourt Lowther, after Maude had parted from him on the staircase all in a flutter of silk and lace, and with a feathery bush of golden hair framed in the last Parisian absurdity in the way of bonnets.

"Mrs. Tredethlyn is just the sort of wife for a man of the world," Harcourt answered, with a slight shrug of his well-shaped shoulders. "But I can't help fancying sometimes that you're too good a fellow to be thrown away upon the loveliest creature who ever isolated herself from the rest of the human race in the remote centre of a continent of *moire antique*. Of course I can't for a moment deny that you are the most fortunate of created beings, but—there is always a 'but,' you know, even if one has a beautiful wife and thirty thousand a year. I suppose it is the habit of my mind to quarrel with perfection. I think if I were a fresh-hearted, simple-minded fellow like you, Tredethlyn, I should yearn for something nearer and dearer to me than a fashionable wife."

The finger of Mephistopheles, always pointing, generally contrived to touch a sore place. Francis Tredethlyn, even when he had been happiest in the sunlight of Maude's smiles, had felt a vague sense of that bitter truth. She was no nearer to him than of old. The impassable gulf still yawned between them, not to be bridged over by pretty little courtesies or patronizing smiles.

But in spite of all inward misgivings, Mr. Tredethlyn turned upon his friend, and hotly denied the truth of that gentleman's observations.

Harcourt Lowther was quite resigned to a little fiery contradiction of this kind. The arrow went home to the mark; it had been shot, and rankled there. Such discussions were very frequent between the two men; and however firmly Francis might argue with his friend in the daytime, he was apt to lie awake in the dead of the night, like false cousin Amy in the poem, when the rain was pattering on the roofs of the palatial district, and wonder, with a dull aching pain in his heart, whether Harcourt Lowther was right after all; and Maude—sunny-haired, beautiful, frivolous Maude—would never be any nearer or dearer to him than she was now.

In the mean time, Mr. Lowther, who sowed the seeds of the

disease, was always ready with the remedy; and the remedy was—dissipation.

Harcourt Lowther, in whose few years of legal study had been crammed the vicious experiences of a lifetime, was eager to perform the promise he had made to Francis Tredethlyn some two years before, when the young man first received the tidings of his uncle Oliver's bequest.

"I told you I'd show you life, dear boy," he said, "and I intend to keep my word. While Mrs. Tredethlyn amuses herself with the usual social treadmill business—perpetually moving on, and never getting any further—you and I will see a world in which life is worth living."

Thus it was that Francis Tredethlyn was lured away from a home in which he was taught to believe himself unappreciated, and introduced for the first time within the unholy precincts of the kingdom of Bohemia.

He entered the mysterious regions at first very reluctantly. He had the ignorant rustic's notion of Vice, and fancied that she would show herself in naked hideousness; but he found her with her natural face hidden under a plaster mask, modelled from the fair countenance of Virtue. It was something of a caricature, perhaps, for all imitations are so apt to become exaggerations. He found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in electro-plate. There were the same dresses and properties—only a little tarnished and faded—the same effects always considerably over-done; the same jargon, but louder and coarser. Life in Bohemia seemed like a transpontine version of a West End drama, with cheaper scenery and actors and a more uproarious audience.

This was the kingdom with whose inner mysteries Harcourt Lowther affected a fashionable familiarity. He presented his wealthy friend to the potentates of the kingdom, and carried him hither and thither to worship at numerous temples, whose distinguishing features were the flare of gas lamps and the popping of champagne corks, branded with the obscurest names in the catalogue of wine-growers, and paid for at the highest rate known to the London market.

Perhaps in all his wanderings in the darksome wilderness which his mentor called London life, Francis Tredethlyn's worst sin was the perpetual "standing" of spurious sparkling wines, and the waste of a good deal of money lost at unlimited loo, or blind hookey, as the case might be. He had high animal spirits and thirty thousand a year, which common report exaggerated into sixty thousand, and which the more imaginative denizens of Bohemia multiplied into fabulous and incalculable riches, so he met with a very cordial welcome from the magnates of the land. But the descent of Avernus, however easy it may be, is a gradual slope, and not a precipitous mountain-side, down which a man can be flung headlong by one push from a friendly hand. Francis Tredethlyn yawned in the faces of the brightest stars in the Bohemian hemisphere. His frank nature revolted against the shallow falsehoods around and about him. The glare of the gas seemed to have no brilliancy, the bloom upon the women's faces was only so much vermilion and crimson lake bought at the perfumer's shop, and ghastly to look at in a side light. The laughter had the false ring of spurious coin; the music was out of tune. In all this little world there was no element of spontaneity; except perhaps in the uproarious gaiety of some boyish country squire making a railroad journey through some fine old property that had been kept sacred and unbroken for half a dozen centuries, to be squandered on a handful of pearls to melt in Cleopatra's wine, or expended on the soaps and perfumeries of a modern Lamia.

There was neither bloom nor freshness on anything except on the wings of a few pigeons newly lured into the haunts of the vulture tribe. Everything else was false, withered and faded. The smiles of the women, the friendship of the men, were as spurious as the rhubarb champagnes and gooseberry Moselles, and were bought and sold like them. Mephistopheles may lead his pupil to the Brocken, but he cannot compel the young man to enjoy himself amongst the wicked revellers; nor can he altogether prevent his perceiving such small inconveniences as occasional red mice hopping out of the mouths of otherwise charming young damsels.

Harcourt Lowther found it very hard work to keep Francis Tredethlyn amused, night after night, in remote and unapproachable regions, whose very names were only to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vougeot at a bachelor's dessert. Poor Frank would rather have been dancing attendance upon his wife, and trampling on the silken trains of sterner matrons and dowagers at the dulllest "Wednesday," or "Tuesday," or "Saturday," in all the stuccoed mansions in which Maude's pretty face and pleasant manners, and his own good old Cornish name and comfortable income, had secured his footing. He was very good-natured, and did not care how much bad wine he was called upon to pay for. He could lose a heavy sum at blind hookey without the faintest contraction of his black eyebrows, or the smallest depression of his lower jaw. But he did not enjoy himself.

He did not enjoy himself—and yet somehow or other he went again and again to the same temples, always under convoy of his friend Harcourt, and generally very firmly resolved

that each visit should be the last. But there was always some special reason for another visit—an appointment with some elegant acquaintance of the vulture tribe, who wanted his revenge at blind hooky; or a little dinner to be given at the "Star and Garter," in honor of some beautiful Free-Lance, whose chief fascinations were the smoking of tissue-paper cigarettes, and a vivacious disregard of Lindley Murray. There was always some engagement of this kind; and as it happened somehow that Francis Tredethlyn generally found himself pledged to act as paymaster, it would of course have been very unmanly to draw back. If he could have sent his friend Lowther and a blank cheque as a substitute for his own presence, he would gladly have done so; but his friend Lowther took care to make this impossible. So the matter always ended by Mr. Tredethlyn finding himself, at some time on the wrong side of midnight, seated at the head of a glittering dinner-table; with the runs of an expensive dessert and the faces of his guests only dimly visible athwart a thick and stifling vapor of cigar smoke; while the clamor of strident laughter mingled with the occasional chinking and clattering of glass, as some applauding hand thumped its owner's approval of the florid sentiments in an eloquent post-prandial oration.

It is impossible to be perpetually paying for sparkling wines without occasionally drinking a little too freely of their bubbling vintage. Francis Tredethlyn, under the influence of unlimited Moët or Cliquot, found the Bohemians a much pleasanter kind of people than when he contemplated them in the cold gray morning light of sobriety. Harcourt Lowther took care that his friend should pretty generally look at things through a rose-tinted medium engendered of the juice of the grape, for he found that it was by this means alone that he could retain his hold upon his pupil.

Go where he might, the Cornishman carried his wife's image in his heart, and he would have left the most brilliant assemblage in Bohemia for a quiet *tele-à-tele* in Maude's boudoir, if his friend Harcourt had not carefully impressed upon him that his entrance into that pretty little chamber was an intrusion only tolerated by Mrs. Tredethlyn's good nature.

There is no need to enter very minutely upon the details of the work which Harcourt Lowther was doing. The art of ruining a well-disposed young man is not a very difficult one, but Mr. Lowther had reduced the art into a science. His great effects were not the sublime hazards of genius, but the calculated results of a carefully studied process. So many nights in a tainted atmosphere; so many "Star and Garter" dinners; so many subtle insinuations of Maude's indifference, must produce such and such an effect. Mr. Lowther displayed none of that impolitic and vulgar haste with which a meaner man might ruin his friend. He never hurried his work by so much as a single step taken before its time. He never wavered, or relented, or turned aside even for one moment from the course which he had mapped out for himself. So, in the course of that London season, it became quite a common thing for a street hansom to bring Mr. Tredethlyn to the gigantic stuccoed mansion which he called his own in the early sunlight of a spring morning. There were even times when the returning wanderer found it no easy matter to open a door with a patent latch-key, which would go meandering hopelessly over the panel of the door, scratching all manner of eccentric circles and parabolas on the varnish, instead of finding its way into the key-hole. There was one awful night on which Maude, coming home from some very late assembly, was stumbled against by a tipsy man who was groping his way up the great stone staircase, and found, to her unutterable horror, that the tipsy man—who apologized profusely for tearing half a dozen yards of mechin from the hem of her skirt, declaring that he was "ver' sorr,' pon m' word; b't'y' see, m' dea' Maurr, if y' w'll wear dress s' long, mussn' be s'prisc gett' t' pieces"—was her husband.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHY AND GAME LAWS.—The *Courier of Lyons* tells a funny story about the arrest of a photographer for poaching. M. Garcin was taking "sun pictures" on the picturesque estate of M. B——, a well known preserver of game. While busily engaged with his head under the cloth, he was accosted by a gamekeeper. "Your name?" said the latter. "Garcin." "Your license?" "I don't shoot." "Pooh! what is that cannon for?" asked the keeper, pointing to the photographer's apparatus. M. Garcin, laughing heartily, endeavored to explain that it was for photography. "Oh! that is what you call it, eh?" cried the man, "I shall draw up a *proces verbal*." And he proceeded to write in his memorandum book to the effect that on a certain day of a certain month, he had discovered a poacher, named Garcin, pointing a cannon at the birds in the hedges, etc. After this important record had been made, the keeper told the photographer that he must go with him before the mayor. When the case was heard by the magistrate, it of course created great amusement; but it was long before the keeper could be convinced of his error. Perhaps he was not thoroughly satisfied even when the photographer, having recovered his apparatus, showed him the portrait of himself as he appeared watching the "poacher" through an aperture in the hedge.

THE PANTELEGRAPH.

WE have had several times occasion to mention the Abbe Casalli's wonderful invention, by which he not only transmits from one place to another the words of a despatch, but the very handwriting of the person who sends it. As this new telegraphic system is now beginning to receive a practical application on a large scale, a description of the apparatus may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Imagine a cast-iron frame shaped like an A, and a pendulum suspended from its apex. At each foot of the frame there is an electro-magnet, through the action of which the pendulum, which is two metres in length, oscillates between them, according as an electric current passes from one to the other. About the middle of the shaft of the pendulum there is a sort of arm or cam, which, at each oscillation, causes a lever, fixed to the cross-bar of the A, to describe a circular arc. At the end of each oscillation the lever twice meets a click and spring-work fixed to the same cross-bar. At the first stroke the metallic vibration is interrupted, and at the second, a fork is set in motion, the prongs of which alternately act on the teeth of a ratch, which is thus forced to turn, and, in so doing, communicates motion to an endless screw cut into its own shaft. This endless screw causes two small chariots to move simultaneously; each chariot carries a fine steel point or stylus. Now, as in virtue of the endless screw these two points move uniformly in the same direction—the progress of the one not differing from that of the other even by a hair's breadth—it follows that whatever stroke will be described by the one will be imitated with mathematical exactness by the other. Now suppose a metallic plate to be placed under each point, these plates being curved like the circular arcs described by the points, then, after a certain number of oscillations of the pendulum, these points in moving along will have described upon the plates as many parallel lines indefinitely close to each other as there have been oscillations; hence, the whole surface of the plates has been gone over. The plates are in direct communication with the ground by means of chains; one of the plates we will call the transmitter, the other the recipient. The sender of a despatch writes it with common ink on a sheet of tinned paper, and places it on the transmitter. On the recipient we place a sheet of chemical paper, impregnated with a solution of cyanide of potassium.

Let us now set the apparatus in motion. The current being established, so long as the point of the transmitter only touches the tin, the electric fluid escapes into the earth; but no sooner does it meet the ink of the writing, which is a non-conductor, than the fluid, not finding an escape there, will seek it along the wire which connects the two points together. Thus the point which works on the chemical paper of the recipient will produce a blue stroke on the latter for every black stroke on the despatch, for steel in contact with cyanide of potassium, and under the influence of a positive current, produces blue. Hence, supposing the despatch to have been written in black in Paris and transmitted to Lyons, the correspondent at the latter place will receive in blue the exact facsimile of the sender's handwriting. An order to pay a certain sum may thus be transmitted with perfect safety.—*Galigiani.*

ANECDOTES OF BEETHOVEN.

MULLER'S "Furioso," a novel based on some incidents of the composer Beethoven, has been lately published. The opening chapter of the book is conventional enough to usher in a common-place Romance. "One bright June morning," it commences, "in the year 1782, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven Mountains, lying between Königswinter and the Oelberg, a slight, well-grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period." The "slight, well-grown youth" is Professor Wegeler, who, in his wanderings in search of plants and insects, is overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. "The rain poured down in great heavy drops," (we are told,) "the lightning was incessant, whilst the convulsed atmosphere sought relief in continued discharges of thunder." In the midst of this deluge of rain, Wegeler beholds "a short muscular form, whose long black hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest." The "singular individual," as he is called, unmindful of the drenching he was receiving, proceeded with a stick, which he beheld in his right hand, to conduct the thundering storm. "Now an allegro!" he cried. A flash of lightning succeeded his command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. "Adagio maestoso!" he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. "Prestissimo furioso!" shouted the weather-director; and exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his commands, now rounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony, in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another.

Students of Beethoven who would wish to trace, through the pages of Dr. Wolfgang Muller, how the "child" was "father of the man," may accept this as a fair specimen of the style of the book; and we can assure them that there is no little ingenuity displayed in forming a continuous story out of such materials as were furnished by the simple diary

of Professor Wegeler. The introduction of the young Beethoven (or "Furioso," as he is nicknamed) to Count Waldstein, who becomes his firm friend: his intimacy with the Von Bruening and Von Hourath families, with his love affairs, are told with surprising accuracy; as also his interview with the Emperor Joseph II., where he meets a "little man," with whom the Emperor is evidently on the most friendly terms.

"Have you already played Mozart's music?" demanded Joseph of Beethoven, winking at the little man.

"Certainly," answered the youth.

"And what is your opinion of him?"

"That he is the most melodious, graceful, and inexhaustible master that the world has ever known," said Beethoven.

"Perhaps Sebastian Bach stands higher in church music, and Handel in Oratorios; but on the stage the Salzburg composer excels even Gluck in finish, and in a characteristic representation of individuals and scenes."

After Beethoven had played an air of Mozart's, upon which he extemporized some variations, and a pianoforte composition of his own, which the "little gentleman" pronounced "not only of the highest order, but original throughout," the climax is brought about with a thorough knowledge of effect, thus:

"And your conclusive opinion of this young Bonn musician?" asked the Emperor of his companion.

"He will be among the first masters of the art," he said emphatically; and he reached Beethoven his hand.

"And do you know who delivers this judgment?" said the Emperor, turning to the youth.

Ludwig looked steadily at the little man. "No," he answered.

"It is that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," said the Emperor, with emphasis.

Beethoven's heart bounded within him.

SECRET SORROW.—"McArone," in the *N. Y. Review*, after showing up various phases of "secret sorrow," so prevalent among the love-sick swains and pining maidens who contribute of their woes to fill the columns of trashy, sensational weeklies, concludes his essay *seriously*, as follows:

Of course, there is such a thing as a real, noble, and dignified sorrow; one which cannot be cured, and which must be concealed. I am not one of those heartless cynics who can find nothing worthy in the romantic element of the human character, and I have known and revered one young man who had to bear a grief he could neither heal nor share with the gay world in which he was compelled to move.

He was, by nature, a fine, frank, honest fellow, with a strong tinge of refinement. Wealthy, surrounded by devoted friends, and betrothed to a charming girl who loved him almost to idolatry, there was yet a strange anxiety in his air when I first met him, that betrayed to my observant eye some worm in the bud, some skeleton in the closet, which was all unseen by even his most intimate friends.

I found him, several times, earnestly contemplating himself in a mirror with a pained and haggard look, as one might who sought, only too successfully to trace the first symptoms of some fatal and agonizing disease.

Often, when in company, he appeared preoccupied with saddening thought, and frequently passed his hand across his lips, as if to check the outburst of some fearful declaration, which might astound and horrify all who knew him.

Naturally, as a student of human nature, this case interested me powerfully, and I hoped to discover the cause of my friend's sorrow, in order to allay or mitigate it, if possible.

To this end, I cultivated the growing intimacy between us, and bore most patiently the pain of seeing his mute endurance of a mighty woe.

We occasionally spoke on the subject of hidden sufferings, but he resisted all my attempts to gain his confidence, and invariably asserted that he was the happiest man he knew.

We went fishing together, once—ah, how well I remember that day! The weather was warm, and we had walked far, and on our return I was glad to lie down on a sofa by an open window, with a mild cigar and a glass of iced brandy-pawnee close by, to get cool and rested.

Overcome by the drowsy warmth and gentle breeze, the faint hum of flies in the window-pane, and the twittering and whispering of birds and insects outside, I fell into a sort of doze, and must have lost consciousness for some moments, for when my perceptions returned, I was aware that some person had entered the room.

I had not the energy to thoroughly arouse myself at once, but partially opening my eyes, I saw my poor suffering friend standing near the window, with a small mirror in his hand, closely scrutinizing something about his face.

I gave no sign of being awake, and he must have supposed me to be deep in slumber, for all at once his horrid secret leaped from his heart to utterance, and the mystery was revealed in one eloquent outburst.

"Yes," he said, with an agonizing gasp; "yes, that moustache is growing, but by heaven, I knew it—I knew it—it's redder than thunder!"

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

CORRESPONDENTS will please direct their favors hereafter to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, 532 Merchant street San Francisco.

THE LAST SACRIFICE OF THE NATION.

IT is but a short week ago that in these columns we endeavored to point out what seemed to be the evident theory of the Administration in regard to the final settlement of our national troubles, and which was to prepare the people in the fullness of victory for that calm and dispassionate policy which was the natural and fitting expression of two of the most calm and dispassionate patriots who ever graced the councils of our country. The damnable act of treachery which on Friday last struck down the foremost of these leaders, and only failed through an excess of impotent rage in completing the assassination of his first minister, though seemingly a convincing refutation of their arguments for conciliation, has in the subtle logic of events produced even greater results than that for which they labored. The dagger of the assassin severed the bonds that linked the Northern Copperhead with the Southern rebel, and forever divorced their unholy alliance. It will be the additional punishment of the assassin to know that his treachery was double—that his crowning act was a death-blow to his party, and that the few sparks of feeble glory, which in the eyes of other nations might have obtained with the rebel soldier who in fair battle killed his enemy, is forever clouded by this infamous act of his cowardly accessory!

The history of reform and progress is the history of sacrifice. We might have fondly hoped that the blood which the North has freely poured from loyal veins during this war would have been sufficient for our atonement. But it seemed otherwise: it was but enough for the battle-fields of the Republic, and the open conflict. Providence decreed the assassination of the President as the one awful crime that could alone disorganize the opposition in our midst—that could alone shame the wretches who struck hands with undisguised traitors; and upon them, rather than on their agents, does Providence place the onus of this last and more terrible sacrifice. And thus, on this hecatomb of the Nation's dead, is placed him whose kindly heart and tender sympathies were quickest to appreciate the offering, and, who, up to the last moment of his life, labored to bring about conciliation and concord.

Had personal hatred inspired the assassin, the same short-sighted logic, which his act, viewed as a political deed exhibits, would have frustrated his object. The terrible baptism of blood has cleansed the official robes of Abraham Lincoln of all earthly impurities. This day he stands for his fame, perhaps higher than had a kindly Providence vouchsafed to him a peaceful retirement after the labors of his administration with reunion perfected and prosperity restored to his beloved country. In the light of this most piteous and untimely deed, his record stands spotless, free from the stains of selfishness or ambition which triumph and praise might have hereafter brought. Again, in all cases of human sacrifice, the principle, and he who died for it, are irrevocably linked, and go to posterity together. The apotheosis of Abraham Lincoln occurred on Friday week, and the alternate defeat or triumph of policies or parties, the incoming or outgoing of administrations touch him no longer. The Wise and All-ruling Destiny, who provided the assassin as a tool for its secret purposes, can well afford and even pardon the miserable men, should there be any, who at this juncture might be found to exult over this foul murder!

Meantime, the Government has slipped, almost unconsciously, into the hands of the succession, without jarring or derangement of its perfect mechanism, without a single questioning doubt or perplexity—a thing unknown to any other polity or government extant! A great people, with arms in their hands, and still heated with the excitement of conflict, have received the news of the most cruel and fearful outrage that could be perpetrated upon them, calmly, nobly and with dignity—without a single retaliating act toward the prisoners whom the fortunes of war had thrown into their hands, and whose presence might well excite the bitterest feelings—without aggressive acts toward the covert traitors

whose utterances in the plenitude of their power they had so long permitted and whom they could so easily crush—without passion, at a time when passion were most pardonable—affording altogether a spectacle of moral sublimity, unexampled in the history of nations.

(For the Californian.)

OUR LAST OFFERING.

IF I had not heard the terrible news and were inclined to write upon some other topic, I fancy that I should be dimly conscious of a something in the air—a moral miasma tainting the free atmosphere and benumbing the play of brain and fingers. As it is, there is an indefinable magnetism in the grief of twenty millions of people; a strange and new sense of insecurity in those things which we have hitherto looked upon as most secure, which disturbs that mental equipoise most conducive to composition. My pen, accustomed to deal glibly enough with fiction and abstract character, moves feebly and finally stops still before the terrible reality of this crime which has put a nation in mourning, and leaves my poor tribute an uninterpreted symbol upon the altar-tomb of a man whose honesty, integrity and simple faith I most revered and respected. It is the cruel fate of the imaginative scribbler, that finding a tongue for fanciful griefs, or the remoter afflictions of others, he is too often denied expression to those real sorrows which touch him more closely.

Abler pens than mine have demonstrated how the rhetoric of chivalry, which expressed itself in the attack on Charles Sumner, found a fitting climax in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, but as yet I have not seen recorded that which seems to me to be a better illustration of their peculiar logic. Four years ago the Slave Power accepted the usual arbitrament of the ballot-box with seeming faith and sincerity. Their principles were fairly defeated, and they made war on the nation. Four years later and the remnants of the same power in the North again submitted their principle to a like arbitrament. They were again defeated—and they assassinated the President!

No other public man seems to me to have impressed his originality so strongly upon the people as did Abraham Lincoln. His person and peculiar characteristics were the familiar and common property of the Nation. In his character and physique the broad elements of a Western civilization and topography seem to have been roughly thrown together. The continuity of endless rivers and boundless prairies appeared to be oddly typified in his tall form and large and loosely-jointed limbs, and that uncouth kindness of exterior which in nature and man sometimes atones for the lack of cultivation. His eloquence and humor partook of the like local and material influences, mixed with that familiar knowledge of men and character which the easy intercourse of the pioneer had fostered, and the whole, seasoned with those anecdotes which, like the legendary ballads of early European civilization, constituted the sole literature of the Western settlements. Let me go further and say that, in my humble opinion, he was, as a representative Western man, the representative American. That correct and sometimes narrow New England civilization and its corresponding crisp and dapper style of thought, which for years represented the North in the councils of the Nation, has always seemed to me to be at best an English graft, which if it has not dwarfed the growth or spoiled the vitality of the original stock, has at least retarded the formation of National character. Nor do I say this with any the less reverence for that Puritan element, and its deep reliance in the familiar presence of God, which I believe has to-day saved this Nation. Yet there has always seemed to me to be a certain grim, poetic justice and symbolic meaning in the providential selection of this simple-minded, uncouth and honest man, in preference, perhaps, to one of our more elevated and elegant philosophers and thinkers, as the instrument to humble white-handed and elegantly-dressed arrogance—this cheap chivalry of the circus-rider which has imposed on so many good people—the sophistries of truth and position, and the last expiring remnants of feudalism and barbarism. I know of no more touching illustration of the instinctive appreciation of this fact in the Nation than that spectacle which the advertising columns of the newspapers offer in the many resolutions of condolence and sympathy from all organizations of trades and workingmen, and the sorrowing faces of the mechanics who walked in last Wednesday's procession.

Even as the martyrdom of this great and good man brought him down to the level of the humblest soldier who died upon the battle field for his country, so the common sympathy of our loss has drawn us all closer together. Nor has the great law of compensation failed us now; already we can fancy our national atmosphere is cleared by a people's tears, and the soil beneath quickened to a more spontaneous yielding. Leaving out the peculiar circumstances of our great sorrow, it has seemed to me that any event which could bring thirty millions of people in solemn and closer relations to their God is not altogether profitless. Perhaps it was necessary that we of the North, engaged in peaceful avocations, who had never really appreciated the magnitude of our soldiers' sacrifice, should be

thus brought to a nearer contemplation of violent death; that we who read of the slaughter of twenty and thirty thousand men with scarcely a tremor of the voice or quickened pulse, should be stricken into speechless tears and sorrow by the death of a single man. Knowing this, I believe that our nation stands to-day nobler and purer in faith and principle than ever before since the April sunshine glanced brightly on the bloody dews and green sward of Lexington, and believing thus, can echo the poet's tribute to one who passed away but a short year before, and perhaps stood first to welcome the martyred hero.

"Mingle, O bells along the western slope
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Droop cheerily, O banners, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steeped town;
Let the deep organ, with its loftiest swell,
Lift the proud sorrow of the land and tell
That the brave sower sowed his ripened grain."

BRET.

(For the Californian.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RETURNING spring had just begun to gladden the earth with flowers and with verdure; the air was filled with songs of triumph, and came warm from the south with suggestions of speedy peace, when suddenly a cry of horror and a wail of anguish vibrated through the whole land. Our joy was turned into mourning. The cup of gladness which we had but just tasted was dashed to the ground, and in its place the poisoned chalice was commended to our lips.

If life were not full of shocks and surprises, of abrupt meetings and of sudden partings, of unexpected successes and of unforeseen reverses, we might fold our arms and lie upon our oars, as we sail the sea of Time, forgetful of the great currents and of the heaven-born winds which bear us on.

But no such tranquil progression is ours. No sooner do we adjust ourselves to one position than we are called to another, and the forces which play into our lives are more numerous and more subtle than we suspect.

If we seek to solve the problem of a nation's fate, we find more unknown quantities than independent equations, and Providence seems to delight in startling our best-laid plans and bringing about results by new and sparkling methods of its own.

We count upon men to carry out our wishes and schemes. But the continuance of any one life is, of all earthly things, the most uncertain. As no reasoning can estimate the violence of private malice or measure the infinite baseness of which it is capable; so no forethought or precaution can avert its effects. Assassination is the last act of frantic desperation and of deadly hate. It is an acknowledgment of weakness, a renunciation of all fair and equal encounter, and a resort to the treacherous and stealthy spring of the tiger with a fiendish malevolence, compared with which the tiger's hunger and rage are virtues.

Our chosen chief has fallen by such a blow—at a time, too, when we had come to love and to trust him as few men are ever loved and trusted. He had won our hearts by his honesty, his courage and his fidelity to the great trusts imposed upon him. We admired his simplicity of character, his moderation, his strong good sense, and his earnest and pithy eloquence. We honored him that in an age of time-servers and self-seekers, he stood up for the oppressed, and through evil report and through good, never swerved from his allegiance to the cause he had espoused.

He was a genuine son of America, the natural product of our country and her institutions. Foreign schools, and foreign arts and refinements had done nothing for him. He was all our own. Nurtured in the school of soil and privation, we loved him as we love the rough granite cliffs of New England, as we love the broad prairies of the West and the great rivers of the land. He came into office when our land was quaking with convulsion and discord. He stood between two mighty opposing forces. Is it strange that he was crushed by the collision? As few have been so loved few have been so hated. To the one portion he was the conservator of their national unity, the power of their strength; to the other he was the embodiment of all they most feared and hated.

When an earthquake at Rome opened a deep gulf in the midst of the forum, after long efforts to fill up the chasm had proved unsuccessful, the oracle gave response to the anxious inquiries of the citizens that they should cast therein that which constituted their chief glory; and after treasures and votive offerings had proved unavailing, Marcus Curtius offered himself to die, asking what greater glory had Rome than the valor and devotion of her sons. And in the presence of assembled multitudes of Rome, he cast himself into the gulf of Rome's calamity. No earthquake hollowed the abyss which has yawned in our midst—but two hundred years of a mighty wrong excavated the dark gulf which has for many years divided us. Into it we have cast our treasures, the accumulated wealth of years of peace, but still it has yawned black and bottomless. Into it we have poured

the blood of our bravest and best. Was it necessary that our chosen one, our chief on whom we had lavished our highest honors should sink into the same unfathomable vortex? He would not have shrunk from the sacrifice if he had known it inevitable or necessary. He never avoided danger, but was ready at all times to go wherever his presence was needed. A mysterious Providence did not allow him to anticipate even for a moment the doom impending over him. He was spirited away in an instant. We saw him one moment full of life, health and vigor. The next and nothing remained of our great leader—not even consciousness of the terrible fate that had befallen him. No word of parting, no faltered farewell broke the suddenness of our loss. Sudden as lightning was the revengeful blow. That lofty form is laid low, but his principles are marching on, and even amid the peal of his death knell we catch the notes of triumph swelling up from our victorious host. Like Moses he was not permitted to enter the promised land of peace and restored harmony. He had conducted us for four years through the wilderness of war. He was permitted only to see the dawn of a brighter day. Through many long and weary marches he had climbed the summit where he could look down upon a land of peace, plenty and of righteousness, and like Moses upon the mountain from that pinnacle of vision he must be torn away from our sight.

THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday, the *Octoroon* was played for the benefit of Mr. Charles Wheatleigh. I was glad to see a good house on that occasion. Mr. Wheatleigh had worked hard to deserve it. Charles R. Thorne was kindly welcomed by the audience; he played the part of "McCloskey" villainously—that is, he was everything that could be desired. McCloskey being a villain. With Wheatleigh as "Salem Scudder" and Thorne as "McCloskey," and the other characters admirably distributed, the play, of course, went well. It was repeated the following night.

Wednesday the theatre was closed in consequence of the mad crime of an actor within the walls of another theatre where was enacted a darker tragedy than has ever entered the mind of dramatist to conceive.

Thursday the *Colleen Bawn* was born again and borne very patiently by the audience.

Friday, Watts Phillips' comedy of *Paul's Return* was produced, Wheatleigh playing "Abel Honeydew" and Thorne "Paul Goldsworthy." The performance closed with the farce of *A Model of a Wife*. Wheatleigh's personification in this of the Frenchman "Pygmalion Bonnetoi" is inimitable. I have seldom seen it equalled.

To-night *Rachel the Reaper* will be performed, on which occasion I am able to state authoritatively, sickles will appear on the stage. This play is of the sickly sentimental order of domestic drama. The afterpiece will be the never-tiring *Bull in a China Shop*. The audience will easily swallow "Rachel the Reaper" when such a *bonne bouche* is given them to take after it. The reign of merry Thalia ends to-night.

On Monday stern, pale visaged Melpomene takes possession of the stage in the person of her great high-priestess Miss Heron. Wheatleigh resigns his post of stage manager, to Graves and a grave season commences. "Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs" and Medea and Camille. Miss Heron opens in her greatest impersonation, namely, that of *Gamea the Jewish Mother*. In this she is grand, almost sublime in some portions, and good throughout. Her acting is in this role more even than in any other. Miss Heron's farewell engagement is short.

The American Theatre company has broken up.

The Circus season has commenced. Cooke, Zoyara and Wilson's Grand Combination Circus gave their first exhibition in the Pavilion on the lot adjoining the International Hotel, on Friday, to a concourse of some 2,500 spectators. The celebrated James Cooke, from Astley's Theatre, London, is the clown. His jokes, which, wonderful to relate, were new, excited immense applause. The great features of the entertainment were the performing dogs, monkeys and mules, who were quite the stars of the evening. This is decidedly the most perfect equestrian troupe which has ever visited this city. Little Gemma is the most fearless of riders. Peoples is immense in his four-horse act, and Olma, who is called the great Octomiraculous, surpasses even the famed Orriu brothers' gymnastic feats.

The San Francisco Minstrels have left the Eureka tenantless, they were, when last heard of, in Sacramento, doing a good business.

The New York Herald's Washington despatch says it was ex-Governor Farwell, of Wisconsin who notified Mr. Johnson of the murder of Lincoln. Mr. Johnson had retired for the night when notified. Prompt measures were taken for his protection. But for this presence of mind on the part of Governor Farwell, in all probability Mr. Johnson would also have been murdered.

RICHARD CORDEN, the great English reformer, is dead.

(For the Californian.)

THE NEW TAVERN.

OUR latest exchanges tell us there is something on the brain of Boston. It seems a pity. For the less intelligent of our readers we will state, to give geographical location to that place, that it is situated in the province of Massachusetts Bay, a great way down East, near the State House of that province, is within three miles of Harvard College and can easily be seen from the shaft on Bunker Hill. It is usually a very quiet little place, has a good many pious Puritan descendants in it, does nothing very immoral in its corporate capacity and is excited by things not very great in themselves. It is "pleased with a trumpet." A while ago it got a big trumpet, a sort of many-barrelled affair, and put it into the place where the great theologic gun, Theodore Parker, used to give the Puritans the scent of heretic powder. Everyone who went to the town didn't see the elephant, unless he saw the great organ. The papers talked about it. The Autocrat filled a dozen pages of the Boston magazine about it. The thing itself spread its own magnificent tones all over Boston and vicinity and the fame of its noise reached even Sacramento and Slug Gulch.

What is now animating that quiet little burg is the project to build a new tavern. Everybody is interested. Apparently almost everything else is forgotten, at any rate laid aside until this is properly arranged. One of our oldest Boston exchanges gives portions of three columns to this item of immense importance. Indeed the number appears with a supplement, with no other apparent reason than that the quiet people, after taking their tea, must gossip over the new idea. It speaks of it editorially; it speaks in many-tongued correspondents, and it gives place to the wise "opinions of the press." Every conceivable question connected with its incipency is thoroughly argued. Several things bother the good people, however. There is no doubt in the world but that it can be built if somebody will start a subscription paper. Almost everybody is convinced that it is needed, and there is a college close by where a person can be educated "to keep a tavern" or patronize one. One editor says that "to secure the capital, erect the building upon a plan at once generous and commensurate with the progress of the age in the art of hotel building, and see it in full and successful operation are the main object; names and sites will take care of themselves." Now that is very like a snub on some of the enterprising correspondents who appear in the same issue. No less than eight communications treat of those very things which the editor very ungraciously insists will take care of themselves. It's hardly fair in a person who writes regularly for a newspaper, to brush aside his correspondents' ideas as he would July flies.

The name also bothers a great many people. One says "Boston Hotel" is proper, and the editor endorses that; another, "St. Botolph's House" (evidently been reading up on the history of old Boston); another likes "Hotel America," (with a foreign accent,) but is afraid that people from the State of Maine might take it for the "American House;" one would glue the name of "Phillips" (Boston's first Mayor) on to it somewhere; another echoes "Russell House," for "the late Maj. Russell," that is, in case they buy the church property in Summer street, because the Major used to go to church there; one says "Beacon House" would have a decidedly *recherché* significance; and another don't care much what they call it, so long as they put "Boston" before it. Who can sleep in such a state of things? You it's see a matter of immense importance, and it is hoped that whatever they do, the old ladies will finally settle on a real nice name, such as good Bostonians may always pronounce with affection. If it wouldn't be obtrusive, we would like to suggest a name, and, as a Boston physician has circulated the idea that that town is the hub of the universe, would like to propose (*nemo contradicente*) that the new tavern be called the *Hotel de Hub*.

Then there's the location. Five correspondents suggest desirable localities, without mentioning the unimportant fact as to whether they are possessed in fee simple of either. Besides, some well-known old localities, certain unknown new ones are spoken of. If Boston has any particular genius, it is for writing books, and, next to writing books, making dry land. Only a little while ago there was quite a large puddle of water, which the funny Bostonians called the Back Bay, just the other side of the "Public Garden" where little children go to bear the parrot and play horse on the grass. What do you think they did? Somebody said that if there was a paradise on earth it was Beacon street. But it wasn't a half big enough paradise for so many nice people as lived in Boston. The commonest sort of people (those who, after death, go to East Boston,) had used up all the rest of the town with buildings. Consequently they went to work and made some more town, which was all to be "up-town" for the "upper-ten," and in the celestial records would stand next to Beacon street. And we believe it does. Nobody but nice people live there, in nice houses. And for a site for the new tavern, one correspondent says this can't be beaten. He thinks Commonwealth Avenue is just the place for the (no doubt to be

called) "Commonwealth Hotel." And to tell the truth, there is one recommendation. He gives the price of land as \$3 to \$4 per foot. Cheap as dirt can possibly be anywhere! Maybe he means a square foot, but probably a front foot. Think of it! Rooms and board in a hotel built on land at such economical rates must be cheap. We engage an extensive suite of apartments at once. Montgomery street is cheap at \$1,000 per foot. We will not be particular about the acceptance of our name, but would like this location availed of immediately.

We do not mean to dictate in regard to anything connected with this new Boston project. We are glad to see that the Boston public want, as one correspondent writes, "no six-penny concern, but a grand, commanding house; to use a common phrase, 'a smasher.'" Is it strange that, with the "six penny concerns" that Boston abounds in, one of the press pathetically says: "If a stranger comes hither he can generally procure lodging and enough to eat and drink, but does he have anything approaching 'entertainment' with which a Metropolitan hotel delights its guests, and which even a comparatively modest establishment like the Continental makes every visitor sorry when his time has come to move on?" To think that Puritan Boston should be obliged to take off its hat to the Quaker City! It's awful for Boston! In a few months these entangling problems will be solved, we trust, and then the good Bostonians can quietly eat at the new tavern, receiving "entertainment" and paying liberally for some one to turn the crank of the new organ while they eat.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE ASSASSINATION.

"—Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clean in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, bore'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
Till tears shall drown the wind."

[*Macbeth*, Act i., sc. 7.

"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man."

[*Ibid*, Act ii.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us."

[*Julius Caesar*, Act iii., sc. 2.

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

[*Richard III.*, Act iv., sc. 3.

"All murders past do stand excused in this,
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest
Exemplary by this heinous spectacle."

"If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee: a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

[*King John*, Act iv., sc. 3.

"The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know,
What we shall say we have, and what we owe
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war."

[*Macbeth*, Act v., sc. 4.

THE OPERA.—The sad events of the past week have not offered a very auspicious opening for the new troupe. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given on Monday night (subscription night) to a very crowded house; but the following evening—a gala night—when *La Traviata* was performed, the attendance had dwindled to half the number. Signora Brambilla has a sweet though not powerful voice, with not much artistic execution. Morley, the tenor, is unsatisfactory—often giving promise of an ability which he does not sustain, and becoming "flat." Morrelli, the baritone, with an organ of considerable compass, does not seem to have much cultivation, and does not always show a just conception of the spirit of the music which he sings. The chorus is good, and the orchestra excellent. There is a perfection and liberality in the manner in which these operas were placed upon the stage which give credit to the management.

The Mendocino Democrat says an effort is being made to establish a daily mail route from Petaluma to Humboldt Bay, via Ukiah City, with good prospects of success.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

THE REVENGE OF ARTISTS.

NUMEROUS are the stories told of the tricks by which artists have avenged the disdain of their clients. The anecdote of Mr. Hope ("Anastasius") is too well known to be repeated. I may tell a less familiar one in which one of the best known bailiffs in Paris figured. He had acquired a considerable estate in his trade, and determined that the effigy of him who had assembled all this gold should descend with them who were to enjoy it. No testator dreads the garret. Lord a mercy! heirs would be unlucky dogs did they so much as suspect that an heir's house contains such a room! He went to Dubufe and ordered his portrait. When the portrait was executed Dubufe sent for the model.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the bumbailiff, "you don't mean that fat fellow is I?"

"My dear fellow, artists adore nature with too much fervor to correct her."

"And that I have such a proboscis—for it is not a nose—the elephant in the Garden of Plants hasn't a larger one!"

"Look in the mirror."

"Besides, when did you ever see me squint?"

"Ever since I made your acquaintance."

"Then you are blind. That portrait is not in the least like me, and I formally refuse to accept it."

"Oh, very well! Good morning," said Dubufe, bowing him out of the house.

The bumbailiff went away rubbing his hands, delighted at having got rid of a "bad bargain."

Dubufe sent for a lithographer and had an exact copy made of his picture and had several hundred extra impressions struck off. He went to the court house regularly and obtained a list of all arrests for debts ordered. He at once sent to the debtor menaced with arrest a copy of his lithograph which bore this legend: "Monsieur —, Bumbailiff."

The bailiff's reputation (it avouched him the best shot in Paris and was the source of his estate) began to wane. He could not bag any game. The moment a debtor caught sight of his face the former fled. Losing business fast, the bailiff began to investigate the cause of it, and at last discovered it. He burst into Dubufe's studio in a fury, screaming:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Why so? Because I have an ill-tempered fellow bawling here?"

"Because you are ruining me."

"Ruining you?"

"Sir, do you suppose that I am ignorant that you send my likeness to all debtors under arrest in Paris?"

"Your likeness—you don't mean the portrait of that fat fellow (you are not that fat fellow) with a proboscis (you have no proboscis, the elephant at the Garden of Plants has that appendage) and who squints (nobody ever saw you squint); you don't call that caricature your l-i-k-e-n-e-s-s?"

The bumbailiff saw he was caught in the springes, and being a shrewd fellow, he good humoredly said:

"Well, after all, you may send that ugly fellow around to my house. What is your bill?"

Horace Vernet had a similar quarrel with the Fould family. The father of the present Minister ordered his portrait of this great artist. Vernet painted a noble piece. Old Mons. Fould asked the price, and the artist said \$15,000. He invariably charged \$5,000 for an equestrian portrait. This seemed an outrageous extortion to old Mons. Fould, who had all his life been accustomed to contemplate money in its infinitesimal forms—sixteenths of one per cent. and twentieths of one per cent. and such "small deer"—and he refused to pay it. Horace Vernet did not bring suit, neither did he quarrel. He was then giving the last touches to his picture, which represented the capture of Abd-el-Kader's Smala. He introduced into the scene a rascally-faced Jew pedler, who, while all the rest were fighting to defend their chief and his family, thought of nothing but running off with his goods to some safe place. This Jew pedler was instantly recognized for old Mons. Fould. You may trace the likeness to the Minister of Finances whenever you go to Versailles.

ARISTOCRATIC KLEPTOMANIA.

The menials here are a vile race. They played a shabby trick on the Countess de — on New Year's Eve. I don't say she did not deserve it, still it is notorious that people afflicted with her monomania cannot be considered free agents. She is fond of petty thieving. When she dines out she cannot help smuggling a portion of the dessert into her pocket. She robs the sugar-dish when she can. In the Bois de Boulogne she gets out of her carriage and picks up sticks of dried wood. This is quite a common monomania here. There are ladies of the oldest family and highest rank who cannot enter a dry goods' shop without stealing. Their regular tradesmen have been notified by the families to keep a strict watch on them and to charge everything they steal. The Countess de — is one of these unfortunate women. She is wealthy, but she will pilfer. She spent New Year's with an old friend with whom she dines at least once, and oftener twice than

once, a week. Before she joins the company in the drawing room she is accustomed to go into her friend's chamber to prepare herself for the social circle. She places on the bed her bonnet, boa, muff and shawl. The chamber is heated by a porcelain stove—the most delightful heater you can conceive, it is far superior to your warm water apparatus—and near it stands a chest filled with small sticks of wood. The Countess de — has long been in the habit of taking one of these billets of wood and concealing it in her muff to gratify her mania for pilfering. She takes it when she enters the bed-chamber and hides it under the eider-down of the bed until her departure when she slips it into her muff. One night the maid detected the Countess de — and as the latter had failed to give her the expected vails, she determined upon revenge. After the Countess de — had as usual hid a little stick of wood under the eider-down the chambermaid quietly slipped the largest billet she could find in the wood cellar into the place of the little stick which she withdrew. As the Countess de — was about taking her departure she attempted her wonted trick of legerdemain: but the billet was not to be moved by any sleight of hand. The Countess de — turning deadly pale, quivered like an aspen leaf and retreated with the utmost embarrassment. She went home and has been quite sick ever since. The chamber-maid has very properly been dismissed.

A RUSSIAN ECCENTRICITY.

While I am speaking of Russians let me narrate the eccentricity of one of them, who is just now the lion of Paris. I never saw such a looking brute. I never saw a human face divine degraded by so much sensuality. His wealth is something enormous. I will not challenge your credulity to its utmost verge by hinting only figures. This I may, however, say. He went recently to a stock broker and ordered him to buy some three per cents., that he might not have too much money lying idle at Rothschild's bank. "How much shall I buy?" inquired the stock broker. "Well, I really forget, I believe somewhere between six and eight millions of dollars." Can you conceive of a fellow "out" by one or two millions of dollars? He has two cousins here whom he detests, and who hang on him as iron filings on the magnet. Who does not hang on his rich kin? He summoned them to his study the other day and held this language: "I know we are of kin, but I came to Paris to enjoy myself and the continual sight of you does greatly lessen the pleasure of my life in Paris. How it is I don't know. Doctor Fell—the reason why I cannot tell." Now if you will promise me to leave Paris and never set your foot again in it I will give you \$1,200,000 a piece." The offer was accepted. He gave them a check on Messrs. De Rothschilds and they quitted Paris that night. "Spiridion" in the Boston Gazette.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unswerving faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.—The Cornhill Magazine furnishes some curious specimens of college life in England. There is nothing the students so much dread as the word "Examination," and from the following answers of the undergraduates to certain questions, we should judge they would have some fears in passing through such an ordeal. Many stories are always afloat of wonderful blunders in divinity; some, of course, are inventions, and other facts, or founded on facts. We give a few extracts:

Examiner—"What can you tell me about St. Paul?"
Under-graduate—"He was also called Saul, and brought up at the foot of Gamaliel."

Examiner—"Yes, quite right. What do you know about Gamaliel?"

Under-graduate—"It is a mountain in Galilee."

The next, we believe, may be credited to Cambridge:

Examiner—"Why did Moses leave Egypt?"

Under-graduate (with hesitation)—"Why, sir—hem—hem—"

Examiner—"Come, come, answer if you know."

Under-graduate—"Well, sir, I suppose that little affair with Potiphar's wife."

For the following we do not attempt in any way to vouch, although we have heard its authenticity strenuously asserted:

Examiner—"Why was John the Baptist beheaded?"

Under-graduate (faltering)—"Because he would dance with Herodias's daughter."

THE New York *Albion* regards Louis Napoleon as "master of the art of using language for the purpose of concealing thought."

GOSSIP ON ART, MUSIC, ETC.

ALLUDING to the Grand Opera House in Paris, a French correspondent makes the following calculation: The new Grand Opera will cost thirty millions, which, at 5 per cent., represent an annual interest of 1,500,000f. But the full highly receipts of the house being 12,000f., and there being a hundred and twenty performances in the year, the annual receipts will be 1,440,000f., thus showing a deficit of 60,000f.; and in this estimate are not reckoned the salaries of the actors and dancers, the costumes, management—all that enormous outlay which has gained, as I think unjustly—look at Covent Garden, the Scala of Milan, the Pergola at Florence, and the Opera House at Reggio—the reputation for the Grand Opera of the theatre of Europe.

"Spiridion" says: They say we are to lose Mlle. Pattl. She is to marry a Russian whose estate yields \$1,800,000 a year! But what should she care for money? Already she is in receipt of a larger income than most princes in Europe, and, what is more agreeable than money, she receives applause night after night from men of all parties, from women of the Faubourg St. Germain, Faubourg St. Honoré, and Chaussée d'Antin. This music will cease after marriage. Why then should she marry? Domestic felicity is not to be found in a Russian's home. It is a title which fascinates her? Sontag was more illustrious than the Countess Rossi and attracted admiring glances which the whole line of Countesses Rossi could not have won. I suppose it is the old story of the roc's egg. We ever pant for that which we have not, and loathe what we possess.

THE *Medea* of Chernbini is to be one of the principal novelties this season of Her Majesty's Theatre. It has never yet been heard in England. The "Medea" will of course be Mlle. Titiens, who in that great part is likely to present to the operatic world a new "Fidelio." Another novelty is to be Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*.

IN Rome *Faust* is given, but "Mephisto" is changed into a half-crazy doctor. The devil is not allowed to appear in Rome on the stage, as the Pope thinks that there is enough mischief played besides. *La Favorita*, as performed in Rome, is played among the Turks, and the monks are transformed into dervishes.

A NEW opera, *Concini*, by Thomas Lowe, has been given with doubtful success in Vienna. Critics blame the composer for slavishly copying Meyerbeer and Wagner, and being trivial in his melodies, and noisy to excess in his instrumentation.

THE director of the Leipzig theatre is about to try a bold experiment. Between the present time and June the whole cycle of Shakspeare's Historical Plays, from *Richard II.* to *Richard III.*, will be put upon the stage in chronological succession. The arrangement will be that made by Herr Dinglestedt of Weimar, where the same cycle was given in two series of successive evenings.

IN the library of San Marco, in Venice, nineteen songs written by Stradella have been discovered. They have been put into Halévy's hands, who has written a pianoforte accompaniment to them.

THE Count de Chambord's pictures are announced for sale in Paris. The Duchess de Berri became security for the debts of her husband, Count Luchessi-Palli. A subscription was entered into last year by the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, which reached 100,000 francs. That sum being inadequate to the demands, the Count de Chambord has released his mother from the liability, and undertaken the payment of the debts. Hence the sale.

THE political life of Lord Palmerston has been longer than that of any statesman of the present century. That of Prince Metternich lasted fifty-four years; that of the Duke of Wellington little more than forty-six years; that of Robert Peel even still less. But Lord Palmerston entered the House of Commons in 1806, and has held his office, with slight intermission, since 1807, or fifty-seven years.

THE model of an electro-magnetic locomotive is now on exhibition at Versailles. Its inventors, MM. Bellet and Rouvre, assert that locomotives constructed on their principle could travel on ordinary railroads at the rate of one hundred and twenty-four miles an hour! The power is obtained by magnetizing and de-magnetizing, by means of a current supplied by a fixed battery.

MISS BATEMAN having played no other character than "Leah" in the drama of that name, during her brilliant career in London and the provinces, the announcement that she would perform "Julia" in the *Hunchback*, filled the Adelphi theatre with a most expectant audience. The London *Times*, in criticizing her performance, says that the ordeal was triumphantly passed, and that those who hesitated during the first act rose to acclamations at the fourth. The young lady had to prove that she was not a "one part" actress, and her proof has more than surpassed all expectations.

THACKERAY used to relate with great glee the following humorous story: An Irish gentleman, well-known in town, and from whom the character of the Mulligan was partly drawn, walking in the park with a young friend, received a bow from Dean Stanhope, who was passing by, and said to his friend in a rich brogue, "That's a Danc!" "Oh, no," replied the other, "you're mistaken; it's Mr. Stanhope, an Englishman." Upon which the offended Mulligan thundered forth, "Tis not a Dane of Sweden that I mane, sir, but a Dane of the Church!"

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CONCENTRATED

ERASIVE SOFT SOAP,
OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

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No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

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Manufactory, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco.

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

ONE by one, the pillars which upheld the tottering fabric of the so-called Southern Confederacy are tumbling down, and the ruin which threatened is already full upon it. The dreadful crime just added to the dark list of villainies, sinks the authors of this causeless war still deeper in the lake of eternal execration. The "record" of this week is a series of the successes which, since the last grand blow was struck by Grant on the James, have been following upon the track of the Union armies. We can afford to feel but faintly glad, after all; smiles through tears are but as sunshine through showers—there is a moist sadness over all:

On the 17th of April, General Joe Johnston surrendered his entire army to Gen. Sherman. The rebel generals have expressed their desire to submit to the United States authorities.

A flag of truce came from Imboden on Saturday. It was believed that his object was to surrender his forces as part of Lee's army.

In the attack on the defences at Mobile on the 9th, the Union forces captured Spanish Point Fort, 800 prisoners, 25 cannon and five mortars falling into their hands. The greater part of the garrison escaped by water. On the same day, Blakely was also captured, and all the rebel forts with 2,400 prisoners and 20 guns.

The expedition of Gen. Stoneman, which left Knoxville on the 10th of March, struck the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad on the 14th of April, at Wytheville, Christiansburg and Salem. Between these points twenty-three bridges were burned and twenty-five miles of track totally destroyed. The expedition met with great success. Stoneman captured Salisbury at 10 A. M. on the 12th. The following is a list of what fell into our hands:

Eight stand of colors, nineteen pieces of artillery, eleven hundred and sixty-five prisoners, one thousand stand of arms and accoutrements, one million rounds of small ammunition, ten thousand fixed ammunition and shell, sixty thousand pounds of powder, seventy-five thousand complete suits of clothing, three hundred and fifty thousand army blankets, twenty thousand pounds of bacon, one hundred thousand pounds of salt, twenty thousand pounds of sugar, twenty-seven thousand pounds of rice, ten thousand pounds of saltpetre, fifty thousand bushels of wheat, one hundred thousand dollars worth of medical supplies and seven thousand bales of cotton. Thirteen pieces of artillery were brought away, and all the other stores not needed for the immediate command were destroyed.

The greater part of these supplies had just been received from Raleigh. One large arsenal, with machinery complete; six depots, two engines and trains and several bridges between Greensburg and Danville, and also on either side of Salisbury, with several miles of railroad track, were destroyed. We lost very few in killed and wounded. Among the latter was Capt. R. Morrow, A. A. G. of Stoneman's staff.

Mobile surrendered to Gen. Grauger on the 12th inst.

The *Herald* has received a special despatch from Winchester stating that Moseby had surrendered to Gen. Chapman on the 17th inst., on the same terms as were granted to Lee. Rosser is also willing to surrender on the same conditions. Moseby's men number 700. Great numbers of Lee's soldiers are arriving within our lines.

It is reported that the rebels have destroyed their Navy Yard on the Roanoke river. Two vessels, one ram and a gunboat were also destroyed.

MR. SEWARD RECOVERING.—The latest despatches state that Secretary Seward is recovering rapidly. He was able to be assisted from bed, and, supported at the window, witnessed the passage of a portion of the general procession of Mr. Lincoln.

Robert Dodge of Nevada has been sentenced to be hung on the second of June next, for the murder of Mark P. Hammock, of Allison Ranch.

On Tuesday last James Hynes shot and killed a man named Leonard R. Jones, at Rhodes' Diggings, with a shot-gun, and immediately after came to Folsom and gave himself up. Jones died. The prisoner underwent an examination before Justice Quigley, who rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide and discharged Hynes.

The *Sacramento Bee* says: "The contractors are vigorously pushing the work on the Pacific Railroad between Latrobe and Shingle Springs—the track being put down as fast as the road is levelled. Several hundred men are at work at that point, and at the latter place, a depot, freight, and warehouse are to be erected. By June 1st the road will be in running order to that point.

Frank Powsen made an assault on a storekeeper named Friedman, at Dutch Flat, March 25th, knocking him down, when parties interfered, took Powsen off and tried to get him out of the store. Friedman on getting up got a revolver and fired two shots, one taking effect in Powsen's right arm, and the other in his right breast. There had been an old quarrel between the parties.

(For the Californian.)

EVERGREENS—THE LAUREL.

THE Greeks and Romans consecrated crowns of laurel to glory of every kind. With them they adorned the brows of warriors and poets, of orators and philosophers, of the Vestal Virgin and the Emperor. Laurel, (*Laurus*), is from the Celtic *blaur* or *laur*, signifying green. The *Laurus Nobilis* is found in abundance in the island of Delphos, where it grows naturally on the banks of the river Peneus. There its aromatic and evergreen foliage is borne up by its aspiring branches to the height of the loftiest trees, and it is alleged that by a secret and peculiar power they avert the thunder-bolt from the shores they beautify. The beautiful Daphne was the daughter of the river Peneus. She was beloved by Apollo, but preferring virtue to the love of the most eloquent of gods, she fled, fearing that the eloquence of his speech should lead her from the paths of virtue. Apollo pursued her, and he caught her; the nymph invoked the aid of her father and was changed into the Laurel.

In the age of Roman greatness, this tree was considered as the emblem of victory, and also of clemency. The victorious generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions, every common soldier carried a sprig of it in his hands, and even the despatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in and ornamented with leaves of the laurel or bay. The aromatic odor of these trees was supposed by the ancient Romans to have the power of dispelling contagion, and during a pestilence the Emperor Claudius removed his court to Lauretine, so celebrated for its bay trees.

Theophrastus tells us that superstitious Greeks would keep a bay leaf in their mouths all day to preserve themselves from misfortunes. The Greeks had also diviners, who were called Daphnephagi because they chewed bay leaves, which they pretended inspired them with the spirit of prophecy. The Bay was dedicated to Apollo, and the first temple raised to that god at Delphi was formed of the branches of this tree. It was the favorite tree of the poets, and we are told that Maia, the mother of Virgil, dreamed she was delivered of a bay tree, and that one of these trees sprang from Virgil's ashes, and is still growing over his tomb. Even in later times it was supposed to be a safeguard from lightning; and Mme. de Genlis mentions the device of the Comte de Dunois, which was a bay tree, with the motto: "I defend the earth that bears me." It was a custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel, with the berries on, on the heads of those poets who had particularly distinguished themselves; hence our expression, "Poet Laureate."

In our own free land, where letters are so extensively cultivated, they who succeed in exciting popular favor meet with more remuneration than in ancient days; but how few have been honored as highly as their merits demand, until the last debt of nature has been paid! And then the marble bust, wreathed with bay, is raised to immortalize their fame when their ears are become deaf to praise. They seldom receive the honors due while they enjoy the beauties of this terrestrial globe. Clare has said in his address to a poet:

"The bard his glory ne'er receives
Where summer's common flowers are seen,
But winter finds it when she leaves
The laurel only green;
And Time, from that eternal tree,
Shall weave a wreath to honor thee."

Students who have taken their degrees at the Universities are called bachelors, from the French *Bachelier*, which is derived from the Latin *Baccalarius*, (a laurel berry.) These students were not allowed to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits, and in course of time all single men were called bachelors. This tree is mentioned by Chaucer as the crown of all the Knights of the Round Table. All of the laurels are more or less aromatic, and produce camphor, cinnamon, nutmeg, cassia and other fruits and products of commerce.

All of the hardy evergreen kinds are very ornamental, and should be grown in every well-kept place.

The following classification will serve as a guide to those who would cultivate the particular kinds alluded to:

<i>Laurus Nobilis</i> (noble) or Bay from South of Europe.	
" <i>Crisped</i> (curled-leaved) " " "	
" <i>Flores pleno</i> (double-flowered) " " "	
" <i>Latifolia</i> (broad leaved) " Asia.	
" <i>Salicifolia</i> (willow-leaved) " "	
" <i>Undulata</i> (wavy-leaved) " "	
" <i>Variegata</i> (variegated) " "	
" <i>Regalis</i> (royal) " California.	

IRIS.

THE War Department offers a reward of \$50,000 for the arrest of the assassin of the President, and \$25,000 each for the arrest of G. A. Alsora and David C. Harold, accomplices of Booth. All persons harboring or secreting said persons, or either of them, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President, to be subject to trial before a military commission.

March 9th, O. J. Stone, formerly a resident of Orleans Bar, Klamath county, was shot dead by Sanford Jacques. The murderer has been arrested and is on his way to the county jail at Crescent City.

PTOLEMY'S TREASURES.

IT is hardly necessary to remind those who have any acquaintance with general literature, and with history in particular, of the innumerable vulgar errors that creep into books, and the many historical falsehoods which, from the mere force of repetition, end by being adopted as truth.

Among this last may be included the accusation against Omar of having destroyed by fire the books contained in the library of Alexandria. Many authors have pointed out the error of this imputation, and the German Reinart even published in Göttingen, in 1792, a special dissertation on the subject; so it might have been supposed that, except among village pedagogues, the question was set aside; but lo and behold! in a report of the meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, May, 1857, M. le Baron Dupin, the spokesman of the Academy, informs the public, with much gaiety, that "Omar, the General of Mahomet, having conquered the Valley of the Nile, his Lieutenant, Omron, suggested to him the formation of a canal direct from Suez to Pelusium; but an ignorant who could be guilty of burning the Alexandrian library was not likely to possess sufficient capacity to entertain so grand an idea."

A short notice that appeared in a bibliographical journal pointed out the many errors contained in these few lines. First, the Caliph Omar never conquered the Valley of the Nile. Secondly, he could not have rejected the idea of the construction of a canal from Suez to Pelusium, for the very good reason that the canal already existed. And, lastly, he did not burn the Alexandrian library, as it had been destroyed two centuries and a half previously.

In order that we may leave no further room for a doubt on this point, let us return to the proofs furnished us by history against the unpardonable assertion made by a member of the French Academy. It is well known that this celebrated library was founded by Ptolemy Soter. According to St. Epiphanius, the number of volumes amounted to 54,800. Josephus says that it contained 200,000. Under the successors of Ptolemy the number gradually increased to 700,000; but by volumes must be understood *rolemaux*, which contained much less than our modern books.

Julius Caesar, being besieged in the city of Alexandria, set fire to the fleet in the port. The wind carried the flames to some distance, and thus caused the first conflagration of this famous library. Later, a new one was founded; but in 390, under Theodosius, after a sanguinary contest between the heathens and the Christians, this building was completely destroyed from top to bottom, the library pillaged, and the books dispersed. Twenty years later, the historian Orosius exclaimed sorrowfully, "We have lived to see the shelves empty on which once stood the volumes destroyed by the men of our age."

It now remains to be seen if, after this second destruction, a third library was formed. No author makes mention of it, and history proves that, during the greatest part of the period up to the year 640—the date of the taking of Alexandria by the Arabs—men of letters and philosophers were persecuted, and the collecting of books neglected. The wars, too, civil and foreign, exhausted the resources of the empire, and allowed no time for the cultivation of literary tastes.

Anyhow, if a third library was formed, of which there is no mention whatever, it cannot have been of any magnitude or celebrity.

M. Lalanne, in his *Curiosités Bibliographiques*, very justly surmises that the origin of this error lies in an Arab author of the eighth century, Ebn-Khaldoun, who, in reciting the conquests of the provinces of Persia by the Mahomedans, says that "Saad, the general who commanded the latter, wrote to Omar to ask permission to carry away the books; and that Omar replied, 'Throw them into the water: for if they are in accordance with the truth, God has taught us better things in the Koran; and if they contain error, they ought not to be preserved.'" Now let us see who was the first to propagate the fiction of the burning of the Alexandrian library. They were two Arab doctors and historians; one died in 1231, the other in 1286, that is to say, six centuries after the event they record. Now how is it to be accounted for that, during these six centuries, no author has ever made allusion to so important and so remarkable an event—not even Eutychius, an historian of the end of the ninth century, who has left us a detailed account of the taking of Alexandria?

It is more natural to suppose that the two authors who invented the destruction by fire of this library, found an analogous fact in a history of the eighth century, and adapted it to another circumstance, as was frequently the custom with the chroniclers of the Middle Ages.—*Octave Delepierre.*

There will be trotting, (sweepstakes,) at Bay View Park, and also on Tuesday next. For particulars, see advertisement.

All persons about to purchase Furniture are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co. in this paper.

Cobb & Simon hold a great credit sale, to-day, of 400 homesteads. See advertisement on the 13th page.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electro-pathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathize with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required! All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

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MR. CHRISTEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupees, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen. Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

PORK TRIMMINGS GIVEN AWAY

WILSON & STEVENS,
HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF Broadway and Sansome streets to their new store,

No. 506 MARKET STREET,

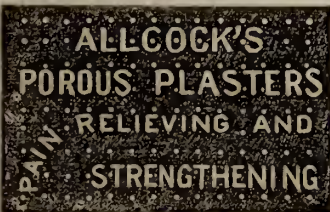
Extending through to Sutter, a few doors below the Metropolitan Market, and

"ARE GIVING AWAY!"

Hogs' Spare Ribs, Rib roast, Pork Chops, Hogs' Heads, Tender Lums, Kidneys, Pigs' Feet, Premium Hams, Sides, Lard, Pickled Pork, cheaper and better than at any other place in the City.

WILSON & STEVENS,

No. 506 MARKET STREET, and
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THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

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Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
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Sold by all Druggists.

OVERSTOCKED! AND MUST SELL!

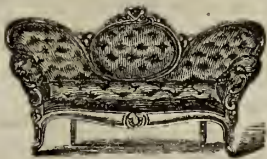
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Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

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The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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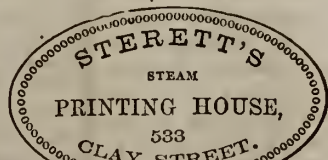
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THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

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DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

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DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

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Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

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The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE

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400 HOMESTEADS!

CREDIT SALE,

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One-third Cash, One-third in one Year, One-third in two Years.

Descriptive Maps now at our office for delivery, gratis.

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Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

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OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY, from Bond direct.

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.		FROM THE CITY.	
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before. F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

BORN.

A REQUIEM and a jubilee!
 An infant born, a mother dead!
 A storm without, a wail within!
 A starless heaven overhead!
 A father's half-averted eye!
 Hot tears above a white robe shed!
 A flickering firelight in the room,
 Strange shadows swaying mid the gloom,
 A broken flower, a bud's fresh bloom,
 A life that wrought its giver's doom!

Thus welcomed in an ominous hour,
 A new soul awakened on the earth,
 With snow and hail on striving winds,
 With death and sorrow on the hearth!
 What fate is hid in coming years
 Thus heralded by such a birth?
 A loveless childhood, wild and lone!
 A youth of yearnings crush'd, unknown!
 A heart with idols overthrown!
 A woman's lot! Moan, baby, moan!

[Sallie Bridges.]

THE THREE WISHES.

THERE was once a wise Emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the Emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a Count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the Count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the Count's young son besought the Emperor to allow him to die in the place of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The Count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers, "You know I have the right to make three demands before I die: go and tell the Emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us."

This first demand was not much to the Emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the Princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an Emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The Emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went with fear in his heart to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty; when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the Emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized, then," said the King.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they all protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the Count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the Count commit the offence, upon which the Princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the Count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The Emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done." *Once a Week.*

EYES.

ASK, in any game of question and answer, what is the most beautiful thing we can take in and consider at a glance; and amongst the various answers—a rose, a lily, a star, a pearl, a dew-drop, a crescent-moon, a butterfly, a swan, a white hand, a tress of golden hairs—perhaps the most popular would be the eye, the eye of an innocent child, or beautiful woman, or man of thought and genius. And, in spite of the grave poet's contempt for frivolous men,

To whom the stars are not so fair as eyes,

we hold this answer to be the best; for where, in small compass, shall we find such a variety and harmony, and, above all, such a unique charm distinct from all others of its kind, and suggesting thoughts beyond itself, which is the especial province of the highest beauty?

Poets and authors do well to impress on men the worship of the eye, and the study of its language; it is the speciality of their class. As a body, they themselves are neither beautiful nor imposing; indeed it is well if the author or authoress is not, to the unintelligent observer, the least noticeable of any company. But they have eyes—eyes to attract, arrest, and impress—eyes to assert for their owners their legitimate claim on attention:

There are who to my person pay their court,
 I cough like Horace, and though lean am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir, you have an eye."

And, after all, no one need complain of his share of nature's favors who has eyes that will worthily represent the best part of him. Many, we really think the majority, do not think much about eyes, unless they are prompted. Half the people one asks do not know the color of the eyes of their best friends, and have nothing to say about them; but a clear, penetrating, responsive eye has, all the same, its magnetic effect upon them. These are the eyes that are unconsciously sought for, watched, appealed to, and often with such intentness upon their meaning that the homeliness of the adjacent features is all forgotten. There are times when the eye absolutely beautifies and transfigures all about it. Even where the mouth seems to have all the business of expression, as in the smile, the eye is often the real artificer. The lips perform the desired movement, but we lack the light which kindles and beams in concert, and, if this is wanting, the smile is but a dead affair even on beauty's lip, till we ask:

Give her nothing, but restore
 Those sweet smiles which heretofore
 In her cheerful eyes she bore.

Addison says that good breeding has the tongue, but nature keeps the eyes to herself. We are afraid, however, that people can feign with their eyes pretty nearly as well as with their tongue. We do not mean in the mere arts of flirtation, where, as Thackeray has it, the beauty "makes great eyes" at her adorer, but in the case of this particular smile; though possibly, where the eye calls up the genial look, the intellectual effort is greater and more lasting. An engaging manner is always befriended by obedient eyes. We are disposed to think that some consciousness of beauty is necessary for the full fascination of eyes. We have known a face of perfect regularity, and eyes worthy of the "stage-eyed" queen fail of effect from the perversity which made the owner of these attractions careless of beauty, and intent solely on proving herself a superior woman. But this consciousness may be merely an effect of general homage quite separable from vanity. This is the look which gives to Sir Joshua Reynolds' beauties their sweet living charm—their eyes smile upon us in such security of our good-will. Another delightful effect is described by Shakespeare's term "young-eyed;" where the eyes are unconscious of self because they are ever looking out in eager hope and expectation of pleasure and happiness. Nothing in this world is pleasanter to look upon than this particular glance of a beautiful young face, so free, so bright, so seeking, so without guile or misgiving. Such a look cannot remain long; indeed it ought not, for it would degenerate into something hard and unthinking; but it subsides, in the right subject, into the honest eye which tells a plain tale so well. All honest people, however, have not what is called an "honest eye." It does not belong to the deeper, more intricate class of thinkers, and perhaps it is, moreover, incompatible with reserve. There are people who don't like to make too free with their glances, who could not put on the frank look without effort, and the sensation of a stare. It is a gift to be able to look men in the face, but it is not all people's way; and though many persons have this reluctance in common with stage villains, and some real scoundrels, it implies nothing worse in them than a troublesome, and perhaps painful, self-consciousness.

Big eyes, though so much is sung and said in their favor, are not so good for social uses as those of a size smaller and less pretentious. Anything that can be called an Orb is helpless in the minor and constantly recurring demands of feeling and intellect. Such eyes are great, no doubt, at the passions. They are the only eyes that can roll. They are terrible in frowns, and engaging in moments of softness and languor; a tear from them is a subject for Guido; but they are not the

eyes to assist a good story with a genial twinkle, or to look you through and through, or to make you feel the good that is in common things, or perhaps even to tempt your confidence. They are not habitually bright, nor ought they to be. For a large eye conspicuously bright is fierce, feverish and glazy. Clear every eye should be, clear and pure in every part; but there is no steely point of brilliant light in large full eyes. That we have to watch for in the narrow line of liquid color between lids that a smile draws together. Yet, if experience is in favor of a medium, and not without a *ten-dresse* for small eyes, if well set and happy in their coloring, the imagination needs size and "sumptuousness"—that magnificence which finds its throne in the eye of heroic form, with pure full lids, dark rich fringes, and lustrous but not piercing brightness. This was the eye divined by the youthful lover:

Love, if thy tresses are so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must be.

These were the eyes of gods of old, happy in their immortality, and careless of men.

One might expect that the eye, as the especial interpreter of the soul, would, of all our features, retain its nature unimpaired by time, but in fact the eye pales with age. It not only dims, but the color washes out, as it were. We do not notice this change, because it is only in harmony with the other cool grey tints which steal over depth and color; but we recognize the fact where we see the exception, and note the strange face—the token, where it is seen, of an exceptional vigor of mind or body.

THE "FEET" MANIA IN CHINA.

[An American, sojourning in Hongkong, gives the following interesting particulars in regard to small feet, and how they are manufactured in China:]

THERE are small-footed ladies at Hongkong who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea-captains and other curious Europeans, at a dollar a head; but, as so superficial an examination of this national peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had recourse to some of my good friends among the missionaries. By their aid I obtained that some poor Chinese woman should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady, but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet. On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by the mammas. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off I found that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent, it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow, the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jnube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and heel. This is the small foot of a Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, and a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cat, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality, in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystere de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection on her marriage-day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into the slipper and passed for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived!

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAELEN, Plaintiff; vs. **AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant.**—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California read greeting to **AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant:** You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or Judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. **WM. LOEWY, Clerk.**

By **G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.**

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap8-ty8-inc

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AND

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, April 22d,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 24th,

Sybilla; or, Step by Step.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - \$1 00
Parquet - 50 cents
Gallery - 25 cents
Private Boxes - \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE DAY!

COOKE, ZOYARA & WILSON'S

GRAND

Combination Circus

-HAVE OPENED-

And are now Performing every Evening,

ON THE

LOT ADJOINING THE INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL, JACKSON STREET,

Where the immense Pavilion has been erected.

FOUR DISTINCT EXHIBITIONS!

Mr. James Cooke's Celebrated Circus, from Astley's,
London, and the Hippodrome, New York;
Wilson's Mammoth Hippodrome and Circus;
Ella Zoyara's Equestrian and Acrobatic Troupe;
Mr. Henry Cooke's corps of Performing Dogs, Monkeys,
and Ponies, from all parts of the world.

The names of the principal Performers are:
Mr. JAMES COOKE, from Astley's, London;
ELLA ZOYARA, the Premier Equestrienne;
OLMA, the great Octomiraculous, or the Eighth Wonder
of the World;
MADAME ELOUISE, LITTLE GEMMA,
JOHN BARRY, PERCY AUSTIN,
GEORGE PEOPLES,
YOUNG LEROY, Etc.

The Wonderful performing DOGS, MONKEYS and PO-
NIES, considered the greatest wonder of modern times.
They will appear as Jockeys, Circus Riders; as driving in
Aristocratic state, with liveried footmen; one is a fash-
ionable Lady Equestrienne, of the Parisian Haute Ecole,
exercising her dancing Horse; Dogs playing Horse, etc.,
etc.

This is considered the most comical exhibition in the
world.

GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY!

An enormous amount of money has been lavished in get-
ting up this exhibition. ap22-

BAY VIEW PARK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22d.

Trotting Sweepstakes, mile heats, three best in five, in
harness, for \$200:
Mr. Rice names (Mr. K.'s) ro. g. Dick Vaux.
Mr. Kelly names (Mr. A.'s) h. m. Lady Maud.
Mr. Farrell names (Mr. P.'s) gr. g. Grey Eagle.
Mr. Evans names (Mr. H.'s) g. e. Hidden Treasure.

Horses to start at 2 o'clock P. M. Admission, One Dol-
lar.

TUESDAY APRIL 25th.

Trotting Sweepstakes, play or pay, mile heats, three best
in five, in harness, for \$600.
Mr. Rice names Jim Barton.
Mr. Hoff names M. S. Latham.
Mr. Evans names Glenice Chief.

Horses to start at 2 o'clock P. M.

There will be pools for the above trots sold at the Fas-
hion Saloon, every evening until they are over.

Admission to the Park, - - - - - One Dollar
a22 W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MORGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL,
Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,
(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place.)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and soli-
cits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.
ap22-1f

M. D. GARLAND,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioner,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-1f

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our busi-
ness we have leased the large three-story Building, Nos. 425
and 427 BATTERY STREET, near Washington street, in
connection with our store on MONTGOMERY STREET
where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants
Contractors, and the public generally, with the
best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge.

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the
Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UN-
dersell anybody on this Coast for the
next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM
SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS,
BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco
JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, De-
fendant - Action brought in the District Court of the
Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARY HOWARD, Defendant: - You are hereby required to
appear in an action brought against you by the above
named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judi-
cial District of the State of California, in and for the City
and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint
filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons),
within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after
the service on you of this Summons - if served within this
County; or if served out of this County, but in this Dis-
trict, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days
- or judgment by default will be taken against you, ac-
cording to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this hon-
orable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing
between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear
and answer the said complaint, as above required, the
said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein
demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the
Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st
day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight
hundred and sixty-five.

WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay
street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PIC-
TURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED

Ja28-1f

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and
Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will prac-
tise in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and
Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic
and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen
years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the
various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no
medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and refer-
ences, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address,
109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from
10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:

Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.

Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

THE WILLOWS!

The HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of
public resort was opened to the public on SUNDAY, the 2d
of April, 1865; also the grounds were thrown open to those
who wish to spend a few hours of recreation and pleasure
also the Lodging Apartments, Restaurants, and Ladies
Refreshment Saloon, will be in readiness for occupancy.

The Shooting Gallery, Ten Pin Alleys, and Shuffle Boards
have been replaced, and are now ready for public patron-
age, as well as the Flying Horses for Children, which are
now in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample Stabling is attached to the premises, attended by
polite and watchful grooms.

The THEATRE has been newly decorated, and rendered
more comfortable for public use, in which there will be a
grand instrumental Concert every Sunday Afternoon to be
followed by a GRAND BALL.

The Grounds are thrown open to Military Companies, as
well as for Schools, for Picnics, Military Parades, etc.

The Restaurant and Refreshment Saloons will be under
the charge of WIMMER, the celebrated Caterer.

The Bars will be stocked with all the best brands of
LIQUORS AND WINES, and nothing will be left undone
to make the WILLOWS the grandest place of resort on the
Pacific Coast. The Proprietors hope, by reason of ex-
perience and strict attention to the comforts of their
guests to secure a share of the patronage of the public.

North Beach and Mission Railroad Company Cars leave
the corner of Montgomery and California streets every
eight minutes for the Willows.

Programmes and Posters will be distributed throughout
the city for Saturday and Sunday Performances.

ap15 JACOB WIMMER,
Manager.

A NEW INVENTION!

LEWIS'S

Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are
made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly
and effectively, and are released the moment there is any
strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the
driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has
everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the
efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as neces-
sary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the
common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the
common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may
drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or
foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the
wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Fran-
cisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street
above First. ap18-1f

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COM- PANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month
of APRIL, 1865:

APRIL 22d, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
MAY 31 - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctu-
ally,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall
by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspin-
wall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE!

ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF PURCHAS-
ing a valuable HOUSE AND LOT at a bargain, for CASH,
can hear of a chance, by applying immediately at the
office of THE CALIFORNIAN. The property is within 10 min-
utes' walk of the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
is in the southern part of the city, and in a neat private
street and pleasant neighborhood. The House contains
two Parlors (with sliding doors, gas chandeliers and mar-
ble mantel), a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor,
and four bed-rooms on the second. Planked yard, flower-
ing vines, out-houses, etc. Water in three different places
on the premises and gas fixtures all through the house. It
is built in a thorough and substantial manner, and is now
under a monthly rent of \$50. Size of Lot, 24 feet, by 80
feet in depth. Title, PERFECT. Price, \$3,500.
Satisfactory reasons for selling will be given to a pur-
chaser by applying at above. fe18-1f

ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY AND MAGNETISM.

DR. H. A. BENTON, of New York, will give
one of his SERIES of LECTURES to the Ladies and Gen-
tlemen of San Francisco,

On Saturday Evening, April 22d,
AT PLATT'S HALL,

which will be explained the apparently mysterious and
truly wonderful discovered science of Electrical Psychol-
ogy, or Science of the Mind, and the Magnetic Influences
upon the system, for amusement; also, with proper direc-
tions for the curing of disease. He will illustrate the
wonderful phenomena upon such persons in the audience
as are willing and found susceptible. Having been for
many years eminently successful in the Eastern States,
he hopes to have a good opportunity to display his skill here.

Admission, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

FREE LECTURES to Ladies on THURSDAY and SAT-
URDAY, 6th and 8th instant, at 2 o'clock P. M., at Platt's
Upper Hall.
Rooms for office and treatment, 109 Montgomery street.
ap18-1f

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

-OF-

WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

WHOOPIING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD,

LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease,
and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater
extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its opera-
tion, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poi-
sons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical know-
ledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable
kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appella-
tion of the

INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,

San Francisco.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,

Burns, Cuts,

Flesh Wounds, Bolls,

Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,

Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,

Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,

Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS

GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the
most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by
magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

416 and 418 Front street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to
need any comments. A trial will convince the most
fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK,

397 Broadway.

323 Montgomery street,

San Francisco, Cal.

do18-3m

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 22.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 29, 1865.

TERMS. \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP:

Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

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Interesting Items from our Foreign and Domestic Exchanges.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

MR. FRANK PIXLEY has immortalized himself by his eloquent speech in the case of "The People vs. John Downes Wilson, Henry Johnson and Frederick Marriott." The opening is superb:

"Why should I argue this motion? that I may fill the gaping mouths of this crowd of spectators? or that I may see a vain effort in to-morrow's print?"

He evidently expected to make a substantial speech to "fill the gaping mouths" of the spectators. This is a beautiful expression, but is nothing compared to the magnificent simile he uses in his reply to the speech of Mr. Samuel Wilson:

"Marriott did not originate this thing; he was as innocent as was mother Eve, until the serpent upon his slimy belly crawled into the Garden of Eden to tempt the mother of mankind."

How gloriously does Mr. Pixley act as champion for his friend, even while forced to appear against him! "Innocent as was mother Eve!" Poor dear old man, of course he was! There he was lying in bed reading his Bible, no doubt—about mother Eve—when he saw a nasty, scaly, slimy serpent, (that is Downes Wilson,) crawling along on its abdomen. This horrible serpent, then, tempted this evangelically-innocent old gentleman, to suborn a Scotchman. Oh, was there no warning voice to whisper to him "scotch the snake instead of trying to corrupt the Scotchman!" Alas, no! Eve ate the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. Marriott had been for a long, long time unaccustomed to any such diet.

THE reasoning powers displayed in the leading articles of the *Call* are extraordinary. The *Call* is small, but it has a big way of expressing its opinions. On Thursday it amused the public by advancing the idea that J. Wilkes Booth was assassinated, immediately after his commission of the crime, by his confederates. It says:

"In our opinion the man was a corpse in less than twelve hours after he committed the crime."

Its reason for this "opinion" is that because Booth, if captured, would be able to make revelations concerning his associates, they would probably kill him to prevent his doing so! The *Call* can find nothing in history to justify this absurd supposition. Just as there is said to be "honor among thieves," so there would be a certain honor among these murderers which would prevent them from taking the life of a man whose desperate deed had exalted him to the position of a hero in their estimation. It was unfortunate for the *Call* that, on the evening of the day on which this remarkable attempt at originality appeared in its columns, the assassin should have been overtaken and killed. This makes the concluding sentence appear very ridiculous:

"We think there is about as much chance of discovering perpetual motion as there is of finding and arresting J. Wilkes Booth."

We think the little *Call* will meet with fully as much success in attempting to discover the law of perpetual motion as in establishing a reputation for prophecy. When the *Call* attempts out of two ideas to educe a third, it generally fails most signally; it will be as well therefore for it to confine itself to its legitimate sphere of operations, and continue to "chronicle small beer."

It is said that Signor Giovanni Sbriglia's voice is brilliant in the extreme.

The assassin is dead. No opportunity was afforded him to make a melodramatic speech on the scaffold; to repulse with scorn all offers of mercy which might have made him on condition of his betraying his associates in crime; no chance to appear a hero even for a minute; chased into a barn at the extremity of a swamp he was shot down like a dog by the hand of a soldier. A fit ending. It was better that it should happen thus than that he should be conveyed loaded with chains to Washington, thrown into a dungeon, visited by newspaper scribblers who would duly record how he looked each day, whether his appetite was good, what remarks he made, and all the other interesting particulars which are so greedily sought after and devoured by the public. Before he could have been tried the feeling of loathing with which all now regard this paltry murderer of a great man, would have given away to an interested curiosity concerning him. It is better as it is, even if the newspapers are deprived of a valuable quantity of stock in trade. He shed the choicest blood in America; by the hand of one of America's citizen soldiers was his blood shed. Strange that the lightning did not flash over the wires the name of the "avenger of Lincoln," as he will be called.

THE Court of St. James appears to have adopted a more than Republican simplicity. The *Owl*, a London paper which picks up Court gossip, says the following are the exact words of the circular addressed by the master of the ceremonies to the various ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Court of St. James to inform them of her Majesty's intention of receiving them, with their wives, at Buckingham Palace. Only gentlemen were admitted at a similar Court last year:

"Lieut. General Sir Edward Cust presents his compliments to —, and has the honor to apprise him that her Majesty the Queen will be happy to receive the respects of the Diplomatic Body, Male and Female, at Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, 28th inst."

We hope none of the diplomatic men and women took offense at this style of address. It would rather startle the French Ambassador, we should imagine, to be invited to "bring the old woman along." This is really a change for the better; now the members of the aristocracy are simply classified as "male" and "female," class prejudices will speedily disappear.

RICHARD GITTINS and Evans Owens have brought suit against the Antelope Mining Company to recover \$334 25 for work done. They say that their experience in the Antelope has been dear to them. Gittins and Owens declare that there's a good deal of difference between owing and getting, and though the money is certainly owing them getting it is quite another matter. Antelopes and deer seem continually appearing before our courts; scarcely a day passes without either a roe or a doe being involved in some legal difficulty. Neither John Doe nor Richard Roe, however, are connected with this Antelope case.

A GENTLEMAN.—A friend and old acquaintance of Secretary Seward—who honored the *Flag* with a friendly call, a few nights ago, will confer a favor by calling again, for reasons which will be explained to him.—*Flag*, April 28th.

This is a neat way of advertising the fact that one has some respectable acquaintances! "A friend and old acquaintance of Secretary Seward"! Mark that. Who dare say the *Flag* is not a respectable paper after all? Let the *Alta* take the hint and publish a notice at the top of its first column: "A bosom friend of President Johnson, who called at the *Alta* office and expressed his admiration of our leading articles, is requested to call again." By the way, we notice that one of the editors of the last-named paper has received a "private letter" from a Lieutenant Governor! Go in; there's nothing like advertising.

ENGLAND'S future king evidently takes much interest in encouraging art. In the Court Circular of March 9th, out of four items of intelligence concerning the doings of the young prince, three have reference to the fine arts:

"M. Desanges had the honor of a sitting for his portrait of the Princess of Wales."

Mr. R. P. Spiers had the honor of submitting a series of architectural drawings to the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales gave Mr. Weigall the last of a series of sittings for his portrait yesterday."

THE population of this State are turning their attention to agriculture more every year. During the mining excitement last year a vast amount of capital was diverted from farming enterprises; but the farmer has again put his hand to the plough, has got rid of his shares in the Suckeminandleeceem Gold Mining Company and is now convinced that he can slowly but surely turn gold out of the soil by placing his dependence on plough shares.

It seems to be generally conceded that there are many points of resemblance between President Andrew Johnson and President Andrew Jackson. For our own part we don't believe there is any more difference between them than there is between John and Jack."

THE Gold Hill *News* says that a lady in Virginia, next door to the *Union* office, neglected to drape her house in appropriate mourning and, "On Wednesday night some 'Abolitionists' procured a bucket of ink, and while Mrs. W., H., or some other lady, was clasped in the arms of sleep—dreaming, perhaps—in a state of ink-ecstasy with vile intent, did they then and there, bespatter, splash, dab and blacken the lady's front, and which bears upon its boards the foul and blackening stains." This "Mrs. W., H., or some other lady," when she rose in the morning exclaimed, perhaps:

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak,
Nor customary suits of solemn black
That can denote me truly."

There was no inquest made into the matter, but it was suspected by the *Union* people that the "devil" had been round.

THE winds from the East, which formerly came to us freighted with the booming roar of the death-dealing cannon, now brings sweet notes of peace. Soon may it come! What harm if we demand—

"What ruh or what impediment there is,
What that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Fertile Columbia, raise her joyful visage."

"HATCHING treason is a foul crime." Of course it is, but any respectable fowl would have been ashamed to attempt to hatch such an addled egg as the Rebellion. The South got hold of a bad egg; the "yoke" of the North was what they said troubled them, and in trying to get rid of it they destroyed a considerable portion of the white element.

THE MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS.—We understand his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the Metropolitan Board to open the Main Drainage Works, and that Tuesday, the 4th of April, is appointed for that important ceremony.—*London Standard*.

What a nice condescending young man Albert is, to be sure. He isn't too proud to "take a drain" with the Board of Works men when they ask him.

How hard it is for a rich man to save his soul! If Jefferson Davis does not take care he will find that his riches will be apt to stand in his way in saving his life. He is travelling south as fast as thirteen millions in specie, loaded in wagons, will allow him to progress. We should advise Mr. Davis not to "wait for the wagon."

THE pail-factory of Armes & Dallam, on Sacramento street, caught fire on Thursday. No lives were lost. The report that Mr. Armes had "kicked the bucket" is untrue; he only turned a little pale when he saw his property burning, which perhaps might have given rise to the rumor.

A PIECE called *Heron, the Highwayman*, is being played in the East. This seems a profanation of the name of Heron. However, when the "world-renowned" ascended Mount Davidson the other day, it would scarcely have seemed improper to call her "Heron the high-way woman."

THE musical critic of the *Alta* is evidently a believer in breed. He tells us that Signor Muzio is a nephew of Verdi. "Breed," after all, is not the right word; "strain" is used by bird fanciers when speaking of birds; so really a good strain is a matter of importance in a singing-bird.

THE Board convened to inquire into the character of the infelix Felix O'Byrne, has at length concluded its labors. Whether after the weeks it has devoted to a microscopical examination, it has been able to discover sufficient to reward it for its labors, is doubtful.

MONITORS are no doubt well calculated to resist shot, but when they are once boarded they must surrender, as was proved, a couple of weeks ago, by the rapid manner in which a *Monitor* was "subjugated."

MR. PIXLEY, in his wonderful speech in the subordination case, said Marriott was "almost at death's door" when Johnson went to him. The fact is, Marriott was at Death's door, and Death would not let him in; he told him, however, that he might leave his paper. TREM.

Fanny Elssler, the famous danseuse, who some twenty-five years ago turned the heads of our citizens as she turned her heels at the various theatres, "still lives," and was present lately at the "Concordia Ball," in Vienna, in January, which was attended by all gentlemen of the aristocracy and bureaucracy, and the elite of artists. Mme. Fanny Elssler, appeared in a white satin dress and train, literally covered with diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

UN-SEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And culled her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her,
She kept with chary cure.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honor'd well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed away!

[N. P. Willis.]

THE COLONEL AND THE WIDOW.

[A REMARKABLE episode of the great Peninsular War, which tells how Madam Nunez, a young and sprightly widow, contrived, in conjunction with her lover, Colonel Van Halen, to deceive two distinguished French generals, bring about their unconditional surrender, together with three thousand veteran soldiers, and frustrate the tactics of no less a personage than Marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufera, presents a striking illustration of the strange agencies by which military success or defeat is sometimes determined.]

EARLY in 1814, Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, and commander-in-chief of the French armies in Spain, after as valiantly as vainly attempting to arrest the victorious march of Wellington upon the "sacred soil" of France, was fain to accept the alternative of concentrating the *débris* of the broken imperial armies, in the hope, if not with the expectation, that, with their feet upon the so-called sacred soil, the fainting courage of his soldiers would sufficiently revive to enable him to oppose an effective resistance to the deliverer of the Peninsula.

To that end he had directed Marshal Suchet—commanding in Catalonia, and celebrated for the wanton destruction of Tarragona and wholesale massacre of its unarmed inhabitants, if not for much else, upon a grand, imperial scale—to withdraw the garrisons of Lerida, Tortosa, Meguinenza, Manzan, and, combining them with the large French force in Barcelona, to effect his junction with him, (Soult,) by a specified time and by a specified route.

The hurried flight of the French armies afforded Col. Van Halen, a Spauiard of Flemish descent, an opportunity he had passionately longed for since the unwilling conviction had been forced upon him that the days of French domination in Spain were not only numbered, but restricted to a brief and swiftly-narrowing span. Van Halen had been an ultra-Afrancesado, which means that, blinded by the dazzle of an unexampled success, he firmly believed that Napoleon was immovably seated, far out of fortune's shot upon that Olympus' height which his marvellous military genius and pitiless ambition had enabled him to attain. Believing thus, Van Halen had not for a moment hesitated to range himself on the side of the intrusive King Joseph, nothing doubting that that *must* be the winning side—the sole consideration which in the slightest degree influenced him. Time, the great teacher, proved that treason to Spain had been a terribly impolitic move. Van Halen found that, unfortunately for himself, he had beheld only the brazen front and iron hands of the colossal conqueror, not seeing or suspecting the feet of clay till the imperial robe was rent, asunder by the sword of Wellington.

The Colonel's position, thus sharply defined by inexorable fact, was an extremely unpleasant one. An Afrancesado, he too well knew, was regarded by his countrymen with even a fiercer hatred than a Frenchman proper; and should he fall into their hands in the day of vengeful triumph, his fate would not be for one moment doubtful. Should he escape that terrible hazard, the prospect of being trundled out of Spain with the fleeing armies was a dismal one, involving, as it necessarily did, the loss of rank and pay, as well as forfeiture of a very considerable inheritance, to which he would otherwise succeed at the death of an aged relative.

"Still," remarks M. Quiros, in his *Sketches of the Catalonian Campaign*, "still, though the grand game had for him

taken a pestilent turn, Van Halen, being a man of ingenuity and courage, did not despair of rising a considerable winner from the table, whatever might befall the great players. He held promising cards. He was not only on Suchet's staff, but was implicitly confided in by the marshal, to whom he had been warmly commended by the Duc de Feltrey, Napoleon's military secretary for the affairs of Spain, and by King Joseph himself, to whose Court the handsome, accomplished Colonel had at one time been attached. In fact, Suchet concealed nothing from him except his cipher; and this simply because it was a regulation *de rigueur* in the French service, that the key to the cipher should on no pretence whatever be made known, except to such officers as a marshal or general might have to hold communication with by letter. Suchet violated the spirit, though not the letter of the prohibition, by disclosing to Van Halen a device he had adopted of making it doubly, trebly sure to his lieutenants that the presented message was genuine. This was to place in the letter a small piece of light-colored hair, which, the paper being opened by any one unaware of the trick, would fall unobserved to the ground—whilst its absence would, to the initiated French officer addressed, be conclusive that the cipher-letter was a forgery. It is clear, therefore, that should an opportunity occur of expiating his treason towards Spain by a striking, *fruitful* treason against France, Van Halen possessed peculiar facilities for availing himself of such a chance, and would not be at a loss for means of adding to those facilities.

"The supreme difficulty," continues Señor Quiros, "attendant upon delicate enterprises requiring an accomplice, and in which one false step, the slightest indiscretion, consigns the traitor to swift destruction, is to find a thoroughly *reliable* as well as astute ally. In that respect Van Halen was extremely fortunate. Francesca Nunez—a pretty, clever, audacious young widow, upon whom the Cestus of Venus hung but loosely—was devoted to the irresistible Colonel, whilst her hatred of the French was as genuinely *Basque* as she was herself."

Thus, then, it stood with Van Halen, when Marshal Soult's order was received at Barcelona, and Suchet, though with some reluctance, commenced the necessary dispositions for carrying it into effect. Fortunately for the success of Van Halen's scheme, the rough outline of which had for some time zigzagged, paled and brightened in his excited brain, the Duke of San Carlos passed the French outposts immediately after the command to evacuate Catalonia reached moody, discontented Suchet. The Duke assumed to have the power, in conjunction with others, of negotiating an armistice. Suchet, between whom and Soult there was no very friendly feeling, eagerly welcomed the proposal, and, to carry it into effect, left Barcelona with the Duke San Carlos, stating that he would probably be absent a week.

This was Van Halen's opportunity, and he seized it with the spring and clutch of a tiger. A few hours sufficed him to thoroughly elaborate his scheme, with the assisting counsel of Francesca Nunez, whose ardent zeal was kindled to flame by a Biscayau hatred of the French, and her passion for Van Halen—a marriage with whom was the promised guerdon of success.

The few pieces on the military chess-board with which the conspirators proposed to play their terribly hazardous game were placed as follows: Gen. Isidore Lamarque commanded immediately at Lerida, and officers subordinate to him at Tortosa, Meguiza and Manzan, the garrisons amounting in the aggregate to three thousand seasoned soldiers. These places were observed, not invested, by irregular corps, commanded by D'Erolles and Campans, which, though more numerous than the French, were hopelessly unequal to cope with them in the field.

However, that did not greatly signify, as the Anglo-Sicilian corps, commanded by Sir William Clinton, after having repaired Tarragona, was approaching Barcelona, in which city, however, were over twelve thousand French soldiers *d'élite*, buckled by the ramparts and cannon of Fort Monjuich.

This formidable Barcelona garrison did not figure in the programme arranged by Van Halen, whose clever game was to induce the troops under Isidore Lamarque, by means of forged directions, purporting to be written by Suchet, to abandon the strong places held by them at a given time, and march in a precisely-indicated direction, at a point in which they would join Suchet and the Barcelona garrison. The ciphers would, moreover, uprise Lamarque that, by a convention concluded between Suchet and the Spanish and English commanders, no attack would be made upon the French retiring forces, provided they left their field artillery behind; should the French generals fall into the snare, they and their troops once well entangled in the mountains, their surrender at discretion would be a matter of course, as well as Van Halen's reconciliation with his countrymen, and the important consequences to himself thereto attached.

Obviously the first thing to be done was to obtain Suchet's cipher, which little matter was easily settled by breaking open the marshal's *écritoire*. The letters were then prepared—the

small pieces of light hair not being forgotten—placed each in a quill, and confided to Madam Francesca Nunez. She was also to be the bearer of verbal, but in the phraseology used, thoroughly well-authenticated advices to the Spanish generals, who were moreover requested to place themselves in communication with Sir William Clinton, in order to obtain his counsel and concurrence.

Thus furnished, the fair and fragile Francesca set gaily forth upon her mission, and successfully accomplished it. Upon the arrival of Colonel Van Halen at Tortosa or Lerida with Suchet's latest instructions, the march of the French troops would forthwith commence. One circumstance the wily widow could not report, not being cognizant thereof. Sir William Clinton, upon being consulted, indignantly refused to mix himself up with the affair. He waged *honest* war—not one carried on by means of forged letters. Still, though he would have nothing to do with the plot, he would cross the Llobregat with four or five regiments; and if a French force presented itself within his reach, as it probably would if the calculations of the Spanish generals were not falsified by the event, he should certainly attack that French force, as he would be in duty bound to do, by whatever scheme or chance the enemy might have been lured into such a position.

Of course this was all D'Erolles and Campans required. They, with Van Halen and the widow, could manage the plot better without than with Sir William; and since he, if necessary, would do the fighting part of the business, the arrangement was perfect.

The widow having done her part, it behoved Colonel Van Halen to boldly enter upon *his* role in the tragi-comedy. He was not a man to fail himself at such a crisis, and accompanied by an escort of some dozen cuirassiers, he took the road to Tortosa on the morning of the 13th of February, 1814. An ambush, as previously concerted by Campans and Francesca Nunez, encountered him in the first mountain gorge he and his escort entered. The cuirassiers were slain; and with six Spanish horsemen, clothed in the uniforms of the betrayed Frenchmen, Van Halen pushed vigorously onwards. He reached Tortosa safely, and sent in a message to the commandant requesting to know precisely when he would be ready to march. General Robert, it seems, had, for some cause or other, become suspicious of the genuineness of Suchet'smissive, and his reply was a request that Colonel Van Halen would enter the place and confer with him, General Robert. Van Halen declined the polite invitation, alleging that he was bound to see General Lamarque at Lerida without delay; and he at once rode off with his followers. "The fact," remarks Suchet in his Memoirs, "that Van Halen would not trust himself in Tortosa ought to have convinced General Robert of his treason."

Finally, Colonel Van Halen succeeded in convincing Lamarque that it was his duty to obey Marshal Suchet's peremptory order, however opposed to his own judgment the prescribed role might be. The French columns marched early on the morning of the 15th, closely followed, as arranged, by D'Erolles' and Campans' military rabblement, and bearing off with them a rich military chest. Lamarque had, moreover, positively refused to abandon the artillery to the Spaniards. At dead of the first night of the march, a *chef de bataillon* of the 42nd regiment awoke General Lamarque to tell him they were betrayed.

"Rest assured," he said—"rest assured that we are betrayed, and shall soon find ourselves in presence of quite 'other soldiers' than the Spanish *canaille* swarming about us. We may yet quietly effect our escape whilst the Spaniards are asleep and scattered about the place. Let us leave behind our artillery and baggage. We can gently awake the soldiers, and make the best of our way to the mountains in the direction of Vich and the frontiers of France. Our regiment knows the country well, and when we shall have had a five or six hours' start, nothing can any longer arrest our progress."

The *chef de bataillon's* warning voice was unheeded. The march of the French columns was resumed at daybreak; and whilst the sun was yet high in the heavens, the sheen of the English bayonets glittered in the distance, and a British mounted officer galloping up informed Lamarque that he could proceed no further. General Sir William Clinton, it was added, referred him for an explanation to the Spanish generals D'Erolles and Campans.

Resistance was out of the question, and the French surrendered to Campans; Sir William Clinton obstinately refusing to have anything to do with an affair which, but for him, might have had a very different termination. This was unfortunate, as, had he technically been a party to the terms of surrender agreed upon, he would have had a right to intervene in prevention of the scandalous violation of those terms by the Spaniards.

The success of the *coup de traitre* was complete, and General Campans, in a flaming order of the day, boasted that he had captured a French corps of three thousand men, including two general officers, twenty pieces of cannon, a vast quantity of baggage, and a rich military chest.

The loss to the French commander-in-chief was a heavy

one at that juncture, particularly as Sir William Clinton and his allies, having no longer to observe Tortosa, Lerida, Meguinenza, Manzan, were enabled to effectually prevent Suchet from joining his chief.

Marshal Soult was in sore and pressing need, too, of such help as fifteen thousand soldiers *d'élite* might have rendered him, and at no time more so during his harassed retreat upon France than about a fortnight after Lamarque's surrender, when hotly pressed by Wellington, he was marching through the sandy plain of Ger, covering and masking his movements by a numerous rear guard. One corps was posted on a hill thickly covered with trees, the end of which abutted on a high road.

It was of the utmost importance that the English general should ascertain what force was on the other side in his immediate front. All who attempted to ascertain that fact were killed or driven back by the fire of skirmishers. At last Captain William Light dashed forward, as if he would force his way through the *tirailleurs*, but had hardly reached the wood when he was seen to drop the reins, and fall back in his saddle badly wounded, and scarcely able to sustain himself, his horse continuing to gallop onward. The skirmishers, believing him to be mortally hit, ceased firing, and in the position described the daring soldier rode along the front of the French infantry on the other side, counting them as he passed. That done, Captain Light sprang upright in his saddle, grasped the reins, and, spurring his horse to his fullest speed, galloped, without being touched by their hasty fire, past the skirmishers, who thought they had killed him, and riding up to Wellington exclaimed, "My lord, there are but five battalions on the other side of the hill." The wood was consequently at once forced, and Soult received the blow at Tarbes, which he might else have avoided. But for Van Halen and the widow, it is quite clear that Captain Light might have had to report that there were thirty instead of five battalions on the other side of the hill.

Colonel Van Halen, thoroughly reconciled—indeed, a sort of hero with his countrymen—was not long afterwards raised to the grade of general. We do not find it stated that he fulfilled his promise of marrying the widow; and, in the absence of positive information, we strongly incline to believe he did not.

MODERN DEMONOLOGY.

[In an article under the above title, *Blackwood* gives the following rap at Mr. Hume, the American Spiritualist:]

TABLES not only danced and expanded their mahogany claws after the fashion of the feline tribe, but soared into the air. Mr. Home also became preternaturally gassy. He began to float about the room, after the lights had been put out, with the ease and precision of a Leopard, and the astonished spectators dimly descried his figure horizontally extended beneath the ceiling, like a stuffed alligator suspended in an apothecary's shop. The mode of operation, as described by an eye-witness, was rather peculiar:

"Mr. Home was seated next the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently he said in a quiet voice, 'My chair is moving—I'm off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else,' or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity, not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened; but we talked, incoherently enough, upon some indifferent topic. I was sitting nearly opposite to Mr. Home, and I saw his hands disappear from the table, and his head vanish into the deep shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position as at first perpendicular and afterwards horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two he told us he was going to pass across the window, against the grey silvery light of which he would be visible. We watched in profound silence, and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. He spoke to us as he passed, and told us that he would turn the reverse way and recross the window, which he did. His own tranquil confidence in the safety of what seemed from below a situation of the most novel peril, gave confidence to everybody else; but with the strongest nerves it was impossible not to be conscious of a certain sensation of fear or awe. He hovered around the circle for several minutes, and passed, this time perpendicularly, over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air, and felt something brush my chair. It was his foot, which he gave me leave to touch. Turning to the spot where it was on the top of a chair, I placed my hand gently upon it, when he uttered a cry of pain, and the foot was withdrawn quickly with a palpable shudder. It was evidently not resting on the chair, but floating, and it sprang from the touch as a bird would. He now passed over to the furthest extremity of the room, and we could judge by his voice of the altitude and dis-

tance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling, upon which he made a slight mark, and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place at the table. An incident which occurred during the aerial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion, which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us, played a strain of wild pathos in the air from the most distant corner in the room."

At other seances, sprigs of geranium and verbena were liberally distributed by spiritual hands to the company. Mr. Home became a sort of Roman candle, emitting fiery balls; and on one occasion, a jocular spirit took the unjustifiable liberty of purloining a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which a thirsty believer was in the very act of imbibing.

In justice to the Davenportes, we ought to state that their supporters claim for them the possession of powers equally extraordinary. Dr. Nichols gives the following narrative of phenomena which were observed at Buffalo:

"The room was not darkened, only obscured to a pleasant twilight. After several of the usual phenomena were exhibited, the two boys were raised from their chairs, carried across the room, and held up *with their heads downwards* before a window. 'We distinctly saw,' says an eye witness, (Query—Rand?) 'two gigantic hands attached to about three-fifths of a monstrous arm; and those hands grasped the ankles of the two boys, and thus held the lads, heels up and heads downward, before the window; now raising, now lowering them, till their heads bade fair to make acquaintance with the carpet on the floor! This curious, but assuredly not dignified, exhibition was several times repeated, and was plainly seen by every person present. Among these persons was an eminent physician, Dr. Blanchard, then of Buffalo, now of Chicago, Illinois, who was sitting on a chair by the side of Elizabeth Davenport; and all present saw an immense arm, attached to no apparent body—growing, as it were, out of space—glide along near the floor, till it reached around Dr. Blanchard's chair, when the hand grasped the lower back round of Elizabeth's chair, raised it from the floor with the child upon it, balanced it, and then raised it to the ceiling. The chair and child remained in the air, without contact with any person or thing, for a space of time estimated to be a minute, and then descended gradually to the place it first occupied."

We fear that Mr. Home, who, by his own account, has moved in the very highest circles of European society, and been received with marked distinction at more than one Imperial Court, may be shocked at finding his spiritual exhibitions classed in the same category with the more robust demonstrations of the Davenportes. There are ranks and grades even among magicians. Arabes, the Egyptian, viewed with scorn the infernal concoctions of the witch of Vesuvius. Bacon regarded Bungay as a mountebank, and hated him with an intensity which only a conjuror could feel. Richard Graham, who, in the reign of King James, was "worried and burnt at the Cross of Edinburgh," as a "notour and known necromancer, and common abuser of the people," had for some years been noted as a prominent licentiate of the devil's medical college. He confessed to be familiar with spirits, but regarded common witchcraft as a mean and despicable thing, and would hold no communication with the Bessie Dunlops and Eupham MacLeans of the day. But we cannot afford to recognize any such nice distinctions. The miracles of the Davenportes and of Mr. Home are substantially the same; and if it can be shown that the one are mere feats of jugglery and legerdemain, the credit of the other is overthrown.

A LONDON FOG.

MOST of our readers, we have no doubt, will have heard of that famous but foul congregation of vapors, called a London Fog, which, when it chooses to appear, casts a pall of thickest darkness over the Great Metropolis, changing day into night, and mystifying and confounding the myriads of human beings that dwell therein. This phenomenon, however, does not present itself every day, or even every year; it arrives only during certain states of the weather, and chiefly in winter, when the wind brings up the cold thick vapors from the German Ocean, and mingles them with the smoke of the metropolis. When the fog hangs over the streets to only a partial extent, there is produced a peculiar opacity in the air overhead, which is humorously but correctly defined as a "peas-soup atmosphere," from its resemblance to that dull yellow liquid. But when the fog arrives in all its force and substantiality, the atmosphere is beyond peas-soup pitch; and it is so dense and murky, that it may almost be felt and handled; and passengers on the streets can no more see through it than could fishes see through perfectly muddy water.

On the 23d of December 1818, London was enveloped in a fog, the most dense that had been witnessed for several years. The thickness of the vapor in the early part of the day was not so very great as to be attended with extraordinary inconvenience; but the opacity gradually increased, and in the city, where the fog is always the most dense, there was, about four o'clock, no possibility of discerning an object at the distance

of a few paces. The carriages and wagons moving along the streets were not discoverable from the flag-ways, and the passengers on the latter derived very little aid from the lights in the windows, or from the lamps, as most of the shops, from fear of accidents, were shut, and the lamps afforded but a very feeble twinkling light, not visible until a near approach. The coachmen alighted from their boxes to lead their horses, and the link-boys were in great numbers to offer their assistance; but with every possible care and precaution, the passengers, both on foot and in carriages, seldom succeeded in making their way without mistakes—and horses and carriages frequently deviated from the streets to the flag-ways, to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers.

The noises made by the people in the streets were frightful—some shrieking from terror when surprised by the sudden approach of a horse or a carriage; others calling out to their fellow-travellers to warn them of danger, or anxiously inquiring their way; and many whistling and singing to make known that they were approaching. In a number of cases, the company deserted their carriages, which remained stationary, the coachmen not knowing where they were. Various sums, from half-a-crown to ten shillings, were obtained by link-boys for conducting a carriage through a single street. Nor was the presence and influence of the dense accumulation of vapors felt only out of doors. In the theatres, the actors on the stage were barely visible to the audience; and even private houses, though closed, and well furnished with fires, were filled and darkened by this unwelcome visitant. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, however, the rattling of carriages which had regained the power of motion, indicated the departure of the fog, and by midnight the metropolis had nearly resumed the appearance usually presented by it at that hour. Many, many thousands, who had been surprised at a distance from home, were then able for the first time to make their way to their firesides, and rejoin their anxious and alarmed families.

The fog, while it lasted, afforded a golden opportunity to thieves and pickpockets, and of this they failed not to avail themselves. A most daring gang of thieves paraded Piccadilly, and committed extensive depredations on the public with impunity. About the hour of five o'clock, several ladies, who had hired a coach, alighted near the barracks at Knightsbridge, and in consequence of the intense fog, they employed a linkboy to light them as far as the Strand. While they were proceeding along near the Cannon Brewery, a dastardly fellow came up with a link blazing in his hand, and dashed it among the ladies, six in number, which threw them into the utmost confusion. The lighted stuff that was annexed to the link stuck to the ladies' dresses, and burned them very much. At this instant a great many persons came up, who attempted to save the females' dresses from burning, and cried shame at the fellow's wanton act. In the confusion, which was evidently created for the purpose of robbery, one of the ladies was deprived of a scarf, and several persons around also lost their property at the same moment. Various other depredations were committed about the same period, along Piccadilly and elsewhere. The different roads leading to Kensington, Hammersmith, and other suburbs, were rendered most dangerous by footpads. It was a benefit night for the coachmakers. A foreign gentleman driving through Temple Bar, met a broad-wheeled wagon on the city side, which, coming in contact with his chaise, dashed it to pieces. Almost every street presented a similar misfortune. Two of the mails, passing along the Strand about seven o'clock, ran against each other, and were both stopped at a shock by the locking of the wheels. The coachman was thrown from one of them by the concussion, but escaped, fortunately, with a few bruises. There were various cases, nevertheless, where the injury was of a more deplorable character. Several persons were run over by carriages and killed, in the attempt to cross streets.

These are but a few of the misfortunes attendant upon a London fog. The robberies in shops and houses were without number. Thieves would enter a place of business, ask for some article under pretence of purchasing it, and in an instant snatch up something and make off with it. If they once got into the fog, pursuit was out of the question.

A PERSON asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden. A friend of hers requested her to go into a canebrake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her was that the handsomest she saw? "Oh no," replied she. "I saw many finer ones as I went along, but kept on in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and got a crooked one at last."

An Irish patriot over in Mariposa says that Judge Burkhalter, the traitor, ought to have the latter part of his name about his own neck.

(For the Californian.)

EVERGREENS—THE CYPRESS.

THE Cypress is the universal emblem of mourning, and is the funeral tree in the eastern world, from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. It is also dedicated to the dead from Mazanderan to Constantinople, as well as to the utmost bounds of China's fruitful shores. Lucan says:

"The mournful cypress rises round,
Tapering from the burial ground."

The Cypress is a dark pyramidal evergreen, growing to a large size in a soil and location favorable to its development. Its proper birth-place is the Levant, particularly the island of Candia, where it grew in such profusion that the Romans, and after them, the Venetians, obtained a considerable revenue from its timber. From Candia it was first brought to Italy, where it is completely naturalized, and forms so prominent and acknowledged a feature in the *sylva* of that classic country that no Italian scene is perfect without it. Bearing in mind the associations connected with this tree, what mournful grace does it throw over the architectural remains of ancient Rome!

"Come and see
That cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples.
Cypress and Ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and mass'd together, billocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crushed, columns strown
In fragments, choked-up vaults and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight."

The true cypress, as every one knows, is a tree of much classical celebrity. Ovid gives us a traditionary account of the mournful origin of the cypress tree, and we always find it devoted to mournful thoughts and sad solemnities.

Cyparissus, son of Telephus of Cea, was beloved by Apollo; having killed the favorite stag of his friend, he grieved, pined, and dying, was changed by Apollo into a cypress tree. It has always been considered the type of grief, and is generally accompanied by some mournful appellation. Virgil speaks of

"—fun'ral cypress rising like a shroud."

Notwithstanding its gloomy character, however, Homer plants it near the cave of Calypso on account of its fragrance—

"Poplars and alders ever quivering, played,
And nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade."

Why the shaft of Cupid should have been made of this tree, as some writers report, it is difficult to determine; it might be because then, as now, "the course of true love never did run smooth." Its being consecrated to Pluto and Proserpine in those days of dark superstition causes no surprise. Perhaps Shakspeare thought of this when he makes the Earl of Suffolk, whilst invoking curses on his enemies, wish

"Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees."

Consistently with the notions of its character, the ancient Romans, on the death of any high-born individual, were wont to place a branch of cypress before the door of the bouse where the corpse lay previous to interment; boughs were also strewn on the bier and borne by the mourners to the grave. These usages are not altogether obsolete in our day, and in many eastern countries they are also continued. The Turks especially, plant this tree with other aromatics in their cemeteries, not only from respect to the dead, but to benefit the living, as the balsamic odor is supposed to purify the air. Hasselquist speaks of seeing cypresses of remarkable size and beauty adorning their burial grounds.

"And when we lay him in his grave,
Let the sad cypress o'er him wave."

There is scarcely any poet who does not write of it in mournful sadness. Spencer records it as "the cypress funeral." Miss Landon observes that

"A funeral train
Will in a cypress grove be found,"

And again:

"The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees
Weeping like mourners."

The author of *Childe Harold*, in one of his peculiar moods, thus inquires:

"Ah! why,
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers?"

The wood of this classical tree is sourous, fragrant and of the most imperishable nature—in the latter respect surpassing that of the cedar itself. It is on record that the doors of St. Peter's at Rome were made of cypress wood and were found perfectly sound after the lapse of eleven hundred years, when at the command of Eusebius the Fourth they were superseded by gates of bronze. It shared with the cedar the honor of enclosing the bodies of the illustrious dead when Egypt and Athens were in their glory.

There is no evergreen more desirable or worthy of cultivation than the native varieties of California, of which the Lawson's cypress stands unrivalled for beauty of form and foliage

A NAVIGATOR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[The following amusing incident is an episode in Olmstead's *Sea-Board Slave States*, and is worthy of a distinct and separate existence.]

THERE'S a yarn I have heard from the Staten Island coasters, who run down to the capes of Virginia for oysters, which illustrates admirably how Virginia commerce would be "legitimately" carried on, that is, in the manner naturally resulting from her system.

Among the largest and luckiest of the Virginia merchant-marine, is the fine, fast-sailing, light-draft, putty-bottomed, packet-sloop, the *Abstraction*. The "old Ab" was formerly owned and commanded by Captain Jerry S., and was manned by one black boy, sixty years old, named Mopus, and commonly called Uncle Mopus. Mopus was a slave, and Captain Jerry had bought him with the sloop.

Mopus was a proper slave, patient, meek, stupid, and stubborn—a talking donkey. He never had been taught to read or to comprehend figures. He could not understand the dial, and the binnacle-compass was a sort of fetish to him; the mystery of which he was too humble to desire to penetrate. He piously left these great things in the hands of his owner, and resigned himself to the will of that Providence which had given him a master to take care of him, who was responsible for his safety and profits, as well as the sloop's.

This resignation and faith of the good Mopus, however, often gave Captain Jerry a deal of trouble, for it obliged him to be nearly-always on deck and wide awake, and he sometimes thought he might better sell Mopus, and buy a nigger that was not so good, (Captain Jerry, as I heard it, used to put in a word between so and good, and bear down on it,) but the danger that such a one would prove entirely reckless of all moral suggestions, as smart niggers are very apt to, and go and steal himself, prevented his doing so, and he tried to make the best of Mopus' muses, and to supply the necessary brain-power for the sloop from his own private skull.

One night, Captain Jerry having been up all the previous night, and having just worked the sloop out of Hampton roads, against wind and tide, and being quite overcome with fatigue, thought he might venture to trust Mopus with the helm for a few hours, the sloop's course now being due north, up Chesapeake bay, wind light and quartering, a clear sky and nothing in the way for fifty miles.

Mopus knew the North Star very well, as niggers generally do, and telling him to keep the bow-sprit pointing straight at it, and not to disturb him until he saw land to starboard, Captain Jerry put out the binnacle-light to save oil, and went below.

Captain Jerry had the habit, which small-craft men are apt to get, of consulting aloud with himself. No sooner had he closed the companion scuttle than Mopus, with bead to the stove pipe, heard—"Moon full'd Thursday—slack water at six—North Star—that'll do till daylight sartin—due North—Tangier island—not afore meridian—can't go wrong till arter daylight, no how—good snooze this time—go in—off boots."

Mopus was a capital belmsman; and for two hours, while the breeze held, he kept on a bee-line to the northward. Then it fell calm; and then there came little eatpaws from northwest, and Mopus, after giving a pull of the main-sheet, left the helm a minute to flatten the jib. While he was forward, a flaw from the northeast took him all aback. Belaying jib-sheet, he came aft, and put helm up to wear round. Just as he jibed, came another flaw from the southwest, and a pretty smart one. Mopus met it, trimmed close, and seeing it was going to be steady, left the helm again, and shoved down the centre board. Then he went to the hatchway and got his coat, after which he took a pull at the scuttle-butt, and struck a light for a smoke.

All this time "Old Abby," with her head southeast, was shaking like a nail-mill. Mopus finally bauld the jib up to port, till the mainsail filled, then took the helm again, and kept her rap full heading south, but running off to the westward, now and then, in search for the North Star, which, as he could not see it anywhere else, he thought for a long time must have got behind the mainsail.

He had smoked out two pipes before he found it, and then it was right over the stern, which at first struck him as a singular circumstance. There it was, "pointers and all;" he could not be mistaken. But how did it get there?

Mopus pondered over it for two pipes more, all the while giving her a good full and nothing off. He was at first inclined to treat it as a mystery; but when, about two o'clock, the moon rose, he grew bold, kuotted his eyebrows, clenched his teeth, took off his tarpaulin, and struck his reflective organs with his clenched fist.

At length the problem was solved, and his lips trembled and gathered inward and puckered back with that pleasure which niggers, in common with human beings, enjoy, when they are conscious of having acquitted themselves well of a trying and honorable responsibility. He immediately hauled the boom down close to the taffrail; he went forward, and belayed the jib to windward, lighted his pipe again, and kept

a good lookout till, as day broke, he made land to starboard, just as he expected; land to starboard and—why didn't he see it before?—a light right ahead, and not very far ahead either.

"All right," thought Mopus, "daylight, humph! let an old nigger alone to find the way to the North;" and he let the jib draw away, went aft, took the helm and called the skipper.

The skipper turned out:

"Hallo, uncle, close hauled? Wind's come out o' norward, has it? Why, Mopus! why! what the devil—what light's that? Why, Mopus! why you—Where you been taking the sloop to now, you black rascal! here's the North Star over the stern!"

"Oh yes, massa, past de Norf Star an hour ago; all right, sar, here's de land right off here to inward. Made a fine run, sar. Oh! I kuows how to fotch 'em along, I does myself, ha! ha! ha! Takes old Mope arter all, don't it? ha! ha! ha!"

"Ye-es (through his teeth) mighty fine run! Old Point. by the blood of Poeahontas! just where I'd got her last night at sunset!—you ginnin' eatamount! Takes old Mope! You bloody old cuss! I'll sell you for a chaw of tobacco to the first white man that'll take you off my hands!"

PUNNING MOTTOES.

SOME of the mottoes of the peerage are remarkable as containing puns on the names of the families who have chosen them. Some of these plays on words are good, others detestably bad. The family motto of the Vernons is one of the best: "Ver non semper viret;" which may either be "Vernon always flourishes," or "Spring does not always flourish," in which latter truism, it must be allowed, there is little appropriateness, unless, indeed, we hold it as a warning to "make hay while the sun shines." Perhaps a better motto of these species is that which the noble family of Onslow have selected. This is "Festina lente," an old Latin proverb, signifying "on slow," or hasten slowly; an advice at once to progress, and a caution at the same time to beware of imprudent haste. The Scottish Barons Fairfax have a pithy quibble for their family motto; namely, "Fare fac," which, being translated, signifies "Speak, do," This is not very happy, as it has been generally held a better rule "faire sans dire," "to act without much talking," which is the motto of the Fox family. The motto of the Nevilles is another of these punning devices, and is a tolerable one on the whole. "Ne vile velis," "Incline to nothing base." Very similar is the motto of the Fanes Earles of Westmoreland, which runs thus, "Ne vile fano," "Bring nothing base to the fane," or temple. The ducal bouse of Cavendish has the words "Cavendo tutus," signifying "Save by caution," as its motto. All these are respectable quibbles enough in their way, but as much cannot be properly said for the succeeding ones. "Forte scutum salus ducum" is a piece of bad Latin, intended to express that a "strong shield is the safety of commanders," and embodying in its first syllables the name of Fortescue, of which family it is the motto. Another of the same kind is that of the noble Irish family of Maynard: "Manus justa nardus," "The just hand is a precious ointment." This is too obviously a *manufacture* for a purpose, and but for the pun involved, could have been taken by nobody as a motto. Worse rather than better is the device of the Barons Henniker, whose family name is Major. "Deus major columna," "God is the great support," are the words in question. With a little more skill, though at the cost of employing an obsolete Latin word, the family of Aston have contrived to get their name nearly hitched into a line of a decent kind as regards sense. Their motto is, "Numini et patrie asto," "I stand to God and my country." But the greatest degree of vanity, and the weakest invention exhibited in this way, occur in the case of the Temples, or at least the Buckingham branch of that family. "Templa quam dilecta," in English, "Temples, how beloved," is the sentence alluded to. The second meaning, or *double entendre*, is nothing else than "What an amiable family the Temples are!" From such armorial mottoes as these, it is a pleasure to turn to that now borne by the line of Bruce, once royal and yet noble. A single word form their dignified and pathetic motto, "Fuinus," "We have been." Volumes could not tell more emphatically the history of the house.

One of the most apt and perfect of all mottoes, was that suggested by Henry Erskine for the family arms of Gillespie, the founder of Gillespie's Hospital at Edinburgh, and who had made a fortune by dealing in snuff. The lines

Who could hae thought it,
That noses had bought it?

were those proposed by the witty lawyer, but Mr. Gillespie did not, we fear, adorn his carriage with them, though, for the credit of his sense, it is to be hoped he enjoyed their humor.

To Mr. Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, is ascribed the origin of the term Yankee, so offensive to Southern ears, in 1713. He used it to express excellence—as, a "Yankee good horse," or "Yankee good cider." The students of Harvard soon caught it and used it as a term of reproach.

KISSING.—Josh Billings says there is "one cold blue lean kiss that always makes him shiver to see. Tew persons (ov the femail perswashun) who hav witnessd a grate many yonger and more pulpy daze, meet in some publick plase and not haven saw each uthor for 24 hours tha kiss immediatly; tha tork about the wether and the yung man who preeched yesterday, and then tha kiss immediatly, and then tha blush and larf at what tha sa tew each other, and kiss again immediatly. This kind ov kissing alwas puts me in mind of tew old flints trieing tew strike fire."

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's fair audiences have been in attendance nightly during the week to witness the farewell performances of Miss Heron. The best of her representations was "Gamea," the worst, "Julia," in the *Hunchback*. Miss Heron positively burlesques this character. Where she is so bad throughout it is scarcely worth while to particularize, but I must protest against the fearfully extravagant and absurd manner in which she acts while "Master Walter" is describing the tapestried hangings portraying the story of the page and the lady. "Julia," no doubt, should appear carried away by the story, but her interest is naturally evinced by the earnest gaze, the breathless anxiety with which she listens, as each word falls from "Master Walter's" lips, not by starting to her feet and pacing up and down the stage like an untamable hyena or other caged wild beast, and shrieking with all the power her lungs afford. "Julia" was not a maniac. Miss Heron was to have closed her engagement in the character in which she opened—"Camille"—which she appears to consider the Alpha and Omega of her professional fame. In consequence of indisposition, however, Miss Heron's engagement came to a sudden close on Wednesday night. To-night the sensation drama of *Fraud and its Victims*, founded on Reade's famous novel of *Very Hard Cash*, will be presented. On Monday the new drama of *Sybilla*; or, *Step by Step*, will be produced. On Thursday the celebrated American low comedian, Dan Setchell will appear in *Ici on parle Francais* and *One Thousand Milliners Wanted*. I trust the public will soon have the pleasure of seeing Dan Setchell in the character of "Captain Cuttle"; in this he is immense.

Mr. Charles Wheatleigh goes up to Virginia the beginning of next week to give the Virginians a taste of his quality. They may be assured that they have a treat in store for them.

The circus nightly presents the spectacle of a grand circle closely packed with human beings, all happy and amused. The dogs and monkeys cause immense fun; Olina is a miracle of muscularity; Barry's double somersault is always successfully performed; Cooke, the Shaksperian jester, is always original, and he lavishes jests with a prodigality which proves that there are lots more where those came from; the peerless Zoyara goes the giddy round at lightning speed, astonishing all by her (or his?) wonderful equitation, and all the members of this splendid company of equestrians, gymnasts, clowns and wondrously intelligent quadrupeds are so perfect in their respective parts that the most brilliant entertainment of the kind ever presented on this coast is the result. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances are given so as not to keep the little ones up after the time by which they ought to be in bed and asleep.

The American re-opened on Thursday with the burlesque of *Flair Rosamond*. To-night, and also at the afternoon performance, the grand spectacular play of *The Elves* will be produced. Next week, *Fra Diavolo* and the *Invincibles*, will be put on the stage. The company at this house which comprises the Worrell sisters, Mrs. Gass, Mrs. Franks, Messrs. Franks, Reeves, Hamilton, Torrence and "a host of supernumeraries," is admirably adapted to the production of burlesque, and having cut down the prices to 50 and 25 cents, will no doubt draw good houses.

An extremely neat little theatrical paper, called *Figaro* makes its appearance to day. It will be distributed gratuitously among the audiences at Maguire's Opera House and at the Academy of Music during the Opera season and Gottschalk's concerts. Its design is similar to the New York *Play Bill*.

TOUCHSTONE.

THEATRICALS AT THE EAST.—Edwin Booth was, at last mail advices, playing an engagement at the Boston Theatre with great success. Mr. Booth's engagement will be followed by Mrs. Bowers and Barney Williams. Mrs. Julia Pelby Thoma was at the Howard Athenæum. Miss Jennie Kempton, (late of the Richings Opera Troupe) was giving concerts at Chelsea, near Boston, assisted by the choir of the Church of Unity. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean had accepted an engagement for eleven nights at the Broadway Theatre. McKean Buchanan had a "set-to" with the critic of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, (who was not properly appreciative,) and was taken to the station house. Bonicault's new Irish drama, *Arrah-Na-Pogue*, is attracting the attention of all the New York managers, and his agent in that city is awaiting competition bids for it. Fisk's new military drama, *Corporal Cartouche*, was being played at the Winter Garden. New York, Harry Placide taking the leading part. The *Sleeping Beauty* was playing at the Olympic, Mrs. John Wood being the "Beauty." Emily Jordan and Frank Lawlor were to appear soon at the Troy Opera House. Mrs. Leighton and Yankee Locke had just concluded an engagement at Alexandria, (Va.) and were to go to Lexington, Ky.

A boy named Wm. H. Lovell, aged fifteen years, was killed in Sacramento, April 24th, by being dragged through the streets by a horse. The boy had been left by his father to hold the animal, and had fastened the rope to his person. The horse took fright, and all efforts to stop him failed. On Eleventh street, after being dragged a dozen or more blocks the lad became disconnected from rope, and was picked up and placed on the sidewalk; he was still breathing, but expired in a few minutes.

THE SHERMAN-JOHNSTON PEACE PROJECT.

WE publish, as among the most important events which have recently transpired, the terms of Johnston's surrender to Sherman (if that may be termed a "surrender," which examined by later and clearer light seems more like a strategic success). Had the terms been final and obligatory upon our Government, much of the hard fighting under Gen. Sherman would have been lost at the point of his pen. Following appropriately the statement of the agreement referred to, we place a despatch from Washington, reporting the proceedings of a Cabinet meeting which disapprove of the diplomatic efforts of the General, concluding the chapter with the reasons for such disapproval—reasons which will be regarded by every far-seeing and patriotic citizen as sound, logical and in every respect just:

BASIS OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN GEN. SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON.

Memorandum of basis of agreement, made this 18th day of April, 1865, near Durham's Station, North Carolina, by and between Gen. Jos. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, and Major-Gen. Sherman, commanding the Army of the United States in North Carolina—both present:

First, The contending armies now in the field are to maintain their status quo until notice is given by either commanding General that either army becomes an opponent. A reasonable time, say forty-eight hours, is allowed the Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State Capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State Arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from all acts of war, and abide the action of both the State and Federal authorities. The number of arms to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington City, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

Second, The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments, and their officers and Legislatures, on their taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Third, The re-establishment of all the Federal Courts of the several States, with their powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

Fourth, The people and inhabitants of all the states are to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the states respectively.

Fifth, The Executive authority of the Government of the United States is not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet and abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey the laws in existence at the place of their residence.

Sixth, In general terms, to grant a general amnesty, so far as the Executive Power of the United States can command one, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies and their distribution to their farms, and resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men, as hitherto, composing the said armies.

Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfil these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves promptly to obtain the necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme.

WM. T. SHERMAN,

Commanding the Army of the United States in North Carolina.

J. E. JOHNSTON,

General Commanding Confederate States Army in North Carolina.

ACTION OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS UPON RECEIPT OF THE TERMS PROPOSED.

A Cabinet meeting was held at eight o'clock in the evening of the 22d inst., at which the action of Gen. Sherman was disapproved of by the President, Secretary of War, General Grant and by every member of the Cabinet. General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities immediately, and was directed that the instructions given him by the late President, in the following telegram, which was penned by Mr. Lincoln himself, at the Capitol on the 3d of March, were approved by President Johnson, and were reiterated, to govern the action of military commanders. On the night of the 3d of March, while President Lincoln and his Cabinet were at the Capitol, a telegram from Gen. Grant was brought to the Secretary, informing him that Gen. Lee had requested an interview or conference to make arrangements for terms of peace. The letter of Lee was published in a letter from Davis to the rebel Congress. Gen. Grant's telegram was submitted to Mr. Lincoln, who, after pondering a few moments, took up his pen and wrote with his own hand the following reply, which he submitted to the Secretary of War and Secretary of State. It was then dated, addressed and signed by the Secretary of War, and telegraphed to Gen. Grant, as follows:

"Washington, March 3, 1865.—To Lieutenant Gen. Grant: The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with Gen. Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor and purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. In the meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."
—STANTON.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S REASONS FOR REJECTING THE "NICE LITTLE ARRANGEMENT."

Washington, April 23d.—The proceedings of Gen. Sherman are unapproved for the following reasons:

First—It was an exercise of authority not vested in Gen. Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston

knew that he (Sherman) had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.

Second—It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government.

Third—It undertook to re-establish the rebel State Governments, which had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousands of loyal lives and treasure, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States are disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue loyal States.

Fourth—By the restoration of the rebel authorities, in their respective States, they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.

Fifth—It might furnish a ground for the responsibility of the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt contracted by the rebels in the name of the State.

Sixth—It put in dispute the existence of loyal State Governments, and the new State of Western Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United States Government.

Seventh—It practically abolished the confiscation laws, relieved the rebels of every degree, who slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crime.

Eighth—It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

Ninth—It formed no basis for a lasting peace, but relieved the rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their efforts to overthrow the United States Government and subdue the loyal States whenever their strength recruited and opportunity should offer.

ALFRED TENNYSON ON BULWER.

[It may be recollected that Bulwer in his *New Timon* took occasion to ventilate some very malignant and uncalled-for asperities against his brother author, Alfred Tennyson. They called forth a squib or two in *Punch*. It now appears that Tennyson himself entered the field in the latter journal with the following "settler:"]

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.

WE know him out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke:
The old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the OLD: here comes the NEW.
Regard him: a familiar face:
I thought we knew him; what, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane en papillotes.

And once you tried the mimes too;
You fail'd, sir: therefore now you turn;
You fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content:
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good as me."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt.
A dapper boot—a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt!

You talk of tinsel! why we see
The mark of rouge upon your cheeks;
You prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A TIMON you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take his name.
You handbox. Off, and let him rest.

[Alcibiades.

Colonel Hugh H. Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, twenty-three years of age, who went into the regiment as Second Lieutenant, has grown to be Colonel by steady courage and good conduct, and young as he is, has just been nominated Brevet Brigadier General. He is at home on furlough with his twelfth wound, and is known as the luckiest man in the army—not because he has twelve wounds, but because among them all he has lost nothing but a finger. He carries and will carry three or four bullets in his body.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CHILLING RECONCILIATION.

THAT unfortunate meeting on the stairs made a very deep impression upon Maude Tredethlyn. She had never before encountered drunkenness; and it was one of those sins which seemed to her to belong to a region of outer darkness, in which decent people had no place. Her father had always been as sober as an anchorite; her father's guests were gentlemen. She had heard, now and then, in the course of her life at the Cedars, of a drunken gardener dismissed with ignominy from the gardens—a drunken groom degraded from his rank in the stables. But Francis—her husband—that he should be thick of speech and nsteady of foot under the influence of strong drink!—it seemed almost too horrible for belief. She lay awake in the morning sunlight, thinking of Francis Tredethlyn's misdemeanor.

"And just as I fancied that I was beginning to love him!" she thought, regretfully. Would they meet at breakfast? she wondered. And if they did meet, what would Francis say to her? A sickly dread of that meeting took possession of her mind. If he apologized, how was she to answer him? Would it be possible for her to conceal her disgust?

"Let me remember his goodness to my father," she murmured. "Oh, can I ever be so base as to forget that?"

The possible meeting at the breakfast-table was very easily avoided. Mrs. Tredethlyn had a headache, and took her strong green tea and dry toast in the pretty little boudoir, with the pink draperies and Parian statuettes, the satin-wood cabinets and book-cases, the Persian carpets and polar bearskin rugs, the *marqueterie jardinières* and toy Swiss cottage birdcages, selected by Harcourt Lowther. It was rather an enervating little boudoir, eminently adapted for the perusal of French novels, and the neglect of all the duties of life. Mrs. Tredethlyn breakfasted in her boudoir, so there was no uncomfortable meeting between the husband and wife. Francis left the house before noon, in order to keep an appointment with his friend Mr. Lowther. They were going together to the Doncaster spring meeting, where Bohemianism would be rampant, and were to be away for some days. Poor Francis ran into the library, while his friend waited for him, and scribbled a hasty note to his wife, full of penitence and self-humiliation. He gave the missive to Mrs. Tredethlyn's maid at the foot of the stairs, while Harcourt was standing in a little room opening out of the hall, arranging the strap of a race-glass across his light overcoat. Mr. Tredethlyn went back to the library in search of a railway rug which he had flung off his arm when he sat down to write the letter, and during his brief absence there was a flutter of silk in the hall, and a little conference between Mr. Lowther and the abigail.

Half an hour afterwards, when the two men were walking up and down the platform at the King's Cross station, with cigars in their mouths, Mr. Lowther handed his friend the identical letter which Francis had entrusted to his wife's maid.

"You can post that to its address, if you like, dear boy; but I think I should light my cigar with it. The seal is unbroken, you see; but I fancy I can make a tolerable guess at the contents of the epistle. Dear old Frank, if you want to preserve the merest semblance of manhood, the poorest remnant of independence, never beg your wife's pardon."

Of course Mr. Tredethlyn was very angry. Harcourt Lowther was prepared to encounter a given amount of resistance. The wave may lash and beat itself against the quiet breast of the rock; and the rock, secure in its supremacy, has only to stand still until that poor worn-out wave crawls meekly to the stony bosom, a conquered and a placid thing. Mr. Lowther had his work to do, and he took his own time about doing it. The apologetic little epistle was not sent to Mrs. Tredethlyn; and at an uproarious after-dinner assemblage at the "Reindeer," Francis abandoned such frivolous stuff as sparkling Moselles and Burgundies for fierce libations of brandy punch. He made a tremendous book for all manner of events, always under the advice of his friend; indeed, its pages contained many rather heavy engagements with Mr. Lowther himself, who affected extreme simplicity amongst the magnates of the turf, but who was nevertheless eminently respected by those gentlemen, as being of the deep and dangerous class—a dark horse, secretly exercised on lonely commons at weird hours of the early morning, and winning with a rush when he was least expected to do so.

While Francis was seeing life through the medium provided for him by his experienced adviser, Maude enjoyed herself after her own fashion. She had been very happy at Twickenham, but she had never until now been entirely her own mistress, with unlimited credit and unlimited ready money,

and all the privileges of a matron. At the Cedars she had been always more or less under her father's direction. She had acted very much as she pleased upon all occasions; but she had made a point of consulting him about the smallest step in her simple life; a round of calls, a day's shopping, a little musical gathering after a dinner-party, the amount of a subscription to a charity—even the color of a dress.

But now the young matron shook off even the gentle fetters which had held the girl, and spread her pinions for a bolder flight. A much wider world had opened itself to the merchant's daughter since her marriage. The story of Mr. Tredethlyn's fortune—always multiplied by the liberal tongue of rumor—was one of the most popular topics amongst the denizens of the new district in which Mr. Tredethlyn's house was situated. None of these West End people knew that Lionel Hillary's position had ever endured a dreadful crisis of uncertainty and terror. The marriage between Maude and Francis was supposed to be one of those sublime unions in which wealth is united to wealth—the alliance of a Miss Rothschild with a Master Lafitte—a grand commercial combination for the consolidation of capital.

So Maude took her place as one of the most important novelties of the current year. She gave great receptions in her three drawing-rooms, whose gorgeous decorations were just a little too much like the velvet and ormolu magnificence of a public room at a gigantic hotel. She organized dinner-parties and revised and corrected a *menu* with the *savoir-faire* of a Brillat Savarin in petticoats. Always accustomed to a reckless expenditure, she had no idea of the necessity for some regulation in the expenses of a large household. Left a great deal to herself, and frequently at a loss for occupation, she often spent her husband's money from sheer desire for amusement. After that unlucky encounter on the stairs she resigned herself entirely to her position as a fashionable wife. Her husband went his way unmolested, and she went hers. She was tolerably happy, for the life was a very pleasant one to live; but oh, what a vain, empty, profitless existence to look back upon!—the success of a dinner, the triumph of an audacious toilette, the only landmarks on a great flat of frivolity. But Mrs. Tredethlyn was not at the age in which people are given to looking back; she was rich, beautiful, accomplished, agreeable, with that dash of recklessness in her gaiety which makes a woman such an acquisition in a drawing-room, and the fumes of the incense which her admirers burned before her were just a little intoxicating. The Twickenham loungers, who had worshipped her mutely and reverently from afar off, found themselves distanced now by bolder adorers, and, conversing amongst themselves upon the staircases and on the outer edges of crowded drawing-rooms in the stuccoed district, shook their heads and pulled their whiskers, gravely opining that Mrs. Tredethlyn was "going the pace."

Maude had been Francis Tredethlyn's wife more than six months, and the London season was at its fullest height, when an accidental meeting with Julia Desmond brought about that young lady's restoration to her old position of *Confidante* and companion to the pampered daughter of her dead father's friend. The two women met in the Pantheon, and it was a terrible shock to Maude to see her old companion dawdling listlessly before a stall of toys, dressed in shabby black silk and a doubtful bonnet, and attended by two ungainly girls in short petticoats and scarlet stockings.

The proud spirit of the Desmonds had been crushed by the iron hand of necessity. In these perpetual duels between pride and poverty, the result seems only a question of time. Poverty must have the best of it, unless, indeed, death steps between the combatants to give poor pride a doubtful victory. Julia Desmond had carried her pride and anger away from the luxurious idleness of the Cedars, to nurse them in a London lodging. The only money she had in the world was a ten-pound note, left out of a sum which the liberal merchant had given her for the payment of a dressmaker's bill. She had the jewels given her by Francis Tredethlyn—the diamonds which she had thrown at his feet in the little study at the Cedars, on the night of the amateur theatricals—but which the sober reflections of the following morning had prompted her to retain amongst her possessions. She had these, and upon these she might have raised a very considerable sum of money. But the angry Julia had no desire to raise money. A life of idleness in a London lodging was the very last existence to suit her energetic nature. She inserted an advertisement in the *Times* upon the very day after her departure from Twickenham, and she went on advertising until she succeeded in getting a situation as governess in a gentleman's family. But ah! then came the bitterest of all her trials. She fancied that her life, wherever she went, would be more or less like the life at the Cedars. There would be a great deal more work, perhaps; there might be less luxury, less gaiety, but it would be the same kind of life; while on any day the lucky chance might arise, and the beauty of the Desmonds might win her some great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Alas for Julia's inexperienced notions of a governess's existence! She found herself the drudge of an exacting

mistress, with every hour of her dreary life mapped out and allotted for her, with less share in the social pleasures of the house she lived in than if she had been the kitchen-maid, and with two small tyrants in crinkled hair and holland pinafores always on the watch to detect her shortcomings, and to twist them into excuses for their own. The dreadful monotony of her life would alone have made it odious; but Julia had "a sorrow's crown of sorrow" perpetually pressing on her tortured brow. She had the recollection of happier things—the pleasant idleness at the Cedars, the position of Francis Tredethlyn's affianced wife. And she had given up this position in one moment of ungovernable rage and jealousy. She had suffered one mad impulse of her proud nature to undo the slow work of months. Miss Desmond had ample leisure for the contemplation of her folly during the long winter evenings which she spent in a third-floor sitting-room at Bayswater, hearing unwilling children grind hopelessly at a German grammar by the light of two guttering tallow candles. She *did* contemplate her folly, while the guttural verbs and declensions fell with a droning noise on her unlistening ears; but the rage which swelled her bosom was against Maude Hillary, and Maude alone.

She saw Maude's carriage in the park sometimes while she took her allotted walk with the unwilling children, who might have been pleasant children enough, perhaps, if they had not been weighed down by intellectual exercises compared to which the enforced physical labors of Toulon would have seemed light and agreeable. Julia saw her old companion, and her mind went back to the sunny afternoons on the lawn at Twickenham; and the sight of the pretty face and golden hair, the Skye terriers and neatly appointed equipage, stirred the fire of hatred always burning in her breast, until she could almost have shaken her small fist at the merchant's daughter.

She saw the announcement of Maude's marriage in the *Times*, and hated her still more. She saw Maude in the park, after her marriage, and in a more splendid equipage than the landau from the Cedars, and she hated her even more and more. She set her teeth together and drew back under the shadow of the trees to watch Francis Tredethlyn's wife drive by.

"She has cheated me out of it all," she thought; "it would all have been mine but for her treachery."

Then one bright sunny afternoon in early May the two women met—Julia, a wan shadow of her former self, worn out with hard work, depressed by the monotony of her life, indifferent as to her dress and appearance; Maude, a beaming creature in gauzy mauve muslin, with a Watteau skirt, all a-flutter with ribbons, and a voluminous train sweeping in the dust behind her.

"Dear Julia—"

"Maude—Mrs. Tredethlyn!"

Miss Desmond turned as pale as death. The encounter had come upon her very suddenly, and she was neither physically nor mentally able to bear it. She set her teeth and tried to flash the old defiance from her dark eyes. But the light of that once fiery glance died out like the flame of a candle which burns feebly in the glare of the morning sun. Julia was quite worn out by the life she had been leading for the last year and a half. The pride of a Somerset might give way beneath a long course of overwork and indifferent diet.

After that first exclamation of surprise she drew herself to her fullest height, and tried to pass Mrs. Tredethlyn with a bow, and a faint, cold smile of recognition, but Maude stopped her:

"Dearest Julia, if you knew how anxious and unhappy I have been about you, I'm sure you wouldn't want to pass me by. Do let us be friends. The past is forgotten, isn't it? Yes, I'm sure it is. Will you come up-stairs to the picture gallery? that's always a nice solitary place where one can talk. Are those young ladies with you? What very nice little girls! Miss Desmond and I are going up-stairs, dear, to have a chat. Will you come with us?"

The elder of Julia's pupils, to whom this question was addressed, replied only by a stony glare. She was petrified by the audacity of this smiling creature in mauve who dared to take possession of her governess. The youthful mind, soured by a long course of German declensions, is apt to contemplate everything in a gloomy aspect.

Maude and Julia went past poor Hayden's big cold picture, and made their way to a small room which was quite empty. Julia's face had a stern darkness upon it, which might have frightened any one less hopeful than Maude; but that young lady had been surrounded by an atmosphere of love from her cradle upwards, and was entirely unacquainted with the diagnosis of hatred. She despatched the children to look at the pictures in the larger rooms, and then laying her hand caressingly upon Miss Desmond's arm, she said, very earnestly:

"Dearest Julia, I hope you have forgiven me?"

Miss Desmond looked her lips, and stood for some moments with her face quite fixed, staring at vacancy. There were hollow rings round the dark eyes now, and the oval cheeks had lost their smooth outline. Perpetual drudgery and

friendless solitude had brought Julia very low; but the Desmond pride still struggled for the mastery over its grim assailant—necessity.

"I don't know that I have anything to forgive," she said, after an ominous pause: "Mr. Tredethlyn was free to transfer his affections as often as he chose. I was very glad to read of your marriage, for it was at least satisfactory to find that he had not changed his mind a second time. I do not blame any one but myself, Mrs. Tredethlyn. I should have been wiser than to entrust my happiness to a man who—" Miss Desmond stopped abruptly. She made a long pause, during which she contemplated Maude almost as if she had been looking for some tender spot in which to plant her dagger.

"I must not forget that he is your husband, and I do not wish to say anything humiliating to you; but I cannot forget that he is not a gentleman. No gentleman would have treated any woman as Mr. Tredethlyn treated me."

If Julia's conscience had a voice it might perhaps have chimed in with an awkward question here: "And would any lady have spread a net to catch a rich husband, Julia, trading on the generosity of his simple nature, and angling for the fortune of a man whose heart was obviously given to another?"

Mrs. Tredethlyn's bright face crimsoned, and her lower lip fell a little. It is not to be supposed that she could be very fond of her husband, but she felt any allusion to his shortcomings almost as keenly as if he had been the incarnation of her girlish dreams. Whatever he was, he was hers, and she was responsible for him.

"If generosity of heart could make a gentleman, Julia," she said, almost entreatingly, "I think Francis would be the first of gentlemen."

Miss Desmond did not condescend to reply to this observation.

"Oh, Julia," Mrs. Tredethlyn said, after another little pause, "how can you be so unkind and unforgiving? Have you forgotten how happy we used to be together long ago at the Cedars? If—if I thought you were pleasantly circumstanced now, I would not worry you with any proffers of friendship; but somehow I cannot think that you are happy. Dear Julia, forgive me for the past and trust me once more."

The stony look in Miss Desmond's face did not melt away under the influence of Maude's tenderness; but presently, with an almost awful suddenness, she sank upon the nearest chair, dropped her face upon her clasped hands, and burst into a passion of tears—convulsive sobs, that shook her with their hysterical force. The strong will of the Desmonds asserted itself to the very last, for this passionate outburst was almost noiseless. The slender frame writhed and trembled, the chest heaved, the small hands were clenched convulsively, but there was no vulgar outcry. Miss Desmond recovered herself almost as suddenly as she had given way to her emotion, and drew up her head proudly though her face was blotted with tears.

"Heaven help me," she exclaimed; "what a poor weak creature I am."

"You will let me be your friend again, won't you, Julia? You'll come and live with me once more? You need see very little of Mr. Tredethlyn if you dislike him. He and I are quite fashionable people, I assure you, and he is very seldom at home. I shall be so glad to have you with me. I go a great deal into society, and I know you like society, Julia. Come, dear, let us be friends again, just as we used to be in the dear old times."

Maude gave a little sigh. She was apt now and then to think sentimentally of that remote period of her existence, some four or five years back, when she had believed that the happiest fate that Heaven could award her would be a union with Harcourt Lowther. Even now, though she had schooled herself to think of him coldly, though she tried very hard not to think of him at all, the memory of the old time would come back; the picture of the home that might have been—the little cottage in St. John's Wood—the long quiet evenings, made delightful by genial companionship—the pleasant hours devoted to art—the dear old concertante duets by Mozart and Beethoven—the "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,"—the images of these things were apt to rise suddenly before her, in the midst of her frivolous pleasure in her fine dresses, and gorgeous house, and admiring friends.

"Dear Julia," she said, winding one arm caressingly about the Irish girl, "you will come, won't you?"

"Yes," Miss Desmond answered, "I will come, if you want me. But I must come upon a new footing. This time I must work for my wages. I have been a hired slave ever since I left your father's house. I will be your servant, Mrs. Tredethlyn, if you chose to hire me."

"Julia, you will be my friend, just as you used to be."

"No," cried Miss Desmond, with a resolute gesture of her hand, "no; if you want a companion to keep your keys and attend to your lap-dogs, to finish fancy work that you have begun and grown tired of, to read French novels to you when you want to be read to sleep, to write your letters of invitation, to take the bass in your duets, or carry an occasional

message to your milliner,—if you want a person of this kind, I am quite willing to be that person."

"Julia!"

"I will come to you on those terms or not at all."

"You shall come to me on any terms you please, so long as you come."

"Very well, then, I will come. My present employer gives me sixty guineas a year, and makes me work harder than a pack-horse. You can give me the same money if you think my services worth so much. I will make arrangements for leaving my present situation. A housemaid left the other day and I believe she gave her mistress a month's notice—I suppose the same rule will hold with me—I will come to you at the end of that time, unless you change your mind in the mean time."

"I shall not change my mind; I only wish you could come to me to-day. Take my card, dear, and give me yours."

"I have no cards," answered Miss Desmond. "I have neither name nor place in the world, and have no need of visiting cards."

She wrote her address upon the back of an envelope and gave it to Mrs. Tredethlyn. To the last her manner was cold and ungracious; but Maude parted from her, happy in the idea that she had rescued her old companion from a life of drudgery.

"Why should I not be a hired slave? I shall still have the right to hate her," thought Miss Desmond, as she went back to Bayswater with her gloomy charges.

(To be continued.)

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock—for he dreamed falsehoods through his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the valet's mouth, so that he was often caught—hung as it were in his own truths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies, and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the —, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household, quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave: "look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replied straight the serving groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes; "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the *bulls* in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on—the lord in silence: but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for, assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken! and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep; to it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, neverthe-

less, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This, ah, no!" replied the lord; "this is but a brook; no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him, that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox, but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized roe!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone. "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Long, indeed, still thought the serving-groom, and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this." And more he said not; yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth me not at all."

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains, and on it were a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that Reynard was not larger than a fat *wedder sheep*!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go." "*Stone and bone*," said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now the day declined, and the shadow of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Alas! alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face.

"Ah! miserable me! this, then, is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake; but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that were it lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed; but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace." And as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by *stone and bone*, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words, and glad was he to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit.—*London Magazine*.

YANKEE PERSEVERANCE.—The following little anecdote, which we clip from an exchange, would have done honor to Sam Slick, had he been the subject of it:

An itinerant map-seller went into a merchant's counting-room near our office the other day, and asked the occupant if he wished to purchase a map. "No," was the tart reply. "Will you look at one?" "No; I have more of my own than I have time to examine?" "Will you allow me to look at yours, then?" "Yes; there they hang." "Well, while I am looking at yours, I'll just unroll mine—that, you know, won't hurt anybody." So the map-vender displayed several of his best at full length upon the counter, and then quietly commenced looking at the merchant's which hung against the wall. After making a few observations about some curious water-falls, caves, etc., at places which he traced out upon the map before him, he managed to engage the merchant's attention, and at last referred to his own map, lying on the counter, for a more perfect illustration of his description, and finally so much interested the auditor that he bought three different maps, at six dollars each, of the peddler, and very politely asked him to call again when he got out a new edition.

NOTICE

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WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

SHERMAN.

THE war has brought some cruel iconoclasm. During the last four years the military idols of the people have one by one been pulled from their niches by the steady progress of circumstances and events. McClellan, Hooker, Sigel, Burdette, Pope, McDowell and Fremont have been successively worshipped and cast down. The list seems to be long enough without adding to it the name of Wm. T. Sherman, who has achieved greater military results than any of the preceding heroes, who has enjoyed more universally the confidence of the people, and who, unlike his predecessors, did not lose it in the line of his strict military duty. Not the most ardent of his admirers, we venture to say, ever claimed for him peculiar excellence in statesmanship. As a soldier only was he known and admired. But unfortunately that disposition of our people which leads them to nominate warriors to the highest political offices—that principle which gave us Taylor and Harrison as Presidents—intensifies their disappointment at the egregious blunder of Sherman. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that a knowledge of this expectancy on the part of the people may have led the victorious soldier astray. To claim active freedom from ambition in a vigorous, able leader like Sherman, is to claim for him a simple weakness. It would have been such a crowning laurel for the victorious general to have been handed down to posterity as the maker of Peace, and to finish as a statesman the work begun as a warrior!

But, alas! since the days of Alcibiades and Cæsar, the warrior and statesman are rarely found bleuded in the same individual. Wellington and "Malbrook," were narrow-minded politicians and bigoted counsellors. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, accounts for this peculiarity by the progress of society, which, refining and elevating the statesman and thinker, has pushed aside the military order—leaving its ranks to be recruited by mediocrity. Gen. Sherman, as a private citizen, has shown nothing to claim exemption from the conditions of this hypothesis. The very qualities, perhaps, which we admired in him unfitted him for diplomacy. It does not necessarily follow that because he was an uncompromising, earnest fighter, he would necessarily display the same qualities as a politician. The officer who pursues and overtakes a criminal is not pre-eminently fitted to settle the quality of his punishment or the terms of a compromise. The blunder was not so much in the form of Sherman's treaty as in the assumption of the power to make a treaty at all.

Most of our readers will remember a letter published not long ago, purporting to have been written by General Sherman to a young lady. It discoursed chiefly of the political aspect of the war, and enunciated a policy which, while it might have been the writer's, was not then and never has been the policy of the Administration. Those who read the letter and really respected the manly, soldier-like qualities of the General, could not help smiling at the authoritative and somewhat conceited tone of the epistle, as well as the circumstances under which it was written. It would have been much better for Sherman and much better for the young lady, had she demanded and received a simple autograph, which was probably all she required. But this opportunity of putting himself in the statesman's attitude, even before so humble an admirer, it seems was too great to be resisted by the honest general. Fancy Cæsar inditing a letter to a young Roman lady from the camp beyond the Nervii, with an elaborate description of his peculiar policy!

While we contend that the military glory of Sherman should not be dimmed by this *contretemps*, the shadow that has fallen upon his individual prestige has served to bring out in clearer relief the calm and evenly poised character of his superior, Lieut. General Grant. We do not wish to institute an invidious comparison between these men at such a moment. Practically there is no rivalry between them, nor should there be. Sherman is the incarnation of persistency—Grant of tenacity. The mistake of the former was the mistake of a peculiar temperament which has to some extent given a complexion to our national character. The glory of the latter is the glory of that patient self-reliance and fortitude which has been its deeper, underlying quality.

"A DEATH-BLOW TO CIVILIZATION."

AN editorial in the *Journal of the Trades and Working-men*, entitled "A Death Blow to Civilization," and which would appear also to include an annihilating attack on everything and everybody, not excluding even the rules of syntax, contains a remarkable sentence. The editor, as nearly as we can understand him, wishes to throw the crime of the assassination of the President on radical Northern men, and also to inveigh against the rioters of the 16th inst., whom he charges with wishing to overthrow the Catholic Church. We will premise that the italics are his:

"Madmen! Why do these zealots seek, invariably when occasions arise, to spend their fury on the Catholic Church? That Rock of Ages can any day, with the appliances within its reach, coerce every rascally contractor, defaulter, or villain of every degree, to bring his ill-gotten gains and lay them at the foot of the altar! Is it an instinctive knowledge of this fact that prompts these radical elements to surge and beat against the Church's door; or is it a blind hatred of those who hold to that faith?"

Why should this awful power, vested in the "Rock of Ages," which can "coerce rascally contractors," throw the editor into a passion? And, if it were not too much to ask, what has it to do with a death blow to civilization? And what right has the writer to insinuate that villains of every degree have pecuniary relations to the Catholic Church? The above looks to us very much like a wild bid for the Catholic influence, since the late suppression of the *Monitor*, and as such we are willing to pass by the minor ambiguities of style and the dark hints of a power in the land above its laws and ordinances, which we think all sensible Catholics will unhesitatingly disavow. But we submit that an organ of this ostensible character—a journal of workingmen, who are by instinct loyal, democratic and law-abiding, and who have shown deep and sympathetic feeling for the loss of their best friend, the Chief Magistrate—is misrepresented by any writer who uses such a crisis to repeat the old formulas of a nearly extinct party.

EXIT BOOTH.

BEFORE the body of the murdered President had been committed to the dust, it appears that his assassin was overtaken and killed. The miserable actor who waved his gleaming dagger before the footlights in the first act of this terrible tragedy, has passed with theatrical rapidity through each successive act to the usual retributive denouement. The probabilities of his being taken alive were few. He was doubtless as prepared to perish within the building in which his cruel deed was accomplished, as he was to meet the fire of the soldiers who surrounded the bar where he was finally despatched. The desperation which had moved him to his fiendish crime did not probably desert him in his last extremity. The ordinary course of justice could have affected no greater result than this, in the impossibility of awarding perfect retribution; yet some disappointment will be felt that the murderer was not brought before the bar of an offended sovereignty, tried, convicted and executed on the gallows for example's sake. But his accomplices, and the arch plotters of which he was but a pitiful tool, still afford us ample opportunities for the exercise of legal vengeance.

THEN AND NOW.—Rev. M. C. Briggs addressed a meeting of citizens of Sacramento, recently, (held for the purpose of giving expression to public sorrow at the death of the President,) and in the course of his remarks, alluded to the change which had occurred in California on the question of slavery since the time when the effort was made to fasten the institution upon us by the adoption of a slave State Constitution. Mr. Briggs, it will be remembered, was one of the delegates from this State to the Convention at Baltimore which nominated Lincoln and Johnson. Speaking of his emotions as he stood in that Convention, he says:

I, in my rather limited circle, unknown to the great multitudes, standing there upon a distant shore, remembered that here, because I had felt deep down in my heart that I ought to defend the great principles of human liberty; that I ought to try to stop the machinations of the men who sought to drag slavery into this State, and by the connivance of the Governor frame our Constitution in defense of it. Because I thought I ought to expose this damnable scheme and try to help brave and good men nip it in the bud, rotten eggs came flying around me swift and fast as our bullets have since that flown against the gates of treason. How, then, could I help feeling that the world had suddenly turned bottom side up, or rather right side up? It had been wrong side up a great while, and it had just righted with a suddenness that might well unsettle the solid foundations upon which any man stood.

A RACE was advertised to take place in Sacramento on the 22d inst., the competing animals being the mare *Yellow Gal* and the camel *Cinderella*, to sulkies. The Arabian damsel took the conditions literally, and after a few efforts, under the lash, became "too sulky" to proceed further, disappointing the assembled thousands. Such conduct was very shabby, as she had been heavily "backed." Her owner will probably select some vehicle of less ominously suggestive title for the next race.

NEW BOOKS FROM ROMAN'S.

CONSPICUOUS even among the general elegance of the books received from A. Roman & Co. is Harper's late edition of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The work is in three volumes and is printed in the highly respectable old-fashioned type now so much in vogue—the very *dilettanteism* of typography. The paper is tinted and the book bound in exquisite taste. The neat, well known sign-manual of the author is on the cover. His calm, gentlemanly face and honest, truthful eyes look at us from the frontispiece, drawn from Lawrence's famous picture. His own pencil has enlivened the pages with that grotesque humor peculiar to all his caricatures—a humor not always as delicate and subtle as his pen sketches, and more like Gilroy than Leach—but still so like himself, and so indispensably a part of our recollections of *Vanity Fair*, that we would not have it supplanted. As for the story, what new criticism can be added to the universal judgment of mankind? The last verdict relieves the satirist of the imputation of unkindness, and in the light of his manly, honest life and tender nature, now thoroughly understood, we read the more eagerly, and appreciate the more keenly the moral of his world-famous story.

Tony Butler, republished from the English edition, has an anonymous authorship, but is attributed to Charles Lever. The London *Saturday Review* gives the following humorous synopsis of the internal evidence on which the accusation is based:

"Mr. Lever's stories are mainly of travelled Irishmen of the middle class. It is easy enough to anticipate his tales. His young hero spends his youth in his own country—that is essential; and, generally speaking, is remarkable for athletic power, intellectual deficiency, and a tendency to fall in boyish love with some young lady rather older than himself, and who would be far above him in station only for the good old rule that 'one Irish family is always as good as another—if not better.' Of course the young gentleman is torn away; he enters the English, French, Austrian or Garibaldian army; he becomes aid-de-camp to an Emperor, a field-marshal, or a filibuster; he serves with distinction, gets several wounds and has brain-fever. This is essential. We do not remember any of Mr. Lever's novels where the hero did not get brain-fever; it is as inevitable as James' 'last rays of the setting sun,' or Wouvermon's 'white horse,' or perhaps it is a kind of 'trade-mark' to preclude piracy. A Sister of Charity is then introduced, and scraps of French light up the story. Then we have more adventure; some temporary infidelity to the first love, in the shape of a flirtation with an Austrian Princess, or a Spanish señora, or an Italian *dama*; the presence of the hero at a great battle—Leipsic, Waterloo, Solferino, or the capture of Naples; intimate conversations with Napoleon, Wellington, Cavour, Talleyrand, or Garibaldi; and restoration, finally, to the object of his early attachment, who has followed him etc., thrilled at etc., etc., and 'wept tears of joy to hear him praised.' This is the only Lever novel; without these marks none are genuine. One would think that, without the author's signature, we could not rely upon the real article. But the new story, *Tony Butler*, dispels this delusion. Whether Mr. Lever merely wishes to conceal his name, or whether he has lent his pen to some brother of the craft, there can be no doubt that we have here all the old conditions of those light gentlemanly tales. There is, as usual, no plot to speak of; the slight personal interest we take in the hero is the only thread to connect the history of various adventures at home and abroad. The characters are, where slightly sketched, happily hit off; but where the author wishes to depict some strikingly peculiar personage the portrait is, as usual, a caricature."

In spite of this sharp criticism, the book is exceedingly entertaining—as are all of Mr. Lever's novels. The Irish scenes are particularly charming and replete with humor, and the narrative is always kept up in an easy gentlemanly style of *raconteur*, quite free from mawkish sentiment or boyish philosophy.

Strathmore; or, Wrought by his own Hand, is the somewhat alarming title of a new novel from the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is by "Ouida," author of *Granville de Vigne*. As we have never been fortunate enough to peruse *Granville de Vigne*, or to meet anybody who had, we are unable to make any comparison of their respective merits, and are consequently not impelled through a thrilling recollection of the author's former work to undertake the 622 pages of the latter. We may remark incidentally that many books of this quality have some such distant reference in their title page, and which may possibly mean to imply that the author has written worse things. A good deal of the power of Ouida seems to have been lavishly employed in the titles of chapters—a vigor hardly equalled by the play-bills of the melodrama. We have "The White Domino Powdered with Gold Bees," "The Kismet that was Written on a Millefleurs scented Note," which must have been something pretty, "The Ashes in the Lamp," "A Message from the Dead," "God's Acre by the Sea," "Seized in the name of the Emperor," and "Lost in the Holiness of Redemption," which, as a mystifying and darkly-enigmatical statement, certainly surpasses the rhetoric of the play-bill. The style of the author is fully equal to the above. We have the following philosophic preamble: "*Mes freres!*—it is well for us that we are no seers." This is evidently a mistake of the printer. It should read thus:

"*Mes freres!*"

It is well for us that we are no seers."

which at least is a passable rhyme. But to continue:

"Were we cursed with prevision, could we know how, when the idle trifle of the present hour shall have been forged into a link of the past, it will stretch out and bind captive a whole future in its bonds, we should be paralyzed, hopeless powerless old ere even we were young. It is well for us that we are no seers!"

And under the circumstances we should certainly say it was.

We admit we are at a loss to understand this Strathmore. Wicked he certainly must be, for we are informed that "his haughty and sin-stained soul hung on a young and fragile life," which, under all the circumstances, must be admitted to be an extremely precarious situation. But then we are comforted by knowing (at least we have the author's word for it) that Strathmore's life, "if stained with great crimes was riven with great remorse," and that he was one of those "natures passion-stained and crime-steeped, but which, even as they had spared none in their guilt, spared not themselves in their expiation." All this is sufficiently obscure being a mixture of *Sartor Resartus* and *Guy Livingstone*. The author rises to rare height in chapter fifty-third. Great pains are taken to tell us that the night was wild. It being repeated again and again throughout the chapter. "A night to drown death-shrieks," a night in which "the ringed-lightning whirled down the sky," etc., etc. Notwithstanding, the author seems to think it praiseworthy in Strathmore that "he stood looking in silence outward," and with "his head uncovered." Silence undoubtedly was to be expected on such a night as this, and as to his head being uncovered, we suppose his hat was blown off the moment he ventured out. Of course, it is not to be supposed that an author capable of talking of "crime-steeped" and "passion-stained" should regard grammatical composition. Accordingly we have "his eyes meeting the electric glare *unflinching*." "Her face was very pale, the tears hung *heavy* on her lashes." "She spoke *quick*," etc. We think it would be difficult to find, even in *Pierce Egan* or *Mrs. Wood*, many such instances as the following, with which we conclude, though many such are to be found in *Strathmore*; or, *Wrought by his own Hand*.

"She was the incarnation of radiant, joyous, shadowless youth, beautiful and ethereal as the dawn, in those hours which he had promised her they should spend alone, as she played, like the child she was, with the greyhound on the hearth, and sang in music that echoed down the air like the glorious gladness of a forest bird, and threw herself at Strathmore's feet in all the grace and abandon of repose, while the fragrant brilliance of the aloes' flame gleamed on her face, and she told him of a hundred poetic thoughts and fairy fancies and pure ambitions that lived in him, and saw in him the glory of their dreams."

We have not the slightest notion what this means, though perhaps it is all very clear to "Ouida."

Hooker's Mineralogy and Geology is Part III. of a popular series from the press of the Harpers, entitled *Science for the School and Family*. It is a text book for the student, and seems to be especially adapted to the wants of young beginners.

OPERA MATTERS.

THE Bianchi troupe have had a pecuniary success during the past week. But, with the exception of *Ernani*—which seems to suit the energy and somewhat redundant power of the baritone—the operas have been poorly supported by the company, and *Il Barbiere*, as given at the Metropolitan, was a comic opera in more senses than one. Morelli's really fine voice seems somewhat worn by age, and has lost that delicacy which would enable him to give suitable expression to Rossini's music.

Maguire's troupe have arrived, and will open with *Il Trovatore*, on Tuesday evening, and the following cast: "Leonora," Signora Olivia Sconzia; "Azucena," Adelaide Phillips; "Manrico," Signor Sbriglia, and "Conte di Luna," Signor Domenico Orlandini. Adelaide Phillips is the best known of the troupe, and has a reputation that should justify a proper support from the other members.

Gottschalk has also arrived, but will not probably appear before the public for two or three weeks; he is accompanied by Miss Luey Simons and Signor Muzio, who is said to be a nephew of Verdi.

A DRUGGIST in Sacramento advertises for sale all the appliances of death usual to his vocation, and "also the celebrated Florence Sewing Machine." The meaning of the combination is "shrouded" in no mystery—his customers may arrange with him not only the manner of their "taking-off" but of their "sewing-up" at the same interview.

An amusing scene occurred lately at the theatre in Rouen. A note was thrown on the stage, and upon the manager refusing to read it, two young men sprang from the parquette, seized the director, and compelled him to read the note. It substantially begged the management to discharge an actress who had, during the previous fifty years, played the role of young women and lovers. The writer thought that the people had been constant enough during the fifty years, but that they were not married to the lady! A long and prolonged scene of laughter followed the reading of the note, as well as the ridiculous situation.

(For the Californian.)

THE PETROLEUM FIEND.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

PART ONE.

IT was a clear night in midsummer. The streets of San Francisco were deserted, and wore that aspect of wind-swept loneliness peculiar to a climate which a local press wildly imagined to be Italian. A few dissipated losels were deviously making their way home by the light of the gas lamps that flickered tremulously, and of the stars that high up in the breezy heavens winked incessantly, as though they were inclined to shut their eyes on this and a good many other naughty exhibitions of the wicked metropolis. In fact, it was such a night as the devil might be popularly supposed to be abroad; though why he, more than we, should prefer such exposure to an easy chair and a sparkling fire has, I believe, never been clearly demonstrated.

From the window of a brilliantly-lighted apartment in one of the fashionable thoroughfares, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowhawk looked upon the night. They had been married but a twelve-month. Each being poor and obviously unfitted for the responsibilities of wedlock, their courtship had met with such strenuous opposition from their respective friends as to result, as usual, in a speedy marriage. Mr. Sparrowhawk met the difficulties of his new condition with characteristic philosophy. Returning from the bridal trip, as he handed his last half-dollar to the porter, the loving bride ventured to ask the momentous question:

"On what are we to live?"

"On others," was the quiet response. Hiding her white crape bonnet in his bosom the blushing girl expressed herself satisfied. Through all the financial troubles of the honeymoon she proved herself a worthy helpmeet. Her husband's old creditors looked with dismay as they found the delicate tact and firm instincts of the subtle sex, added to the masculine audacity of the male Sparrowhawk. Nor was this all. Her jewelry, purchased on credit, she freely sacrificed. "These trinkets are not mine," reasoned that affectionate creature, "but his;" and she saw them pawned without a struggle.

The sagacious reader will readily imagine from the foregoing that Mr. and Mrs. S. were not engaged in sentimental contemplation of the heavens. The necessity of evading the claims of an impending creditor was just then under discussion, and a natural impulse had brought them both to the window, as if to find some solution of the financial question outside. "It does seem," said Mr. Sparrowhawk deliberately, "as if the very devil—" A little scream from his wife arrested him here, and the rest of his profligate reflection was lost. And well might Mrs. S. scream. As she turned away from the window with a slight contraction of her pretty brows she suddenly came upon a stranger standing upright in the middle of the floor.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, blandly, "but you seem to have been so pleasantly occupied as not to hear my knock. May I hope that I have also spared you the trouble of opening the door for me?"

He was a nice little bald-headed old gentleman, in an evening dress of black, neatly gloved and booted. Perhaps his instep was somewhat too high, and he moved gingerly as if his boots hurt him. But otherwise he was evidently such a *parti* as we are in the habit of meeting every evening in the lobby of the opera or at social gatherings. Mrs. S. recovered herself first—with the readiness of her sex—and begged him to be seated.

"My intrusion will seem the more pardonable, or unpardonable, rather let me say," he added, with an apologetic wave of the hand toward Mrs. S., "when I state that this interruption of a conjugal *le-ta-te* is occasioned by business. Business with Mr. Sparrowhawk."

Mrs. S., a little mollified, rose as if to depart, but the old gentleman skipped forward with a deprecating gesture: "Pray, don't go—oblige me. Whatever the ungallant opinion of the rest of mankind, permit me to say that I always found your lovely sex of invaluable service in all my business arrangements. Besides, he added a little hastily, as if to cover up an inadvertence, "what concerns your husband's welfare concerns you."

Still more mollified, and, I grieve to say, even swallowing this little bit of moral chaff with the rest, Mrs. S. resumed her seat gracefully. Where is the woman who could doubt the sincerity of such a compliment? She may doubt the tribute to her beauty; the sonnet to her amiability; but her business qualifications, never!

"Between men of business," continued the old gentleman, turning to the husband, "a few words suffice. You are a mining Secretary?"

"Yes."

Sparrowhawk had an office down town, the door whereof was ingeniously decorated with the titles of some twenty or thirty companies which had no other existence. Here he regularly read the papers, and published lists, selected at random from the directory, of delinquent stockholders. It

certainly was not necessary for the old gentleman to twit him with that.

"And write for the papers?"

A slight glow suffused the cheek of Sparrowhawk! We all have our weaknesses. Here was a young man of fine predatory instincts and financial abilities, actually pleased with the accusation of literary effort. He answered quickly in the affirmative, and asked the stranger if had ever read his articles signed "Brutus?"

"Or his 'Monody on the Death of an Infant?'" chimed in Mrs. S.

"No—no," replied the stranger with a sudden display of nervous energy; "that is—yes; but I shall require your talents in both capacities. Now attend to me for a few moments. Observe this, if you please," and he drew from his breast pocket a phial of amber-colored liquid and handed it to Mr. Sparrowhawk.

Mr. S. looked at the phial dubiously. Mrs. S., true to her sex's instinct, admired the color.

"Smell it."

Sparrowhawk removed the cork and sniffed at the fluid. Spite of its delicate color it had an abominable sulphurous stench. "Petroleum!" he ejaculated.

"Exactly so. That's my business. I make it. Say the word and you shall be my agent. You shall puff it and sell it. Salary twenty thousand for the first year and commissions. Agreement for three years."

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowhawk gasped for breath. "I beg your pardon," stammered Mr. Sparrowhawk, "but did I understand you to say you made it? I thought it was found—that is, discovered in wells—you know—holes!" and the poor fellow glanced uneasily at the stranger and back again to his wife.

But that noble young woman did not lose her self-possession. "Of course the gentleman said he made it," she replied somewhat pettishly, "and what if he does? There's no great harm in that. What if he keeps a quantity on hand—more than he wants for use?"

"For use?" said the stranger, bowing delightedly.

"Or Fuel!" said Mrs. S.

"Or FUEL," repeated the little old gentleman, smiling and rubbing his hands, as he gazed at the bright eyes and excited color of the pretty Mrs. Sparrowhawk.

"Or, what if he should want a smart young man to devote himself to his interests at a large salary; there's no harm in that," continued Mrs. S.

"No harm in that," repeated the overjoyed old gentleman.

"Or, if he wanted him to sign an agreement?"

"An agreement!" repeated that venerable echo.

"Why, he'd be a fool if he didn't," was Mrs. Sparrowhawk's somewhat ungrammatical climax.

Poor Sparrowhawk gazed with open mouth at the mysterious visitor and his ally. Before he could find breath to speak, the old gentleman had drawn a document from his pocket and laid it before him. His own wife brought him a pen already dipped in ink.

"Sign!" said the old gentleman.

"Sign!" repeated Mrs. S.

Sparrowhawk took up the pen irresolutely, and hesitated. A struggle took place in his bosom and his better genius prevailed. He laid down the pen. "Give me a half year's salary in advance," he asked firmly.

"Done," said the old gentleman.

Sparrowhawk signed. At the same moment an earthquake rattled the shelves and jarred the whole house.

"The manufactory is at work," quietly remarked the old gentleman.

Another shock, stronger than before, caused Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowhawk to rush wildly to the door. When their alarm had subsided they turned to their mysterious visitor, but he had disappeared.

THE TABLES TURNED.—Some of the Union men of East Tennessee who suffered from rebel persecution in every way that barbarous ingenuity could suggest, are availing themselves of the restoration of law and order in that section, to make their arrogant oppressors pay good round sums for damages inflicted. Brownlow's Knoxville, *Whig* of March 1st, mentions the following awards of juries in cases recently tried: The heirs of the estate of Sam Pickens, deceased, recovered \$40,000 from Sneed, Crozier and Reynolds, of Knox county, leading instigators of the rebellion, who caused the imprisonment of said Pickens, a man aged sixty-five years, on account of his loyalty to the Union. Pickens died in prison, and his aged wife did not long survive the shock which the death of her husband visited upon her. . . . Horace Foster recovered \$25,000 in a suit against James Smith, Franklin Smith, Fred Lenoir, W. M. Cox, J. L. Cox, H. S. Cox, Henry Buram and W. S. Johnson. Proof was produced that the persons named induced the rebels to rob Foster of horses, mules, bacon, tobacco, grain and hay, and then to shoot him; and while wounded and bleeding he was driven through a creek in water up to his armpits. . . . Parson Brownlow himself has recovered \$25,000 from Sneed, Crozier and Reynolds, for having caused his arrest, imprisonment and banishment from the State three years ago.

DINNERING.

THAT tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell, gives the signal for a multitude of observances, of which I will select a few variations as the best way of illustrating rules.

Everywhere the preliminaries of dining are essentially the same.

Except on state or official occasions, or with slight acquaintances and superiors, dinner invitations are often given, abroad as well as at home, by word of mouth, at a friendly call or a casual meeting. "Will you favor me with the pleasure of your company to dinner on such a day?" Your friend's dinner hour is probably known to you. There is the same ill-breeding in coming late, the same want of tact and inconvenience in arriving too early. You are bound to answer every written invitation immediately; any delay in doing so causes your acceptance to be implied. It is bad taste to require pressing to accept a verbal invitation to dinner. People who are sensible either accept at once frankly, or regret that they cannot, stating the reason why.

Owing, perhaps, to military habits, Continental dinners are, I think, more punctual than English ones; and the higher the grade of society the greater the punctuality. Many first-rate continental *tables d'hôte* are punctual to a minute. Instantly after the last stroke of the church clock, the dinner-bell rings. The cook makes his arrangements accordingly. In general, it is better that you should have to wait ten minutes for the dinner than that the dinner should wait five for you. Want of punctuality at a rendezvous-dinner, as a picnic, hotel or restaurant, is nowhere other than culpability which merits repression by reprimand.

When the servant announces that dinner is served, the lady of the house takes the arm of the gentleman of highest rank or position, often designating certain ladies to be conducted by gentlemen, and all proceed to the dining-room, where places are taken "with a difference." In France, instead of our hostess at top and our host at bottom, the lady takes the middle of table, while her husband sits opposite. On her right is placed first gentleman, on her left, second gentleman: on his right, first lady, on his left, second lady. The places of the respective guests are often indicated by cards. Several German courts dine at round tables, which are extremely sociable when the party is not large, and are paternal and familiar when there is any considerable interval of rank between the persons who dine together. An oval table has its advantages.

I have seen, and do not like to see, the soup plates standing ready filled when you enter the dining room. The object is to enable every one to start fair, and begin dinner at the same moment. If the guests were famishing, it would be a benevolent precaution; but for people not actually dying of hunger, it too strongly suggests a dinner doled out to paupers or prisoners. Moreover, it deprives the hostess of the opportunity of serving soup herself to each guest, in the order of their rank or age, by way of welcome. At dinners where the carving is done at side-tables, and the viands sent round, the host or hostess should distribute at least some one dish with their own hands, (Talleyrand's constant practice,) as a graceful proof of their hospitable intentions, and to save their dinner from bearing too great a resemblance to a *table d'hôte*.

It used to be high caste in England to eat with a spoon everything that could be so eaten, except fish. Peas, pudding, curry, custard, were all conveyed to the mouth with a spoon. The same of serving. A lady, whose social position was dubious, caused opinion to pronounce that she was a lady by helping lemon-pudding with a spoon. Now-a-days, whether fork or spoon, or fork and spoon, you may do as you like, provided you do it without affectation. Nowhere may you eat anything with a knife.

It is not polite to express surprise, repugnance or ridicule at the introduction and consumption of any eatable which may be new or unusual to your own experience. The world is wide, and you have not yet seen the whole of it. If invited to experimental repasts, such as the Prince Napoleon's Chinese dinners or the recent French and German horseflesh banquets, you know what you have to expect beforehand, and can accept or decline accordingly. But if fortune unexpectedly bring you into contact with strange messes which others enjoy, good manners require you to look as if you could enjoy them if you pleased. I have seen people almost shont, in Germany, at beholding stewed prunes and fish come on in the middle of dinner. In a foreign seaport I have had a circle of rustics, raw from the interior, gather round me, to watch the wonderful feat of oyster-eating; but I soon put the savages to flight by insisting on their tasting them. I have been at tables where dog-fish (such as in England is used only for manure, unless to make cod-liver oil) was served, and relished, being said to be preferable to skate. I have sat next ladies who feasted on snails, and who would have been justly offended had my manner shown the little sympathy I felt for their taste. One man's poison is another man's meat. There is scarcely a nation which does not eat something which another nation repudiates as food; witness our consumption of beef, veal and pork, not to mention eels. During

the famine, the Irish would as soon starve as eat Indian corn, while Cobbett, had he been still surviving, would have treated potatoes with similar repugnance.

"Is it quack-quack?" an Englishman, who was enjoying what he took for hashed duck, asked of his neighbor, a Chinaman.

"No, no; it is much better. It is bow-wow-wow," replied the yellow Oriental.

At a *table d'hôte* at a Pyrenean "waters," a mess of rice-milk was offered. It was nicely served in a raised dish, and its surface slightly browned with a salamander. It was a proper dish to present to a party, a certain portion of whom invalids restricted to a simple diet. A young Frenchman, in robust health, took rice-milk; but instead of eating, he smeared his plate with it, playing with his spoon, and showing other outward tokens of dislike. His lady mother, by his side, laughed heartily at her son's grimaces, and at his adolescent contempt for what had been the sustenance of his childhood.

"Tchut! tchut!" said the head waiter across the table, with a look which showed his sense of their indecorous conduct. Madame and young monsieur were instantly quiet, reserving their mirth for their private moments.

To stare hard at people while eating (or at any other time) is not polite. The French remedy for staring in the streets is good. If you regard a gentleman longer or more closely than politeness warrants, he takes off his hat to you. An Englishman would roughly remark: "I hope, sir, you'll know me again!"

It could not have been pleasant for the court of France to eat their public breakfasts, in which poor Louis XVI.'s dexterity in knocking off the top of his egg was a standing point of admiration for the crowd in the gallery. In Algeria, it is the height of rudeness to watch or remark on people while eating, and would give rise to sharp rebuffs.

"To see how you tear and swallow that mutton," said an Arab, "one would suppose that the sheep, during his lifetime, had butted your stomach with his horns."

"To see how slowly and lazily you chew it, one would say that his mother had been your wet nurse," was the angry reply.

During Lord Macartney's embassy to China, the mandarins and their followers took a fancy to enter the dining-hall and remain standing there all dinner-time, to observe how Europeans ate. Occasionally their curiosity got the better of their courtesy. One day a Chinaman, in his anxiety to see the whole operation, peered, open-mouthed, over the shoulder of a member of the embassy, and looked down into his plate. The Englishman could stand it no longer. Indiscreetly taking up a morsel with his fork, he thrust it into the Chinaman's mouth. The high-bred celestials took it as an affront. Every Manchoo-Tartar instantly left the room, and never more returned to see the barbarians feed. This incident was not the cause of the embassy's failure, but it certainly could do no good.

It is not polite, in a private house, to breathe in your glass and polish it with your napkin, or to wipe your plate, knife, fork or spoon, or, in short, to do anything which can imply a suspicion of the neatness and cleanliness of the service. In hotels and restaurants only you have the right, by paying for it, to take those precautions.

General Grosdos, who retained many of his army habits, was dining at a minister's house in Paris. When a livery servant came to fill his glass with wine, he anticipated the movement by wiping it with all his might and main. The hostess, fearing that some little accident had occurred, signed to the valet behind her to change the glass. The wiping process was recommenced, and the glass immediately changed, up to a third and a fourth, until the General, losing temper, whispered to his neighbor, a Senator's wife, "Does *M. le Ministre* mean to make game of me, by asking me to dinner to wipe his glasses?"

The lady, with some difficulty, got him to understand that what might be necessary in a camp canteen was quite unnecessary in a Parisian dining-room.

Napkins have their etiquette. They are to be laid open on the knees, and not fastened to the waistcoat or button-hole. At the close of a meal, at home, you may fold your napkin and slip it into its ring, to serve for another occasion. Out, you must leave your napkin, wiped up or exactly as you have finished with it, on the table. To fold it would look as if you considered yourself one of the family, or at least on a staying visit.

A guest, at the close of a breakfast to which he had been invited, carefully folded his napkin and laid it beside his plate. By way of rebuke, his hostess remarked, "I am delighted to have had your company to breakfast, but I don't remember having asked you to dinner, sir."

The lady was wrong. I venture to think—unkindly and unjustly sharp to her visitor. Neatness and order are minor virtues, even when applied to soiled linen. If I like to see even things sent to the wash neatly folded there is no harm in it, but the contrary, seeing that so they are more easily counted and occupy less space.

In morals, we are told that one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over a hedge. It is the same in manners. Not only to one person are permitted eccentricities which would cause the exclusion of another, but in some societies habits are "the thing," which elsewhere would cause a start of horror. Amongst the Arabs (so severe and exacting on many points of etiquette) it is not unpolite, but rather a compliment to your entertainer, at the close of a dinner to indulge in an action which may be written but may scarcely be pronounced; for although Shakspeare has a Sir Toby Belch, we are nicer now than in Shakspeare's days. I remember a pork-butcher who made a great reputation by his "anti-eructative sausages." An Arab, if he ate sausages, would ask for the eructative sort. The same mode of relief was formerly allowable in old Spanish society, who doubtless derived the fashion from their Moorish masters.

Even more serious accidents are considered by the Arabs merely as marks of prosperity and proofs of a sharp appetite copiously satisfied. The culprit coolly says, "I thank Allah—" complete the ellipsis with, "for having given me wherewithal to fill my stomach." To which his neighbors reply with equal coolness, "May Allah preserve your health!"

At dessert, a colored finger-glass to each guest, purple, green, pink or blue—by alternating colors you get a pleasing effect upon the white cloth—is a good old custom. There is nothing indelicate in its proper use, and it is really useful. However neatly a person may eat, sugary sweets and juicy fruits will leave a trace on the finger-tips, not to mention asparagus if handled when eaten, which is permitted, if not pretty. Shrimps and shell-fish, which also are allowed to come in contact with the finger and thumb, betray the presence of saline elements. Now, it is uncomfortable, to say the least, for a young lady to draw on white gloves, or sit down to the piano, with clammy fingers. A finger-glass remedies the inconvenience. The hand may be dipped, the napkin slightly wetted and applied to the lips, and that is all, according to my code.

A refinement is to supply the finger-glasses with warm water mixed with eau de Cologne. The legend of the invention is this. Two friends strove, for a wager, which should give the more elegant dinner. The elegance of the dinners was so equal that the judges, puzzled, were near pronouncing for a drawn bet, when eau de Cologne in the finger-glasses at the second dinner, decidedly turned the scale in its favor.

In France water of mint is sometimes substituted for water of Cologne, which is no improvement, since it is not everybody who likes the scent. There is also another addition, which I must specify, to condemn it. In the midst of the finger-glass stands a smaller glass, containing water to rinse the mouth. You may do it, because other people do it, only don't if you ask me to dine. That you should not do it, may be proved syllogistically, thus:

In company nobody ought to do anything which can offend any member of that company. But to many people mouth-rinsing is an offensive operation. Ergo, mouth-rinsing is not an operation to be performed in company.

Alphonse Karr, novelist and gardener by trade, in his *Le Chemin le plus Court*, describes a feast given by a country dame, Madame Leloup (the Wolf), who is a satirical portrait of his own dear mother-in-law. It is an excellent lesson on what to avoid:

"She bought up every eatable in town, borrowed servants and plate, invited none but the most *comme il faut* people, and quarrelled with all her friends whom she did not invite. This dinner, which she called *sans ceremonie*, obliged her to sell a piece of pasture-land. Her dress was a droll assemblage of all the colors of the prism and several others besides. Her ten fingers were adorned with five and thirty rings. She never ceased begging her guests to excuse the plainness of her poor repast; but with friends there was no need to put oneself out. Sixty pounds of meat were set before ten people. She addressed only her titled guests, affecting for the others a disdain which she believed excessively *distingué*. She was pitiless in urging those *dear friends* to eat, loading their plates in spite of all resistance, till at last they feared she intended making them swallow the whole of the horrible quantity of food which she had heaped together. She burnt perfumes whose odor mixed with the smell of the sauces. She called, rebuked and scolded the servants. She panted and perspired. Her skin, completely scarlet, could scarcely contain her. She looked like an apoplectic cockchafer."

To improve which text, I here insist on the rule never to apologize for what you set before your friends. If it is bad taste for a host to praise the dinner on his table, it is still more inconsistent and ridiculous for him to make excuses for it. It is taken for granted, as a matter of course, that you give the very best at your command and within your means.

LONGFELLOW has returned his income as \$14,171, and paid the tax upon it. Poetry is no longer synonymous with poverty, and a comfortable bank account does not exclude a worshipper from the closest communication with the Muses.

WHAT creatures took the smallest amount of baggage along when they entered the ark? The cock and the fox; they had but one comb and one brush between them.

STOP THAT COUGHING!

SOME of you can't, and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP!

Is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP HAS CURED THOUSANDS!

And it will cure YOU if you try it.

This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens in California accompany every bottle.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

And for sale everywhere

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GRIDLEY'S CELEBRATED

Salt Rheum Ointment!

POSITIVELY

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND FINAL CURE

—FOR—

Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofulous Ulcers, Ring Worms,

OBSTINATE OLD SORES,

Of long standing, and almost every variety of Cutaneous Disease.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
Directions and Certificates within.

Prepared by

MRS. A. GRIDLEY,

Sole Successor to the Original Inventor and Proprietor,
AUBURN, N. Y.

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.
TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED.

Sold by all Druggists.

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SAN FRANCISCO

MIRACULOUS, INDEED!

DE GRATH'S GENUINE

ELECTRIC OIL!

URES DEAFNESS AND PAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES!
Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle.

This Oil is the only sure Remedy in the world, for the cure of Rheumatism, Deafness, Pain in the Back, Breast or Side, Palpitation of the Heart, Paralysis, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Scrofula, Frosted Hands and Feet, Sore Eyes, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiffness in the Joints, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, and all diseases sore and painful. It is used by thousands daily. Cures perfectly in twenty minutes.

For sale by all Druggists.

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A THING OF BEAUTY

IS A JOY FOR EVER!

And the choicest attribute of beauty is a fine complexion. Oriental travellers note with rapture

THE DAZZLING BEAUTY

of complexion possessed by the Persian Ladies, and state that it is due solely to the use of a toilet preparation in great repute among them. The secret of this preparation has always been zealously guarded, but, by a singular chance, came into the possession of Mr. W. B. Champlin, who now offers it to the public under the name of

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL!

and invites attention to its rare merits.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL softens the roughest skin. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes all blemishes. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL removes tan and freckles. CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL repairs the ravages of time and restores the pearly tint and rosy hue of youth. No lady should be without this invaluable beautifier.

Sold by all Druggists.

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San Francisco.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

401 Battery, cor. Clay,
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REGENERATING

Extract of Millefleurs!

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANS

BEAUTIFIES

THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

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CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGURY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents for the Pacific Coast,

401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,

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Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express.

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Féridge & Co."

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,

Agents, San Francisco

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BREWSTER & CO'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA, will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALTY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

de17-5m

NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave discs, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and discs, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamation.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street,
San Francisco.

de17-5m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

Fine Clothing

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARRIAGE BAGS, &c.,

I. D. THOMPSON'S

WINE ROOMS,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

No. 321 MONTGOMERY STREET, (a few doors below California.)

Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS, and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

fe4-3m

I. D. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the inventor,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

oc15-1f No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charrière of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Macbinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street, Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

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FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing. The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations.

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THE REASON WHY

EVERYBODY USES

THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY'S

'CONCENTRATED

ÉRASIVE SOFT SOAP, OR, WASHING POWDER!

Is: First—It is cheaper.

Second—It is more effectual.

Third—It saves labor.

Fourth—Clothes washed with it are beautifully white and clear.

No prudent housekeeper would be without it after having once used it.

For sale by Groceries and Drug Stores, generally Manufactory, No. 207 Commercial street, below Front, San Francisco.

ja7-3m

THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES.

THE telegraphic news of the week is important. The "agreement" between Gen. Sherman and Johnson not having met the approval of the President and Cabinet, military operations have been resumed. In another column the terms proposed and the reasons for their rejection are given in full. The report of the death of Assassin Booth will be received with mingled emotions—joy that the miserable hound has been hunted down, regret that he could not have been taken alive and executed in a manner befitting his dastardly deed and better calculated to impress upon traitors and assassins the lesson of his infamy and of the retributive justice of an outraged nation.

The *Herald's* correspondent says the paroling of Lee's army was completed April 13th. Official reports put the number of men at 26,115, with fifty-nine pieces of artillery, seventy-one stand of colors, 15,918 stand of small arms, 1,100 wagons, caissons, etc., and 400 horses and mules.

Colton Greene son-in-law of Father Ritchie, has been arrested on charge of complicity in the late conspiracy.

The *Tribune* learns from a passenger from Charleston that just as the steamer left, a report came that the expedition under Potter to Sumterville and Manchester destroyed all the railroad bridges between Columbia and Florence. One thousand bales of cotton, three locomotives and thirteen passenger cars were brought in, and 2,500 liberated slaves.

The entire population of Memphis turned out on the 19th to testify their respect for the President, and fully 20,000 participated, including the enrolled militia and all Federal troops, civic societies, etc.

A despatch just received from Lieut.-General Grant, dated Raleigh, 10 A. M., the 24th, says: "I reached here this morning, and delivered to Gen. Sherman the reply to negotiations with Gen. Johnston, which was immediately sent to Johnston, terminating the truce, and information that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between the army commanders."

The *Tribune's* Army of the Potomac special despatch of the 22d says the Sixth Corps was put on the march this morning for Danville, in order to hold that point and guard communication with the army under Gen. Sherman.

The *Tribune's* Washington despatch says when the whole history of the plot of the late assassination is made public, the world will be astonished at its enormity as well as at our forbearance with our Canadian neighbors, who have constantly furnished a safe asylum to most of the nefarious villains.

J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, fled into Maryland, in company with an accomplice named Harrold. They were pursued, and took refuge in a barn: the barn was set on fire by the enraged soldiery, and while endeavoring to escape from the flames, Booth was shot and killed. Harrold was taken prisoner and brought to Washington.

A man named Paine was arrested as being the person who attempted the life of Seward. On the 25th, Paine tried to commit suicide by butting his head against the walls of his prison.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following account of the operations of Wilson's cavalry:

The first resistance met by Gen. Wilson's troops was at Monticello, where, after a short fight, Roddy was routed. He retreated skirmishing for about twenty-seven miles, when, on the 1st inst., having formed a junction with Forrest, Lyon and Chalmers, the first-named took command and made a stand, but was driven again with a loss of 100 killed and wounded, and over 200 prisoners and three pieces of artillery. They then retreated to Selma, where, behind very strong works, an obstinate defence was prepared for the next day. Gen. Wilson moved for the attack. After hours of severe fighting, the fortifications were carried by assault, and his troops entered the town, capturing over 2,000 prisoners, 100 cannon, a large number of horses, mules, and immense quantities of supplies and ammunition. Besides these, Gen. Wilson took possession of a million dollars worth of cotton, a large arsenal, the naval iron-works and other manufactories, which, together with many buildings belonging to prominent rebels were destroyed.

On the recent introduction of the electric telegraph into Morocco, notwithstanding the opposition of the fanatics, the Emperor of that country threatened with execution any person who should injure the apparatus. The wires having been recently destroyed by the inhabitants of Mahorany, the village was, by his Majesty's order, surrounded, and the heads of ten of the natives were cut off and fixed on the telegraph poles as a warning. This summary punishment is declared to have produced a great impression upon the people.

Queen Victoria, a few Sundays ago, had a most miraculous escape from being crushed to death by the falling of a huge elm tree in the Home Park. Her Majesty was taking an airing on her favorite Scotch pony, and proceeding through the tall avenue of elm trees at Windsor known as Queen Elizabeth's ride, a groom following at a short distance, when, providentially, the groom observed one of the trees falling immediately over her Majesty. The man called out loudly, and her Majesty, made aware of the danger by this timely alarm, escaped being crushed beneath the tree by a few yards only.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

John O'Laughlin fell into a shaft thirty feet in depth at Grass Valley, recently, and broke both his legs.

Peter Kaull, a native of Prussia, aged forty-four years committed suicide, a few days since, near Kentucky Ranch.

The late heavy frosts have seriously damaged fruit prospects in Butte county.

H. B. Hawkins, Esq., one of the editors of the *Gold Hill News*, has been appointed Consul at Tumbes, Peru.

The Original Williams & Kellinger claim furnished fifty tons of rock, recently, which yielded \$1,538, nearly \$32 per ton.

The *Oregon Statesman* ascertains from the books of the Controller that the total taxable property of that State is \$22,188,500.

Griffith Thomas was washed down the tunnel of the Fillibuster Company, at Moore's Flat, by a rush of water which caused a dam to give way, and was instantly killed.

We have now ten Territories waiting to be made States, viz: Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

The Union men of Washington Territory have nominated Arthur A. Denny as their candidate for Congressional Delegate. He is at present Register of the United States Land Office at Olympia.

The *Auburn Herald* says the Chinese have presented the citizens of Stewart's Flat with a National flag as a token of their appreciation of their good will in protecting them from the highwaymen who have recently infested that portion of the country.

The body of M. J. Ragan was found in Humboldt county, Nevada, pierced with two rifle balls and several arrows. The murder is supposed to have been the work of white men, and to have been done for money, as when last seen alive he had a thousand dollars on his person.

Gov. Low has appointed Jerome Madden to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term for which Stratton was elected as State Librarian. The new appointee has filed his bond and made a formal demand for the office, which was refused. A writ of *quo warranto* has issued.

Jacob Shellhorn, alias "Barley Jake," exulted over the assassination of President Lincoln, when the news was first received in Silver City, Nevada, for which he was compelled to flee the place, leaving behind him about \$7,000 worth of property, which was taken charge of by the loyal citizens.

At the municipal election held in Placerville on the 19th inst., William Jones was elected Mayor; S. J. Ensminger, Marshal; Peter R. Brennan, Clerk; J. D. Burton, W. W. Thatcher, F. F. Barss, J. W. Cullen, Thomas Fraser, B. F. Murray, J. D. Middleton, J. D. Brunson, L. Spencer, G. W. Stout, Aldermen.

Sylvester Marshall, an old resident of Sacramento, and formerly sheriff of the county, has been so much affected by the news of the assassination as to become insane. He imagines that he killed President Lincoln, or that he is accused of having killed him. The unfortunate man has been sent to the Asylum.

Mrs. Florence M. Harlan, of Sacramento, disappeared from her home on the 22d inst., and has not since been heard from. Mrs. H. is the daughter of Mrs. Keyes, and is not quite seventeen years of age. Her husband was one of the sufferers by the *Washoe* disaster, and present and prospective poverty, it is said, preyed upon her mind. Her friends are deeply distressed on account of her absence.

At Green Valley, in Solano county, a number of secessionists collected, upon the reception of the news of the murder of the President and uttered expressions of fiendish joy. The military authorities at Benicia were notified of what was going on, and a company was sent to suppress the traitorous demonstrations. Upon the arrival of the troops, the ringleaders fortified themselves in the house of David James, in the upper part of the valley. As the troops approached the premises they were fired upon, and two of the soldiers wounded. The fire was returned, and two of the traitors were wounded, when the whole secession party surrendered, and were brought to Benicia next morning. The prisoners are: David James and two sons, William P. Durbin and son, Charles Ramsey and son, A. O. Laramee and son, and John Stultz.

The following persons have been arrested in Colusa county charged with having rejoiced at the assassination of President Lincoln: D. Sheppardson, District Attorney; A. P. Scroggins, Justice of the Peace; Charles Price, Deputy Assessor and Military Poll Tax Collector; W. Goodwin, ex-Confederate soldier; Jonas Beard and J. Campbell. The party were marched down the west side of the Sacramento, and entered the city by way of the Yolo bridge. They were placed under guard at Camp Union. Subsequently three more captures were made, viz: Jonas Baer, blacksmith; M. Goodman, ex-saloon keeper; Mr. O'Neil, ranchman. Six of the Colusa prisoners, and also Peter Miller, arrested in El Dorado county on a like charge, were brought down on the 19th inst., to be taken to Fort Alcatraz.

PEOPLE'S NOMINATING COMMITTEE FOR 1865-6.

CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO: In accordance with your request, the People's Committee of 1863 and 1864 have met together and chosen a Committee for 1865.

At about the close of our Conventional labors, the appalling news of the assassination of the President of the United States reached us; our address to you was prepared, but the terrible news of our loss indicated that a special meeting should be held, expression of our feelings adopted, our address changed to suit the occasion, and that our whole work might be rigidly inspected before the names of the new Committee were offered to the public. In selecting a Committee we have most thoroughly investigated and tested the loyalty of every nominee, in addition to which we have exacted from each member the following oath:

"Do you solemnly swear that you have faithfully supported the Administration since March 4th, 1861, by word, deed and action, and that you have not uttered a word, or harbored a thought, which was or could be prejudicial to the welfare of the Government of the United States, and that you voted for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson last November?"

We have aimed to select from different classes of citizens those known for their intelligence, worth and general fitness, and who from their antecedents we know have the welfare of the community at heart; who have no selfish or personal schemes in view, no friends to favor or enemies to punish. Our system of reform has been so thoroughly established that, strange as it may appear, our example is having a large and beneficial influence upon cities whose years of experience should have entitled them to homage they have failed to earn.

We trust the names we now present to the public will meet with its cordial approval, having full faith that as a Committee they will nominate none for office but those unquestionably loyal, and in all respects can claim the admiration and respect of all good citizens.

The close approach of election day is our only apology for appearing before the public at a time when every heart is full of sorrow, the city and nation stricken with grief, and when the emblems of mourning, with every word and movement, should be dedicated to an observance of the Nation's calamity.

R. G. SNEATH,

President People's Committee, 1863.

J. J. FELT,

President People's Committee, 1864.

PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE FOR 1865.

First District—Isaac S. Joseph, importer of jewelry; James B. Stetson, tinsmith.

Second—B. P. Belcher, teamster; Scixas Solomons, book-keeper. Third—A. J. Kellogg, photographer; George C. Boardman, insurance agent.

Fourth—James McMeekin, hardware importer; W. K. Vander-slice, silversmith.

Fifth—W. H. Lyon, brewer; T. L. Barker, importer.

Sixth—J. Roome Lewis, bag factor; Robert J. Tiffany, hatter.

Seventh—J. O. Eldridge, auctioneer; John Barton, dealer in salt.

Eighth—C. H. Wetherbee, lumber dealer; Christian Kirk, coal dealer.

Ninth—George C. Shreve, jeweller; Benj. Brewster, clothier.

Tenth—F. W. Brooks, paper dealer; A. D. McDonald, stoves, etc., dealer.

Eleventh—J. S. Hutchinson, banker; Walter Vandye, lawyer.

Twelfth—Dr. E. F. Bunnell, dentist; David Pomeroy, milkman.

(Attest.) ANDREW J. GOVE,

Secretary for Joint Convention.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1865. ap29

WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.—We call attention to the dividend of this Company, advertised in another column. Besides their regular semi-annual dividend to stockholders, they declare a fourth consecutive scrip dividend of sixty per cent. to their participating insurers. The *Atlas* of Thursday last says:

"These returns must be very satisfactory to their customers. We understand that about two hundred and fifty pieces are just received by Bigelow & Brother, for distribution—not had to take in this kind of fire. This Company was organized in 1830, with a capital of \$200,000, and in 1860 they increased it to \$400,000, adopted the participation system, with the motto, 'The Safest and Cheapest System of Insurance,' and added to their fire business the risks of inland navigation and transportation. Since then the Company has not only paid its losses and expenses, but has returned to its stockholders \$250,000 in cash, and to its participating customers \$175,000 in scrip. When the scrip fund reaches \$200,000, the first issue will be redeemed. The holders of the scrip may, therefore, expect the Company to commence redeeming it next year. We think these results prove the truth of the Company's motto, quoted above."

Our friend Mr. William B. Bradbury makes pianos that are equal to the best in the world. We have had one of them in our own house for several years, and for richness and brilliancy of tone, it is such a piano as is not excelled by any that we have ever heard. Its tones are more perfect now than when it was new, which is a good deal more than can be said of most pianos that have had years' faithful use.—*Ed. N. Y. Examiner.*

HOOGS & MADISON, pioneers in real estate, collecting and house-renting business, has been forced, by pressure of business, to seek roomier quarters, and have removed to the Eureka Theatre building, 316 Montgomery street. Messrs. Hoogs & Madison contemplate holding weekly auction-sales of real estate at their new locality, so soon as arrangements can be completed.

THE next Opposition steamer, the *America*, sails on May 13th.

A correspondent with the army before Petersburg tells a curious story of a large pine tree, which has long stood midway between the Union and rebel pickets, at a point where the rebel lines are only twenty-five yards apart. The tree's neutral position long protected it from destruction, but the scarcity of fuel suggested a compromise, and it was agreed that it should be cut down, and that both claimants should divide its wood. A delegate from each picket-line accordingly went forth to the task, and by the vigorous axes of both the trunk was soon levelled to the earth. Then arose an animated debate as to which of the soldiers should have the butt and which the branches. Words were not conclusive enough to decide the question, and were soon changed to blows. A brisk and bloodless combat ensued, in which the Union man proved the most skillful pugilist, and the victor triumphantly carried to his camp-fire the largest end of the log.

PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist coiffeurs will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the coiffure of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late EAST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

J. THOMPSON & CO.,

BOOK, CARD

—AND—

JOB PRINTERS,

NO. 505 CLAY STREET,

Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.
mh25-1f

VANDALL, CARR & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

NO. 410 CLAY STREET,

(North side, between Sansome and Battery.

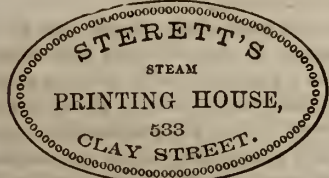
Particular attention paid to the printing of Briefs and Records. fe11-1f

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY AND 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates. BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.



PRINTING! PRINTING!!

H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,

NO. 522 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fe4-1f

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;

STEAMBOAT GIN;

OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY,

from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQUARZA,
44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, which adds FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a \$50 note.	
Two cents " " \$100 "	
Ten " " \$500 "	
20 " " \$1,000 "	
\$1 " " \$5,000 "	

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

March 25, 1865.

ap29 3m

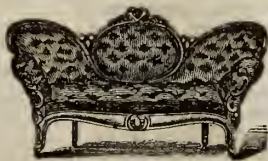
OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET!

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!
Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-1f Nos. 510, and 528 Washington street.

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22 3m

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,

Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,

Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have leased the large three-story Building, Nos. 425 and 427 BATTERY STREET, near Washington street, in connection with our store on MONTGOMERY STREET, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge.

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF, EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f

J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

M. H. GARLAND,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioner,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-1f

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

MAY 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY, COMMANDER

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON SATURDAY, - - MAY 13th

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 Tons, for New York.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA in June.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

Up stairs, San Francisco.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchid family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc. A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 Bush street,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

ATKINS MASSEY,

UNDERTAKER,

(At the Old Stand.)

No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,

First house below Kearny street.

Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City and County Coroner.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern my25

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent

AN IRISH START.

IT was market-day at Tralee, and we had great difficulty in getting through the streets, so great was the concourse of people, carts, horses, geese, turkeys, and pigs.

And now, after having passed in safety through many Irish towns on market-days, and started with a great variety of horses and post-boys, I, the most timid and nervous of all foolish women, would address a few words of encouragement to those who may happen to be placed in the like predicaments, with the same feelings of fear.

Never be afraid of an Irish start, even if the leaders come quite round to the carriage door. Never be afraid of having your carriage smashed, even if the narrow street of a little town be (as it generally is) so full of cars, people, pigs, poultry, and horses, that you cannot see the remotest possibility of a passage being obtained for the carriage through the dense mass. Do not be afraid either for yourself, or that any of the swarming population will be run over. The cars, the people, the pigs, etc., will indeed remain in the way, till the leaders which draw your carriage actually touch them. The whole scene looks in most dreadful confusion. The horses rear—the post-boys look as if they could not keep their seats, and had not the least power over the restive horses. The populace halloo, the pigs squeak, the jingle-men vociferated in Irish—jabbering it quicker and more vehemently than ever. But again I say it—do not be in the least afraid, for no accident ever happens.

There seems, indeed, a peculiar providence over Irish drivers, horses, and all the noisy occupants of a crowded street. Drunken men reel about on foot and on horseback, without ever seeming to do themselves or others any harm. At Bandon, I recollect seeing a drunken man gallop down the steep street, and as the horse turned short round at the bottom of it, the rider precipitated off upon his head; but he very deliberately got up again, and endeavored to lead his horse away by the tail!

There does in reality seem a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, etc., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilized and cautious neighbors. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland, Lord Guillemore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chestnut, had given, on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postillion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honor," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, honld fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chestnut contriving, even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the postillion springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracles escaped. Down they came, the hot chestnut, now half mad from excitement, springing four or five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety on the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chestnut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pounds for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or doing ye any harm."—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland.*

TRIBUTE OF CHIEF JUSTICE SANDERSON.

THE tributes called forth by the announcement of the death of President Lincoln have in many instances been eloquent and affecting, but the response of Chief Justice Sanderson of the Supreme Court of California, to the motion of the Attorney General that the Court adjourn as a mark of respect, is the most fitting, just and happily-worded of any we have read. It appears in the *Union* of April 22d; we transfer it to our columns with a feeling of pride and pleasure that the chief of our judiciary may be quoted anywhere with credit to himself and California:

The motion which has been made is eminently proper and will be allowed. A great calamity has befallen the nation, and millions of hearts are smitten with the profoundest grief. In the death of Abraham Lincoln the country has not only been deprived of its chief executive officer, but the cause of liberty throughout the world has sustained an irreparable loss. While it may not be claimed by some that he was the greatest man of his day, in the sense in which that term is popularly understood none will deny but that he was the noblest and the best. In all the elements which constitute greatness of heart he had no superior, and few, if any, peers. His fervid patriotism, his love of freedom and his devotion to the cause of his country in her hours of danger have been unequalled, if not unrivaled, by any whom these troublous times have brought to the charge of public affairs. As we review the history of the past four years and note his acts and sayings during the bloody contest which has waged between treason upon the one hand and the Constitution and the Government on the other, we cannot fail to be impressed with the conviction that his selection to preside over public affairs at such a crisis was more the result of a Providential foreseeing will than the blind choice of man. He was possessed of an unbounded love for the form of Government which he was called upon to administer. He cherished the Union as the only medium through which the principles of that Government could be perpetuated and its manifold blessings continued. He was also endowed with a sleepless prudence and that clearness of judgment which no prejudice could blind—with that calm temper which no combination of circumstances could ruffle, and that love of truth and justice which constitutes a safeguard against the approaches of wrong. These traits were indispensable to the character of him upon whom was devolved the duty of upholding the Constitution and maintaining the integrity of the Republic during a rebellion unparalleled in history; and it has been fortunate and well for the country that they entered so largely into the character of Lincoln. Guided by them he was enabled, while he lived, so to manage and conduct public affairs as to preserve peace and continued prosperity in those sections of the country which remained faithful to the Union, and at the same time wage most effective war against that which had become disaffected, until finally the rebellion had become stripped of its gigantic proportions and well nigh ended.

It has been charged by his political opponents that Lincoln was a partisan and sectional President. Against this charge history will vindicate his memory. He entered upon the exercise of his official functions in no partisan or sectional spirit, but with a full purpose, oft-repeated on his way to the seat of Government, to uphold the Constitution as he found it, to respect its compromises and to administer the laws entrusted to his execution with equal and exact justice to all sections. In concern for the universal good of the people—in desire to avoid sectional strife and to preserve intact the integrity of the republic, history will accord to him a place by the side of the Father of his Country, notwithstanding the partisan calumnies of the day. True he was hostile to the institution of slavery because he believed it to be a great moral, social and political evil, a relic of barbarism disgraceful to the civilization of the nineteenth century and repugnant to the spirit of a Government which had self-government for its leading idea, and recognized freedom as its corner stone. But he did not propose its overthrow by other than constitutional means. That he would have given his sanction, had no rebellion intervened, to measures within the Constitution calculated to prevent its extension, there can be no doubt, and it is equally true that he would not have given his sanction to more ulterior measures, but would have kept strictly within the limits of the Constitution, and left the final extinction of slavery, for which he prayed, to time and the attrition of moral forces. When, after a year and a half of nearly fruitless war, he found it necessary, in order to suppress the rebellion and vindicate an outraged Government and a violated Constitution, to strike at the institution of slavery, he did so not as the Chief Civil Magistrate of the nation, but as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, acting under and by virtue of the laws of war.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." It may be that Providence, in His infinite wisdom, ordained that this rebellion should take place in order that all constitutional obstacles to the extinction of slavery might be removed. It may be that a year and a half of war, during which no blow was aimed at the manacles of the slave, was made fruitless in order that his freedom might become a necessity. If so, the result designed was accomplished on the first day of January, 1863. Although regarded by many of his friends as a measure of doubtful legality and policy, Mr. Lincoln, the lawyer and statesman, at once saw and pointed out the grounds upon which, in his judgment, the legality of his Emancipation Proclamation could be sustained, and his wisdom foresaw the soundness of its policy which subsequent events have demonstrated. The first of January, 1863, has become like the Fourth of July, 1776, an epoch in American history, and the Proclamation of Freedom, then issued as a military necessity, will live side by side with the Magna Charta of English liberty and the Declaration of American Independence. From that time the crushing of the rebellion was made certain, and the restoration of the Union, without the stain of slavery upon it, was made sure.

If it was within the Divine plan that Lincoln should be made a martyr to the cause of his country—if his death was necessary, as it may have been, in order to accomplish some great design of Providence—though we may mourn his loss,

we should not repine at the sacrifice. In the midst of our grief we must remember that God is just, and that if the life of Abraham Lincoln had been longer necessary to the Republic, it doubtless would have been spared. He lived long enough to achieve a name as lasting as time, and died before a stain could attach to his memory.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

When great and good men leave us, it is fitting that we should pause from our daily avocations and pay a tribute of respect to their memories. But while we deplore their loss we should be hopeful of the future, and remember that "behind the cloud the sun shines still."

THE DEVIL'S ILLNESS.

A FRAGMENT FROM CHARLES LAMB.

THE Devil was sick and queasy of late,
And his sleep and his appetite failed him;
His ears they hung down: and his tail it was clapped
Between his poor hoofs, like a dog that's been rapped
None knew what the devil ailed him.

He tumbled and tossed on his mattress o' nights,
That was fit for a fiend's disport;
For 'twas made of the finest of thistle and thorn.
Which Alecto herself had gathered, in scorn
Of the best down-beds that are mortal.

His giantly chest in earthquakes heaved,
With groanings corresponding;
And mining and few were the words he spoke,
While a sigh like some delicate whirlwind broke
From a heart that seemed desponding.

Now the Devil an old wife had for his dam;
I think none e'er was older;
Her years—old Parr's were nothing to them;
And a chicken to her was Methusalem.
You'd say, could you behold her.

She remembered Chaos, a little child,
Strumming upon hand-organs;
At the birth of old Night, a gossip she sat,
The ancientest there: and was godmother at
The christening of the Gorgons.

Her bones peeped through a rhinoceros's skin,
Like a mummy through its cerement;
But she had a mother's heart, and guessed
What pinched her son, whom she thus addressed
In terms that bespoke endearment:

"What ails my Nicky, my darling imp,
My Lucifer bright, my Beetle?
My pig, my pug-with-a-curly-tail,
You are not well: can a mother fail
To see that which all hell see?"

"O mother dear! I am dying, I fear:
Prepare the yew and the willow,
And the cypress black; for I get up no ease,
By day or by night, for the cursed fleas
That skip about my pillow."

"Your pillow is clean, and your pillow-beer,
For I washed 'em in Styx last night, son;
And your blankets both, and dried them upon
The himintony banks of Acheron:
It is not the fleas that bite, son.

I wish my Nicky is not in love."
"O mother, you have nicked it!"
And he turned his head aside with a blush;
Not red-hot pokers or crimson plush
Could half so deep have pricked it.

HINTS TO DANCERS.—We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself into motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks up his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our soul thrills to each warning movement, and dissolves into ecstasy and love? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair, think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be rivals with a pavior's hammer; the artificer who trimmed thy locks had no idea that his labors were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground; spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, though strong and thick as St. George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltations.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL.

This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and, as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness. This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house. The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city. Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel. By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage. Terms easy. fe18-1f FRANK JOHNSON.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor. As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State. Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade. Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun. A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's, Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand. New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS, No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco, And 122 J street, Sacramento. de3-3m

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair, SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO., Sporting Emporium.

418 WASHINGTON ST., (Near Post-office,) SAN FRANCISCO. GUN & RIFLE MAKERS, AND Importers of all Classes of SPORTING TACKLE! Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Rodden, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carabines on the Pacific Coast, viz., Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballard's, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles. Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand. We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast. Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. ja8-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation. ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS Invigorates the System and enliven the mind. ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS Overcomes the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours. ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS Are Palatable to the Taste. They are the BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET, And when once used will always be called for again. They are made in the most careful manner From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints. Try Them and You will be Satisfied. For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by N. B. JACOBS & CO., 423 Front street, San Francisco. fall-6m

CALIFORNIA Home Insurance Company,

Capital \$300,000 Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH. ESTABLISHED, 1809. Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin. Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. J. W. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent. no19-3m

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BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms. All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin. R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents, 206 Front street, corner of California. ju25-1f

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

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DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge. Entrances to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL, SURGEON DENTIST, Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office. The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO., 617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the month are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work. Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

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Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street, SAN FRANCISCO. jy2

PORK TRIMMINGS GIVEN AWAY

WILSON & STEVENS, HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF Broadway and Sansome streets to their new store,

No. 506 MARKET STREET, Extending through to Sutter, a few doors below the Metropolitan Market, and

"ARE GIVING AWAY!"

Hogs' Spare Ribs, Rib roast, Pork Chops, Hogs' Heads, Tender Loins, Kineys, Pigs' Feet, Premium Hams, Sides, Lard, Pickled Pork, cheaper and better than at any other place in the City.

WILSON & STEVENS, No. 506 MARKET STREET, and ap8-1m No. 7 SUTTER STREET.

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET, Second door above Howard, east side, SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets. Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets. Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets. Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets. Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets. Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets. Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets. Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets. Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets. Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st. febl1-3m.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff, vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk. By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk. W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.) aj22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. AMALIE J. R. SCHAELEN, Plaintiff, vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk. By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk. W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.) ap8-1f9-luc

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

This Saturday Evening, April 29th, 1865,

FRAUD AND ITS VICTIMS.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, April 29th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings,

The new sensational play of

Sybilla; or, Step by Step.

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT,

First appearance of the great AMERICAN COMEDIAN,

Dan Setchell!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - \$1 00
Parquet - 50 cents
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Private Boxes, - \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

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PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING.

Admission—Dress Circle, 50 cents; Parquette, 25 cents.

THE WORRELL SISTERS

In the Fairy Spectacle of

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THIS

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NEXT WEEK:

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THE GREAT ATTRACTION
OF THE DAY!

COOKE, ZOYARA & WILSON'S

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—HAVE OPENED—

And are now Performing every Evening,

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ON THE

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HOTEL, JACKSON STREET,

Where the immense Pavilion has been erected.

FOUR DISTINCT EXHIBITIONS!

Mr. James Cooke's Celebrated Circus, from Astley's, London, and the Hippodrome, New York;
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The names of the principal Performers are:

Mr. JAMES COOKE, from Astley's, London;
ELLA ZOYARA, the Premiere Equestrienne;
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The Wonderful performing DOGS, MONKEYS and PONIES, considered the greatest wonder of modern times. They will appear as Jockeys, Circus Riders; as driving in Aristocratic state, with liveried footmen; one is a fashionable Lady Equestrienne, of the Parisian Haute Ecole, exercising her dancing Horse; Dogs playing Horse, etc., etc.

This is considered the most comical exhibition in the world.

GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE EVERY

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES AT HALF PRICES.

An enormous amount of money has been lavished in getting up this exhibition. ap22-

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Between California and Pine streets.

ap29 1 m

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With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augusture Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Grave plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrophula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

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And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

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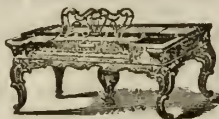
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Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

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General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM
OF INSURANCE.WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.
CASH ASSETS, \$600,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders:
Dividend 1861, - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, \$175,000 in Dividends. Two Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

ap29 3 m GENERAL AGENTS.

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corued Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,
(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place.)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free. ap22-tf

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Pine street, near Montgomery.

THE GRAND

Italian Opera Season

—COMMENCES ON—

TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 2d, 1865,

With the following eminent Artists:

SIGNORINA OLIVIA SCONCIA, Prima Donna Soprano, from La Pergola, Florence; Il Teatro Regio Turin; and the principal Theatres of Mexico, Peru and Havana.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Prima Donna Contralto, from the principal Theatres of Italy, England and Academies of Music, New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

SIGNOR GIOVANNI SBRIGLIA, Primo Tenore, from the Teatro San Carlo, Naples; Academy of Music, New York; and Orera Imperiale, Mexico.

SIGNOR DOMENICO ORLANDINI, Primo Baritone, from the principal Theatres of Italy, Teatros Imperiales of Brazil and Mexico, and Tacna, Havana.

SIGNOR E. MAFFEI, Primo Basso Profundo, from the principal Theatres of Europe, America and Mexico.

CONDUCTOR.....A. REIFF JR.

The Box Office will open on SATURDAY MORNING. ap29

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,
OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON-SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.

C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.

Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.

Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.

I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.

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Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.

ap15-1m

H. A. BENTON.

THE WILLOWS!

The HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort was opened to the public on SUNDAY, the 24 of April, 1865; also the grounds were thrown open to those who wish to spend a few hours of recreation and pleasure; also the Lodging Apartments, Restaurants, and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will be in readiness for occupancy.

The Shooting Gallery, Ten-Pin Alleys, and Shuffle Boards have been replaced, and are now ready for public patronage, as well as the Flying Horses for Children, which are now in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample Stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

The THEATRE has been newly decorated, and rendered more comfortable for public use, in which there will be a grand Instrumental Concert every Sunday Afternoon to be followed by a GRAND BALL.

The Grounds are thrown open to Military Companies, as well as for Schools, for Picnics, Military Parades, etc. The Restaurant and Refreshment Saloons will be under the charge of WIMMER, the celebrated Caterer.

The Bars will be stocked with all the best brands of LIQUORS and WINES, and nothing will be left undone to make the WILLOWS the grandest place of resort on the Pacific Coast. The Proprietors hope, by reason of experience and strict attention to the comforts of their guests, to secure a share of the patronage of the public.

North Beach and Mission Railroad Company Cars leave the corner of Montgomery and California streets every eight minutes for the Willows.

Programmes and Posters will be distributed throughout the city for Saturday and Sunday Performances.

ap15

JACOB WIMMER,

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Tyler Brothers,

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

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ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK,

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—OF—

WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great too popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

E. Doyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.

Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Mo.

R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.

W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.

W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.

Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.

H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In futuro all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass. and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK," and "H. WISTAR, M. D."

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Is for sale by

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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

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FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,

Burns, Cuts,

Flesh Wounds, Boils,

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Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,

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Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS
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Is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

MAY 3d

From Folgom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

mh25

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II, No. 23.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 6, 1865.

TERMS, \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

AMERICA is professedly a Christian country, yet if we are to be judged by the evidences which appear in our public prints we fear foreigners will scarcely consider our claim to the title of a Christian nation a very strong one. Our newspapers are filled with fearfully irreverent—almost blasphemous—expressions; the Deity is not, perhaps, actually ignored, but there is a general disposition to exalt the achievements of our own strong arm rather than to confess our thankfulness to God, through whom we gained the victory. A specimen of this style of writing appeared in the *Bulletin* of Thursday:

"But this 'great Empire' is not shattered into numberless fragments, thanks to God, and Lincoln, and Grant, and the army, and the loyal people everywhere within its borders."

Here we see the Almighty, Lincoln, Grant and the people of the United States coupled together by conjunctions as equal powers through whose workings a great end has been attained. We should be sorry to have people believe that a republican form of government is antagonistic to Christianity, yet such an inference might justly be drawn from the desire evinced by our newspapers to claim equality with the great Ruler of the Universe. The same shocking irreverence for sacred names and things is shown in many of the tributes to the memory of the great man who has fallen among us which have been published in the daily and weekly newspapers of this State. The *Golden Era* has appeared especially ambitious of proving how reckless it can be in this respect. In one of the poems on the death of President Lincoln, which it published immediately after that fearful calamity had befallen the nation, the line, "Now he's a God!" is repeated again and again. In mentioning the gods of heathen mythology, it is not customary to commence the word "god" with a capital letter, that distinction being reserved for the one and only true God. In another part of the same paper we find the late President Lincoln styled "The Prince of Peace." This blasphemous use of holy names when speaking of a mortal is shocking to those who profess the Christian religion, and we grieve that it should occur in papers which are unhesitatingly admitted into families, under the supposition that nothing can at any time be found in their columns which would have a tendency to corrupt the tender minds of youth.

The *Alta* is very unfortunate when it wishes to praise. It generally makes some stupid blunder which destroys the effect of what it says. *Puck*, the comic paper and Pacific pictorial, publishes in its number for May a beautiful lithographic drawing by Charles Nahl, from a design by Pascal Loomis, in which Columbia is represented weeping at the tomb of Lincoln; in the foreground lies the monster Rebellion slain, and in the background a figure of Peace with a palm in her hand is represented appearing through the clouds. The *Alta* says Columbia is weeping at the tomb, "while Fame inscribes his name above," evidently mistaking the palm leaf for a quill pen—perhaps the eagle quill with which the editor of the *Alta* penned his wonderful leader on the glorious news of the surrender of Richmond. If the design had been intended to represent any such operation, the artist would, we should imagine, have given Fame something more substantial than clouds to write upon. We suppose the editor of the *Alta* is the only man who was not able at a glance to discover and fully comprehend the design of this beautiful work of art.

Infelix FELIX O'BYRNE! The *Bulletin* of Thursday devotes a column to proving that the unhappy Quartermaster ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered—or at least suspended from his duties, prevented from drawing his pay, and quartered in Alcatraz. Oh, Felix! why did you not in Victoria pursue a straightforward course instead of signing your name backwards to secession articles? O'Byrne will be made responsible for the writings of "Enrybo." Your enemies shout "Victoria," and you are defeated. The *Bulletin* gives a synopsis of the testimonials which Felix received from parties in this city. He has a whole cloud of witnesses to his character "as a gentleman of education, social position and intellect of the highest order." We will not quite endorse this, but we can say that Felix is a gentleman of very social habits—as to intellect and education he has quite enough for a quartermaster. Frank Soule says he is "well educated, intelligent and competent." Oh, Soule, can you say this frankly? Now every one is down on poor Felix we must say a good word for him. Granted that he wrote secession articles while among the John Bulls in Victoria, his doing so was an Irish hull; he didn't mean it, and "shure, hasn't an Irishman leave to spuke twice?" This is the only way in which Felix can save himself—let him take the hull by the horns, defy the *Bulletin*, say he did write secession articles, but the appointment he has received from the United States Government has converted him; he is a staunch Union man, and the Union party ought to rejoice more over the conversion of the rebel Enrybo than over ninety-and-nine Loyal Hibernian Club O'Byrnes who need no repentance.

We notice an advertisement which must be extremely pleasing to musical men:

WAITER WANTED—For the country. Must be able to play on the piano or violin.

It is a good thing to have learned to labor and to wait—still better to be able to fiddle and to wait. Singing chambermaids are in demand for the stage, harmonious blacksmiths we have heard of, but musical waiters are a novelty. We wonder the advertiser does not also require the waiter to sing—a dumb waiter, however, will suit him if he can only play either the violin or piano. Fancy the musician rushing frantically backward and forward from kitchen to dining-room throughout the day, supplying a square meal to the boarders until his unfortunate pedal extremities ache with fatigue, and in the evening being required to drum music out of a square piano, work the pedals, and transform himself into a Gottschalk. What might not Paul Julien have come to had he waited in San Francisco until the public tired of him! Horrible to think of! He might eventually have waited in the country. We hope, for the sake of the musical profession, the advertiser will not succeed in getting his flunky violinist or pianist. Surely any tolerable performer on the violin can manage to scrape a living in San Francisco and any fair performer on the piano-forte get a good if not a grand living on the square, and not be compelled to banish himself to a cottage in the country and be guilty of the treble baseness of becoming a menial, strumming on the piano to delight bar-room loafers, and scraping a fiddle while country bumpkins dance.

The problem of suspending life by freezing is being tested in Europe. In Switzerland, a female convict who was sentenced to be suspended by the neck, has been handed over to the savants for them to suspend her life by freezing her. She is now enjoying an ice nap. It is rather too bad to make the first experiment on a woman; why not have frozen a man?—tried an iced cobbler, for instance. It is rather a cool way of treating a lady, and if she wakes up we should imagine she would look rather coldly on those who endeavor to thaw her frozen heart. "Hamlet" says to "Ophelia": "Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." We imagine, however, that the Switzer convict during the period she is frozen in ice, will be secure from all the shafts of malice. We trust the experiment may prove successful, and the suspension of life by freezing become a frozen fact.

GEN. McDOWELL, thinking that mercy should not only be "enthroned in the heart of kings," but should be a General virtue, has exercised it in the case of Peter Quivey, arrested in Santa Clara county by Colonel Jackson, on the charge of using treasonable language and exulting over the murder of President Lincoln, and pardoned him "on account of his age, his poverty and his ignorance." With regard to the first circumstance mentioned as extenuating, we consider he was old enough to know better; as to the second, poverty is a poor excuse; the third will make Peter Quivey exclaim: "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Let him beware how he offends again. "Let him look to his bond."

We notice in the advertisement of Maguire's Opera House the following announcement: "Will shortly be produced, an entire new farce, entitled *My Wife's Maid*." We believe this so-called "entire" new farce will, after all, turn out to be only a "piece."

The advertisement of Chief Burke for one hundred able bodied men has, so says the *Alta*, led to the idea that Chief Burke intended at the head of this formidable body to proceed to Mexico, burk the usurper Maximilian, and maintain the supremacy of the Monroe Doctrine. The *Alta* states authoritatively, that "Ten thousand men could be raised in the Pacific States to go to Mexico to fight for the cause of Freedom and sustain the Monroe Doctrine without wages." This is no rash assertion; it has grounds on which to found the supposition. No less than seventeen letters have been received on the subject, and a man in the country says that 10,000 men can be raised in the State, for he knows of twenty-five men who are ready to start. We trust the services of this devoted little band of twenty-five who are ready to "sustain the Monroe Doctrine without wages," will be accepted. If Chief Burke is too busy to attend to this little affair, let him send Blitz to lead this gallant army. We trust we shall soon be able to announce that the Emperor Maximilian is safely stowed in the calahoose, awaiting his trial on a charge of misdemeanor.

CALIFORNIA newspapers appear to consider that murders, suicides and other crimes, which in other countries are regarded as serious and shocking events, should be published in an amusing form as good jokes. The *Placerville News* of May 3d, says:

"On Sunday last, a woman living a short distance from town committed suicide by drinking a large dose of 'cold pizen,' which resulted in her death immediately."

"Cold pizen" is very funny. This sort of thing should be encouraged. When a man cuts his wife's throat, let it be described as "splitting his wife's weazand," suicide by drowning, as "making a hole in the water," and in describing the execution of a criminal, say "after the prisoner fell he looked as if he had taken a drop too much." Our newspapers will thus be rendered very amusing, and foreigners will be able from the perusal of them to form a just estimate of the value set upon human life in the State of California.

We are afraid the *Flag*, in the following paragraph, has not expressed the meaning it wished to convey in such a manner as to prevent its being misunderstood:

"A gentleman from Petaluma gives a figurative description of the *Flag's* expulsion of the *Alta* from Sonoma county. He says 'it reminds him of 'Death on the pale horse,' with all hell following after.'"

Most people would suppose that "Death on a pale horse" standing for the *Alta*, "hell" stands for the *Flag*. Perhaps, though, this paper may intend holdly to confess its origin, and acknowledge the "devil" as its editor.

THERE is no doubt about the matter, there is, as has been repeatedly stated by a morning paper, ghosts in this city. As a proof, we present the following advertisement clipped from the *Call*:

WANTED—Eight practical Working Miners, and ONE MAN TO COOK.

There it is—in large type, "one man to cook." The eight practical working miners are a minor consideration with the advertiser. What he wants is "one man to cook."

The *Alta* says that Signor Morelli was "a little hoarse" on Wednesday night. We think Signor Morelli is the best horse of the team; his powers of draught surpass those of all the others whom Bianchi has hitched on to his stage, and his action is better and more elevated than that of the other performers.

The editors of the *Flag* complain that they are subjected to a malicious persecution by the police force of this city. We have heard many complaints of this kind made in the Police Court, but somehow or other those who make them do not gain much sympathy either from the Judge or the public.

THE *Monitor* is to make its appearance to-day under a new name. We would recommend the *Pi-lot* as appropriate. TREM.

A FEMALE operative in the Portsmouth Spool Cotton Factory, having become "converted," sent back 18 3-4 dozen spools, saying in a note that her conscience would not allow her to retain it, but she reserved a few spools for her own use, and gave some away to her "most particular friends!" Genuine conversion, that.

An old gentleman named Powell, paralyzed, and only able to move on wheels, who had the question "popped" to him by his nurse, and accepted her, and then backed out of the engagement on advice of his friends, has been ordered by the London courts to pay £2,000 to the lady (a Miss Lewis) for this breach of promise.

(For the Californian.)
THE CONSCRIPT.

BY LAURA PRESTON.

"MOTHER, I must leave you!"

The speaker, a fine-looking young man about twenty-two years old, stood in the doorway of a farm-house looking with restless eyes upon the scene before him. The waters of the Neuse swept onward but a few paces beyond, gliding—a gleam of light—through the dark pine woods and the fields of luxuriant corn that waved with a low rustling sound in the breeze. But the young man saw nothing of this or of the glories of the setting sun, which were illuminating forest and river with its rainbow tints. His mind was entirely engrossed by the news he had just heard. Newbern was threatened by a Federal fleet, and, in common with many others, he had been called upon to act in its defence.

His mother covered her face with her hands, and a shudder passed through her frame as she heard his words. The shock was none the less severe because expected; but presently she looked up proudly and with flashing eyes, and said: "Edward, if need be, you will die as your father did: true to your country to the last!"

"As he did, so will I, mother!" was the ready answer. "But I pray God it may never be beneath the rebel flag! Never will I be the tool of traitors! Never will I lift my hand against the defenders of my country, nor by one act give aid to those who seek its ruin. North Carolina has ever borne a name for loyalty and courage, and I—her son—will show that she is not altogether unworthy of it now!"

Mrs. Langdon heard his words with joy. Hers was a noble heart. From the first murmur of Secession she had raised her voice against it, and by her influence had impelled her husband and son in the course which the hearts of both assured them was the right. Although residents of a locality where disloyalty was openly avowed, they still clung to the sentiments to which they had ever gloried. Soon after the act of Secession was passed, Mr. Langdon, after much provocation, made some remarks, condemning in the strongest terms the baseness of the proceeding, in which he said the people had had no voice, and which, by many of them, was abhorred.

A young man who stood near him, wearing the uniform of a captain of militia, denied the statements made by Mr. Langdon, and accused him of traitorous language and designs.

"Young man," returned Mr. Langdon, calmly fixing his eyes searchingly upon him, "I am no traitor. Those only are traitors who have raised their hands against the Constitution of the United States and wear the livery of rebellion!"

Quick as thought, the young man drew a pistol from his breast and fired. The ball pierced the heart of the noble patriot, and he sank to the earth, one of the first victims of Secession in North Carolina.

He was carried home; but the care of the physician and his distracted wife was unavailing; he breathed his last within twelve hours. His last act was to press a small American flag to his breast and present it to his son, with the words: "Remember that this flag is stained by your father's blood, and that he recommends you to protect it with your own!"

And he did remember it that summer day, as he stood in the doorway, looking over the beautiful scene, darkened only by the curse of anarchy.

"Mother," he said earnestly, "you need not fear for me! I will never cause you a blush. You know that if it had been possible I should long before have joined those with whom are all my hopes and sympathies. How can I do so now? More closely than a blood-bond on my track, Captain Price (his brow darkened as the name of his father's murderer passed his lips) has followed me. Mother, but for you I should have taken vengeance into my own hands months ago!"

"Leave vengeance to the Lord!" said the matron.

He started and turned quickly towards a young girl who had softly approached him.

"Dear Alice," he said, with a look that revealed the deepest, purest love, "dear Alice, the die is cast! I am a rebel conscript—a slave—more ignoble far than those that toil in yonder field without incentive or reward."

The young girl looked upon him tenderly, and replied: "Edward, chains cannot bind the free soul. 'Tis true that we must part. I am weaker than you; still I can bear even this; I have borne scornful words and looks, and I will still struggle on until our cause is triumphant and the Union is restored, firmer and stronger for its trial in the furnace of affliction."

And so those true-hearted women—mother and his promised wife—gave him into the hands of his persecutors, with only their prayers for his defence.

Night and day after the draft was the house watched. Many plans of escape were concocted, but Edward Langdon refused to report to headquarters on the day appointed and was dragged from his home, firm in his resolve to bear every

trial with fortitude, and never to lift his hand against his country. With the flag his father's gore had hallowed in his bosom, he went forth to brave his bitterest foes.

He was placed in the camp of instruction at Newbern, and when it became known that he absolutely refused to bear arms or to aid in any way in the prosecution of the war, he was punished by the infliction of every petty torture that malice could invent. When Newbern was in danger of capture, he was sent to Weldon, where he was subjected to even worse usage. He was no longer allowed to communicate with his friends; and, suffering from the deepest anxiety of mind and the want of sufficient food and clothing, he endured with heroic fortitude an imprisonment of nearly eighteen months. During that time he was the victim of many cruelties. One day he was ordered with a party of soldiers to load some hay for Government use which had been taken by impressment from a poor man whose sentiments were in favor of the Union. Langdon refused to engage in the work, and by his denunciations of the act so enraged his companions that with oaths they turned upon him and inflicted many wounds with their bayonets.

Through the month of April he lay in the close, stifling prison, a foul charnel house where scores weekly laid down to die, burning with fever and vainly longing for one breath of pure air, or a draught of cool water. His festering wounds were painful, but not dangerous, and at last his strong constitution triumphed, and he once more arose from his bed of pain; but now came a more severe trial of his fortitude. He was tried by court-martial, pronounced a traitor, and sentenced to be shot. One chance for life was given him; that was, that he would take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, and bear arms in their defence. This he firmly refused to, and cheered by the thought that he should die in a good cause, and that his mother and betrothed were under Federal protection, he calmly prepared to meet his doom.

The day on which his sentence was to be carried into effect quickly arrived. With a firmness shaken only by the remembrance of those dear ones from whom he seemed about to be parted forever, he went out to the place to which he had been ordered, and calmly awaited his fate.

It was bitter thus to die, with the soft verdure of May springing beneath his feet and crowning the forest, and with the azure of the cloudless sky above him. He looked around and a deadly faintness overcame him as he thought that he should never more behold this beauty nor the forms of those he loved. A prayer for strength—such a prayer as men only utter in their direst need—ascended from his full heart.

A platoon of soldiers came up with an officer at their head, in whom, to his horror, Edward Langdon recognized his father's murderer, Captain Price.

The chaplain read a portion of scripture, prayed for the doomed man, and then asked the usual question: "Will you renounce your traitorous opinions and designs, and take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States?"

An expression almost sublime in its fearlessness rested upon his features as he replied, "I will not! Do you think that I would save my body at the risk of my immortal soul?"

Burning with rage and malice, Price waited no longer, but excitedly commanded his men to fire.

They looked at each other with strange meaning in their eyes; then at the prisoner who, with pallid countenance, but a sublime courage in every expression, awaited the messengers of death.

"Fire! fire!" shouted the officer fiercely.

Again the men looked doubtfully at each other; and one said slowly: "Captain, we cannot shoot such a man as that."

Price uttered a fearful oath, and, urging his horse forward, prostrated the prisoner and endeavored in vain to make the animal trample upon him. A by-stander watched his movements with interest, and then with a scornful laugh said:

"It's no use, Captain; that horse has been used to leaping over fallen foes—and *running from them, too*, I suspect."

A deep crimson suffused the face of the Captain at this remark, for it was well known that in the flight from Newbern he had been among the first to hurry away, and to reach Kinston with the tidings of disaster.

He ordered the men who had refused to obey his command to the guard-house, and rode away discomfited, to report to the commanding general the failure of his plans.

It was soon discovered that a deep sympathy for the young man had spread throughout the brigade, and that it would be dangerous to insist that those to whom he was so well known should act as executioners; so he was sent to Lee's lines to be dealt with according to the discretion of the commander-in-chief.

Extensive preparations were being made for the invasion of Pennsylvania, and, in the rear of the army, Edward Langdon, with a number who shared his opinions, were obliged to march across the Potomac. With the greatest enthusiasm the greater part of the army marched onward to the fray, singing as they crossed the waters:

"I hear the distant thunder's hum;
Maryland! my Maryland!"

The old line's bugle, fife and drum

Maryland! my Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;

She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come—

She who scorns the Northern arm;

Maryland! my Maryland!"

Edward Langdon heard them with contempt.

"The victory is not yet won," he said to a young man, who like himself had suffered long and deeply, "and I firmly believe that soon that song will be heard no more, but flying hosts will shriek the loud refrain,

"Oh, carry me back! oh, carry me back,
To old Virginia shore!"

And so it proved. All through those dreadful days at Gettysburg he remained with the army, witnessing with horror the dreadful carnage. He saw thousands fall, mingling their cries of horror and despair. The booming of cannon and rattle of musketry resounded on every side, and roused his mind to action. Half wild with excitement, he watched the rise and fall of every tide that promised woe or weal to the cause he loved. It seemed impossible that he could longer remain a passive spectator of the scene. With a thrill of delight he seized the weapon which was at last thrust into his hands, and in a moment found himself facing the Northerners who in an unbroken column were advancing to meet them. Langdon saw them approaching with varying emotions. Their first fire might end all his hopes. He had but one protection: his father's flag which was still hidden in his bosom! Quick as thought he drew it forth and placed it on his bayonet, then, with a wild cry raised it aloft.

A hundred bullets from the rear whizzed past him. "I will die rather than haul down the flag!" was his thought, and again he waved it. A cheer from the advancing column of Federals inspired him, an oath fell upon his ears, and, turning he beheld Captain Price, who, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired at him with the cry: "Die, traitor!"

Edward Langdon fell, and the column rushed on to meet the Federals. A deadly faintness came over him as he felt the tread of their hurrying feet and heard the terrible din of battle. A shrill cry of pain for a moment aroused him, and looking up he saw Captain Price fall wounded from his horse. Then he lost consciousness of what was transpiring around him.

The night had settled over the plain when Langdon returned to consciousness. Save the dreadful moans of the wounded, all was silent. The moon shone calmly over the pale faces of hundreds of the dead, and seemed almost to mock the agony of those who still breathed.

With a feeling of horror the young man faintly raised himself up and looked around him. Shooting and burning pains in his shoulder and breast made him aware that he was severely wounded. His clothes were saturated with blood, and, almost fainting, he was compelled again to lie down and wait for morning.

At last it came. Oh, never to those suffering ones was dawn so beautiful! Yet the rising sun revealed a scene of misery past description. Edward Langdon lay amid hundreds of wounded men, listening with pain to their prayers, groans and curses.

"Water! water!" groaned one in most piteous accents.

Langdon shuddered with horror. He knew that voice. His father's murderer—his own bitter foe—lay but a few paces from him.

He lay still for a few moments with his eyes closed, listening to that bitter moan, and struggling with the torturing thoughts that filled his mind.

At last he rose and slowly and painfully approached his enemy. Their eyes met: for a moment Price looked at him with the glare of a serpent, and then cried again in the extremity of his anguish, "Water! water! Langdon, kill me or give me water!"

"I will not kill you, Price," he answered, "although you owe me your life; but I cannot give you water, there is none here."

"Look for some! look for some!" came from the parched lips. "I shot your father, Langdon, in a fit of passion. I would have killed myself when I heard what I had done; but you know that many praised me for it. I was fully acquitted at my mock trial, and I even induced myself to think that I had performed a meritorious act. Then, too, I loved Alice Brant, your father's ward. I love her now. I knew that you were engaged to her, but, burdened by passion and crime, I believed that I was justified in removing you from her sight—from the very earth—if I could afterward win her affection. My plans were made in vain. I could never gain her love. Now you know why I hated you so. You were ever before me to taunt me with my crime and to separate me from the only being I ever loved. For God's sake, give me water!"

Langdon for a moment looked upon him, then cast his eyes over the field. He saw at some distance a dead man with a canteen at his side. With his broken shoulder bleeding slowly at every movement, he at last with much pain and difficulty reached the spot, and to his delight discovered that the

vessel contained a little water. He returned as speedily as possible to the dying man and placed it to his lips; but the succor came too late, and with a bitter, moaning cry he fell back upon the bloody ground, dead.

And Langdon remained beside him till the sun climbed the zenith and poured its hot rays upon his unsheltered wounds. Their pain was intolerable; his brain seemed afire and his tongue was parched with thirst. Reason was deserting him, and he thought he was dying, when he heard a woman shriek, and, looking, he saw his mother kneeling beside him.

It was indeed his mother. For sometime after the fall of Newbern she remained quietly at home, hoping to hear some news of her son. At last it came in a letter from Price, informing her, in well-simulated sorrow, that in spite of all his efforts, "poor Langdon had been shot as a traitor!"

This was a dreadful blow to a loving mother and the gentle Alice Brant. They never thought of doubting the tale, but wept and bemoaned their Edward as one lost forever. At length the attentions of Captain Price, who sometimes visited his old home in disguise, became so odious to Alice, and the sight of the homestead with its many sad associations was so painful to Mrs. Langdon, that they left it in the charge of a friend, and, anxious to do still more for the cause in which they had sacrificed so much, they sought and obtained employment as hospital nurses. They had visited many battle fields, and it was in a mission to the dreadful one of Gettysburg that Mrs. Langdon recognized her son, whom for months she had believed to be dead. He was quickly cared for, and when he returned to consciousness found himself upon a bed in the hospital, with his mother and Alice Brant bending over him. His flag hung above his cot—still wet with blood—a thrilling memorial of the heroism of its preserver.

The wounds were pronounced curable, and ere long he became convalescent, and heard from his mother and Alice the story of their own anxiety and sorrow.

"And can you still love me?" he said to the latter. "You who are still young and beautiful, while I am prematurely old and probably maimed for life?"

"Far better than ever do I love you, dear Edward!" she replied sincerely, "for you have proved yourself worthy of my deepest devotion."

A memorial was sent to Washington, and when the loyalty of Edward Langdon was proved, his name was stricken from the list of prisoners, and he was a free man.

His first act was to enlist for the war; his second to marry Alice Brant. The ceremony was performed by the chaplain of his regiment, a large number of officers who had heard his story being present.

It was soon discovered that he was well versed in military tactics, having indeed received a portion of his education at West Point, and he was offered a commission, which he declined, preferring to enter the service as a private and gain promotion by deeds of valor.

And promotion thus sought was quickly gained: at the head of a gallant band, over which waved his gory battle-flag, Edward Langdon was among the first to enter Richmond—once the stronghold of treason—but now the rallying point of Freedom and the Union.

Too MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—There are draughts everywhere in those houses fitted with the latest ventilating improvements; currents of air such as you meet at the corners of the streets, and which tempt you to protect yourself with an umbrella. In the drawing-room of one of my ventilating friends in particular there is a draught which would blow an umbrella inside out. In the window there is a melancholy machine that moans like an Æolian harp swept by the icy fingers of the east wind. In the centre of the apartment are two curious pillars, gorgeously decorated without, but within full of nothing but the bitterest winds; these, I understand, are modelled after those ventilators which, on board convict-ships and over-crowded emigrant vessels give air to the hold; but—gracious goodness—my blood is not bilge-water, that it should require purification of this sort. To the uninitiated guest, these shifting columns, now shrunk and now distended, are objects of exceeding wonder; a too curious little boy—stranger once pricked one of them with a pin; and that drawing-room was transformed upon the instant into a cavern of Æolus. The poor child was taken up in a whirlwind, and carried about the room like Mr. Home, to the total destruction of the chandler—at least, that is what I heard. But the worst part of that windy drawing-room still remains to be spoken of: this is the fire-place itself. Yes; the one oasis where it might reasonably be imagined that warmth and shelter were to be found, is a noiseless winnowing-machine. Immediately beneath the mantel-piece, just where the small of our back comes, when you would warm yourself with your coat-tails under your arms, there rushes in a torrent of what my friend mendaciously asserts to be warm air. It is as cold as any air I know; I am afflicted with chronic lumbago from having incautiously exposed myself to it; for who would guess that at the very hearthstone of one's friend such an enemy was at work. "O' a' the airs the wind can blow," surely from under the mantel-piece is the most detestable. *Chambers' Journal.*

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

YOU tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

O think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same; is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered "How hase she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will not apostatize—will you?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
We looked arm in arm to the sky;
And I said, "When a foreign postillion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevillau:
My own Araminta, say "No!"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love—
The richest of treasures below—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And, oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!
If he speak, smile or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

[W. M. Praed.]

COURTESIES OF THE PRESS.

NOTHING is more readable than a spirited newspaper now, if conducted with eminent vituperative genius on both sides. Country editors, in particular, ought to cultivate the crushing, slang-whanging style, as the sure path to wealth and fame. In large cities it is not so sure a card, and becomes less and less so with the march of intelligence, refinement and good taste. We furnish the following as models for the study of those who aspire to eminence in this department of literature:

A LOW-FLUNG BLACKGUARD.—The literary scullion who does the dirty work on the *Clarion of Freedom* intimates, in his yesterday's issue, that we are addicted to whisky. In making this statement, the slangwhanging slumgullion lies in his teeth—or rather in his gums, most of his teeth having been knocked down his throat some months since by a gentleman whom he accused of horse-stealing. One thing is certain—we never got drunk at the expense of the scavenger of the *Clarion*, nor do we owe a whisky bill at every rum-mill in town. Can the *Clarion* say as much?—*Muddleton Independent.*

A MEFHITIC PACHYDERM.—Yesterday afternoon, accompanied by a friend, and provided with a serviceable cowhide and a powerful disinfectant, we entered the odorous and dingy hole where the leprous scrivener of the *Independent* manufactures "literature" by clothing the ideas of a demi rep in the language of a rag-picker. The contemptible ruffian, with the physiognomy of a hangman, and the manners of a hog-driver, who calls himself "editor" of the sheet, was not in. We have since learned that, having got wind of our intended visit, he was at the time concealed in the dust-bin. Owing to our thoughtful precaution in taking with us a bottle of hartshorn and chloride of lime, we escaped from the editorial sty without taking any infectious disease.—*Clarion of Freedom.*

AN EDITORIAL (NOT CHINESE) STINKPOT.—The tissue of lies in yesterday's *Clarion* will deceive no one who knows anything of their author. We do not propose to put ourselves upon a level with the slimy exuder of such filth, by entering into a duel of blackguardism with him. We should be beaten at such an encounter, even had we studied scurrility as a science, and practiced it as an art half a lifetime. Our opponent enjoys the advantage of *natural* qualifications, and, being *born* a blackguard, excels, without effort, in his vocation. The obscure creature never had the audacity to enter the editorial rooms of the *Independent*; and the only occasion upon which we ever set our foot in the hole which he calls his "sanctum," was when we accompanied a police officer with a search-warrant to recover a watch which the editor was suspected of having stolen. Our stay on that occasion was of the briefest, we being so overcome by the stench of the place that we were obliged to beat a retreat.—*Independent.*

The newest system of robbery, announced in London, consists in watching the butcher's man to your house, and then going immediately after with a tray containing meat, and telling the servant that "master has sent the wrong joint," and begging that it may be instantly returned, to be exchanged for the right one. The right one never comes.

A darkey who was drafted in Salem county, New Jersey, attempted, it is said, to commit suicide a few days since. He went in the evening to the railroad track, upon which he laid his head and awaited the coming of the train. The locomotive struck him, but his head proved harder than iron, and resisted the shock, which merely broke his jaw and arm and flung him off the track.

A few months ago, an old gentleman fell dead in the highway of a town in Massachusetts, on whose person was found from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, in bills, on one bank—many of them much worn and mutilated. They were offered at the bank, and the officers were obliged to call a meeting of the directors, in order to ascertain (so old were some of them) if the bank had ever made any such issues.

Artemus Ward, Jr., travelling showman, is about investing his "surplus filthy lucre" in the "Mud Hen Lake Company," which he thus describes: "Those company, accordin' to their prospectuss, is the *Knee Plus Utry*. It has 1000000000 akers au' a half perch of land with all the modern improvements onto it; a well of never failin' cod liver ile at the frunt dore, and another at the barn; an' a fine stream of double refined Petroleum parses throo the premises; also sevrl men, hosses, ingines, an' other animals erected on the property, for diggin' and pumpin' the same. I make bold to say that Mud Hen Lake air is unsurpassable. Its stoix should be in every well regulated family. They go right to the spot, an' contane noMercury, an' the ladies air delited with 'em—etsettery."

NEW BOOKS.

A. ROMAN & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street have sent us the following new books, received per steamer:

The Hand-Book of Dining, or Corpulency and Leanness Scientifically Considered, etc. By Brillat-Savarin, author of the *Physiologie du Gout*. Translated by L. F. Simpson. pp. 200, 16mo. New York: Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

M. Savarin's book is by no means to be compared with Banting, or indeed any other book on the subject of Dietetics. The translator, who seems to have become thoroughly imbued with the quiet audacity of the author, tells us in his preface that "the so-called Banting system, that is to say, the reduction of corpulency, is treated by Savarin in a scientific manner, which will at once cast all other systems in the shade, except those which agree with him." The merest glance at the book is sufficient to assure us of this fact. Beginning with a chapter of aphorisms and concluding with "How to make an Omelette au Thon," we have, comprised within these limits, Sentiment, Friendship, Love, Social and Political Philosophy, Moral Ethics, Poetry, Romance, Psychology and Religion. All this, which might seem to be cheap for the money, after all is perhaps only the natural expression of a Frenchman on the subject of his meals. Banting, whose sensuality was unrelieved by sentiment, and only partially mitigated by an Englishman's natural respect for convenience and personal comfort, confined himself entirely to facts. Some contrasts of the national characteristics may be seen in the different styles of these two famous men. Banting appeals to the English sense of ridicule and the consideration of personal convenience as an argument against the indiscriminate indulgences of the table. Savarin addresses the sentimental philosophy of his countrymen and the inflexible conditions of all glory, heroism and romantic effect. "You can't be a hero and stuff yourself," says Savarin. "You can't be both comfortable and fat," says Banting. "Your friends will poke fun at you," remonstrates the sage of London. "Your mistress will despise you," expostulates the elegant Philosopher of the Court of Cassation. And what more could a Frenchman say? Selfishness is perhaps equally balanced between these champions, but the Englishman deserves the palm of sincerity. To French philosophy, perhaps, belongs the credit of creating animal aesthetics.

In this connection Savarin has drawn us a thrilling picture of the scientific gourmet, of which we can give but a partial glimpse:

"He has eaten well, but not too much; he has drunk the best wines, abstemiously even of the very best. At dessert he has talked of gallantry more than of politics; he has taken a cup of coffee and perhaps a glass of liquor after it. He has been an amiable companion, and has afterwards spent a pleasant evening where music has prevailed. He retires to rest, satisfied with himself and others, his eyes close, and he falls into a calm sleep. Nature is soon relieved. Pleasant dreams hover round him and impart a mysterious existence; he sees the person he loves, finds his favorite occupations and rambles amongst his favorite haunts."

The imagination shrinks from adding anything to this perfect picture of a virtuous Frenchman who has drawn the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to unimpeded digestion and calm repose. Who can doubt that angels in correct attitudes, bearing perhaps a faint resemblance to the objects of his "gallant" reminiscences do not flutter around his couch? or, that if he should chauce mysteriously to awaken on the other side of the gulf which separates his dining table from the "celestial banquet spread," a proper consideration would not be given to the man who fulfilled so scientifically and elegantly the social requirements of this world?

M. Savarin is much more vivacious and entertaining than Banting, who gives us only a diagnosis of his own case, and whose eminently English mind runs to analytical and synoptical dietary lists. *The Hand-Book of Dining* is enlivened by anecdote generally *apropos*, although one incident, related ostensibly to show how the wings of partridges may be served up *en papillote*, gives a pretty pastoral picture of three young American ladies at whose house the author stopped, and who sang *Yankee Doodle* for his benefit. The following is more to the point. Speaking of trout, he says:

"A Neapolitan, dining with me one day when I had this dish, exclaimed, '*Questo è un vero boccone ai Cardinali*.' 'Why,' I retorted, 'don't you say a dish for a King?' 'My dear sir,' he replied, 'we Italians do not believe that kings are gourmets; their repasts are too short and too solemn; but cardinals! eh!!' and he chuckled with delight, 'Hou hou, hou hou, hou hou!'"

This has the true Savarin ring. The story of "Louise," a personal reminiscence, is, however, peculiarly touching. Louise, for whom the author had a "platonic friendship," it appears drank vinegar to reduce her somewhat redundant *embonpoint*. She lost, alas! not only flesh but health. Even the compliments of Savarin, who declared that "she could afford neither to gain or lose," had no effect. But why torture the reader? Louise died:

"She was the first person I ever saw die; she died in my arms, as, at her wish, I was raising her up that she might behold the light. Some days after her death, I accompanied

her bereaved mother to take a last glance at her countenance. With surprise we observed that a radiant, almost an ecstatic, expression was on her features, which was not there when she died. I was astonished. The mother drew from it a favorable augury; but this is not a rare occurrence. Lavater mentions it in his 'Treatise on Physiognomy.'"

So much for drinking vinegar.

Ghost Stories. With illustrations by Darley. 16 mo. pp. 192. New York: James Miller, 522 Broadway. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A peculiarly inoffensive collection of ghost stories, with the supernatural appearances carefully explained away. Although this collection is perhaps invaluable for its healthful tendency, the rational ending of each story seems to operate as an anti-climax, and, we can't help thinking, spoils the general effect. To be harrassed in mind by certain incidents which are apparently of a supernatural character, and then to have them ruthlessly explained, is apt to place the reader in a ridiculous position which every genuine lover of the marvellous must unhesitatingly deplore. A vein of quiet satire runs through some of the stories, particularly that of "The Spectre of Cucuza," which has quite a flavor of Washington Irving. The following extract is a fair specimen of the character of this ghost book:

APPARITION OF LORD WILLIAM PETTY.

It is affirmed that Lord William Petty, who was under the care of Dr. Priestley, the librarian, and the Rev. Mr. Jervis, his tutor, was attacked, at the age of seven, with inflammation of the lungs, for which Mr. Alsop was summoned to Bowood. After a few days, the young nobleman seemed to be out of danger; but, on a sudden relapse, the surgeon was again sent for in the evening.

It was night before this gentleman reached Bowood, but an unclouded moon showed every object in unequivocal distinctness. Mr. Alsop had passed through the lodge gate, and was proceeding to the house, when, to his astonishment, he saw Lord William coming towards him, in all the buoyancy of childhood, restored, apparently, to health and vigor. "I am delighted, my dear lord," he exclaimed, "to see you, but, for Heaven's sake, go immediately within doors; it is death to you to be here at this time of night." The child made no reply, but, turning round, was quickly out of sight. Mr. Alsop, unspeakably surprised, hurried to the house. Here all was distress and confusion, for Lord William had expired a few minutes before he reached the portico.

This sad event being with all speed announced to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in London, orders were soon received at Bowood for the interment of the corpse and the arrangement of the funeral procession. The former was directed to take place at High Wickham, in the vault which contained the remains of Lord William's mother; the latter was appointed to halt at two specified places during the two nights on which it would be on the road. Mr. Jervis and Dr. Priestley attended the body. On the first day of the melancholy journey, the latter gentleman, who had hitherto said little on the subject of the appearance to Mr. Alsop, suddenly addressed his companion with considerable emotion in nearly these words: "There are some very singular circumstances connected with this event, Mr. Jervis, and a most remarkable coincidence between a dream of the late Lord William and our present mournful engagement. A few weeks ago, as I was passing by his room door one morning, he called me to his bed-side: 'Doctor,' said he, 'what is your Christian name?' 'Surely,' said I, 'you know it is Joseph.' 'Well, then,' replied he, in a lively manner, 'if you are Joseph, you can interpret a dream for me, which I had last night. I dreamed, doctor, that I set out upon a long journey; that I stopped the first night at *Hungerford*, whither I went without touching the ground; that I flew from thence to *Salt Hill*, where I remained the next night, and arrived at High Wickham on the third day, where my dear mamma, beautiful as an angel, stretched out her arms and caught me within them.' 'Now,' continued the doctor, 'these are precisely the places where the dear child's corpse will remain on this and the succeeding night before we reach his mother's vault, which is finally to receive it.'"

Now here is a tissue of events as strange as they are circumstantial; and I might set myself to illustrate the apparition by the agitated state of Mr. Alsop's mind, were it not for the *utter fallacy* of this mysterious story, on which the late Rev. Mr. Jervis, of Brompton, whom I knew and esteemed deemed it essential to publish "Remarks" in the year 1831. From these you will learn that Mr. Warner is in error regarding the "address, designation, and age of the Hon. William Granville Petty, the nature and duration of his disorder, and the name of the place of interment." And then it comes out that neither Dr. Priestley nor Mr. Jervis attended the funeral, nor conversed at any time on the circumstance; and, regarding Mr. Alsop's death-bed declaration, Mr. Jervis, who was in his intimate confidence, never heard of such a thing until Mr. Warner's volume was pointed out to him.

This strange story, believed by good and wise men, involved a seeming mystery, until we read in Mr. Jervis's "Remarks" one simple sentence in reference to the gentleman by whom it was first told—that "the enthusiasm of his nature predisposed him to entertain some visionary and romantic notions of supernatural appearances."

Life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. From the German of W. A. Lampadius. Edited and translated by William Leonhard Gage. 12 mo. pp. 271. New York and Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A biography of the great German composer, to which is added an appendix of selected tributes to his genius, comprising about one-half the volume. The work is extremely interesting to musicians, as it gives the progressive data of his most famous compositions, the circumstances under which they were written, and their acceptance by the public. Of the

first representation of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the author says:

"At the close of the year, since we could not have Mendelssohn in person, we were glad to have him represented to our hearing in the music of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' brought upon the Leipzig stage for the first time. I cannot praise the decorations, nor the quality of the orchestra; for Leipzig could not furnish the appliances which Berlin could offer; and the music was presented on too massive a scale, and with too little delicacy. Still, the impression which it produced was only a new tribute to its favor. We were compelled to see in it a new proof of the composer's depth of nature, and were led by his magic power to enjoy his creation of a world of pure fancy, inhabited by bright and light-hearted spirits, who confront with their sunny nothingness the yet greater triviality of what is called practical life, and, with the aids of poesy and love, win the day. The music was no new creation: it was merely the unfolding and completing of what had already been given, in more condensed form, in the overture there long a favorite. The charming fairy antics on the leaves, the fascination of moonlight, the awkward merriment of the rustics, the longing and pain of disappointed love, the chivalry of the old heroic days, and the festive pomp of a princely wedding—all this was so skillfully portrayed in the brilliant coloring of the overture, that it only needed further enlargement, and adaptation of the various changes of scene in the play; and this is what the composer had done, with infinite tact and the justest appreciation. The parts entirely new were the charming chorus of the fairies singing 'Titania' to sleep; the beautiful 'Night Song' without words, of true Italian glow, which accompanied Titania's rest in the grotto; and the wonderfully brilliant and stirring 'Wedding March,' with its fascinating trio."

Two Logs, by Jeems Pipes. J. C. Haney, 109 Warren street, New York. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A comic pamphlet by Stephen C. Massett, profusely illustrated, being a burlesque log kept on shipboard to while away the tediousness of passage, and tolerable under no other circumstances.

(For the Californian.)

THE TWO CLEOPATRAS.

NIGHT is the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
With brow as dark as Night, as richly jewelled
In barbarous ravishment of luxury:
The enchantress of the Cydnus in her toils,
Seeking new pleasures, slaying joys with sighs
And drowning mirth with her full tide of tears.

Night is the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
In rapturous witchery of beatitude
Who drank an hundred pearls, immaculate
In their white gloom of glory, and of rare
And fabulous richness. Lo! the baughty queen
Heaped the all-immensurable wealth
Of treasures rare within a vessel, where,
Breathing a mist of filmy radiance—
A scented vapor woven of gemmy rays
That lurked in nebulous folds about the latent,
Limpid and viewless confines of the vessel—
The copious fund, the teeming store of treasure
Was straight dissolved and lost in the crisp bubbling
And all-devouring properties of acids.

Then, after this accomplished, did she mingle
With added juices, spice and redolence
Of various tinctures, a most savory draught.
Her folded fingers held the jewelled verge
Of the clear goblet, from pure ether hewn,
Or some most lincnt crystal, delicate,
And laid the gleaming halo of the goblet
Against the amorous volume of her lips,
Where broke the violent fever of her love
In turgid crimson, deepening the ripe tint
Of the silky curtains hung about the proud
Voluptuous tower of her enticing feature.
So, staying the hot current of her blood
In the drowsy syrup, clotted here and there
And crusted in pearl-ices, glittering pastes,
And frosty miracles of rich congealment
About the invisible limits of the vessel:
Yet drunk she all the incalculable value
Of crystalizing dregs, and hurled the cup
At a dumb serving slave, a fawning eunuch
Black as bell's border, crouching close along,
The swelling curvature of her fair barge
Heading the vast armada as it lay
Beached among the silver of the Cydnus.
The dense aroma of their several freights
Had quite enshrouded the zephyr, and they lay
Beating the silver bosom of the Cydnus,—
Like prisoned birds, with fretful throbs of wings,
Beating the bosom of the silver Cydnus,
Close upon Tarsus, where reveled Antony.

Night is the shadow of that Ethiop queen:
She strews the seas with stars innumerable—
The bubbly sea with stars which are as pearls;
And when the wave is like to stiffen, or burst
Its dusky rind for too great store of rare
And gleaming treasure, Night! lo, baughty Night,
The very shadow of that Ethiop queen
Dips at the borders of the teeming sea
And drinks the richness of the winy flood,
Leaving the world as empty of the dark
And cloudy turbulence of Muscadine
As was the crystal chalice that was drained
By the proud darg of old Egypt's queen.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6th, 1865.

(For the Californian.)

THE PETROLEUM FIEND.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

PART TWO.

NEARLY three years of unexampled prosperity had flown over the head of Mr. Sparrowhawk, duly authorized agent of the "Original Petroleum Co." The company was in a flourishing condition. It was true that the Superintendent and agent had not met since the mysterious interview we have recorded; but this circumstance did not seem to interrupt business. There were certain unfailing wells belonging to the company, one or two manufactories in full blast, and a central office over which Mr. Sparrowhawk presided. How he kept his books, or to whom he was responsible, was nobody's business. None of the stock was in market, and the stockholders were unknown. Sharp people whispered, "foreign capital;" Mr. Sparrowhawk smiled significantly but did not deny it.

In fact, he had grown exceedingly opulent and respectable. His name stood foremost on all subscription lists; he was director of half a dozen charitable institutions, and Mrs. S. was the President of a Ladies' Christian Commission for providing wounded soldiers in hospital with Fox's *Martyrs* and Edwards' *Sermons*. Mr. S. had a pew in a fashionable church. He rarely wrote poetry now, and only of an inferior quality. But if riches enervated his muse there was compensation in the truth that criticism is always lenient to prosperity. That a man with thirty thousand a year should write any poetry at all was enough for society to be thankful for.

But Mr. Sparrowhawk had of late been subject to fits of gloomy despondency and abstraction, and as the third year drew near its close he grew quite haggard and wan. He would shut himself up for days together studying his agreement, which, like most documents of a similar nature, can be made, by continued perusal, to exhibit any meaning you choose to give it. Often in the midst of gay company he would lapse into a sullen silence, and once, at a dinner-party, given at his palatial residence, the conversation turning upon the late petroleum conflagration in one of the Eastern cities, an unlucky guest, who was giving a graphic account of the burning alive of some unhappy wretches in the streets, was shocked by Mr. Sparrowhawk fainting dead away in his chair. Like Lady Macbeth on a similar occasion, Mrs. Sparrowhawk undertook the disagreeable duty of apologizing to the guests. Unlike that somewhat overrated Scotchwoman, she did it gracefully, and did not commit the egregious blunder of sending the guests away before they had finished their dinner and thus giving them the opportunity of indulging in mischievous remarks. It was observed after this that Mr. Sparrowhawk avoided fires, even on the coldest evenings, and seemed to shun lights and matches as if he had been tinder.

Besides his town residence, he had a magnificent country house, erected on the oil lands of the company, and located over one of the deepest wells in that region. The house was warmed by petroleum fires and lighted by its vapor. Here Mr. Sparrowhawk had invited a number of guests on the occasion of his retiring from the agency—an event which was to be duly celebrated. A select and brilliant circle of admirers and friends of all classes and conditions—clergymen, bankers, brokers, editors and doctors—all of them more or less interested in petroleum—gathered on that day. A remarkable and peculiar gaiety held possession of the host and hostess. Mr. Sparrowhawk had never talked more ably. Mrs. S. had never shone more brilliantly at the head of her festive board. An editor, who was seated on her left, took that occasion to whisper in her ear something about the "Isles of Greece" and "Burning Sappho," but was chagrined that his fair companion did not blush, but only turned pale and shuddered. As these physiological effects were not inconsequent to so atrocious a pun, the other guests took no further notice of them. The seat of honor on the right of Mr. Sparrowhawk was occupied by a nice little bald-headed old gentleman, who, by the power of his conversation, had fascinated the whole assembly, and who, as an apparently old friend of the host and hostess, assisted in dispensing the honors of the house. It was the little old gentleman who proposed a visit to the lower regions, and undertook to conduct a number of selected guests through one of the oil shafts and brought them back afterward, smelling strongly of benzoine. It was the little old gentleman who also proposed charades in the private theatre attached to the country seat, and under whose artistic management a number of surprising and astonishing effects were produced. "Benzoine," "Coal Oil" and "Kerosene" were successively spelled out by the company. But the final charade, as the old gentleman remarked, would require some preparation, and would include some new effects which would astound them. Selecting his actors from the assembled company, he retired behind the curtain. An interval, long enough to enable the audience to indulge in exciting speculation, followed, and then the curtain rose.

As the little old gentleman had truly prophesied, the effect was wonderful and intensely dramatic. The scene before them represented a vast temple brilliantly illuminated. This was

singularly effected by a circling row of statues placed on short pedestals at equal distances around the temple—each statue gleaming with incandescent brilliancy. A closer inspection revealed the fact that each figure was represented by some well-known guest, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowhawk occupying a prominent central position and gleaming with almost insupportable lustre. The bland features of a well-known clergyman beamed gloriously from a conspicuous plinth on the right, while a prosperous banker glittered and scintillated on the left. A tremendous round of applause burst from the audience. Suddenly attention was directed to the little old gentleman, who entered upon the scene carrying several large covers like extinguishers. Striding up to each of these animated burners, he, one by one, gravely covered them with an extinguisher, beginning with the host and hostess, until the stage, lately so brilliant, was left in total darkness. A slight snuffy smell, in spite of this precaution, pervaded the theatre.

The spokesman consulted a moment with the audience, and then announced the word:

"Extinguisher."

No answer came from the stage.

The word was repeated.

Still no answer. A little alarmed he leaped upon the stage and lifted the extinguisher which covered Mr. Sparrowhawk. A heap of discolored ashes with a strong petroleum odor was all that lay underneath. He repeated the experiment with Mrs. Sparrowhawk and the remaining statues, but with the same result. Diligent inquiry was made for the little old gentleman, but he was nowhere to be found.

As may be expected, the guests were somewhat embarrassed. But good breeding prevailed, and they quietly returned to town without confusion. A little justifiable indignation was felt towards the host and hostess, but even that was tempered by philosophy, and the most ill-tempered confessed that but little better could be expected from the parties.

So perished Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowhawk. I am aware that this story has no moral. Whatever interest it may have is based entirely upon its merit as a statement of facts.

BRET.

(For the Californian.)

MONSIEUR CRAPEAUD.

LENT has passed; our forty days of fasting and abstinence from the frivolities of the world are faithfully performed. Now can we, poor snakes, emerge from the observance of our Faith and expand and burgeon in the full blaze and sunshine of gayeties. Who shall say that a rigid exclusion of forty days does not entitle us to enjoy with renewed gusto the social cakes and ale that are now showered upon us? Fortunate mortals! whose faith is so regulated that an apparent deprivation really becomes but repose from past and a stimulant for future enjoyments. We rush with more than usual eagerness to hear the Brambilla, we count the cost of white kids as nought, and we cut a figure, in a modest way, with the fresh enthusiasm of a *debutant*. Oh, those convenient forty days! during which we have faithfully, every Sunday, listened to the somewhat nasal psalm of "Praise ye the Lord!" Now will we hear, with a sense of relief, the gushings of the *prima donna*, the rich voice of the baritone, and even the ineffectual and feeble false notes of the tenor. Hardly had the *Semana Santa* passed away, our faces had hardly assumed the "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles," so unpardonable in Lent, when our anticipations of enjoyment are doubled by the arrival of the sons of *la belle nation*! Reared in the lap of Terpsichore, the pets of the Graces, our ideals and models of elegance, the Frenchmen are among us to flourish in the flowery paths of the *beau monde*, to daze a fortunate few in the giddy mazes of the dance, to give an impetus to the careful study of a bow, or to benefit us with some private lessons in the graces.

Let us, then, improve the passing hour, for we have Paris in our midst, and we can learn from it the urbanity that, united to our own frankness, would make American manners irresistible. Think of it! The charming openness and frankness of our society has an opportunity now to acquire to itself the polished courtesy of the *Parisien*. Should we neglect so glorious an opportunity? They are in our very midst; we see them every day. Even in our thoroughfares are they, the very tall linked with the very short. Indeed, we have begun to doubt whether there were any medium height among them. Very tall men, however, condescend to the very small courtesies of life, and very short men aspire to the loftiest politeness. We see it at a glance. It is as it should be; there are no medium men, who neither aspire to elevated courtesy nor stoop to the small amenities. Let us ponder, therefore, and well and truly try to profit by the lesson set before us.

On the morning of April 16th, H. I. M. *La Victoire* arrived in San Francisco. She is a frigate of thirty-four guns, a crew of between five and six hundred men, bears the Admiral's flag and is one of the finest French men-of-war on this coast. We may therefore consider her a most favorable specimen of the wooden Navy of France. Shall we go on board in one of their enormous twelve or fourteen-oared

boats, and examine with a curiosity pardonable in an American? And this curiosity is of a searching character that begins at the beginning and prys its way into all objects, great and small. It is, also, of a comparative turn of mind, and materially enough adopts for its standard our own American institutions. Notice these sailors that are pulling us off: thorough Frenchmen are they all, from the dark-haired, olive-skinned native of the South of France, with his Gascon accent, to the fair but hardy Norman. They are good, sturdy, strong men, fine *materiel*. They should be good seamen, too. Billeted into the navy, they are sent to the naval rendezvous at Cherbourg or Brest, drilled and exercised, not only in the duties of the sailor but those of a soldier. They are not then sent to sea, raw recruits, but only after a year or more of practice in their duties. Their transition to sea-life and a sailor's labor is gradual, and unlike that of the American seamen, who leave a plow or a shovel, to handle at once the slush-bucket and the tarred rigging. But the maritime history of the world proves the American seaman the best. The fight of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* tells its story. Who composed the crew of the *Alabama* but English seamen. English gunners and English engineers? And in a fair, cool trial of prowess, the American seamen, American gunners and American engineers gloriously proved their superiority. But, *revenons à nos moutons*—we will return to the subject, if you please. We were looking at French sailors, and we shall find plenty of them on board. They are indeed fine *materiel*, a little below the average height, perhaps, but well-built, sturdy men, ready and willing for their work. Going over the gangway we come to a fine broad deck, not so white, however, nor so commodious as that of the *Lancaster*. (Please allow our investigations to indulge the comparative tendency.) As we walk forward, passing the two immense launches that saved the storeship *Rhin*, from total destruction, we come among the live stock. The patient cattle stand awaiting the butcher's orders, contemplating the mournful spectacle of the suspended quarters of some former companion. We can hardly examine the forward rifles on account of the cattle, which also, alas! spoil the appearance of the deck. To run the eye along a frigate's deck and have the view terminate in a cow-yard is to destroy the illusion partially. But as a sanitary regulation the carrying of live stock is doubtless correct. Two other rifled guns are on this deck, run back out of the way as much as possible, but ready at any time to be run out at any of the ports. The poop-deck is a fine place to promenade. We are above the guns the boats and the cutter, and there is a sensation there of superiority and relief. Viewed from on board, this upper deck will always disappoint a visitor. From the water, *La Victoire* appears well; her lines are graceful and her build substantial and well modelled, though, to our thinking, and to indulge again in comparison, she is not so pleasing to the eye as the *Lancaster*, though apparently a little longer. Neither are her spars so graceful as those of the *Lancaster*. Aloft, *La Victoire* is more English than American.

From the upper deck to the gun deck! Ah, where are the snow white ladders of the American man-of-war? We must pass unnoticed a trifling lack of soap and water. The battery consists of thirty-four guns, all rifled, except four old-fashioned smooth-bores of the date of 1829. An entire battery of rifled pieces is considered, we believe, in our own navy, to be a mistake. The heavy 9 or 10-inch guns are more effective, while the rifles are reserved for long distances. Happening on one occasion to be in Acapulco, while *La Victoire* was lying at anchor, we had an opportunity of witnessing the practice of her long-range rifles. A party of Mexicans had been discerned on the hillsides, and they were disturbed by visits from these long-range pieces, which sent messages to them from time to time in the shape of a long, comical, steel-pointed percussion shell. We could distinguish the place in which they struck, a distance of over three miles. The poor, ignorant Mexicans must have thought that their French invaders had terribly long guns!

A flying visit must be paid to the engine-room—and in machinery certainly the French frigate is superior to our own. Her engines are powerful and well built, and the boiler-room very large, there being six boilers, with thirty-six furnaces. Everything is bright and clean here, at least. Mounting again to the deck, we find a stream of *curieux* coming on board, to gaze and pry, as we have been doing. Let us practise a bow—a bow, did I say—we will have a good lesson while we are about it, and between the port side of the deck and the gangway we shall have occasion to make many of them. We shall do our best, as our friend, with gold cords profusely slung over his shoulder, is showing us how, and, as gracefully as we can, bow ourselves over the gangway and into the boat. Is it simply a hearty national pride, or a real, honest conviction that draws from us, as we shove off from the side, the remark "She cannot compare with the *Lancaster*"? I believe, Monsieur Crapeaud, it is a compound of both, and we are in the majority now; so you must submit, with as graceful a shrug of the shoulders as you can execute, to the opinion. *Au revoir*, M. Crapeaud. M. N. S.

THE SUMMONS.

MY ear is full of summer sounds,
Of summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lanes of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,
A deeper sound that drowns them all—
A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears,
The Macedonian cry to Paul!

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
I know the word and countersign;
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hoo that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reed's accord,
When laggard Time the hour has tolled
For true with false and new with old
To fight the battles of the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,
And has no answer but God-speed!

[J. G. Whittier.]

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEEING A GHOST.

UNDER the perpetual influence of his friend and master Harcourt Lowther, Mr. Tredethlyn's days and nights were so fully occupied that he had very little leisure for serious thought. Day by day the patient master taught his deadly lesson; day by day the luckless pupil took his teacher's precepts more deeply to heart. The simple, credulous nature was as malleable as clay under the practised hand of the modeller, and took any shape Mr. Lowther chose to give it.

Francis was fully impressed with the idea that his money had purchased a lovely wife whose heart could never be given to him. All that fair fabric of hopes and dreams which had been his when he married Maude Hillary had been slowly, but surely undermined, and there was nothing left of its brightness but the memory that it once had been. He thought of those foolish hopes now with anger and bitterness. Could he have ever been so mad, so blind, so besotted, as to believe that this beautiful creature, perpetually floating in an atmosphere of frivolity and adulation, would ever fold her wings to nestle tenderly in his rude breast? Othello, recalled to the sense of his declining years and grimy visage by the friendly bluntness of Iago, could scarcely have thought more bitterly of his lovely Venetian bride than Francis thought of Maude after six months' daily association with his old master. But if the poison was swift to do its deadly work, the antidote was always at hand. With thirty thousand a year, and a fine constitution, what need has a young man for reflection? It is all very well for Mr. Young, the poet, having failed to obtain wealth or preferment, to retire from a world which has treated him ill, and meditate upon the transitory nature of earthly blessings that he has been unable to obtain: but with youth and thirty thousand per annum, surely no man need be bothered by such a darkness as guest care. Harcourt Lowther did his best to shield his friend from the gloomy intruder by contriving that Francis Tredethlyn's existence should be one perpetual fever of hurry and excitement. But though you may carry a man from race-course to race-course, by shrieking expresses tearing through the darkness of the night; though you may steep him to the lips in theatres and dancing halls; though you may drag him from one scene of mad unrest to another, till his tired eyeballs have lost their power to see anything but one wearisome confusion of gaslight and color, you cannot prevent him thinking. The involuntary process goes on in spite of him. He will think in a hansom cab tearing over the stones of the Haymarket, in an express train rushing towards Newmarket at sixty miles an hour, on the box seat of a guardsman's drag, on the rattling fire-engine of an aristocratic amateur Braidwood, on the downs at Epsom; yes, even at the final rush when every eye is strained to concentrate its power of sight upon one speck of color, the man's mind, forever the veriest slave to follow that will-o'-the-wisp called association, will wander away in spite of him—to mourn

above a baby's grave, to sit amidst the perfume of honey-suckle and roses in a still summer twilight, trifling with the rings on a woman's hand.

There were times when thought would come to Francis Tredethlyn, in spite of all his friend's watchful care. He would sit at the head of a dinner-table at the "Crown and Sceptre," staring vacantly at the frisky wine-bubbles in his shallow glass, and thinking how happy he might have been if Maude had only loved him. Ah, this poor substitute of noise instead of mirth—this pitiful tinsel of dissipation in place of the pure gold of happiness—how miserable a mockery it was even at the best!

Mr. Lowther generally broke in upon such gloomy reveries as these by calling to the waiter to exchange his friend's shallow glass for a tumbler. But there are pangs of regret not to be lulled to slumber by all the sparkling wines that were ever grown in the fair champagne country, and Harcourt Lowther sometimes found his work very difficult.

But amidst such perpetual hurry and excitement it was only natural that some things should be almost entirely forgotten by Francis Tredethlyn, and amongst these forgotten things were the sorrows of his missing cousin. The Gray's Inn lawyers had *carte blanche*, and could have employed all the detective machinery in London in a search for Susan Tredethlyn, alias Susan Lesley, had they so chosen; but your intensely respectable family solicitor is the slowest of slow coaches, and Messrs. Kursdale and Scardon contented themselves with the insertion of an occasional advertisement in the second column of the *Times* supplement, informing Susan Lesley that she might hear of something to her advantage on applying at their office; and further offering a liberal reward for any information respecting the above-mentioned lady.

The advertisement did not entirely escape notice. A good many Susan Lesleys presented themselves: one a fat old woman of seventy, who kept a tobacconist's shop in the neighborhood of Seven Dials; another a bony and pugnacious-looking person, with fiery red hair and a fine South of Ireland brogue, who threatened dire vengeance on the quiet lawyer when he refused to recognize her pretensions to hear of something to her advantage. All the Susan Lesleys were ready to swear anything in order to establish their claims to that unknown advantage—which might be anything from a five-pound note to a million of money, or a dormant peerage—but they all broke down lamentably under Mr. Kursdale's cross-questioning, and he did not even trouble Francis to confront the false syrens.

So amid Newmarket meetings and Greenwich dinners, chicken-hazard, billiards, and unlimited loo, poor Susan's rustic image melted quite away; and Francis forgot the solemn promise he had made, and the sacred duty he had set himself to do when his uncle Oliver's heritage first fell into his hands. And Francis Tredethlyn's forgetfulness might have lasted very long if an accident had not awakened him to a most vivid recollection of the past.

It was the Maytime saturnalia of the turf, the Epsom week, and Mr. Tredethlyn's drag had been to and fro upon the dusty roads carrying a heavy load of Bohemianism under convoy of the indefatigable Harcourt Lowther. Francis had been rather unlucky, and a good deal of money had changed hands after the Derby, the larger part of it finding its way into the pockets of Mr. Tredethlyn's obliging friend. The Oaks day was to have redeemed his fortunes, but the day was over, and Francis drove home amongst the noisy ruck of landaus and wagonettes, ponderous double dog-carts, and heavily laden sociables, tax-cabs and costermongers' barrows, with the outer leaves of an attenuated cheque-book peeping from his breast pocket, and the dim consciousness that he had distributed hastily scribbled cheques to the amount of some thousands, floating confusedly in his brain. He drove to town through the spring twilight, with Dutch dolls in his hat, and a heavy pain in his heart. The *papier maché* noses of his companions were scarcely more false and hollow than their gaiety.

Of course it would be impossible to conclude such a day without a dinner. The sort of people amongst whom Francis Tredethlyn was perpetually dining and giving dinners only the dinner-givers are as one to twenty of the dinners; so at some time between nine and ten o'clock Maude's husband found himself in his usual place at the head of a glittering table in an odoriferous atmosphere of asparagus soup and fried mullet, and with a racking headache that was intensified by every jingle of glasses and rattle of knives and forks.

He had lost heavily, and had drunk deeply under the warm May sunshine on the Downs. To lose cheerfully is given to many men, but how very few have the power to lose quietly! Francis had taken his disappointments in a rather uproarious spirit; slapping his companions on the shoulder, and making new engagements right and left; losing the same horses by whose shortcomings he had just lost his money; and huskily protesting the soundness of his own judgment in despite of the misfortunes of to-day.

He went on talking now at the head of the dinner-table, though the sound of his own voice by no means improved the splitting pain in his head. He went on talking amidst a clamor of many voices, through which one sober and silent

toady, sitting next Mr. Tredethlyn, made a vain effort to understand his discourse. He poured forth misty vaticinations on coming events, gave general invitations for a great dinner at Virginia Water on the Ascot cup day, and galloped noisily along the road to ruin in which Harcourt Lowther had set him going. That splitting headache of his was getting worse every minute, when some one proposed an adjournment to an adjacent theatre.

There had been counsel taken with a waiter. A West End waiter is no mean dramatic critic, though he never sees a play; the opinions of playgoers percolating perpetually through his ears must leave some residuum in the shape of knowledge. The waiter opined that the best entertainment in London was to be had at Drury Lane, where a melodramatic spectacle of some celebrity was being played that evening for the last time but one.

Inspired by the waiter, Mr. Tredethlyn's party made their way to the theatre, bearing Mr. Tredethlyn along with them, indifferent where he went, and carrying his headache with him everywhere. It was ten o'clock, and the last scene of the great spectacle was on. The house was full, and the audience were chiefly of that restless and vociferous order who drop into a theatre at half-price on great race nights. Mr. Tredethlyn and his party could only find standing-room at the back of the dress circle, and from this position Francis beheld the grand final tableau.

The piece was an adaptation of some great Parisian success—some story of the Reign of Terror—and in this last scene the stage was crowded by a clamorous populace. Upwards of three hundred men, women and children were engaged in the scene. Blouses and uniforms, the picturesque head-dresses of the provincial peasantry, the scarlet cap of liberty, the cocked hats of the gendarmerie—all blended in one grand mass of movement and color, while the rapid action of the piece drew to its triumphant close.

Mr. Tredethlyn did not trouble himself to wonder what the piece had been about. He saw somebody killed—a villain it was to be supposed, since the crowd set up a well-organized yell of rejoicing; then there was a reconciliation, an embrace, a young lady in white muslin clasped to the breast of a young man in a long-tailed blue-coat and low top-boots, adorned with many-colored bunches of ribbon. Then the band broke into the stately measure of the "Marschallaise Hymn," the crowd clamored a shrill chorus, and the curtain fell.

It was while the curtain was descending very slowly to that triumphant music that Francis Tredethlyn saw something which startled him like the sight of a ghost.

It was a face—a woman's face in high Normandy cap, looking out of the many faces in the crowd—a thin, worn, melancholy countenance, very sad to look upon, among all those other faces fronting the audience with a stereotyped smile.

"My God!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn, clasping his two hands upon his hot forehead, and pushing back the rumpled hair, "who is it? What's the matter with me? I feel as if I'd seen a ghost!"

There was a little piece after the melodrama, a slender little production popularly known as a "screaming" farce. It was not the most strikingly original dramatic invention, and its chief point consisted in one gentleman in tartan trousers being perpetually mistaken for another gentleman in tartan trousers, while both gentlemen were alternately sitting upon bonnet-boxes and dropping trays of crockery.

There was certainly not very much in the farce, but the audience laughed uproariously, and Francis Tredethlyn's party joined in the laughter. He found himself laughing, too, as loudly as the rest of them; but amidst all that confusion and clamor the wan, sad face with two inartistic patches of rouge upon its hollow cheeks kept haunting up ever and anon out of the chaos of his brain, and hurting him like the lace of a ghost.

Who was it? What was it? Was it some accidental likeness? Was it a face that he had seen and known in the past? Alas for the steady, clear-headed soldier, who had been so prompt to obey military orders, so strict in the performance of duty! Francis Tredethlyn's muddled senses refused to help him to-night. The author of *What will he do with it?* tells us that light wines are the most treacherous of liquors; "they inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice." Mr. Tredethlyn had been drinking a mixture of divers champagnes and Moselles all day long, and he tried in vain to fix the vague image which floated amidst the confusion of his brain.

He went home in the early grey of the May morning, but not to sleep. He lay tossing from side to side, tormented by that preternatural wakefulness which is apt to succeed a long period of riot and excitement. The course at Epsom, the gipsy fortune-tellers, the betting men in white hats and green veils, the Dutch dolls and pink calico piousshions, the dust and clamor of the homeward drive, the jingling of broken glass, the popping of corks, the revolutionary crowd in the drama, the tartan trousers and broken bandboxes in the farce—all mixed themselves in his brain, falling to pieces and

putting themselves together again like the images in a kaleidoscope.

Mr. Lowther, coming to see his friend at the correct visiting hour, found Francis still in bed, in a little room behind the library, which he had fitted up for himself at Harcourt's instigation, as a bed-room and dressing-room, a kind of refuge to which he might betake himself when he was unfit to encounter the calm gaze of Maude's clear blue eyes fixed upon him in sorrowful wonder. Her manner to him had never quite recovered its old kindness since that unlucky encounter on the stairs; she was still kind to him, but he could see that it was by an effort only that she retained anything of her old friendliness. He could see this, and the knowledge of it galled him to the quick. Harcourt Lowther's work was more than half done by this time. He had no longer any difficulty in beguiling Francis abroad, for the Cornishman no longer cared to remain at home.

Mr. Tredethlyn had not very long fallen into a feverish slumber after long hours of wakeful weariness, when his friend called upon him. Harcourt seated himself by the side of the narrow brass bedstead, and stared contemplatively at the sleeper, while he spoke to the valet who had admitted him to the darkened chamber.

"You can let your master sleep till four o'clock, Jervois," he said. "At four give him some soda brandy. He has an appointment with me at half-past five. Take care that he doesn't oversleep himself. I'll write him a line by way of reminder."

He drew a little writing-table towards him, and wrote a few lines on a sheet of note-paper:

"DEAR TREDETHLYN: Remember your engagement at my quarters: 5:30 sharp. You had better bring the mail phaeton, and can give me a lift to the 'S. and G.' Yours faithfully, H. L."

He slipped his note into an envelope, and dipped his pen into the ink, but before writing the address he stopped suddenly, and tore the note into fragments.

"She might see it!" he muttered, thoughtfully, "and that might show her the nature of my cards. The only wise man is the one who can do his work without that most dangerous of all machinery—pen and paper. Poor Francis! he looks a little worn."

Mr. Lowther looked down upon the sleeper with the most benign expression. He had no dislike whatever to the simple Cornishman; he had only—his own plans.

"These fellows who suddenly come into a large fortune are sure to kill themselves before they have done spending it," he murmured, complacently. "Jervois," he said, as he went out, "you won't forget your master's engagement. He'd better drive up to my place in the mail phaeton."

Mr. Lowther's "place" was the same lodging which he had taken for himself when he first returned to England. He was an adventurer, but he was not a vulgar adventurer; and in all his dealings with Francis Tredethlyn he had not sponged upon that gentleman's purse for so much as a five-pound note. He had his plans; but they were not the plans of a man who lives from hand to mouth. He won a good deal of his friend's money; but he never cheated Francis out of a sixpence. His sole advantage was that which must always accompany skill and experience as opposed to ignorance and inexperience. In the mean while, Harcourt Lowther lived as best he might on his winnings and a small allowance made him by his mother.

The Lowthers were great people in their way, and Harcourt had admission to some of the best houses in London. He was very well received in that circle in which Maude had taken her place, and contrived somehow or other to be present for an hour or so at almost all of the parties in which she appeared; though to break away from the haunts of Bohemianism to drop into polite life, and then return to Bohemia in the same evening, was almost as difficult as a harlequin's jump in a pantomime. Harcourt Lowther did this, however, and did it very often; and Maude, enjoying all the privileges of a matron, found herself sometimes standing amongst the statues and exotics on a crowded staircase in Tyburnia, talking with Harcourt Lowther almost as familiarly as they had talked in the old summer evenings by the quiet river.

Sometimes, looking back upon such a meeting, Maude felt inclined to be angry with Mr. Lowther for having taken something of the old tone; but could she blame him for the lowered accents of his voice, the subdued light in his eyes, the unconscious tenderness into which he was betrayed in those public meetings, when she remembered how nobly he kept aloof from her in her home? Never yet had he presumed upon his intimacy with the husband in order to intrude himself on the presence of the wife. What harm or danger, then, if, in crowded assemblages, he surmounted all manner of small difficulties in order to make his way to her side? What could it matter if he lingered just a little longer than others, contriving all sorts of excuses for delay? It is rather a pleasant thing for a frivolous young married woman, serene in the consciousness of her own integrity, to know that a man's heart is breaking for her in a gentlemanly way. A word too much, a tone, a look, and Maude

would have taken alarm, and fled from her old admirer as from the venomous fangs of some deadly reptile; but Harcourt Lowther knew better than to speak that word. He had his own plans, and he was carrying them out in his own way; neither by word nor look had he ever offended Maude Tredethlyn; but now, when he tried to cut a path for himself through the crowd about her, he found less difficulty in the progress. People began to make way for him, and it was considered a settled thing that he should be found somewhere near her. He had not offended her; he had only—compromised her.

Francis awoke before the hour at which his servant had been told to call him. The valet's place was almost a sinecure, for the Cornishman still retained, of his old nature, the simple, independent habits of a man who can wait upon himself. He got up at four o'clock, and had nearly completed his toilet when the servant brought the soda and brandy prescribed by Harcourt Lowther.

"And if you please, sir, you were to be so good as to remember an appointment with Mr. Lowther at half-past five, and was to please to drive the mail phaeton," said the valet, while his master drank the revivifying beverage.

"Very good," muttered Mr. Tredethlyn, with something like a groan; "you may go and order the phaeton for five o'clock. Is Mrs. Tredethlyn at home?"

"No, sir."

The man departed, and Francis finished dressing. He had ten minutes to spare after putting on his outer coat, and he sat down to look at the newspaper which lay ready cut on his writing-table. He took up the *Times*, but only stared vacantly at the advertisement sheet. His head still ached, in spite of a shower-bath and a vigorous application of hard hair-brushes; but his intellect was a good deal clearer than it had been before he dressed.

Suddenly, out of the advertisement sheet, vivid as the figure of Banquo at Macbeth's uncomfortable supper-party, there arose before him a face—a wan, faded face—in a white muslin cap.

"Great Heaven!" he cried; "I didn't know her!"

The ghost that he had seen upon the previous night was the ghost of the woman he had so long been looking for—his cousin Susan.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF THE OBITUARIES.

FROM the editorial columns of one of our exchanges published in Pennsylvania, we have gleaned a *morceau* which deserves an extended circulation. It is one of those *post mortem* gems which are occasionally squeezed from the grief-stricken minds of embryo panegyrists, but contrary to the custom generally observed in obituary notices, is in plain prose, unadorned by the solemn "suffering-sore-long time-he-bore" style. If the lamented Lewis can rest easy in his grave after the pronunciation of such an eulogy by so graphic and eloquent a recorder as N. B. W., he *must* be dead indeed. Read it:

DEATH OF JOSEPH B. LEWIS.

MR. RAMBO: Permit me to announce the death of Mr. Joseph B. Lewis, an old citizen and native of Columbia, through the columns of the *Spy*. Mr. Lewis died in this city on the 25th ult., in the 50th year of his age. He was well known to most of the old citizens of Columbia, and will be remembered as one of George Darling's apprentices at the plastering business; and also for having punished Coby Greer, the swaggering Bully Butcher of Philadelphia, at a Lancaster Fair, while yet a mere stripling of a boy.

Having handled the "hawk and darby" with Lewis, I know him to be an excellent workman. He was more than a common man, in strength, in activity, in a fight, in shuffling and dealing cards, or in bestowing gifts to relieve the wants of the needy.

He could rapidly grasp from a pile of lead pencils, twelve at every grasp, and make no mistakes, and he could deal cards from the top and bottom of a pack so rapidly, as to defy detection of those but skilled in card craft. In this department of prestidigitation, I think he had no superior that I ever knew.

He has been known to play whisky poker three consecutive days in succession without losing a trick, turning up Jack every time. Once, for the amusement of his friends, he stood four hours upon his head, and while in that position drank thirty glasses of mixed lager and whisky, spiced with red pepper. He then turned a double somersault backwards, alighting upon the top of a flour barrel, and then rebounding, actually, by sheer strength of his muscles, lifting the barrel up with him several feet.

The present popular Mayor of Cincinnati, Col. Lew Harris; the late General Welsh, of Columbus, and Joseph Lewis, the deceased, were three mechanics working together in this city when the war with Mexico was declared. The three enlisted at the same time. Harris won a Captaincy, Welsh a Lieutenantancy, and Lewis imprisonment in the castle of Perote, for disobeying the orders of Joe Lane, given when he was drunk. He played himself out of this scrape by a game of old sledge with the guard, then proceeded to Chepultepec, where he acquired great proficiency in grabbing up more lead pencils and other things lying around loose.

After the war Lewis and Harris returned to Cincinnati. Harris became a public man, and Lewis worked at his trade whenever he couldn't get anything else to do.

While arranging some stucco work to the outside cornice

of one of our public buildings, the scaffolding gave way. He gave a clean, springing leap to clear the entanglements of the falling timber of the scaffold, and landed sixty feet in the street from where he sprang. He lighted on his feet and hands, in a half sitting posture. He was terribly crushed. Both legs, both arms, were broken, and the bones intruded through the lacerated muscles. Two or three of the vertebra of the back were also dislocated; four of his ribs were split or broken, one of his eyes poked out, besides other injuries, internal and external, of an exceedingly painful and dangerous character. Some of the attending physicians gave it as their opinion that it would be necessary to take his backbone out, scrape it, and replace the broken vertebra with wooden ones. The split in his ribs was mended with small rivets. He became a cripple for life, and an object of charity for two or three years. The firemen nobly sustained him during the period of his disability. He turned his attention to shoemaking, and with a little instructions was qualified, and got a seat in "cacks," which enabled him to again taste the sweet bread of independence, and enjoy the wealth of honest labor. He stuck to "cacks" a few months, when "cacks" being dull, and the rivets in his ribs becoming loose, he abandoned "cacks," and soon after received an appointment from Mayor Hatch as Inspector and Measurer of Wood on the river landing, which enabled him to live quite comfortable. The present Mayor (Harris) re-appointed him to the same position, which he continued to occupy until he died.

About this time another of the vertebra of his backbone was loosened, and working its way downwards, came out through the great toe of his left leg. The muscles of his arms became inextricably tangled with the veins, and he was obliged to forego card shuffling altogether. This was a sad blow. He could neither sit, lie down, nor stand up for thirteen months, five weeks, eight days, twenty-seven hours, thirty-one minutes and sixty-three seconds. At the close of this period a general debility gradually wasted the spirit, which was wont to be exuberant. He gradually failed in health, still his great character would show itself as an expiring flame in a blackened socket occasionally, but only to exhibit the more vividly its decay and exhaustion.

The candle of life, burning so low and dim, was snuffed in vain by the doctors. Ninety-six plasters placed upon his body rallied him a little; but a relapse came, and one morning he took his last quid of tobacco, closed his eyes, threw up his accounts and departed this life in the hope of a blessed immortality, where there are no dislocated back bones and cheap cacks, where Coby Greers and old sledge are unknown. "I will sleep now!" were his last words, and after life's fitful fever he required repose.

The Mayor had him buried at our beautiful Spring Grove Cemetery, in the Firemen's lot, where all that is mortal of him, mingles with its fraternal dust. The other part of him, we in trembling hope repose, has gone to the bosom of his Father and his God.

A very eventful life has thus passed away. Let no man say without some hesitation: "Thou art better than I!" Lewis was a better man than he seemed; most men seem better than they are, especially on Sunday. Harris always did. But let us

"No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

N. B. W.

A FIRE-EATER DISPOSED OF.—A singular incident occurred at the Cafe Francaise in 1816, at the corner of the Rue Laffitte. A celebrated duellist entered and began insulting all the persons who were seated at dinner; he boasted of his courage, and declared his determination to kill a certain M. de F—. A gentleman present, disgusted at such braggart insolence, quietly walked up to this fire-eater, and addressed him thus: "As you are such a dangerous customer, perhaps you will accommodate me, by being punctual at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot, at mid-day to-morrow: earlier I cannot get there, but depend upon my arriving in due time with swords and pistols." The duellist began to demur, saying he did not know what right a stranger had to take up the cudgels of M. de F—; to which the gentleman replied, "I have done so because I am anxious to rid society of a dangerous fellow like yourself, and would recommend you before you go to bed to make your will. I will undertake to order your coffin and pay your funeral expenses." He then gave the waiter a note of 1,000 francs, with the injunction that his orders should be executed before eleven the following day. This had the desired effect of intimidating the bully who left Paris the following day, and never more was heard of or seen in public.—*Gronow's Recollections.*

THE THREE DICTATORS.—A private letter from Paris states that at a masked ball lately, three men personating Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon I. respectively, were walking arm in arm, amidst roars of laughter. Caesar was dressed like an ancient Roman exquisite, and scratched his head with his fingers. When the crowd interrupted their movements the great Roman rebuked them with humorous gravity by saying, "Happy the people who understand and obey us; woe to those who disregard and oppose us."

WHAT IS A WATERSHED?—As a Scotsman I am surprised at the difficulty raised as to the legitimacy of "watershed." To my ear it has ever been a reasonable and expressive word. In a Glasgow nursery, "O, please *shed* my hair," "Come here, bairn, and let me *shed* your hair," "Lassie, when will you learn to *shed* your hair straight?" and "Mary, *shed* my back hair, and I'll *shed* yours," were most familiar sounds. Hence the application of the term to the partition of waters has always yielded to my mind a ready and graphic sense.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

A SHEAF OF BLUNDERS.

WE had fondly imagined that "Eusebius," the Art Critic of the *Alta*, was, like the fabled Phoenix, a solitary and isolated specimen, occurring at rare and uncertain intervals. But it would seem that "Bullion," who has lately appeared in behalf of Government Architecture, in the same paper, is a coincident member of the family. Bullion's article, perhaps, displays a greater facility for blundering than Eusebius. It certainly was an effort of genius that packed into the following sentence this sheaf of blunders:

"Great as all civilization regards the majestic statue of Moses in the Pantheon of St. Peter's, and that sublime work, by the same hand, The Last Judgment, painted in fresco upon its ceiling, the unrivalled genius who called these sublime creations into existence, pointed to the lofty dome suspended in air above them as his greatest triumph of art, upon which he was content to rest his reputation in ages to come."

The application of the term "Pantheon" to St. Peter's, dedicated to one God, is perhaps the most trifling error. But the statue of "Moses" happens to be in the church of *San Pietro in Vincolo*, some distance from St. Peter's. "The Last Judgment" adorns the *end wall*, and not the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which is quite another and remoter edifice. There are no frescoes on the dome of St. Peter's; its wall pictures are all mosaic. The singular attitude of the "unrivalled genius" pointing to those distant objects and his inconsequent remark, affords a melancholy spectacle of imbecility which all lovers of art will shrink from contemplating.

But not only in classical art does Bullion exhibit his masterly misinformation. He ignores the existence of Mullet, Assistant Architect of the Treasury:

"We were some ten or twelve years since familiar with the operations and machinery of the United States Treasury, but such a novel appendage as an 'Architect,' or his 'Assistant,' in that Department, was then unheard of. During the Secretaryship of Mr. Corwin, Mr. Fillmore one day took it into his head to go the rounds of the Government strong-box, and devoted an afternoon to the purpose. A clerk in one of the Bureaus, who had his desk in one of the basement offices, meeting his chief shortly after, remarked with no little share of pride, 'Governor, the President paid us all a visit to-day!' 'Ah,' replied 'Black Tom,' corrugating his brows, and twisting his mouth with that inimitable expression for which he was famous, 'I suppose he wanted to see how a Treasury worked—whether it was run on the same plan of that old felling mill he served an apprenticeship in.' The financial affairs of the General Government are regulated in this Department—greenbacks are printed to meet the wants of the Government, and various other functions and attributes belonging to it: but such an officer as 'Architect of the U. S. Treasury Department,' was never heard of until mentioned in the connection referred to."

What connection this anecdote has with the foregoing we are at a loss to conceive, or by what rule Bullion uses it as a sequitur to his assertions, except it be to prove his previous connection with the Department, which nobody seems to care to deny. As to the fact, appropriations show that under Guthrie there was a Supervising Architect of the Treasury.

PROVIDENCE VS. SATAN, ET AL.—An anonymous writer in the *Morning Call* thinks the CALIFORNIAN's editorial on the assassination of the President, blasphemous. As the writer has recorded his impressions, rather than his arguments, we have nothing to say except that even those impressions have not the merit of originality. It has been the habit of a certain class of rebel sympathizers to imply blasphemous qualities to all loyalty that attributed any connexion between Providence and Right. Similar sentiments have been advanced in papers now extinct, and if the writers have unhappily outlived their old vehicle of expression and choose to transfer their old formulas to the *Call*, we are not bound to give them that attention which novelty might demand. The writer asks somewhat anxiously "where Satan was when Providence usurped his prerogative?" As we have confined ourselves with endeavoring to transcribe what seemed to us to be the decree of Providence, we leave the writer to chronicle the movements of his own party.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—Mr. J. P. Bogardus has been admitted as a member of the CALIFORNIAN Printing and Publishing Company.

OPERA MATTERS.

"TROVATORE," as given on Monday night by the Bianchi troupe, was an improvement on former performances. Some of the concerted pieces were spiritedly executed. In the more robustious passages Bianchi displayed considerable power, particularly as he is often obliged to force his voice—somewhat worn by continued labor. The serenade in the first act was a little too demonstrative for the same reason. It is unfortunate, as Bianchi is a fine artist. Madame Bianchi rather overacted "Azucena." The Opera was more completely given than was the custom of late, and the charming Nun's Chorus, which has been usually omitted, was sung with fine effect.

The new Italian Opera troupe opened with the same opera at the Academy of Music on the following evening, and were enthusiastically received. Adelaide Philips, though not as fresh in voice as in the days of her Eastern triumphs, was pre-eminently good—the first of the troupe—the finest contralto voice ever heard on this coast—the best "Azucena" ever presented to a California audience. Her tragic action was powerful but well controlled; her execution of the famous "Stride la Vampa," and the duet in the last scene a most exquisite performance. The prima donna with a sweet soprano voice, well cultivated, but not particularly powerful, did not seem to rise to the dramatic intensity of her role, a fault that in *Traviata* on Thursday night she more than atoned for. The tenor, Sbriglia, though not always happy in his embellishments of the composer's score, sings in good style, with a quality of voice that has improved on acquaintance, and which is evidently capable of greater effect than he has yet succeeded in giving it. Orlandini, baritone, made a favorable impression, and sang "Il Balen" admirably. De Haga's "Fernando" was a good performance.

The acting of *La Traviata* on Thursday night strengthened the reputation of the tenor and soprano. Signora Sconcia's physique seemed admirably adapted to her role; she appeared to have a true and artistic conception of the character, and gave to the sentimental pathos of the story that exquisite expression which Verdi has made so charming in music, but which is apt to be overstrained in dialogue. This evening *Trovatore* will be given instead of *Lucrezia Borgin*, which would have brought forward the charming contralto in the role of Maffio Orsini.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—The machinery of this praiseworthy charity has been perfected, and the organization is now in complete working order. The Directory issued by the Association embraces a summary statement of its object and principles, which, while providing for the speedy and ample relief of the destitute, exercise a system of wholesome checks on all imposture and professional mendicancy. The design "to make the poor a party to their own improvement and elevation" is an intelligent movement in the right direction. While we wish the society all possible success, we trust it will not entirely supersede other channels of benevolence. The only drawback to this large ticket-giving system is its tendency to make a business of charity and to work a certain evil to both donor and recipient by substituting forms and third parties for the actual contact of kindly sympathy which lends to the gift half its value. The man who gives money into a fund for charitable purposes loses much of the rich experience of giving, as well as the influence of gratitude upon himself, while the man who takes from a fund is apt to lose that direct personal responsibility which he would have toward an individual almoner, and to find his sense of gratitude somewhat confused. Paupers do not cherish kindly feelings to almshouses, nor do the tax-payers indulge in much moral sentiment in paying their yearly dues. For all this, almshouses are necessary adjuncts of civilization, and the Benevolent Society, if it succor actual starvation and want, can dispense with the sentimental aspect of almsgiving for some time to come.

GENERAL LEE'S OPINIONS.—It appears that the New York *Herald's* correspondent called on General Lee to obtain his political views. This interview of a paroled prisoner and a newspaper reporter must have been of tremendous political significance. The operator at Chicago evidently thinks so, as we have the entire views of the rebel General as what should be the policy of the Government, prefaced by the modest statement that he is not a politician. It is to be regretted that the able remarks of our own correspondent have not been preserved, to be transmitted to posterity or transferred to the archives of the State Department. Perhaps during Mr. Seward's illness, this remarkable young person might be induced to act for the Secretary. With Sherman to make treaties, and the New York *Herald's* correspondent to confer with rebel leaders, we may truly echo Gen. Lee's half-threat in regard to any probable arbitrary policy of the Government, that "the end is not yet."

We are under obligations to A. J. Doolittle for a correct and beautiful official Township Map of the county of Humboldt.

THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday the comic drama of *Sybilla, or Step by Step*, was produced at Maguire's Opera House. It is a capital piece, but did not draw very good houses, perhaps in consequence of being injudiciously cast. The character of "Sybilla," an earnest, determined woman with remarkable powers of coquetry, was quite unsuited to the gentle Mrs. Sophie Edwin, who is so charming in all characters where pathos and kindly womanly feeling are required, but in dashing parts, which require the representation of any of the lower characteristics of feminine nature, is sadly out of her element. Mrs. Perry would have been far more at home in the character of "Sybilla," the bar maid of Red Ox Tavern, and would have done the part justice. The best played part in the piece was that of "Joachin Barke," taken by Mr. Aldrich, who filled it capitably. *Sybilla* was withdrawn after a slow run of three nights. On Thursday Mr. Aldrich took his first benefit in California, and, though the house was not by any means as good a one as his merits entitled him to, taking into consideration the attractions offered at the Academy of Music, it was pretty fair. The bill for the occasion consisted of *The Captain of the Watch* and *The Three Guardsmen*, both of which were played to the entire satisfaction of the audience, the beneficeaire particularly distinguishing himself in the character of "Cardinal Richelieu" in the latter play. Friday night was devoted to another benefit, Mr. John E. Johnson, the comic singer, formerly such a wonderful favorite with Californians before sickness robbed him of his powers, being the recipient. A capital evening's entertainment was given and a large number of Mr. Johnson's old friends mustered for the occasion, glad to have an opportunity of expressing their friendship and respect for one, who in early days, had afforded them such rare amusement. Little Jennie Worrell and Otto Burbank, who volunteered for the occasion, appeared in "a grand olio" of songs and dances between the performance of the comedy of *Married Life*, and the afterpiece of the imitation scene from the *Widow's Victim*, in which Mr. Frank Mayo as "Jerry Clip," and Mrs. Perry as "Jane Chatterly," kept the audience in fits of laughter from its commencement until the fall of the curtain. This afternoon and evening, Dior Boucicault's drama of the *Poor of New York*, which has for months past been played to crowded houses in the East, will be presented. On Monday Mr. Dan. Setchell makes his first appearance in *Ici on Parle Francais* and *One Thousand Milliners Wanted*. The fame of this comedian is wide spread, and a full house will doubtless greet him on his first appearance. Mr. Setchell bears a wonderful resemblance to the celebrated English comedian Buckstone; if he possesses the talent as well as the appearance of Buckstone, and avoids the mannerisms which so much detract from his powers of pleasing, San Franciscan play-goers have a rich treat in store for them. Genuine low comedy, is a thing we have not witnessed here for many a day, and will be a pleasing relief after the late tregical season.

The American has been running burlesque and drawing fair houses during the week.

The Circus will remain but a few days longer, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week being positively the last three days. The last afternoon performance takes place to-day. Those who have not yet witnessed the laughable performances of the educated dogs and monkeys, the miraculous gymnastic feats of Olma, the wonderful double somersault of Mr. Barry, and the other attractive performances to be seen at this *ne plus ultra* of "circei," should avail themselves of the short time during which it will remain here. It is worth while paying a visit to the circus if only to listen to the polished and elegant witticisms of Mr. James Cooke, the best jester who has ever visited this coast.

TOUCHSTONE.

MAY FESTIVALS.—Numerous picnics have been held during the past week, which have all passed off pleasantly. The Festival in aid of the Sanitary Fund on Monday last was the largest and most successful. The Olympic Club and the Good Templars have also held their annual gathering under the green trees of Alameda. To-morrow the Irish American Benevolent Society will celebrate their fifth anniversary by a Festival at Angel Island. Their former picnics have always proved mammoth successes, and this will doubtless prove the same. The steamer *Clinton* also makes an excursion trip to San Quentin, the proceeds of which go to the benefit of the San Quentin school. The Sixth German Regiment will hold their Regimental excursion festival at the Encinal to-morrow. The Ladies hold a fair and festival at Oakland, during the coming week, for the benefit of St. Mary's church, of that place. Crescent Engine Company, No. 10, are to have their excursion May 14th, to Martinez.

FRENCH LECTURES.—Professor Miel, of the South Park Institute and Kindergarten, is to deliver a series of French lectures on Corneille, Victor Hugo, DeSeigne, George Sand, etc., etc. Reference to our advertising columns will show the order of their delivery. Prof. Miel has previously lectured in this city, and is fully competent for the task.

(For the Californian.)

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN MR. MARK TWAIN OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND REV. BISHOP HAWKS, D.D., OF NEW YORK, REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS OF PHILADELPHIA, AND REV. DR. CUMMINGS OF CHICAGO, CONCERNING THE OCCUPANCY OF GRACE CATHEDRAL.

FOR a long time I have taken a deep interest in the efforts being made to induce the above-named distinguished clergymen—or, rather, some one of them—to come out here and occupy the pulpit of the noble edifice known as Grace Cathedral. And when I saw that the vestry were uniformly unsuccessful, although doing all that they possibly could to attain their object, I felt it my duty to come forward and throw the weight of my influence—such as it might be—in favor of the laudable undertaking. That by so doing I was not seeking to curry favor with the vestry—and that my actions were prompted by no selfish motive of any kind whatever—is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that I am not a member of Grace Church, and never had any conversation with the vestry upon the subject in hand, and never even hinted to them that I was going to write to the clergymen. What I have done in the matter I did of my own free will and accord, without any solicitation from anybody, and my actions were dictated solely by a spirit of enlarged charity and good feeling toward the congregation of Grace Cathedral. I seek no reward for my services; I desire none but the approval of my own conscience and the satisfaction of knowing I have done that which I conceived to be my duty, to the best of my ability.

M. T.

The correspondence which passed between myself and the Rev. Dr. Hawks was as follows:

LETTER FROM MYSELF TO BISHOP HAWKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1865.

REV. DR. HAWKS—Dear Doctor.—Since I heard that you have telegraphed the vestry of Grace Cathedral here, that you cannot come out to San Francisco and carry on a church at the terms offered you, viz: \$7,000 a year, I have concluded to write you on the subject myself. A word in your ear: say nothing to anybody—keep dark—but just pack up your traps and come along out here—I will see that it is all right. That \$7,000 dodge was only a *bid*—nothing more. They never expected you to clinch a bargain like that. I will go to work and get up a little competition among the cloth, and the result of it will be that you will make more money in six months here than you would in New York in a year. I can do it. I have a great deal of influence with the clergy here, and especially with the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth and the Rev. Mr. Stebbins—I write their sermons for them. [This latter fact is not generally known, however, and maybe you had as well not mention it.] I can get them to strike for higher wages any time.

You would like this berth. It has a greater number of attractive features than any I know of. It is such a magnificent field, for one thing—why, sinners are so thick that you can't throw out your line without hooking several of them; you'd be surprised—the flattest old sermon a man can grind out is bound to corral half a dozen. You see, you can do such a land-office business on such a small capital. Why, I wrote the most rambling, incomprehensible harangue of a sermon you ever heard in your life for one of the Episcopalian ministers here, and he landed seventeen with it at the first dash; then I trimmed it up to suit Methodist doctrine, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas got eleven more; I tinkered the doctrinal points again, and Stebbins made a lot of Unitarian converts with it; I worked it over once more, and Dr. Wadsworth did almost as well with it as he usually does with my ablest compositions. It was passed around, after that, from church to church, undergoing changes of dress as before, to suit the vicissitudes of doctrinal climate, until it went the entire rounds. During its career we took in, altogether, a hundred and eighteen of the most objectionable characters that ever traveled on the broad road to destruction.

You would find this a remarkably easy berth—one man to give out the hymns, another to do the praying, another to read the chapter from the Testament—you would have nothing in the world to do but read the litany and preach—no, not read the litany, but sing it. They sing the litany here, in the Pontifical Grand Mass style, which is pleasanter and more attractive than to read it. You need not mind that, though; the tune is not difficult, and requires no more musical taste or education than is required to sell "Twenty-four—self-sealing—envelopes—for f-o-u-r cents," in your city. I like to hear the litany sung. Perhaps there is hardly enough variety in the music, but still the effect is very fine. Bishop Kip never could sing worth a cent, though. However, he has gone to Europe now to learn. Yes, as I said before, you would have nothing in the world to do but preach and sing that litany; and, between you and me, Doc, as regards the music, if you could manage to ring in a few of the popular and familiar old tunes that the people love so well you would be almost certain to create a sensation. I think I can safely promise you that. I am satisfied that you could do many a thing that would attract less attention than would result from adding a spirited variety to the music of the litany.

Your preaching will be easy. Bring along a barrel of your old obsolete sermons; the people here will never know the difference.

Drop me a line, Hawks; I don't know you, except by reputation, but I like you all the same. And don't you fret about the salary. I'll make that all right, you know. You need not mention to the vestry of Grace Cathedral, though, that I have been communicating with you on this subject. You see, I do not belong to their church, and they might think I was taking too much trouble on their account—though I assure you, upon my honor, it is no trouble in the world to me; I don't mind it; I am not busy now, and I would rather do it than not. All I want is to have a sure thing that you get your rights. You can depend upon me. I'll see you through this business as

straight as a shingle; I haven't been drifting around all my life for nothing. I know a good deal more than a boiled carrot, though I may not appear to. And although I am not of the elect, so to speak, I take a strong interest in these things, nevertheless, and I am not going to stand by and see them come any seven-thousand-dollar arrangement over you. I have sent them word in your name that you won't take less than \$18,000, and that you can get \$25,000 in greenbacks at home. I also intimated that I was going to write your sermons—I thought it might have a good effect, and every little helps, you know. So you can just pack up and come along—it will be all right—I am satisfied of that. You needn't bring any shirts, I have got enough for us both. You will find there is nothing mean about me—I'll wear your clothes, and you can wear mine, just the same as so many twin brothers. When I like a man, I like him, and I go my death for him. My friends will all be fond of you, and will take to you as naturally as if they had known you a century. I will introduce you, and you will be all right. You can always depend on them. If you were to point out a man and say you did not like him, they would carve him in a minute.

Hurry along, Bishop. I shall be on the lookout for you, and will take you right to my house and you can stay there as long as you like, and it shan't cost you a cent.

Very truly, yours,

MARK TWAIN.

REPLY OF BISHOP HAWKS.

NEW YORK, April, 1865.

MY DEAR MARK.—I had never heard of you before I received your kind letter, but I feel as well acquainted with you now as if I had known you for years. I see that you understand how it is with us poor laborers in the vineyard, and feel for us in our struggles to gain a livelihood. You will be blessed for this—you will have your reward for the deeds done in the flesh—you will get your deserts hereafter. I am really sorry I cannot visit San Francisco, for I can see now that it must be a pleasant field for the earnest worker to toil in; but it was ordered otherwise, and I submit with becoming humility. My refusal of the position at \$7,000 a year was not precisely meant to be final, but was intended for what the ungodly term a "flyer"—the object being, of course, to bring about an increase of the amount. That object was legitimate and proper, since it so nearly affects the interests not only of myself but of those who depend upon me for sustenance and support. Perhaps you remember a remark I made once to a vestry who had been solicited to increase my salary, my family being a pretty large one: they declined, and said it was promised that Providence would take care of the young ravens. I immediately retorted, in my happiest vein, that there was no similar promise concerning the young Hawks, though! I thought it was very good, at the time. The recollection of it has soiced many a weary hour since then, when all the world around me seemed dark and cheerless, and it is a source of tranquil satisfaction to me to think of it even at this day.

No; I hardly meant my decision to be final, as I said before, but subsequent events have compelled that result in spite of me. I threw up my parish in Baltimore, although it was paying me very handsomely, and came to New York to see how things were going in our line. I have prospered beyond my highest expectations. I selected a lot of my best sermons—old ones that had been forgotten by everybody—and once a week I let one of them off in the Church of the Annunciation here. The spirit of the ancient sermons bubbled forth with a bead on it and permeated the hearts of the congregation with a new life, such as the worn body feels when it is refreshed with rare old wine. It was a great hit. The timely arrival of the "call" from San Francisco insured success to me. The people appreciated my merits at once. A number of gentlemen immediately clubbed together and offered me \$10,000 a year, and agreed to purchase for me the Church of St. George the Martyr, up town, or to build a new house of worship for me if I preferred it. I closed with them on these terms, my dear Mark, for I feel that so long as not even the little sparrows are suffered to fall to the ground unnoticed, I shall be mercifully cared for; and besides, I know that come what may, I can always eke out an existence so long as the cotton trade holds out as good as it is now. I am in cotton to some extent, you understand, and that is one reason why I cannot venture to leave here just at present to accept the position offered me in San Francisco. You see I have some small investments in that line which are as yet in an undecided state, and must be looked after.

But time flies, Mark, time flies; and I must bring this screed to a close and say farewell—and if forever, then forever fare thee well. But I shall never forget you, Mark—never!

Your generous solicitude in my behalf—your splendid inventive ability in conceiving of messages to the vestry calculated to make them offer me a higher salary—your sublime intrepidity in tendering those messages as having come from me—your profound sagacity in chaining and riveting the infatuation of the vestry with the intimation that you were going to write my sermons for me—your gorgeous liberality in offering to divide your shirts with me and to make common property of all other wearing apparel belonging to both parties—your cordial tender of your friends' affections and their very extraordinary services—your noble hospitality in providing a home for me in your palatial mansion—all these things call for my highest admiration and gratitude, and call not in vain, my dearest Mark. I shall never cease to pray for you and hold you in kindly and tearful remembrance. Once more, my gifted friend, accept the fervent thanks and the best wishes of

REV. DR. HAWKS.

Writes a beautiful letter, don't he?

But when the Bishop uses a tabooed expression, and talks glibly about doing a certain thing "just for a flyer," don't he shoulder the responsibility of it on to "the ungodly," with a rare grace?

And what a solid comfort that execrable joke has been to his declining years, hasn't it? If he goes on thinking about it and swelling himself up on account of it, he will be want-

ing a salary after a while that will break any church that hires him. However, if he enjoys it, and really thinks it was a good joke, I am very sure I don't want to dilute his pleasure in the least by dispelling the illusion. It reminds me, though, of a neat remark which the editor of *Harper's Magazine* made three years ago, in an article wherein he was pleading for charity for the harmless vanity of poor devil scribblers who imagine they are gifted with genius. He said they didn't know but what their writing was fine—and then he says: "Don't poor Martin Farquhar Tupper fondle his platitudes and think they are poems?" That's it. Let the Bishop fondle his little joke—no doubt it is just as good to him as if it were the very soul of humor.

But I wonder who in the mischief is "St. George-the-Martyr-Up-Town?" However, no matter—the Bishop is not going to take his chances altogether with St. George-the-Martyr-Up-Town, or with the little sparrows that are subject to accidents, either—he has a judicious eye on cotton. And he is right, too. Nobody deserves to be helped who don't try to help himself, and "faith without works" is a risky doctrine.

Now, what is your idea about his last paragraph? Don't you think he is spreading it on rather thick?—as "the ungodly" would term it. Do you really think there is any rain behind all that thunder and lightning? Do you suppose he really means it? They are mighty powerful adjectives—uncommonly powerful adjectives—and sometimes I seem to smell a faint odor of irony about them. But that could hardly be. He evidently loves me. Why, if I could be brought to believe that that reverend old humorist was discharging any sarcasm at me, I would never write to him again as long as I live. Thanks I will "get my deserts hereafter"—I don't hardly like the ring of that, altogether.

He says he will pray for me, though. Well, he couldn't do anything that would fit my case better, and he couldn't find a subject who would thank him more kindly for it than I would. I suppose I shall come in under the head of "sinners at large"—but I don't mind that; I am no better than any other sinner and I am not entitled to especial consideration. They pray for the congregation first, you know—and with considerable vim; then they pray mildly for other denominations; then for the near relations of the congregation; then for their distant relatives; then for the surrounding community; then for the State; then for the Government officers; then for the United States; then for North America; then for the whole Continent; then for England, Ireland and Scotland; France, Germany and Italy; Russia, Prussia and Austria; then for the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Timbuctoo; and those of Saturn, Jupiter and New Jersey; and then they give the niggers a lift, and the Hindoos a lift, and the Turks a lift, and the Chinese a lift; and then, after they have got the fountain of mercy baled out as dry as an ash-hopper, they bespeak the sediment left in the bottom of it for us poor "sinners at large."

It ain't just exactly fair, is it? Sometimes, (being a sort of a Presbyterian in a general way, and a brevet member of one of the principal churches of that denomination,) I stand up in devout attitude, with downcast eyes, and hands clasped upon the back of the pew before me, and listen attentively and expectantly for awhile; and then rest upon one foot for a season; and then upon the other; and then insert my hands under my coat-tails and stand erect and look solemn; and then fold my arms and droop forward and look dejected; and then cast my eye furtively at the minister; and then at the congregation; and then grow absent-minded, and catch myself counting the lace bonnets; and marking the drowsy members; and noting the wide-awake ones; and averaging the bald heads; and afterwards descend to indolent conjectures as to whether the buzzing fly that keeps stumbling up the window-pane and sliding down backwards again will ever accomplish his object to his satisfaction; and, finally, I give up and relapse into a dreary reverie—and about this time the minister reaches my department, and brings me back to hope and consciousness with a kind word for the poor "sinners at large."

Sometimes we are even forgotten altogether and left out in the cold—and then I call to mind the vulgar little boy who was fond of hot biscuits, and whose mother promised him that he should have all that were left if he would stay away and keep quiet and be a good little boy while the strange guest ate his breakfast; and who watched that voracious guest till the growing apprehension in his young bosom gave place to demonstrated ruin, and then sung out: "There! I know'd how it was goin' to be—I know'd how it was goin' to be, from the start! Blamed if he hain't gobbled the last biscuit!"

I do not complain, though, because it is very seldom that the Hindoos and the Turks and the Chinese get all the atoning biscuits and leave us sinners at large to go hungry. They do remain at the board a long time, though, and we often get a little tired waiting for our turn. How would it do to be less diffuse? How would it do to ask a blessing upon the specialities—I mean the congregation and the immediate community—and then include the whole broad universe in one glowing, fervent appeal? How would it answer to adopt the simplicity and the beauty and the brevity and the comprehensiveness of the Lord's Prayer as a model? But perhaps I am wandering out of my jurisdiction.

The letters I wrote to the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Cummings of Chicago, urging them to come here and take charge of Grace Cathedral, and offering them my countenance and support, will be published next week, together with their replies to the same.

MARK TWAIN.

SOMETHING LIKE A CONJUROR.

[We select the following extracts from an article in *Once a Week*. The principal actor is a Hindoo conjuror. The jugglers throughout Asia are all of one class, and their sons become jugglers or musicians, their daughters dancing girls, the secrets of the trade being handed down from father to son.]

PRIZE BALANCING.

THE old conjuror now said that, for his next trick, he must be somewhere out of the glare of the sun, and sheltered from any air which might be stirring. We accordingly adjourned to the verandah. The conjuror spread a piece of matting, and squatted, produced from his shawls a bag, and emptied it on the stone in front of him. The contents were a quantity of little bits of wood: some, lorked-like branches of a tree; some, straight; each a few inches long; besides these, there were some fifteen or twenty little painted wooden birds, about half an inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and, turning his face up in the air, poised it on the tip of his nose. The little boys who sat by him henceforth handed him whatever he called for. First, two or three more pieces of wood, which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece, to which he gradually made additions, until he had built upon his nose a tree with two branches. He always kept its balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding a piece in each hand, and never once taking his eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a skeleton of a tree was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could just reach with his hands to put the topmost branches on. It was a wonderful structure, and we all held our breath as he added the last bits. But it was not done yet. The boys now handed him the little birds, and, still two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them all over the tree. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose, was something wonderful, and I think he must have breathed through his ears, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about nose or mouth. After putting all the birds on, he paused, and we, thinking the trick was finished, began to applaud. But he held up his forefinger for silence. There was more to come. The boys put into one of his hands a short hollow reed, and into the other some dried peas. He then put a pea in his mouth, and using the reed as a pea shooter, took aim and shot off the branch one of the birds. The breath he gave was so gentle and well calculated that it gave no perceptible movement to his face; it just sent the pea far enough to hit a particular bird with perfect aim, and knock it over. Not another thing on the tree moved. Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down, and so on until all the birds were bagged. The fire was then directed at the branches and limbs of the tree, and, beginning from the topmost, the whole of this astonishing structure was demolished piecemeal even more wonderfully than its manner of erection.

A "TOUGH YOUTH."

He now said he would like to show us his son, who had a wonderful skin inside and out: it being, he assured us, "leather." He then shouted out for him, calling some outlandish name; but his followers, who evidently knew whom he wanted, shouted "Leather-fellow!" In a few moments a yellow-skinned boy of about twelve or fourteen appeared, dressed only with a bit of red calico round his loins. The old man asked whether we had any heavy weights, and we produced two bags of shot weighing about fourteen pounds each. He tied a piece of string to each of these, and a fish-hook at the other end of the string; then, telling him to go down on his hands and knees and put his head close to the ground, he put a fish-hook in the lobe of each ear, and the boy, slowly lifting his head, raised the shot-bags from the ground and moved along on his hands and knees. The ears did not bleed, but were drawn to a considerable length, and I expected to see the hooks tear out; but nothing happened. After he had crept some twenty yards, he returned, and the hooks were taken out of his ears. The next operation was more horrible to look at. The hooks were actually inserted in the upper eyelids, near the inner corner, and as the boy raised his head the eyelids were drawn half way down his cheeks. But he raised the bags by his eyelids, and moved along as before. A little of this sort of performance went a long way, and we soon cried "Enough."

SWORD SWALLOWING.

He now announced that the boy would swallow a sword. We had heard stories about the sword-blade's pushing up into the hilt, and so forth. We examined the sword closely, therefore, when it was produced. It was a common two-edged sword, about an inch broad and two feet long. The edges were very blunt, and the point was quite rounded. It was evidently kept for the purpose, but there was nothing false about the hilt. The boy first filled his mouth with ghee from a cup which one of our khitmutgars brought, and then stood bolt upright, with his face turned up, his mouth closed and full of ghee. The old man stood behind him, and inserted the point of the sword between his lips and teeth, and gradually

pushed it down, until the hilt touched his teeth; the ghee had in the mean time run down his throat. We were now told to come and feel the sword in his stomach. We pressed our fingers just where the ribs separate in front, and there we could distinctly feel the end of the sword. As soon as we were satisfied, the sword was slowly drawn out, and, beyond a retch or two, the boy's inside did not seem to be upset by this skilful introduction of a thick probe through the gullet.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A BOY—THE NEW GYGES.

The old man now said he must bring the performances to a close, but before going would show us something more wonderful than anything we had seen yet.

"Sahibs," said he, "you saw me make the mango-tree grow out of the sand; in the same spot I will make this chokra," putting his hand on the head of the yellow leather-skinned boy, "disappear in the earth." We did not think it very likely that he could do this under our very noses without our discovering the trick. However, we arranged ourselves as before in the verandah, our servants and the old man's followers forming a semicircle in front of and facing us. In the centre of the semicircle sat the old conjuror; in front of him squatted the yellow-skinned boy. The conjuror now asked for a big basket, and one of our servants brought him an old hamper from the outhouse. He took it up and placed it over the boy so as to cover him altogether. At the moment of his doing this, I remembered afterwards that several persons clustered up round him as if to watch closely what he did. The instant the basket was on the old man said, "Does it press on you?" The peculiar shrill voice of the boy, which we had been hearing for the last half hour, answered from underneath, "Yes, it presses on my head." "Well, be quick and get into the earth," said the old man, "and don't keep the sahibs waiting." In about ten seconds the boy's voice said, "I can't get down, there is a stone in my way." "Nonsense," said the old man, "if you are not gone in two minutes, I'll flog you." The conversation went on for some minutes, the boy whining, and the old man scolding and getting angry. At last we said, "Oh, let the little brute out; you can't do the trick while we are watching, and we never thought you would."

This only made the old conjuror more angry. He began to curse and swear in Mahrattee frightfully, declaring he had never before failed in a trick. We laughed at him until he worked himself into a rage that was hideous to see. He tore his puggaree off, threw his arms about, and, all of a sudden, before we knew what he was going to do, he seized a spear from one of his followers and plunged it into the basket. A hideous scream came from underneath, and blood flowed out upon the sand. Then, seizing the spear, he jabbed it repeatedly through the basket, shrieks following every stroke. Blood flowed like water. We were astounded, for we did not know whether this was a trick or not. We called on our servants to seize the old fellow, but they seemed to be frightened, and at last two of us, jumping out of the verandah, rushed towards the scene of murder. The diabolical old man was so intent in jobbing in the spear, that he paid no attention to our coming. My comrade seized him by the throat. I rushed to the basket and picked it up. There was nothing under it. Only the ground was covered with blood. Our servants crowded round, and the old conjuror, as soon as he could get his throat from my friend's grip, said, "There, sahibs! I was determined to send that fellow into the earth, and as he wouldn't go quietly, I had to force him." We looked round in amazement. "But where's the boy?" we asked. "Down there," said the old man, pointing to the ground; "but he'll be back soon." Suddenly, we heard the boy's peculiar shrill voice in the distance, calling out, "Here I am, sahibs!" Everybody turned their heads in the direction, and there, running in at the gate of the compound, was the yellow-skinned boy. A present of ten rupees sent away the old conjuror and his party, delighted.

SCOTT'S HANDWRITING.—Scott's own penmanship afforded, during his prime, the most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself for some very considerable period to the mechanical discipline of his father's office. It spoke to months after months of his humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastery from the hour that he left Harrow. "There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been submitted to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practiced invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropped instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years." Mr. Lockhart refers particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, he presumes, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. Sir Walter was quite sensible, it is added, that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him murmur, while involuntarily performing it, "There goes the old shop again!"

The skating club of St. Petersburg gave a grand ball on the Neva. To the usual splendor of this festival was added a magnificent pavilion constructed of blocks of ice four feet thick, which being brilliantly lighted up in the interior, produced the effect of a palace of crystal.

OFFICIAL LITERATURE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE Boston Journal says: "Genius is bound to shine, whether men welcome its light or not, and its slumbering fires often break out when least expected. Evidence of this great fact comes to us just now from New Hampshire, where, in the modest town of Andover, lives a man who,

"To fortune and to fame unknown,"

certainly should not be longer unknown to fame at least. He has achieved local distinction, but the scintillations of his genius should be allowed to flash across a broader field than the narrow precincts of a rural township. This new light in the intellectual world fills the important offices of Town Treasurer and Superintending School Committee. His annual reports in these capacities, recently issued, furnish striking illustrations of his peculiar genius, which seems to consist of a remarkable development of the bumps of language and combativeness. Some of his efforts are unique.

In his report as Treasurer he gives a 'touch of his quality in a hit at office-seeking rivals, who would oust him from his position at the public crib. After stating that in consequence of 'various twistifications' growing out of the disordered state of the currency, he had lost some of the town's money, he remarks:

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

"I put my hand in my pocket and replaced it, so the town is all right, and therefore it is none of your business: but I tell you of it (1) because it is true, and (2) because this community is not wholly exempt from a class of mental and moral pismires who ape the imperialism and claim the wisdom of Him who in the 'burning bush' was heard at Sinai. Their lips are ever parching with the fever of expectation—their eyeballs distended with hunger for some petty official position—unable to reach it as men do upon their merits, they resort to defamation and attempt to climb up by pulling others down. Contrary to their malevolent intentions, they ever build up what they seek to destroy. About all the prominence I ever had is owing to such howls of such jackals and hyenas."

LEGISLATIVE BRAINS.

"His next 'point' concerns that angust body, the higher branch of the Legislature, *videlicet*:

"The Davis case still hangs by the gills. Had the State Senate had as much brains as so many grasshoppers, it would have ended in August. I hope to have it off the docket in March."

"In his character as Superintending School Committee, our friend shines with fresh lustre. Read his description of

THE TOWN SCHOOL HOUSES.

"Scholars cannot be kept warm in the Beech Hill house in winter. The wind blows through as if it were a sieve. It is a perfect refrigerator. If the house is to be used, it ought to be put under ground in winter."

"The low roof and sand-patch location of the Turnpike House make it a capital *baby-roaster* in the heat of summer."

"The front of the Boston Hill house has been used for a woodshed. If the present efficient committee, and Rev. A. Buswell, former committee, are to be believed, that is all it is fit for."

"The antiquated inclined planes on which the seats are placed in the house on Tucker Mountain should be moved and the floor made level. Habits of uprightness can hardly be looked for under present disadvantages."

FLATULENT IN FRENCH.

"Kearsarge.—One term, five boys six girls. Book confusion at first. The established series at last. Small school. Much of its talent has let. Teacher scarcely 'sweet sixteen'; her first term. She is flatulent in French, 'posted' in algebra, proficient in Latin, a burrower in Greek, and, strange to say, her love for and knowledge of the common branches has in no wise abated. Very ambitious; very energetic; excellent order. Progress in all branches all that any one could have brought about in this school. Register correct. She richly earned her money."

EXCESSIVE HONESTY.

"Cilleyville.—Teacher has had some experience. She was excessively honest—she told me that she knew nothing of history. Would that many other pompous teachers would imitate her truthfulness. An excellent scholar in all else. She was so small I was afraid she could not manage the turbulent in this backward school, but she did, though I am unable to tell how. Great progress was made in all branches. Under her eye indifference became zeal and darkness became light. Her school was a splendid success; she earned at least three times the money she was paid, and the committee deserves a whipping at the cart's tail for not paying her more than he did. He probably thought a teacher should receive compensation according to size."

BIRCH NOT OF DIVINE ORIGIN.

"Turnpike.—The book chaos grew worse and worse, till scarcely two had the same kind of books in anything. I had to clear the Augean stable. From that time progress was very marked indeed—only the established list is now used. The first term was very quiet; the next very fair. The great sin of this teacher is that she does not consider the birch of divine origin. This year the cross currents whirled fearfully, but this time they did not touch the teacher and so destroy the school."

"We doubt if any other state can match our New Hampshire friend for independence and originality."



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

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BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL
SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGURY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express.

ja25-tf

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Farridge & Co."

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents, San Francisco

ja25-tf

BREWSTER & CO'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA, will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, Broome street,

de17-5m NEW YORK.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration, particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OODEN, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street,
San Francisco.

1-17 5m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Duhal,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FURNISHING GOODS,

GENTLEMEN'S

Fine Clothing

—AND—
J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE TIME!



WM. B. BRADBURY'S
New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

No. 427 Broome street, New York.

A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

ap29-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

my25

METALLURGIC INSTITUTE,

FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing.

The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations.

fe25-tf

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf

J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

San Francisco

ly2

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,



WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22-3m

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

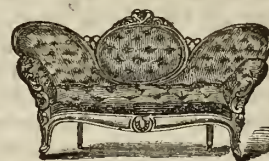
Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET!

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have leased the large three-story Building, Nos. 425 and 427 BATTERY STREET, near Washington street, in connection with our store on MONTGOMERY STREET, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants

Contractors, and the public generally, with the

best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge.

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22 3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments.

Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's, Westons' and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
mh4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

I. D. THOMPSON'S

WINE ROOMS,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

No. 321 MONTGOMERY STREET, (a few doors below California.)

Dealer in the choicest Brands of WINES and LIQUORS, and Importer of PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY.

Families, Passenger Clubs and Parties supplied promptly, and all Goods delivered free of charge.

fe4-5m

I. D. THOMPSON, Proprietor

THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES.

WE condense the telegraphic intelligence of the week, giving at a glance the progress of the closing movements of the war. Jeff. Davis, without an army, and trammelled only by his plunder, is making his way out of the country he has so deeply wronged, and perhaps is ere this applying for a dukedom in Maximilian's empire or endeavoring to find safety for a time in the island of Cuba:

A Washington correspondent of a New York paper gives the following particulars of Johnston's final surrender: "At six o'clock on the morning of the 25th, General Sherman notified Johnston that the terms were not accepted, and that the truce would end in forty-eight hours. Later in the day he sent another flag, demanding a surrender on the same terms accorded to Lee. Johnston replied on the 25th, asking an interview for modifying the previous agreement of surrendering the army. Sherman declined to discuss the subject on the basis of the old agreement, but named the time and place where he would meet him.

"They accordingly met near Dunham's Station, twenty-seven miles from Raleigh, on the 26th. Johnston was outspoken and frank in arranging the agreement for capitulation. A few minutes' conversation settled the preliminaries and the terms. These were soon reduced to writing and signed, and are the same as extended to Lee, although not expressed precisely in the same language. The negotiations were conducted in Sherman's name. Johnston had no intimation of the Lieutenant General's presence at Raleigh until after the terms of capitulation were signed, when Grant quietly put his approval on the back of them. During the interview between Sherman and Johnston, the latter uniformly declared that the war was over; that to continue it a moment longer would not only be wrong, but criminal; and that when the Southern people learned that his army and Lee's had surrendered, there would be none to counsel a longer continuance of the contest. He stated openly that his troops should fight no longer if he could obtain reasonably satisfactory terms, and that he would disband and send them home."

The terms granted to Johnston embrace the surrender of the four armies of the military division of the West, but excluding that of Dick Taylor, lying west of the Chattahoochee river. Among the Generals surrendered is Beauregard; the principal among the Lieut.-Generals is Hardee. Wade Hampton refused to be given up. Sixty-six General Officers are included, ranking as follows: Full Generals, 3; Lieut.-Generals, 5; Major-Generals, 20; Brigadier-Generals, 38. The total number is 27,000, although more names are given. All militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States are included.

Newbern advices state that Johnston attempted to obtain terms from Grant which would provide for the pardon of Jeff. Davis and other leading insurrectionary conspirators, but the Lieut.-General would listen to nothing of the kind, and Johnston had to be satisfied with the conditions granted to Lee.

The last positive information of Jeff. Davis' movements was that he passed through Charlotte, on his way southward, escorted by a brigade of cavalry, probably Wade Hampton's, on the 23d. General Wilson was at Macon on the 20th, and virtually held all southern Georgia, so the chances are that Davis cannot escape. From certain indications it is probable that he will continue his flight south, and endeavor to reach Cuba in some small vessel or fishing boat from a point on the Florida coast, and rumor places a heavy sum to his bank account in Havana.

The Times' Washington special says the authorities are engaged in a most thorough investigation of the assassination plot, sending out in all directions. In the vicinity of Washington nearly two hundred persons have been arrested, principally from adjacent counties in Maryland.

Our Consul-General in Canada has given notice to the authorities that all criminals connected with the assassination of President Lincoln must be surrendered to the United States authorities.

Lee's paroled soldiers going home through the Shenandoah valley requested to be permitted to take the oath of allegiance. Many of Mosby's guerrillas have come into Winchester with the paroled soldiers, and among them his second in command, Lieut.-Col. Chambers.

The Macon, Atlanta and Columbus papers contain accounts of the march of Wilson's force up to the 20th. The rebels are represented as fighting hard, but were defeated, and lost West Point, Columbus and Montgomery. The West Point Railroad was burned. All bridges, rolling stock and the La-grange depot were burned, but no private property. The city of Griffin was surrendered by the Mayor.

Advices from New Orleans report that the rebel ram Webb passed New Orleans in broad daylight, at a rapid rate, displaying the Stars and Stripes. After passing she hoisted the rebel flag. When a few miles above Fort Phillip her condenser got out of order. She was then deserted and blown up.

One hundred and five officers and one thousand men of Morgan's old command surrendered to Gen. Hobson, at Mt. Sterling. Twelve hundred rebels also surrendered at other points to Gen. Hobson's troops. Several hundred deserters from the rebel army took the amnesty oath, and Eastern Kentucky is now clear of rebel troops.

Nine hundred rebels surrendered at Cumberland Gap, on the 28th of April, and were paroled.

An order from the War Department, signed by W. A. Nichols, A. A. G., has been issued, reducing the expenses of the military establishment, in view of the immediate reduction of the forces in field and garrison, and the speedy termination of hostilities.

The Herald's Selma (Ala.) dispatch says among the prisoners captured there were one hundred and fifty officers. Lieut.-Gen. Dick Taylor made his escape on the steamer *N. B. Forrest*. Dan. Adams, Roddy, Armstrong and Crosland, under cover of darkness, reached the swamp east of the city and eluded capture. The officers, comprising their staffs, were taken.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, says: A post mortem examination of Booth's body showed that the ball which killed him, did not touch the brain, but, striking the spinal column, produced immediate paralysis. The opinion of the surgeon is that he must have died a horrible death, the brain being active and consciousness complete up to the very moment of dissolution. Nearly all the parties directly implicated are now in custody. Paine, the Seward assassin, is brother of one of the St. Albans raiders. There are six brothers in all, reckless and daring. Two were with Walker in Nicaragua.

A Washington telegram of the 27th of April, says that "Booth's body has been placed where it will never be seen by mortal eyes again."

In deference to the feelings of many Christians relative to Ascension Day, President Johnson has issued a proclamation appointing June 1st as a day of humiliation and prayer, instead of May 25th.

The Commercial's Washington special despatch says the vaults of the Farmer's Bank in Richmond have been opened and their contents found to be undisturbed.

A New Madrid telegram of April 28th, says the steamer *Sultana* exploded and sunk between there and Memphis. Twenty-two hundred people were on board, most of whom were paroled Union soldiers from the Anderson prison. Not more than nine hundred were saved. It is thought that an infernal machine had been put in the coal.

A despatch, dated April 19th, says an officer from Dick Taylor's staff arrived at Canby's headquarters to make terms for the surrender of Taylor's command.

Information has been received at the Navy Department that the rebel iron-clad *Stonewall* left Teneriffe on the 22d of April for the West Indies, and is supposed by this time to be in that locality.

THE INAUGURATION PROCESSION IN NEW YORK.—Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* gives four views of the great commercial features of the inauguration procession, and says that the mechanical and industrial features of New York were never before so fully represented. As an evidence of how universally the working element entered into the spirit of the event, we quote its description of the demonstration made by the Singer Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company:

This company made a display in the procession—which we illustrate elsewhere—commensurate with the magnitude of its enormous business. They turned out one six-horse team, decorated with red, white and blue plumes, drawing a truck, upon which was erected a pavilion, covered and draped with the national colors, and in which eight young ladies were engaged in operating the Singer Sewing Machines, in the manufacture of army clothing. On either side of the pavilion was inscribed the following unique and telling motto:

"We clothe the Union armies, while Grant is 'dressing' the rebels."

Following this was a four-horse team gaily dressed, and two tandem teams, drawing the wagons of the company, loaded with Sewing Machines, directed to some of the principal branch houses located in the several quarters of the world, the whole preceded by a full band, and escorted by 1,000 men, employees of the company. The men marched in platoons, with guidons indicating the respective branches of the business to which they belonged.

Altogether, this was doubtless one of the most attractive, as it was the most extensive, display made by any one establishment in the city, and we doubt if it could be exceeded by any in the world. It is in keeping, however, with the well-known patriotism of the Singer Manufacturing Company.

THE BRADBURY PIANO.—Prominent among all the candidates for public favor stands the Wm. B. Bradbury Piano, an instrument in whose commendation too much cannot be said. It is scarcely two years since their manufacture was commenced, and in that short time they have become world-renowned, and have by sheer force of superior merit taken the lead as the acknowledged favorites in many portions of the United States. To say that they are in every respect splendid instruments, is a very mild statement of their value. The new scale adopted by Mr. Bradbury is the *ac plus ultra* of equalization, giving a perfect equality of tone ranging through the whole extent of the instrument. They are peculiarly distinguished for their breadth, purity, sweetness and bird-like quality of tone, and for their remarkable sustaining power. In elasticity of action they are unsurpassed, and testimonials from may eminent musicians accord to them all that is claimed by their maker—superiority over all others. Those who want a really first class instrument should call on or send to Wm. B. Bradbury.—N. Y. Independent.

INVESTING MONEY.—Many persons are unaware where or how to deposit their surplus money—the savings of economy and the results of labor. There are many solvent Loan Societies in the city which afford security and interest. Among them we recognize the California Building and Loan Society, of which Mr. Mooney is Secretary, as one based upon enduring and thoroughly solvent principles. It is a joint stock company, chartered for fifty years, has upwards of three hundred partners and a fixed capital of \$250,000. No panic can possibly disable this society—its numerous shareholders are so many witnesses and sureties to depositors—to say nothing of the extensive property which the Company now holds in every part of the city. We think, therefore, that it offers full security to the public depositor, and we notice from its advertisement that it pays depositors a high interest.—Call.

FINE CLOTHING.—J. R. Mead & Co., corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, have recently received their installments of Spring styles of Custom-made Clothing, and are now prepared to dress gentlemen with that superior taste and finish for which their house is so celebrated. One trial will satisfy any man of judgment or taste that Messrs. Mead & Co. fully understand "the eternal fitness of things."

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

FOR THE

Municipal Election!

In accordance with the statutes made and provided, public notice is hereby given that the Annual Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco will be held on TUESDAY, May 16, 1865; and the qualified Voters of said City and County are hereby called upon to meet in their respective Districts for the purpose of electing the following named officers at said Election, to wit:

Mayor; Sheriff; County Clerk; Recorder; Treasurer; Assessor; District Attorney; Superintendent of Common Schools; Surveyor; Harbor Master; Harbor Commissioner; Coroner, unexpired term; Coroner, full term;

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following Districts: 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, for the full term. Also, one School Director in the 8th District for unexpired term; and one School Director in the 12th District for unexpired term.

One Inspector and two Judges of Election for each of the twelve Districts; also one Inspector and two Judges of Election for the Second Election Precinct of the Twelfth District. In the election of Inspectors and Judges of Election, each qualified voter shall vote for one Inspector and one Judge of Election only, and the person having the highest number of votes for Inspector, shall be declared elected Inspector, and the two persons having the highest number of votes for Judges, shall be the Judges of Election for the respective Districts. (See Laws of 1857, page 210.)

Public notice is hereby given that the several Districts, as provided in the redistricting Act, approved March 21, 1864, are bounded and described as follows, to wit:

First District—Bounded by Washington street on the south, Kearny street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north and east.

Second District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Vallejo street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north.

Third District—Bounded by Washington street on the north, Kearny street on the west, California street on the south, and Market street and the Bay of San Francisco on the east.

Fourth District—Bounded by Vallejo street on the north, Kearny street on the east, Washington street on the south, and Larkin street on the west.

Fifth District—Bounded by California street on the north, Kearny street on the west, and Market street on the south and east.

Sixth District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Pine street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Washington street on the north.

Seventh District—Bounded by Harrison street on the south, Second street on the west, Market street on the north, and the Bay of San Francisco on the east.

Eighth District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Market street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Pine street on the north.

Ninth District—Bounded by Harrison street on the north, Seventh street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the south and east.

Tenth District—Bounded by Market street on the north, Seventh street on the west, Harrison street on the south, and Second street on the east.

Eleventh District—Bounded by Seventh street on the east, by Market street and Ridgeley street in a direct line to the Pacific Ocean on the north, by the Pacific Ocean on the west, and by the line of San Mateo County and the Bay of San Francisco to the line of Seventh street on the south and east.

Twelfth District—Bounded by Larkin street on the east, by Market street and Ridgeley street in a direct line to the Pacific Ocean on the south, and by the Pacific Ocean and the Bay of San Francisco on the west and north.

"All the islands in the Bay of San Francisco, or in the Pacific Ocean within the limits of said city and county, shall, for all election purposes, be included in the First District."

Due notice will be given of the places for holding the Polls in each district.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-ninth day of April, 1865.

H. P. COON,

Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco.

Attest: CHARLES L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

my6.

PEOPLE'S NOMINATING COMMITTEE FOR 1865-6.

CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO: In accordance with your request, the People's Committee of 1863 and 1864 have met together and chosen a Committee for 1865.

At about the close of our Conventional labors, the appalling news of the assassination of the President of the United States reached us; our address to you was prepared, but the terrible news of our loss indicated that a special meeting should be held, expression of our feelings adopted, our address changed to suit the occasion, and that our whole work might be rigidly inspected before the names of the new Committee were offered to the public. In selecting a Committee we have most thoroughly investigated and tested the loyalty of every nominee, in addition to which we have exacted from each member the following oath:

"Do you solemnly swear that you have faithfully supported the Administration since March 4th, 1861, by word, deed and action, and that you have not uttered a word, or harbored a thought, which was or could be prejudicial to the welfare of the Government of the United States, and that you voted for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson last November?"

We have aimed to select from different classes of citizens those known for their intelligence, worth and general fitness, and who from their antecedents we know have the welfare of the community at heart; who have no selfish or personal schemes in view, no friends to favor or enemies to punish. Our system of reform has been so thoroughly established that, strange as it may appear, our example is having a large and beneficial influence upon cities whose years of experience should have entitled them to homage they have failed to earn.

We trust the names we now present to the public will meet with its cordial approval, having full faith that as a Committee they will nominate none for office but those unquestionably loyal, and in all respects can claim the admiration and respect of all good citizens.

The close approach of election day is our only apology for appearing before the public at a time when every heart is full of sorrow, the city and nation stricken with grief, and when the emblems of mourning, with every word and movement, should be dedicated to an observance of the Nation's calamity.

R. G. SNEATH,

President People's Committee, 1863.

J. J. FELT,

President People's Committee, 1864.

PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE FOR 1865.

First District—Isaac S. Josephi, importer of jewelry; James B. Stetson, tinsmith.

Second—B. P. Belcher, teamster; Seixas Solomons, book-keeper.

Third—A. J. Kellogg, photographer; George C. Boardman, insurance agent.

Fourth—James McMeenan, hardware importer; W. K. Vandervelde, silversmith.

Fifth—W. H. Lyon, brewer; T. L. Barker, importer.

Sixth—J. Roome Lewis, bag factor; Robert J. Tiffany, hatter.

Seventh—J. O. Eldridge, auctioneer; John Barton, dealer in salt.

Eighth—C. H. Wetherbee, lumber dealer; C. Kirk, coal dealer.

Ninth—George C. Shreve, jeweller; Benj. Brewster, clothier.

Tenth—F. W. Brooks, paper dealer; A. D. McDonald, stove dealer.

Eleventh—J. S. Hutchinson, banker; Walter Vaudyke, lawyer.

Twelfth—Dr. E. F. Russell, dentist; David Pomeroy, milkman.

(Attest.) ANDREW J. GOVE, Secretary for Joint Convention.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1865.

ap29

THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning. A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4-3m

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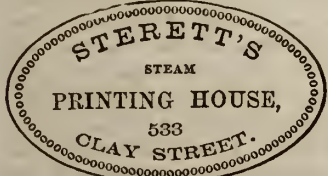
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JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

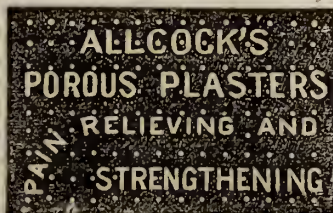
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Eye Salve!

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A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an impure state of the Blood, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

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And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Neck, or Female Breast.

As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

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MAY 13th!

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

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Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

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No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00 10:40 11:20 12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before, my25 F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent

OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

[The following extract is from an able article in the *North American Review*. It is the more valuable as a calm, dispassionate analysis of our late President's character, having been written previous to that calamity, which gave to his life a martyr's significance.]

A MAN is to be judged by the current of his life. No fair opinion can be reached by an analysis of single acts; and after a careful, serious and deliberate review of Mr. Lincoln's course during the last four years, we do not hesitate to say that there is no statesman in America to whose hands the great authority and power of the Presidency could be more fitly and confidently committed. And, in saying this, we do not disregard the fact that the affairs of the nation during the next four years will demand the highest statesmanship in the men called upon to direct them. The questions which returning peace and the re-establishment of the Government will bring up for determination will be no less perplexing than those which have attended the course of the war. To restore the State, to settle the Union upon the firm foundations of order, will be a task requiring the best wisdom. It is vain to attempt to predict the exact form in which these questions will present themselves, but upon their correct solution depends the future welfare of the nation; and they will, we may be sure, be debated with an earnestness of feeling proportioned to their importance. And it is plain that what we have been hitherto but imperfectly as a nation, we are to become quite thoroughly. America is to become more American. We have passed the period of experiment. We have met, resisted and overcome the worst perils. Prosperity and adversity have alike instructed us in the worth of our institutions, have alike confirmed our confidence in the genuine principles of democracy, and strengthened our faith in popular government.

By birth, by education, by sympathy, Mr. Lincoln is of the people. His training has been in the popular school. He is an American in the best sense; and it is a circumstance, beyond measure fortunate, that a man of this stamp should be at the head of affairs at a juncture so critical as the present, and during a period in which American principles are, as we have said, to receive new developments and wider application.

In Mr. Lincoln's position, the conflicting interests and the contradictory opinions of men of the loyal, and especially of the border States, have made it a task of extreme difficulty and delicacy to learn the true sentiment of the North. To unite and to keep united the people of the loyal States in the support of the administration, so far as such union was possible, was Mr. Lincoln's arduous task. On this union depended the power to carry on the war. Every delay, every disaster to our arms, every incompetence, every personal disappointment and private grief, every wounded vanity, all partisan hates and jealousies, every danger, in fine, against which an American statesman could be called on to provide, lay in his path. He could not, if he did his duty, expect either wholly to please his friends or to win his enemies; he could not force compliance with his views, or insist on the adoption of measures which he might deem desirable or essential. His character was not fitted to secure a strong body of personal supporters. He stood comparatively isolated and alone; and his duty was to save the Union, and to save it with its institutions sound and whole. Popular opinion was changing and developing rapidly. Mr. Lincoln's own views were changing and advancing with it. But it was impossible to make sure of popular opinion, so diverse were the voices of the people. "I am approached," said Mr. Lincoln, "with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure," he added with humorous irony, "that either one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps, in some respects, both are." The elements in the problem given him to solve were of the most complex and difficult character. He might well be pardoned if, doing his best, he had failed. Sagacious, beyond most men, in his estimate of popular opinion he has the intuition of a genuine statesman as to the manner and moment of its use. He has not fallen into the common error of politicians, of mistaking a gust of enthusiasm or of passion for the steady wind of conviction, or of fancying a thundersquall of violence to be a black storm of gathered discontent. He has not sought to control events, but he has known how to turn events—among the most important of which are to be reckoned the moods of a great people in time of trial—to the benefit of the cause of the nation and of mankind.

The mania for inviting artists to suppers and parties in order to have them perform on the piano for the amusement of the invited guests, reminds us of an anecdote about Chopin. This celebrated composer was invited by the Comtesse d'Agoutt to supper, and after supper was invited to play. He sat down at the piano, touched the instrument for about two minutes, and then got up. "O, Monsieur Chopin," said the Comtesse, "you have played only so little!" "But Madame," replied Chopin, "I have only eaten so little!"

A female descendant of the great Marshal Turenne (the renowned French general,) has just been sentenced to imprisonment, for theft, at the petty sessions of the Seine.

NAPOLEON'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

[The following extracts from *The History of Julius Cæsar*, by Louis Napoleon, will be examined with interest, as indicative of the degree of ability which characterizes the work:]

SULLA'S DICTATORSHIP.

THE history of the last fifty years, and especially the Dictatorship of Sulla, evidently showed that Italy required a master. On all sides the institutions gave way before the power of one who was sustained not only by his own partisans, but also by the warlike crowd who, tired out by the action and the reaction of so many opposite parties, longed for order and repose. Had the conduct of Sulla been moderate, that which is called the Empire would probably have begun with him; but his authority was exercised with such cruelty and one-sidedness, that on his death people forgot the abuses of liberty, to think only of the abuses of tyranny. The more the democratic spirit spread, the more did the old institutions lose the prestige that once attached to them. In truth, as democracy, confiding and impassioned, always believes its interests to be more suitably represented by a single person than by a political body, it was ever inclined to intrust its future to him who should raise himself by merit above his contemporaries. The Gracchi, Marius and Sulla had each in turn disposed at their pleasure of the destinies of the Republic; had with impunity trampled under foot old institutions and old usages; but their reign was transient, for they represented only factions. Instead of comprehensive regard for the wishes and interests of the whole Italian peninsula, they favored this or that class of society exclusively. Some wanted, above all other things, to improve the condition of the pauper population of Rome, to procure emancipation for the Italiotes, or preponderance for the Equestrian order; while others sought to maintain the privileges of the aristocracy. Both failed. In order to found a durable order of things a man was wanting who, raising himself above vulgar passions, should combine in himself the essential qualities and the just ideas of each one of those who had preceded him, and who should avoid their defects as well as their errors. To the greatness of soul and the love for the people which distinguished certain of the Tribunes, he should join the military genius of the great Generals, and the profound attachment of the Dictator to order and hierarchy. The man qualified for so high a commission already existed, but, notwithstanding his name, he would perhaps have remained long unknown had not the penetrating eye of Sulla detected him amid the crowd, and by persecution drew the attention of the people upon him. That man was Cæsar.

DESCRIPTION OF CÆSAR.

* * * To these natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty stature and his finely-moulded and well proportioned limbs, imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eye was dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colorless, his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth was small and regular, and the lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his face an expression of kindliness, while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least, in his youth; but in the busts which were made towards the close of his life, his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue. His voice was sonorous and vibrating: his gesture noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living, and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease privations and fatigue. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labor, nor by excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions, once at Cordova and then at Thapsus, he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, or had the hairs plucked out; he brought forward artistically his hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness. He was reproached with the affectation of scratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with the laticlavi ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loins by a sash loosely knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Sulla was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing sash. He had a taste for pictures, statues, and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus. To sum up, there were found in Cæsar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the graces of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to

a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cæsar at the age of 18, when Sulla possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and still more so, perhaps, to women.

PERIODS OF TRANSITION.

In periods of transition—and this is their greatest danger—when it is necessary to choose between a glorious past and an unknown future, bold and unscrupulous men are those only who thrust themselves forward. Others, more timid and enslaved by prejudices, remain in the shade, and are an obstacle to the movement by which society is borne on to new ways. It is always a great evil for a country which has been a prey to agitation that honest men, or good men, as Cicero called them, do not accept the modern ideas which by moderating they might direct. Hence profound divisions. On the one hand, disreputable people profit by the good or evil passions of the crowd; on the other, honorable, but passive or intractable men, oppose all progress, and provoke, by their obstinate resistance, legitimate impatience and deplorable violence. The opposition of these last mentioned has the double disadvantage of leaving the field clear to those less worthy, and of keeping up doubt in the minds of the floating mass who judge of parties more by the probity of individuals than by the value of ideas. What passed in those times at Rome is a striking example of the fact. Was it not, indeed, just that people should hesitate to prefer to the faction which had its head illustrious persons like Hortensius, Catullus, Marcellus, Lucullus and Cato the party which counted in its ranks men like Catinus, Manlius, Catiline, Vatinius and Clodius? What more legitimate in the eyes of the descendants of the ancient families than that resistance to all change, and the disposition to consider all reform as utopian, and almost sacrilegious? What more logical than to admire the firmness and soul of Cato, who, still young, braved the threat of death rather than admit the possibility of becoming one day the defender of the cause of the allies demanding the rights of Roman citizens? And how should they not enter into the feelings of Catullus and Hortensius defending with obstinacy the privileges of the aristocracy, and manifesting their fears at the onward impulse to concentrate all authority in a single person?

And yet the cause supported by such men was doomed to perish, like everything else that has completed its time. In spite of their virtues, they were only an obstacle the more in the regular march of civilization, because they were deficient in the quality which is most essential in times of revolution—the faculty of understanding the requirements of the moment and the problems of the future. Instead of seeking out what could be saved from the wreck of the old régime, which was going to pieces on that most formidable of rocks—corruption of public morals—they refused to admit that the institutions to which the Republic had been indebted for its greatness would prove the cause of its decline. Terrified at every innovation, they confounded in the same proscription the sedition of a few Tribunes and the just demands of the people. But their influence was so considerable, and the ideas that were hallowed by them held such an empire over their minds, that they would still have obstructed the triumph of the popular cause, had not Cæsar, by putting himself at its head, given it new lustre and irresistible force. A party, like an army, cannot conquer but under a leader worthy to command it, and all who, since the time of the Gracchi, had raised the flag of reform had sullied it with blood and degraded it with revolt. Cæsar raised it up again and purified it. In order to constitute his party he had, it is true, sometimes recourse to agents far from estimable. The best architect can only build with the materials he has at hand; but his constant thought was to associate in his designs the most respectable men. He spared no effort to gain over Pompey, Crassus, Cicero, Servilius, Scipio, Q. Fuscus Cælenus, S. Sulpicius, and many others of the same stamp. In moments of transition, when the old system is in extremity and the new one not yet in place, the greatest difficulty does not consist in overcoming obstacles which are opposed to the installation of a Government called for by the wishes of the country, but in solidly establishing it: in founding it on the co-operation of honorable men penetrated with the new ideas, and firm in their principles.

WARMER THAN OUR ANCESTORS!—In a communication, made to the British Meteorological Society, Mr. Glashier stated, as a result of an elaborate inquiry, that the climate, during the last hundred years, had altered—that, in fact, the temperature of the year is two degrees warmer now than then: the temperature of the month of January has increased still more, and the winter months are all much warmer.

THERE were two soldiers once, in Grant's army, lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginian sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I love war. What made you go to the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife, and I love peace, so I went to the war."

INSURANCE.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM
OF INSURANCE.**WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,**
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.
CASH ASSETS, \$660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders -
Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, \$175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
GENERAL AGENTS.

np29 3m

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CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases
and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers
or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,423 Front street,
San Francisco.

fe11-6m

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL.

This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and, as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness. This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.

Terms easy.

FRANK JOHNSON.

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.
THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

oe15-4f

INSURANCE.

CALIFORNIA**Home Insurance Company,**

Capital \$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

DIRECTORS:

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OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
HENRY B. PLATT, President.
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R. N. VAN BUREN, Secretary.
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mh5-3m

REMOVAL.**INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.****THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY**

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.
J. W. H. TILLINGHAUST, Agent.
no19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Douchie, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,**MERCHANDISE,****FURNITURE,**

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

206 Front street, corner of California.
ju25-4f**RUPTURE.**

RADICAL CURE OF
Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empoessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupit of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedic and Surgical Machine-ist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street.

Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,**SAN JOSE.**

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
ju25

W. H. BROOKS,**STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,**

No. 51 THIRD STREET,

Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,
SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,
And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.
Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh23 3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!**THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!****PURIFY THE BLOOD!**

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.
In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Childhood, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.**W. F. BRANDRETH,**

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26

San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!**WONDERFUL TRIUMPH****IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.****DR. BEERS & CO.,**

Having removed from 617 Clay street

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the month are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.
Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10 3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL**E. F. BUNNELL,****SURGEON DENTIST,**

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued.
de3-3m

PORK TRIMMINGS GIVEN AWAY**WILSON & STEVENS,**

HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF Broadway and Sansome streets to their new store,

No. 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending through to Sutter, a few doors below the Metropolitan Market, and

"ARE GIVING AWAY!"

Hogs' Spare Ribs, Rib roast, Pork Chops, Hogs' Heads, Tender Loins, Kinecys, Pigs' Feet, Premium Hams, Sides, Lard, Pickled Pork, cheaper and better than at any other place in the City.

WILSON & STEVENS,

No. 506 MARKET STREET, and

ap8-1m

No. 7 SUTTER STREET.

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS
MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,

SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.

feb11-3m.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to **MARY HOWARD, Defendant.**—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEFFEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEFFEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to **AUGUSTE A. SCHAEFFEN, Defendant.**—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap8-ly8 inc

SILKS! SILKS!

TAAFFE & CO.,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM AUCTION,
and will offer, on

MONDAY, at their RETAIL STORE, at 30 per cent.
LESS THAN COST OF IMPORTATION:
200 Dresses good Gros de Rhine Silks, \$14 per dress.
125 Dresses good Gros de Rhine Silks, \$15 per dress.
100 Dresses Bischoff's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$16 per dress.
150 Dresses Bischoff's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$18 per dress.
200 Dresses Pouson's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$20 per dress.
120 Dresses Bonnet's Taffetas Silks, \$22 per dress.
100 Dresses Bonnet's Taffetas Silks, \$25 per dress.

ALSO,

SUPERIOR DRESS AND CLOAK SILKS, by the yard,
from \$1 to 8.

ALSO,

300 Dresses Glace Silks, \$15 per dress.
150 Dresses Glace Silks, \$20 per dress.
200 Dresses Glace Silks, \$25 per dress.

ALSO,

A large line of **RICHAUD ELEGANT FANCY DRESS SILKS**, from \$15 to \$150 per dress.
The above are all First Class Goods, new styles, and warranted PERFECT, and upon examination will be found the largest display of rich Dress Silks ever offered in the market of San Francisco.

TAAFFE & CO.,

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FAMILY DRY GOODS.

AT THE RETAIL STORE OF TAAFFE & CO.,

Purchasers will find, at very reasonable prices, a large and superior stock of

Table, Sheet and Shirting Linens;
Napkins, Towels and Toweling;
Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings
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Cloakings, Cloths and Cassimeres.

Also, from Auction,

200 pieces Real Welsh Flannels.

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THE ONLY

Exclusive Book House
ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

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SAN FRANCISCO.

We have on hand the largest and best selected stock of BOOKS, in every department of Literature and Science on the Pacific Coast,

WHICH WE OFFER FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Our stock is all fresh and in excellent order. All the new publications received as soon as issued from the press.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES, TEACHERS and CLERGYMEN supplied on favorable terms.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON TREASURER.

This Saturday Evening, May 6th, 1865,
The new sensational play of

The Poor of New York!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, May 9th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

THE POOR OF NEW YORK!

MONDAY EVENING,

First appearance of the great AMERICAN COMEDIAN,

Dan Setchell!

In
ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS,

—AND—

ONE THOUSAND MILINERS WANTED.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats \$1 00
Parquet 50 cents
Gallery 25 cents
Private Boxes \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

LAST NIGHTS OF

COOKE, ZOYARA & WILSON'S

GRAND

Combination Circus.

LAST AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,
TO-DAY!

LAST OF THE EVENING PERFORMANCES,

Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

ON THE

LOT ADJOINING THE INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL, JACKSON STREET,

Where the immense Pavilion has been erected.

FOUR DISTINCT EXHIBITIONS!

Mr. James Cooke's Celebrated Circus, from Astley's,
London, and the Hippodrome, New York;
Wilson's Mammoth Hippodrome and Circus;
Ella Zoyara's Equestrian and Acrobatic Troupe;
Mr. Henry Cooke's corps of Performing Dogs, Monkeys,
and Ponies, from all parts of the world.

The names of the principal Performers are:
Mr. JAMES COOKE, from Astley's, London;
ELLA ZOYARA, the Premiere Equestrienne;
OLMA, the great Ostrich, or the Eighth Wonder
of the World;

MADAME ELOUISE, LITTLE GEMMA,
JOHN BARRY, PERCY AUSTIN,
GEORGE PEOPLES,
YOUNG LEROY, Etc.

The Wonderful performing DOGS, MONKEYS and PONIES, considered the greatest wonder of modern times. They will appear as Jockey, Circus Riders; as driving in Aristocratic state, with liveried footmen; one is a fashionable Lady Equestrienne, of the Parisian Haute Ecole, exercising her dancing Horse; Dogs playing Horse, etc., etc.

This is considered the most comical exhibition in the world.

LAST GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,
TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 6th.

FOR FAMILIES AT HALF PRICES.

An enormous amount of money has been lavished in getting up this exhibition. ap22-

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suite of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

my6-3m

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, } 323 Montgomery street,
387 Broadway. } San Francisco, Cal.
do \$1.3m ap22-1t

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, near Montgomery.

THE GRAND

Italian Opera Season

OPERA NIGHTS,

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND SATURDAYS,

This Saturday Evening, May 6th, 1865,

Il Trovatore!

With the following eminent Artists:

SIGNORINA OLIVIA SCONCIA, Prima Donna Soprano, from La Pergola, Florence; Il Teatro Regio Turin; and the principal Theatres of Mexico, Peru and Havana.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Prima Donna Contralto, from the principal Theatres of Italy, England and Academies of Music, New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

SIGNOR GIOVANNI SBRIGLIA, Primo Tenore, from the Teatro San Carlo, Naples; Academy of Music, New York; and Opera Imperiale, Mexico.

SIGNOR DOMENICO ORLANDINI, Primo Baritone, from the principal Theatres of Italy, Teatros Imperiales of Brazil and Mexico, and Tacon, Havana.

SIGNOR E. MAFFEI, Primo Basso Profundo, from the principal Theatres of Europe, America and Mexico.

CONDUCTOR.....A. REIFF JR.

The Box Office will open on SATURDAY MORNING.
ap29

FRENCH LECTURES.

A SERIES OF

FIVE FRENCH LECTURES

WILL BE GIVEN BY

Professor C. Miel,

AT HIS INSTITUTE, NO. 55 SOUTH PARK,

In the following order:

Tuesday, May 9—Cornelle and Victor Hugo.
Friday, May 12—Mmes. De Sevigne and George Sand.
Tuesday, May 16—Moliere and Scribe.
Friday, May 19—Lafontaine and Beranger.
Tuesday, May 23—Bossuet and Lamennais.

Each Lecture will take place at half past seven P. M.

Card for the Series, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, \$5, (to be had at Prof. Miel's Institute.) my6

THE WILLOWS!

The HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort was opened to the public on SUNDAY, the 24 of April, 1865; also the grounds were thrown open to those who wish to spend a few hours of recreation and pleasure; also the Lodging Apartments, Restaurants, and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will be in readiness for occupancy.

The Shooting Gallery, Ten-Pin Alleys, and Shuffle Board have been replaced, and are now ready for public patronage, as well as the Flying Horses for Children, which are now in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample Stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

The THEATRE has been newly decorated, and rendered more comfortable for public use, in which there will be a grand Instrumental Concert every Sunday Afternoon to be followed by a GRAND BALL.

The Grounds are thrown open to Military Companies, as well as for Schools, for Picnics, Military Parades, etc.

The Restaurant and Refreshment Saloons will be under the charge of WIMMER, the celebrated Caterer.

The Bars will be stocked with all the best brands of LIQUORS AND WINES, and nothing will be left undone to make the WILLOWS the grandest place of resort on the Pacific Coast. The Proprietors hope, by reason of experience and strict attention to the comforts of their guests, to secure a share of the patronage of the public.

North Beach and Mission Railroad Company Cars leave the corner of Montgomery and California streets every eight minutes for the Willows.

Programmes and Posters will be distributed throughout the city for Saturday and Sunday Performances.

JACOB WIMMER, Manager.

ap15

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28 1t

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MORGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,
(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place.)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.
ap22-1t

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaint is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hutch, M. D., China, Mo.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass., and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK," and "H. WISTAR, M. D."

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Is for sale by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,
San Francisco.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FIND IT."

VOLUME II., No. 24.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 13, 1865.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

MR. GLAISHER stated, in a recent communication to the British Meteorological Society, that he had discovered by long and patient research that the climate had, during the last hundred years, undergone a great change—that the temperature is now two degrees warmer than it was then. It would be strange indeed if this were not the case. It is generally admitted that the final destruction of this world will be effected by fire. As the core of fire burns away the substance of the earth, approaching nearer to the outer rind, it of course affects the climate. Each year will the climate grow warmer. The earth is being gradually prepared for destruction. That there is great store of inflammable material boarded up in its bowels is sufficiently evinced by the recent discoveries of coal oil. This world is admirably arranged for burning. When the Great Day comes, then will the internal fires be set loose from the caverns of the earth; they will rush forth greedily lapping the rivers of petroleum that will flow from every pore—that is, bore. The masses of snow which cap the mountains will melt and serve as fuel to the flame. Then will Apollo and Diana, (the sun and moon,) the hunter and huntress, descend upon the tortured earth as it writhes in expiring throes, "and the earth shall be chased like a roe." With lightning speed will our earth, changed into a comet, its huge tail of flame streaming forth from its disrupt interior, dart through infinite space. The climate is getting warmer! Strange, is it not? Every shaft sunk into the howels of the earth tends to make the climate warmer; every tunnel brings the world nearer to its final end. Man is destroying this beautiful world. Let him exult in the progress of Art and Science—they are the fiery steeds on which the earth is rushing to ruin; each new discovery is another engine of destruction let loose from Pandora's box. A ruined world preparing for destruction! Reflect on it, ye philosophers, who think that ye are wise when ye discover that it is warmer now than it used to be! Steadily is the store of fire enclosed in the centre of the earth pushing its way outwards through cracks and fissures towards the surface. "And there shall be earthquakes in divers places." As the fire pushes its way outwards, the earth, yielding to its pressure, will be rent, and what we call an earthquake be produced. "And there shall be wars and rumors of wars." The climate is getting warmer and men's passions are inflamed with the fire which warms the climate. As the earth approaches her final destruction her children—the parasites called men, which infest her surface—sympathizing with their common mother, will be seized with a desire to destroy. They will cease to value this earth as a beautiful spot; a dreadful premonition of its approaching fate will render them reckless. What matters it, when the sun and the moon shall descend from heaven, whether the population of the earth be many or few? What value will be set on life in those last days, when the hunters shall chase the poor torn earth like a roe through endless space? Well, well; it will be a long time before this happens—three, perhaps four hundred years. Let us build more railroads, make more wonderful discoveries, grope deep in the bowels of mother earth and tear them for the rich gold and silver which they contain—baits set to tempt us to rend her and make easy the final breaking up of her form. Yes, Mr. Glaisher, you are right—the climate is getting warmer, and will continue to do so. Summer will be long chase old Winter from the earth, and he will fly to some other planet which has not yet advanced so far in its preparations for being burned. The climate is decidedly warmer!

THE Prince of Wales went to Chertsey Steeple Chases, and while walking about, accompanied by his brother officers of the Guards, had his pocket picked of his watch. These Guards are evidently not watch guards. The police have not been able to discover the thief, but say that they have ascertained that, whoever he may be, he has already styled himself "Pickpocket to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales." The Prince is very much grieved at the loss of his watch, it having been a present from his mamma. The Guards ought really to take better care of Albert and see that he does not get his pocket picked by black guards. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" does not appear to guard a prince's pockets while he is "hedging" on the result of a steeple chase. The prince, when next his brother officers say, "Come now toward Chertsey," will be apt to leave a watch at home, or if he does pocket his watch will watch his pocket, lest some thief, ambitious to become a repeater of his "pal's" achievement, should make another descent on the prince's pocket and pick it in the midst of his Guards.

AMONG the books given as prizes to the scholars of the Denman Grammar School were three copies of *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*. That is all right; *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* is a nice Sunday book; but at the very top of the list published in the papers we notice *Byron's Poetical Works* as having been given to a young lady. Surely this cannot be the poetical works of the Byron who wrote that shockingly improper poem called "Don Juan"! We cannot believe that the Directors of the Denman Grammar School would give such a naughty book to one of the pupils. Perhaps he never read "Don Juan." If he never did, we can assure him that it is a very shocking poem, and the best thing he can do is to make that little girl give him back *Byron's Poetical Works* and let him give her a *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* instead.

THE *Alta* is truly most unfortunate in its attempts to serve its friends. It has such a very confused notion of the meaning of the majority of words in the English language that it, in nine cases out of ten, misapplies them in such a manner as to convey an idea directly opposite to that which it would, did it know what words it ought to enunciate. On Thursday it tried to say a good word for Mr. Nathan Porter, and succeeded in leading people to believe that he denied the divinity of Christ! The *Alta's* abuse can hurt no one, but its praise is terribly fatal to its object. If it wishes to praise a low comedian it will call him "dignified," while it will commend a tragedian for being fat and jolly-looking! Damning with faint praise is not an easy operation, but damning with *Alta* praise is deadly sure to be effectual. The *Alta* is like an affectionate but clumsy old cat who, in her attempts to fondle and cherish her kittens, rolls over on the poor little things and smothers them to death.

PEOPLE are very fond of abusing the *Alta*; they say it is dull and stupid, and that if it were not for the telegraphic despatches it would positively contain nothing worth reading. This is ungrateful. The *Alta* pays out large sums that it may present its readers with interesting news from all parts of the world, and if it is dull and stupid it is perfectly unobjectionable; it is not filled with bad language which no lady can read without a blush. One occasionally sees very interesting little items of news in the *Alta*. For instance, on Wednesday, after reading the telegraphic news, we looked carefully through its columns to see if there were anything else to read, and found the following:

"A terrier slut in Dayton, Nevada, has taken two kittens to nurse."

THE *Call* has a hit at the musical critic whom the *Alta* has, regardless of expense, hired, for this occasion only, to do up its criticisms during the opera season. It asks "What is 'floric execution' in music? Has it anything to do with flowers, or do flowers discourse music?" The *Call* thinks this is a floorer! Bah! It was only a flower of speech. Doesn't Shakespeare make the "Duke" in *Twelfth Night* say:

"That strain again—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,"

No doubt that idea was suggested by the "floric execution" of the musicians who played the strain. As to the last portion of the query, don't roses discourse music when they are blowing? Isn't Henry Bush's "Harp of the Day" the same sort of thing as a dabbler—or a day lyre?

R. D. Francis, correspondent of the *New York Times*, is writing letters to that paper telling people how shockingly bad the rations which the rebels gave Union prisoners confined in Libby Prison were, and what good rations the rebel prisoners who are now confined there receive from us. What on earth does it signify now, all the Union prisoners are freed? Each Union man was glad to receive his liberation and each rebel prisoner is satisfied with his Libby ration.

THE election is close upon us. The politicians are blowing like porpoises, spouting like whales. There are some queer fish among them. Before election day we shall have full biographies of all the candidates for position; interesting particulars about Jones' owing his washerwomen four bits for three weeks, how Tibbs was seen shaking hands with a "Copperhead" as they came out of church together, etc. etc. San Francisco is blessed with one paper at least that is not afraid to tell the truth—or anything else that suits its purpose, for that matter—and we may look for most interesting developments. Much dirt will be thrown, and by patient persistence some of it will at length be made to stick.

"HERE the lightning (between Carson and Salt Lake) prevented anything further being received."
TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

"Join us," cried th' unfettered flashes,
To the lightning tamed by man,
"Speak not, save in thunder crashes;
Leap forth from this paltry span!"
"Ah," replied the laboring lightning
"See, man has me wired down;
I who once flashed, mortals fright'ning,
Tamed, take news from town to town."
Angry gleam the lightning's flashes—
Fiercely on the wires, see,
Heaven's unfettered lightning dashes—
Joyful, sets man's captive free!

IN Oregon, Beale and Baker, arrested for the murder of an old man of the name of Delaney, have confessed their crime, but, says the *Bulletin's* correspondent, "attempt to gloss it over by a statement that their real purpose was only robbery, and that the old man was shot by reason of Baker misunderstanding Beale, who cried out to him 'not to shoot,' which the former understood and acted upon without the 'not.' They will probably both be allowed the benefit of a (k) not."

"WHAT is designed for the editor must be written on one side of the sheet only."—Exchange.

Papers, contributors request,
If they don't wish composers to bother,
To "write on one side only," though
They write on one side first—then, on the other.

"A THOUSAND demons lurk within the lee," nothing but the dregs of the *Young Rebellion* remain. Columbia has bravely drained the cup of bitterness offered to her lips, to the last drop—when she reached the lee, her task was done.

THE *Alta* advertises that it is prepared to do election printing, and among other little electioneering tools, mentions "gummed names, on superior paper made expressly for us." Is it possible that the *Alta* intends to play the gum game on the opposition party!

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Charles Goodyear devoted thirty years to the invention of India rubber. Did he really? And yet, after the invention was perfected, it was only one Good year's work.

A MORNING paper says that William H. Cross is a "negro of undoubted purity of descent." We don't believe it; else, "What's in a name?"

WE notice an advertisement of "milliners' feathers" for sale. The milliners from whom these feathers were plucked must have been little ducks.

TREASONABLE papers are being suspended in the interior and their publishers arrested. Would it not be better to suspend the publishers, and thus effectually arrest the publication of the papers?

IN Columbia, the other day, Edward Biddle married Emma Shilling. We hope he has got a good shilling, and will never want to change it.

TREM.

THE Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of the State of California closed its annual communication on Saturday last. The attendance was unusually large. The report of the Grand Secretary exhibits the prosperous condition of the Order, in brief as follows: Whole number of members December 31, 1864, 6,972; Past Grand, 1,156; initiated during the year, 961; admitted by card, 407; reinstated, 97; withdrawn, 347. Number of Lodges, 125. The Grand Lodge elected the following officers for the ensuing year: C. O. Burton, M. W. G. M.; I. N. Randolph, R. W. D. G. M.; Charles N. Fox, R. W. G. W.; T. R. Johnson, R. W. G. S.; Martin Heller, R. W. G. T.; Nathan Porter and Charles Marsh, R. W. G. Representatives; R. C. Clark, P. Robinson and Asa P. Andrews, Trustees. The Grand Encampment elected Louis Soher, M. W. G. P.

A MOTHER'S SONG TO HER INFANT.

DOVE of promise from life's portal,
Baby-bird upon my breast,
Flower of love from source immortal,
Sleep, my darling, sleep and rest.

Life from life your lips are seeking,
Drink its currents, hush your sighs,
There in joy its tides are beating—
From my heart its springs arise.

Love from out his ark hath sent thee,
Seeking life and seeking peace;
Fold thy wings, dove, stop and rest thee,—
On my bosom troubles cease.

Wanderer from the lands celestial,
Floating on Time's boundless sea,
Pilgrim now on land terrestrial,
Make thy home and rest with me.

A RIDE THROUGH THE RAISIN COUNTRY.

IT was three o'clock of an August morning, and the soft deep blue darkness of the Andalusian firmament was punctuated with golden and diamond stars that seemed to wink at me as, half-sleepily, I tugged to my earpet-bag, eventually, after a hard struggle, got the better of it and looked it with a chirping click of triumph. I descended the silent stone stairs of the Fonda Europa, thinking of Gil Blas's seampish but amusing night adventures, fell over two pails, one pair of boots and a tin dust-pan, and debouched by a side door into the now silent diligence office, where the shuffle and pawing of hoofs indicated the presence of horses.

But I must go back, or I shall never get on with the story of my wonderful ride through that enchanted Moorish country. My ride came to me thus: I and Major Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers, at present stationed at the Rock (as subs, with half-fretful love, call Gibraltar, when they do not contract it to Gib,) had come to Malaga from Bailen, the scene of the only real victory over the French the Spanish ever gained in the late Peninsular War. Tired of the City of Raisins, we determined to push on at once, hot and fast, for Granada, the city of the Moorish palace. Before we had well got down our muscatel-grapes and white bread, we hurried to the diligence office, invited by a red-lettered board inscribed with the names of a dozen or two cities. A severe old Don looked at us over his steel spectacles, and referred to endless books, muttering. It was of no use; people were hurrying back from bathing and the bull-fight, from Malaga to Granada. There were no seats for fifteen days. Imagine no conveyance, or rather, no places vacant, from London to Derby for fifteen days! My blood rose to two hundred and fifty in the shade, and I am afraid the Don grew offended at our impatience closed his books, nibbed his pen, and refusing to answer any further applications, began piling up a Nelson column of figures and then running up red lines with his pen as if he were climbing a ladder. In vain we clung to the mahogany rails of his desk, and, through the bars, put imaginary cases of possible misfortunes attendant on fifteen days' delay. Don Fulano was both deaf and dumb. In vain we talked about the Swiss system of Supplements, which were put on the road as postscripts for residue travellers who could not be accommodated by the regular diligence. In vain we enlisted allies in the shape of a valuable negro boots in a yellow jacket, who, with a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, addressed entreaties to Don Fulano worthy of Cicero in his best days. In vain he was joined by a friendly one-eyed touter in a rusty black-eraped hat, who threw himself into pathetic attitudes worthy of the old judicial Roman mimics who did the gestures while Cato did the speaking. All they did was to drive the Don almost to personal violence. The black Cicero and the Cyclops touter fled before his uplifted ruler. After some quieter diplomacy, however, and the shovel-boarding of a stray half-dollar, Don Fulano grew more civil. Don Denaro had done what neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could do.

Joy, joy in Avelon! Don Fulano erases the name of an old woman, who can safely be defied, and whose fifteen days are of no importance, and inserts —? "Whose name, Senor?" Hodgins and I looked at each other. We agree to toss up. Don Fulano puts his pen behind his ear, and huddles up to the rails to see the "sortes;" the old divination by lot. Up goes the dollar in a silvery summersault.

"Heads or tails? Man or woman?"

"Woman," I cry.

It comes the Queen of Spain, and I win.

Hodgins, before convivial and noisy, looked blank. I drew him into the little den of my friend the negro boots. I proposed to him that he should hire two horses and a guide, and ride over the spur of the Sierra Nevada, by way of Velez, Malaga and Alhama (Byron's Alhama,) to Granada—fair-land, sugar-canes, oleanders, Arabian nights, etc.

"And perhaps get murdered?" said Hodgins, taking to his cigar-case. "I don't seem to see it. Riding, when off duty, is a bore."

"My dear fellow," said I, with a quiet diplomatic smile, "I only said this to try you. I will be knight errant, and ride over the mountain, as you will not let me over-ride your objections. I start to-morrow morning at three: you at twelve to-night. You will be fourteen hours going, I two days; but never mind—

Come what, come may,
Time and tide wear out the roughest day."

"Delightful plan," said Hodgins, gaining heart. "Bravo! I admire your pluck: I have a great mind to go with you. Good-by. I'll go and order a cold fowl and a melon, to take with me for the night, for I shan't sleep a wink."

Hodgins was a lady's man, and a polite man, but self-denial was a virtue he had not learnt. If I had been murdered in the mountains, he would have said: "Bless my soul! Poor devil! I thought he was doing a foolish thing. I am sorry I cannot stop for his funeral; I must be back, you know, at Gib; my leave expires!"

My preparations were soon made. I filled my flask with Amontillado, and ordered some bisenits. El Moro, the guide, was to knock at my door at half-past two. Till then—it was now six—what to do? I read Ford and Dou Quixote for half an hour; then got out on the balcony, and listened to the military band performing a dirge in the Alameda for some Dou Donothing; watched the ladies with the fluttering fans, the priests and soldiers. Then as it got darker, I sat on my chair and marked the houses opposite—so open and transparent—each window a little domestic picture. That shop at the bottom, with the luminous red curtain before the door, is the barber's: a little toy-brass basin dangles over the threshold. The barber is a Madrid man, for I can hear him lisp his th's as the Northern Spaniards do, calling it Castilian; much to the contempt of Andalusians. That sort of stable-door next to it with an iron grating over the top, (there being no visible window at all,) is the entrance to a billiard-room; for, now that the lumps are lit up and down the street of the King's Fountain, I can see the luminous golden green cloth and the ivory balls running about, knocking their heads together. There is a great hum of voices in the street; but no fierce defiant whistling nor rebellious street cries, impudent and insulting. That place opposite, with the wide open doorway, is the diligence office, the boards at the door-posts are painted with red letters on white ground, and remind me of the diamonds in a pack of cards. Those quiet, elatty burgeses seated on chairs at the door, are people waiting to go by the Madrid diligence at eight o'clock. Part of them are El Tato's quadrille (gang) of bull-fighters, going back to Madrid. They would be pleasant company, and full of stories of gladiator during, such as short-sighted Nero would have rejoiced to see through the emerald spy-glass we are told he used. I ring the bell, order up some preserved peaches in syrup, pour out a deep draught of wine and water, and amuse myself by listening to the new sounds, and determine to save up my system for the next day's fourteen hours in the saddle, slip under the pink mosquito curtains and try to sleep; though the hour is supernaturally early. First one side then the other; the curtains make it close and hot, and there is a hum in the street; but I dare not shut the glass windows, for there is no chimney in the room. I determine to sleep. I elench my eyes, and think fixedly of nothing. I try all the old tricks, count till I outrival Cocker, Bidder, Babbage and De Morgan. I try to wear myself out with staring at a veil of darkness. I fancy smoke rising from my knees in a blue, wavy column. I know that, when I get my mind to the focus in a single thought, unbroken and entire, that one thought will be sleep. But all these mental efforts rouse me to quite a creative state of wakefulness. Now, at last, I am getting into a fancy of sinking on my back through miles of sea, in search of the flaw in the Atlantic telegraph, when the door bursts open, and Hodgins enters.

"Farewell, old boy! I admire your pluck. You'll have a delicious ride. They're putting the horses to. Good-by, God bless you; we shall meet again at Phillipi." He was gone. I heard the old diligence ten minutes after, roll, toss and jumble off on its fourteen hour course.

I fell asleep, and when a sharp hurrying knock of El Moro woke me, I did as I have before told you.

"Full purse and full stomach never tire," said El Moro, a dry thin old young man, in a grey jacket.

"A merry heart goes all the day," said I, capping him from the divine Williams.

I had taken the greatest possible precaution the day before to get the best horse in the landlord's stable, knowing that a long and even dangerous ride lay before me. I had gone into the dark shrine of Jupiter Amunonia, all but arm in arm with the negro Boots in the yellow jacket before-named and had had my pick of the row of sullen-eyed, lank steeds that pulled at their chains as I passed behind their rows of heels. I rejected the special horses pointed me out by the Boots, and fixed on a good-natured, robust black cob, sound of wind and limb, and able, I was sure, from his sinewy flank, to bear much fatigue. I chose him in a solemn way; and El Moro, the guide, approved likewise.

He quite agreed to it; yet now, when I get out of the

shadow of the houses into the clear starlight, that seems all in a glow-worm flutter and twitter at the first chill of dawn, will you believe it? I find myself hoaxed into a vile, flea-bitten gray, with a hiccupping stumble that seizes him at regular intervals of four minutes. I am, however, afraid of disturbing the temper of El Moro, as I am at his mercy for nearly two days; so I pocket the insult and go hiccupping on. If I hint at *Hiccup's* infirmity, stolid El Moro asserts he is muy fuerte (very strong,) a horse of fortitude that never tires; then quotes the proverb, "He who goes on, gets there," and, tying his saddle-bags pinehingly tighter, remarks that "fast bind is fast find," or, as he rhymes it, "Quien bien ata, bien desata." There is something Quixotic in El Moro as he elinks over the trottoir erect and lean in his gray jacket, his neat shoes with rusty spurs in them, a good apple-twig for a switch, and my red and green umbrella, fastened at his pummel above his own cloth jacket, which he keeps for the cold mountains, when we shall get near the all but perpetual snow patches of the Sierra. There is a determined gravity and caution, as of a Hadji or Bedouin guide, in his air. His black turban cap is tied on by a string fastening under his beardless chin. If I stop a moment behind, he turns to look after me. He is as faithful, dull a Sancho as English traveller ever had.

It is very quiet in the streets: the lamps burn dim like yellow flowers with glow-worms inside them; the trot and clatter, and dust of our horses' hoofs, sound quite startling in the hush of the night. The drowsy sentinels in their brown coats, try to look vigilant and suspicious when they see us. We clink along the dusty Alameda with the faded acacias and deserted seats—pass hundreds of grated windows and closed shops—chink and seuffle alternately past merchants' houses and over public walks, and come out at last by the broad quay to the sea-shore; where the be-plumed waves, a little white and angry about the lips, seem complaining, and asking where the men are gone who, all day, sift maize into heaps, crush raisins into tubs, and roll melons in and out of ships; where the little terra-cotta images of boys that, all day, dive and splash off these brown rock-slabs—where the striped awn-figed boats and the bare-footed fishermen?

Our pace is not fast, because the horses have got fourteen hours of it before them. We amble under the castle whose low lines of wall look much as when Blake threatened it. We look down from the dusty hill that commands the town. The white column of the light-house by the Quarantine harbor, where the deadly yellow flag flies, is to the right, reminding me, though I can hardly believe, that it is the same place that I spent an hour at this morning, down at the jetty-head, watching the blue waves race up to kiss and tease the land; when the distant hills looked like brown velvet and solid amethyst, as they were either far or near. Then there was that great American steamer there, with one great red port-hole open, as if it had received a gory stab which would not heal—now all mystery and dimness that clears, however, every moment. One mule, laden with grass-net panniers of charepal, is all that passes us till we get past the first poor suburb cottages and out into the broad sea-shore road, which is a foot deep in thick lava dust.

Then rises a great whirl of dust in the distance, answering to that which clouds from our eight hoofs, and suddenly a string of donkeys bear down upon us by twos and threes, and in clumps of eight and ten. Now our trouble begins; for they raise a dust so thick that the distant ones become quite invisible, and it is difficult to avoid them but for the monotonous clip-clap, ding-dong bell, that the leader-donkey wears consequentially round his neck. These are donkeys from the vineyards round Velez Malaga, bringing the Christmas raisins of England for shipment at Malaga, where the holds of dozens of vessels gape and ery for them, that the ships may depart and be early at the Mining Lane market. Every donkey carries twelve small, square deal boxes; six on each side of his panniers, which rest on a padded pack-saddle. Every donkey has a head-stall or fillet, or shaving-brush of red, with plaited ornaments or eruppers of red and rhubarb yellow, that give them an oriental and novel look. Let the donkey be of a silvery-grey or brown, and scrubby as an old hair portmanteau that has been rubbed into sore patches, still there was always the pink shaving-brush on the forehead, the smart neck-trapping, or the black and yellow crupper.

As for the drivers—for there were generally two and a boy to each half-dozen donkeys—they were not all Andalusians, with linen jackets and black round caps; but many of them were Valencians and Asturians, wearing the loose white linen drawers and plaids of their province—wild, elf-haired, hard brown men, generally, doubled up and riding on side-saddles, their bandaged and sandalled feet joggling recklessly to the caterpillar propulsive jog of the favored donkey. You always saw their approach indicated by the red sparks of their cigarettes, breaking through the white dust-clouds that wrapped them. As to the raisin-boxes, which were all stamped and branded, they were banded together with grass ropes. The boys ran by the sides of the donkeys, shouting out their names—*Pepe*, *Juan* or *Marquita*—for endearment, and occasionally thwacking a truant beast that strayed to nibble at road-side patches of Indian corn, or some thorny-looking bush

that stuck itself spitefully out of the black way-side sand. It was a sorry meal; but then the epicure, you must remember, was only an ass. Poor creature, he had never read a cookery-book. Every now and then, as troop after troop, with more or less speed, scuffled and jostled past, I heard a lusty ballad about a certain Don Antonio or El Campeador, break out and quicken into a chorus, nasal but stirring.

These were the raisins that will smoke at many a Christmas table at home. I shall see them at Mrs. P's and Mr. S's, and shall little think that those were the old friends I saw driving along in the small boxes on the sea-shore of Malaga. I now am burning hot; then I shall be pinched with cold, and amongst a crowd of eager, happy faces, shall forget all about *Hiccup*, my Rosinante, and grave El Moro.

Now and then, at a bend of the sea-side road which sloped down to the sea, where a stranded Dutch ship still held up one drowning arm out of the water, we would come to a patient donkey, standing by an alarmed boy kneeling over a white pile of square brick-shaped boxes which had fallen to the ground, owing to some unlucky flaw in the cord that is usually twisted and knotted a thousand times round, over and under the precious cases that contain the future Christmas plum-puddings of England. Woe to little Perez, should his strong-armed father guess the nature of his loitering, if one lid be split, or one box leak out its withered grapes. Now laggard at a wine-stall canters past us to join the caravan of his companions. Now a dozen boys who have leagued together for mischief or talk, or perhaps a bath in some quiet pool under a sun-scorched rock, huddle past in a rough trot, trying to make up for lost time. All day, from dark and dawn to sunset and dusk, these strings and trains of pack-asses, with their smoking, tramping, side-saddle drivers, pass us in twos, threes and dozens at a time, for the vintage has begun on the low, red earth-hills, and the raisins are drying fast on the hot terraces of rock round Velez Malaga, at the foot of the Sierra, where the Moors held out so long against the Christians.

By road, you must not imagine a sharp, defined, level billiard-board Macadam road, with tomb-stone records of departed miles and banked terrace side-walks. Oh, no! This is quite another thing. Even just under the castle of Malaga it was but a lane, ankle-deep in black dust, rutted and stony; and now, as we leave the sea, with the wreck and the dancing, bare-legged fisherwomen who, knee deep in tumbling surf, are dragging in a net. It is a mere sand track bordered by desert, where nothing is grown but sea holly and a few abnormal weeds; places to mere sea-beach, loose, grey and shifting, with here a white cuttle-fish carcass, there a dry star-fish. There are beautiful glimpses, however, of sea, under rock and round points, and I am sorry when we turn abruptly to the left and leave a shore which is wild enough for mermaid dances or syren's carollings. It reminded me of the wild coast Don Juan, in Molière's play, is thrown upon.

Now we begin to pass long avenues hedged by huge cacti twelve feet high or more—their great, semi-tubular, thorny plumes flaunting far above my horse's head—their strange guttered leaves jagged like sharks' jaws, and sometimes the dry stalk of their dead flower stretching up from them as thick as a sapling ground ash, and at the base of the circumference of a strong man's arm. Miles of these till I know their metallic woru spiked fronds, and snapped, jagged tumble of growth by heart—oriental and unreal as they are; and then come intermingling miles of prickly pear, growing like prickly flat fish matted together, and at all strange corners and angles studded with fruit as large as eggs, ripe and unripe, the unripe green and fleshy, the ripe of a dull unhealthy red—the food of Spanish kings and Spanish beggars. They are such things as I should use to decorate the country of an ogre king in a pantomime; for they look gigantic, antediluvian and maliciously eccentric. For fences they would keep out an army, their stalks harden into knotty stubs, gnarled and tough as forest wood.

I and El Moro drew bridle at some small farm, where a rugged gipsy sort of woman would be driving a donkey that, fastened to a yoke, kept plodding lazily round in a circle turning the noria (the anaoura of the Moors) or large water-wheel, which, covered at intervals with red water-jars, kept dipping them into the well and discharging their contents into the garden reservoir.

Why did we stop when it was getting so burning and fiery hot? To buy a draught of water from a green pipkin, and to give our horses each a precious half-penny worth of water out of the roadside tank. How we turned up our elbows, and how the horses sucked and panted and drained! Even the mill-wheel donkey made the event of our halt a pretext for stopping, and was only roused by a shout and a clattering ignoble wallop that sent him on, twitching his ears and swinging his rope of a tail deprecatingly. At every hut we pass there are calabashes tied up for the passing traveller who wishes to buy water, and generally a rude stall with a dirty decanter of wine and some greasy tumblers to attract the muleteers. But we want to get to Velez Malaga before noon; and push on. Sometimes there are opaque-looking grapes and shelly, earthy-looking pomegranates, or a melon

with a green slashed sample sliced out of its circumference.

Hotter! hotter! What will it come to? Shall we not be shrivelled or turned to statuettes? More donkeys trumpeting to each other, and winding down from the distant rock angles, by the red crumbly earth-hill, green with vines, where the white-walled hacienda, fenced in with orange-trees, stands like a beacon to this winding road, where we only begin to ascend by a viaduct that winter torrents roll under, and under the Carthaginian martello-tower on the cliff, now left for the hawk and lizard to settle their differences in.

"Did Hannibal build that?" I ask El Moro.

"It's only an old castle," replies my unantiquarian guide, loading with brown dust-tobacco the white paper tube of his fourth cigarette.

Now the scene of my Spanish panorama changes; for I leave the undulating red hills and their procession of stubby vines and trend away to the left through a low lane shaded (a blessing on that word!) by hedges, or rather groves, of immense green rushes, with stalks like wild cane, and willow leaves always on the stir. They are twice my height, and I slash at them as if I was charging a phalanx of Mussulmans; for Don Quixote is in my mind, and I am in the old region of the water-loving Moor.

Now the rich farms of the Sultan Boabdil are before me, and I amble past broad, hedgeless fields, where the sweet green melons—globes of liquid honey to the taste—lie weltering about, surrounded by a dry entanglement and eordage of withered branch and tendril. There are fields of sugar-cane, too, green and pleasant to the eye, already high as ripe wheat, though not to be bled and cut till spring; low-batateras, or sweet potatoes, fantastic-shaped jagged leaves; tracts of indigo, and enclosures of white tasseling maize. There is pepper, too, and there are orange tomatoes and orchards of pomegranates; and everywhere through this Eden rippling canals of running water—the sweetest music to the ear in a climate all but tropical. Here, too, are hedges of my old friend the prickly pear, rough as lions' tongues or flattened crusted hedgehogs, and, everywhere among the dusty evergreen trees and blossoms I hear the droning hum of the cicada; now like a fairy spinning wheel, now metallically sharp and gustily restless and monotonous. It singularly affects the excited mind does the chink and singing clatter of these invisible insects hid among the aloes. You are alone; there are no birds singing; it must be to you they call. What do they say? What do they want? They are in the trees, too, and ten feet high among the red-green fruit of that prickly pear, and up behind the green scoops of the aloes, and all singing in whirring unison and at once, with a metallic pulse as if the heat had become vocal. The sound is as of a factory at work, deafening and shrill. We have left the mules laden with planks and raisin-boxes, the crumbling Carthaginian seaside towers, water-mills, creaking, straining, and splashing, wine-stalls with resting muleteers, cliffs, desert commons and sloping vineyards. We leave oxen—patient, waddling beasts—dragging at a snail's pace, high matted carts. We left savage looking fishermen staggering fifteen miles to market with yoked panuiers of glittering fish upon their sturdy, sunburnt necks. More dry, dusty beds of winter streams, more herdsmen gnawing melons, more fishermen mending nets under tents; and we reach, amid a pressing fury of growing heat, the place of our noon-day siesta—thanking God for breakfast after our eight hours' ride.

They had no butter; for the Spaniards get all they use, salt, stale, and smelling, from Holland; no cheese, because the Spaniards do not care for cheese; so, at last, weary, vexed and burnt up with the glare of the last few hours' ride, I threw myself down on the landlord's bed over the stables, and went to sleep till the horses had fed and rested.

I had now to cross the Tejada mountains, on whose tops nothing but the wild rosemary and a few aromatic shrubs grow. I have to reach to-night Alhama, the Roman and Moorish city of hot springs, the unclean mountain Cheltenham of Spain only accessible by muleteers.

We trot slowly in the face of a raging sun you dare not look at, past the trim Alameda, with its avenue of young dry trees, and its benches on which a few loafers are sleeping. We get out into lanes and gardens, opening to the level dusty plains, lined with water-courses that are formed by the grey dust and stony detritus from the Tejada mountains. There is no road now at all, only a padded-out track in the dust, such as leads you across the black lava dust round Vesuvius.

We ford shallow purling streams, and work round a river in which muleteer boys are bathing with intense delight. We pass dusty bloodless olive-trees of great age, that remind me of Palestine, and cross brooks which are fringed by purple oleanders. Now a stony dusty climb, as round the base of Snowdon, till we make a certain windmill, at the mouth of a gorge that has been two hours tantalizingly in sight. More dusty rock and barren mule track, bedropped here and there with gnawed melon-rinds, and we come suddenly upon a green valley of orange-trees, hidden in a scooped-out bowl of the mountains, beautiful as a glimpse of the enchanted gardens that lured Thalaba into sudden rapture in the Desert, and bright as the Happy Valley of Rasselas. How glossy

green and burnished the round serrated leaves are; how close-grained and seamed the light brown trunks; why, in spring, when the white blossom is out, this valley must have the perfume of Paradise, and the scent as of the wings of encamping angels, floated hither on eastward clouds. To guard it as with drawn swords wreathed with green, stand the dark eypresses, those patient, watchful trees of one fixed idea of stuck-upedness and gloomy hypochondria. I look for the omega-shaped palm, but it is not there: yet there is the fan-leaved tamarisk, and the Egyptian lupin, in the gardens, and children picking the tunas, with clothes-peg hooks fastened to long spear-handles. As for the orange-trees, their fruit is still in light green glossy globes, and is not yet turned to the redder gold of perfect ripeness.

It is all very well to talk of Paradise, but I know, on the mountains where you catch your first purple glimpse of the Sierra Nevada, I shall pass rows of murder-crosses with "Pray for the soul of Sancho Panza," killed here, such a date, and so on. So I will push on, while it may be called to-day, up these white burnt mountains to the Byron's Ay de mi Alhama, or, it may be, Ay de mi for the friend of Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers.

Now, hotter and hotter—with my red and green umbrella up (when I don't use it to whack *Hiccup*,) and El Moro, whom the heat makes sullen and silent, with his handkerchief streaming down the back of his neck—we enter a mountain village, up green and water-splashed sloping lanes. Everywhere a hot seented steam of drying raisins rises in the fiery golden air. From every white-washed house you hear the smith's hammer pound and tinkle, as he coopers-up Malaga raisin casks. Under every open shed, thatched with dry reeds, you see busy carpenters planing and shaping those little raisin boxes that adorn the Christmas windows of London grocers. Down the rocks come more mules, laden with boxes. We have scarcely room to pass them, especially when a water-course boils and bubbles on the right hand side of the rocky pathway. The dark-eyed village girls are beating clothes clean in the rivulet below us. Under the sheds are old women, sorting dry yellow maize husks, to stuff mattresses with: and others are plaiting the grass cordage that is used in tying the boxes on the mules and donkeys.

At last, after miles of these burning mountains, by degrees, as we leave man and man's home, and rise higher and higher, through defiles where the mailed Moors must have poured down often to succor Alhama, or threaten the Velez valleys, the sun seems to get a little soothed and softened. We get up to higher tracts, cloven with water-courses, as by earthquake fissures.

It was late when we got to Alhama, which we approached by a road that traversed dreadful ravines, and which compelled me to dismount from *Hiccup*, and lead that fitful beast now more stammering and intermittent in pace than ever. In the darkness, the yawning gulfs at the side of the road looked abysses of purgatory, and we both gave a hearty and involuntary exclamations of satisfaction when the twinkling lights of Alhama broke upon us from what seemed the bottom of a well, down which we seemed doomed to ever wind and wind, jaded and forlorn, from dusk to midnight. More stony and tumbly the road became, more rutted, and unsafe, and moss-trooperish; but at last we wound round all the screw, and crawled into Alhama, sore not of foot, but wearied to the bone.

I soon secured a room away from the sort of stable courtyard and blacksmith's kitchen, which was crowded with muleteers; ordered a charcoal fire to be irritated and put on its mettle; and, seeing the horses first both put to their nigh-gard but wholesome meal of chopped straw, which is the horse-diet of Spain, stumbled up the brick stairs to my bedroom—a white-washed enclosure, with no bed, and no furniture but a chair and a rickety table. It was a caravanserai room, and that is all.

A grinning Mariternes soon put this to rights, rattled in a trestle-bed, shook it in place, put on clean sheets and a motley counterpane; brought a great pitcher of water, which I kept for five minutes at my mouth, and only dropped at last from exhaustion; she fetched clean towels; shaking nearly everything that she could shake in my face, and calling out, "Muy limpio"—my own words, tolled out so often, and at so many Spanish inns. Then eggs, bacon, a bottle of wine, thick and strong, some fruit, and some fat chocolate, that ran over the cup in a brown paste; that was my supper. Didn't I sleep afterwards, till daybreak and past! when we started again for the mountains.

FEW FRIENDS.—A nobleman, extremely rich but a miser, stopping to change horses at Athlone, the carriage was surrounded by paupers, imploring alms, to whom he turned a deaf ear, and drew up the glass. A ragged old woman, going round to the other side of the carriage, bawled out, in the old peer's hearing, "Please you, my lord, just chuck one tin penny out of your coach, and I'll answer it will trate all your friends in Athlone."

DUMAS has written a *Life of Julius Caesar*, wherein he takes precisely opposite ground to that of Louis Napoleon.

(For the Californian.)

HAWTHORN AND MAY-DAY.

HAWTHORN flowers have been identified with the floral games of May and the beauties of Spring from time immemorial. Their scent is said to be not only reviving to the spirits, but to have the power of counteracting poison. They are regarded as the emblem of hope, and were carried by girls in the wedding processions of the ancient Greeks; they were laid on the altar of Hymen which was lighted with torches made of the wood. The Troglodytes tied bunches of the hawthorn to their dead when they were buried. In some parts of France the hawthorn is called *Lepine* (noble,) because it is supposed to have been the thorn used for crowning our Saviour, and the country people believe that it always utters groans and sighs on Good Friday. Others put a bunch of hawthorn in their hats during a thunder storm to guard them from lightning. The most remarkable legend connected with the hawthorn is that of the Glastonbury thorn. It is said that Joseph of Arimathea, after the burial of Christ, came to England, attended by twelve companions, to found the first Christian church in that island, and, guided by divine impulse, he proceeded to Glastonbury for that purpose. It was Christmas-day when he arrived at the spot, where he had been commanded to build a church in honor of the Virgin Mary, and finding that the natives did not appear inclined to believe in his mission, he prayed to God to perform a miracle to convince them. The prayer was immediately answered, and, on striking his staff into the ground, it immediately shot forth leaves and blossoms. The legend adds that the thorn is still in existence and still blooms annually on Christmas-day.

The French have a legend that on the day of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on August 25th, an old hawthorn in the churchyard of St. Innocent, in Paris, came into blossom a second time.

The poets who have written on the hawthorne are almost as numerous as those who have written on the Rose. Chaucer, in his *Court of Love*, makes all his court on May-day go forth "both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and branche and bloome," and

"Marke the faire blooming of the Hawthorne tree,
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Fills full the wanton eye with May's delight."

And Shakspeare, in Henry VI., says:

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To Shepherds looking on their silly sheep
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To Kings who fear their subjects' treachery?"

Perhaps no poet has ever conjured up a more beautiful picture of the hawthorn than Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*.

"The Hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age or whispering lovers made."

It is amongst the early-leaving trees, and none put forth a sunnier, richer tint. And then its blossoms—they are everything one would wish; their perfume and appearance are alike exquisite, and fully entitle it to the post of honor assigned it of being "the virgin flag of Spring." It also has another charm: concealed in its flowery recesses, the little birds "warble their native wood notes wild," and seem as if they would repay it for their winter's sustenance by the sweetness and variety of their strains. Burns, the poet of nature, makes frequent allusion to this circumstance thus, in the "Relation of Bruar Water:"

"And for the little songster's nest
The close embowering thorn."

And in another poem, he again introduces it—

"Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithful mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile."

He also says:

"The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen their birdies' nest."

The custom of going a-Maying—that is, going out early on the morning of the first of May to gather branches of hawthorn flowers—is of very great antiquity. The Greeks and Romans gathered the May in honor of Flora, to whom the plant was dedicated, and whose festival began on May-day; and the Greeks even of the present time preserve the memorial of this custom by hanging a garland of hawthorn flowers against their doors on the first of May. In Britain, Stowe tells us that Henry VIII., with his Queen Catharine and the Lords and Ladies of their Court rode out a-Maying from Greenwich to Shooters' Hill, and in a curious MS., entitled the *State of Elton School, A. D. 1560*, it is stated that "on the day of St. Phillip and St. James, (May 1st) if it be fair weather, and the master grants leave, the boys who choose it may rise at 4 o'clock to gather May branches, if they can do it without wetting their feet." In decking the May-pole with flowers, a branch of hawthorn was formerly always put on the top, but since the alteration of the style, in 1752, May-day occurring eleven days earlier, the hawthorn is seldom in blossom on that day, except in the southern part of England. The hawthorn is the badge of the clan Ogilvy. The hawthorn will not do well unless in good dry soil; if in damp ground, it will become stunted and covered with mosses and lichens; it is well adapted for open and exposed situations, and will stand the

wind better than most trees. As a hedge plant it has been used for ages, and nothing is more beautiful. There are over one hundred varieties, containing all shades of white, pink and deep red both of the single and doubled flowered kinds. They can be grown from the seeds and also propagated by grafting and budding.

Plants have been known to have existed for a century or two and from 30 to 40 feet high with trunks upward of three feet in diameter at one foot from the ground. The hawthorn has been found in all parts of the world—Europe, Asia, America and the northern parts of Africa.

Iris.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the humau countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and woe thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

[R. W. Emerson.]

A BALL AND A PEACOCK COSTUME.—The London Court Journal, in its Paris letter, has the following: "On Tuesday the first ball of the English Embassy was attended by a numerous assembly of French *invités*. Madame Rimsky Korsakow was the bright luminary of the festival. The eccentricity of her toilet did not detract from the admiration it inspired. Eccentricity is the order of the day, the fashions rising to the surface from the lowest to the highest, instead of descending, as formerly, from the most elevated *ton* gradually to the humblest of imitators. The lady, desirous of meeting no rival, had adopted the emblems of the peacock, and every ornament and article of dress brought to mind the glittering colors and shining plumes of Juno's bird. The dress was of white *tulle*, embroidered all over with Argus' eyes. A tunic, reaching from the waist to a little below the knee, was composed of striped velvet, recalling the colors of the peacock; bunches of peacock's feathers everywhere, held together by bouquets of emeralds and diamonds. It would have been hard if, with such tenacity as here displayed, she had not carried on her head some manifestation of her momentary worship; and a peacock, this time not dismembered and dismantled, but perfect in form, shape and color, adorned her forehead. The ornament was composed entirely of the finest brilliants and emeralds, the neck of the bird, with its crest, being formed of the most splendid sapphires. The whole was more curious and striking than strictly in accordance with taste, but Madame Rimsky Korsakow does but represent the tone and aspirations of the day."

WHY MR. WHYMPER CAMPED OUT.

IN July 1862, after two attempts on the Matterhorn with my friend Macdonald—in which we were cruelly and completely extinguished by the weather, we left this tent, (the article, from which we quote, discusses the right kind of Alpine tent) on the third arete, at a height of about 11,800 feet, and paid some attention to other mountains. I returned to Breuil after an absence of ten days; and while waiting for my guides, started one fine morning to see if the prospects were safe, taking with me provisions for the day, and anticipating neither danger nor difficulty in reaching the place, having passed over the ground six times already. I wound my way across the conloirs by the col, crossed it, climbed about 500 feet and found the tent in safety. No person who has not seen it can imagine the glorious view from this point; at least three-fourths of the ground over which the eye roams is composed of snow-fields, glaciers, and peaks; only in the direction of the Val Tournanche is there anything else, and in that, after following the valley to its termination and looking over the Eastern Graians, the Viso is seen at a distance of 98 miles towering over the masses of clouds which hover over the plains of Turin. Often as I had seen the view, at this time solitary and undisturbed, it burst upon me with all the freshness and strength of complete novelty, and any true mountaineer will understand how it came to pass that hours sped away unregarded, and that after satiating myself with avalanches off the Dent d'Hérens, the fine form of the Dent Blanche, the crags of the Rothhorn, the many summits of Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, and the scores of surrounding peaks, I found that the day was declining, and that barely time was left to return to Breuil.

I turned to the tent, unrolled it, and as I did so my fate was decided; three bottles of wine and other provisions emerged from its recesses. I set it up and turned again to the view; the sun was setting, and its rosy rays blending with the snowy blue had thrown a pale pure violet far as the eye could see; the valleys were drowned in a purple gloom, and the summits shone with unnatural brightness. As I sat in the door of my tent and watched the twilight change to darkness, the earth seemed less earthly and almost sublime, and it was impossible to stifle sentiment and repress enthusiasm; the stone-chairs chirped their evening hymn as they fluttered round their rocky nests; but theirs was the only sound; the world seemed dead, and I its sole inhabitant. By-and-bye, the moon, as it rose, brought the hills again into sight, and, by a judicious repression of detail, made the view yet more magnificent. I had been looking vaguely about for some time before I noticed something in the sky toward the south. I could not well make out what, which hung like a great glow-worm in the air at an infinite distance; and it was some time before I could realize the fact that it was the moonlight glittering on the great snow slope on the north side of the Viso. Shivering at last, I entered the tent, made my coffee, and passed a very comfortable night alone.

In the morning it seemed a shame to waste the day (Saturday) by going down at once to Breuil, when I was so high and the mountain so handy. There can, at least, be no harm, I thought, in going as high as I have been before, which was to the foot of the great tower. So on I went with my axe in hand and forty feet or so of rope coiled round my waist. The chimney offered little difficulty, but the snow slope above it took a long time, as the steps, from its steepness, were necessarily of the very largest coal-scuttle size. When I got to the foot of the tower it certainly seemed a pity to turn back, so I went a little further to see what was round the corner, and when I got round, the mountain seemed more interesting than ever; the pinnacles behind it were wagging in the wind. Without exaggeration, one could take hold of huge Egyptian-like blocks, ten or more feet high, and rock them backward and forward. The natives who have been on this part of the mountain always term it "the cockscorn," so wonderfully it is serrated.

Strangely fascinated, on I went, and I think most mountaineers would have done the same. The work was so varied that there was none of that weariness which sometimes comes over one on an ascent. Higher up, when nearly on a level with the summit of the Dent d'Hérens, the arete became excessively narrow; you could sit across, rock it about, and speculate on which side it would fall; there wasn't a pin to choose between either. Sometimes a massive block twenty feet long was lying across a little one which was hourly becoming less, and at last, of course, down would come the big one. And this is the mountain which a writer has said presents no aspect of destruction about its cliffs: "it is, on the contrary, an unaltered monument seemingly sculptured long ago." Every one knows the passage—a fine one undoubtedly, but not in accordance with facts. The Matterhorn rains down, day and night, rocks and stones, and stones and rocks; it will one day be as famous for its avalanches as the Jungfrau is for hers.

I turned back at last, and being foolish enough to leave my axe behind in passing the tent, slipped in consequence on the top of one of the couloirs near the col: by a mere chance I was stopped, and, but for it, should not be able to narrate the glories of my solitary bivouac. I have, I think, sufficiently explained how it came to pass that I found myself at night on the Matterhorn on that occasion. Some amiable critics have announced that I was endeavoring to make an ascent by myself; I should be the first to laugh at any idea so absurd; it was a combination of accidental circumstances that caused me to get alone on that day higher than any other person had previously been.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MR. DAN SETCHELL has achieved immense popularity in a very short time. Maguire's Opera House was crowded on Monday, when he made his first appearance, and each evening since every seat has been occupied. Mr. Setchell chose a good farce and a bad farce for his first performance, and pleased the audience equally in each. The good farce was *Ici on parle Français*, one of the best ever written, the bad one, *One Thousand Milliners Wanted*, which is sad trash, but makes people laugh whether they will or no. No one could keep their gravity when Mr. Setchell makes his appearance as "Madame Vanderpant;" his impersonation of this character is one of the most irresistibly comic things we have witnessed on the stage for many a long day. The company at the Opera House afford the comedian efficient support. There is good comedy material in Mrs. Perry, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Mayo, and Mr. Aldrich. While Mrs. Saunders is, as everyone knows, perfectly up in that line of business. On Wednesday and Thursday *Dombey and Son* was played: the feature in this was of course Mr. Setchell's "Captain Cuttle," though there were many others deserving of notice. Mrs. Sophie Edwin made the most of the character of "Edith Dombey," and shared the applause with the star. Mr. Mayo's "Jack Bunsby" was an excellent piece of eccentric comedy acting. Mrs. Saunders as "Mrs. Skewton," had ample field for the display of her comic talent, of which of course she availed herself. Mrs. Perry gained new laurels by impersonation of the little snap dragon "Becky Sharp," and, in fact, each part was admirably filled. Last night Mr. Setchell, as "Aminadab Sleek" in the comedy of *The Serious Family*, convulsed the audience with laughter, and gave new proof of his ability to fill the place the death of Burton left vacant. This afternoon the ladies and children have a chance to laugh at this wonderfully funny comedian, without keeping late hours, as he will, for their especial delectation, appear in two pieces—*Ici on parle Français* and *1,000 Milliners Wanted*, which are sure to create most uproarious mirth. To-night, at the request of many who were unable to obtain admission during the week, *Dombey and Son* will be repeated, and the performance will conclude with *1,000 Milliners Wanted*. Those who wish to obtain seats will do well to go in good season.

TOUCHSTONE.

THEATRICALS AT THE EAST.

DESPITE the hard times, the theatres at the East are doing a good business. We clip the following from our exchanges:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were engaged to perform eleven nights at the Broadway Theatre, New York. In consequence of the great rush to witness their performances, the seats were sold at public auction, on the 10th of April. The amount realized for the private boxes was \$495; 160 orchestra chairs, \$5,120; twenty dress circle seats at \$6 75 premium and \$2 each seat, \$575; the whole amount of sales being \$6,165. From New York, they are to go to Buffalo, under an engagement of six nights, commencing July 24th, with the manager of the Metropolitan Theatre.

Mr. Frank Lawler and Mrs. Emily Jordan at last advices, were at Griswold's Opera House, Troy. They opened with *Aurora Floyd*, and despite the inclemency of the weather, drew excellent houses. Friday evening, March 30th, Mrs. Jordan took a benefit, on which occasion *Leah, the Forsaken*, and *Barney the Baron*, were presented, in the former piece Mrs. Jordan personating "Leah," and Mr. Lawler "Joseph." Between the pieces Mr. Lawler recited "Shamus O'Brien." The house was densely crowded.

Mr. and Miss Richings, were to perform at a *matinée* to be given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, April 22d, when the opera of the *Child of the Regiment* was to be performed.

Miss Lotta commenced an engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, April 18th. She was engaged by Mr. B. E. Whitman.

Yankee Locke and Mrs. W. H. Leighton commenced a two weeks engagement at the Lexington, Ky., Theatre, on the 17th of April, and were to go thence to Cincinnati, on May 1st, for one week, Indianapolis, May 15th for twelve nights, and McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, June 12th for two weeks.

The Menken is running her "fiery untamed steed," at the Theatre Royal, London. From there she visits Glasgow, Liverpool and then returns to Astley's, London, to produce her new piece, *The Child of the Sun*. Adah Isaacs speaks of returning to New York with her new pieces, and returning to Europe in the fall, as she is engaged to play in French, at the Theatre du Chatelet, Paris. She met with great success in Glasgow, every seat being sold in advance.

McKean Buchanan and daughter, had done a good business at the Academy of Music, Albany. They were advertised to appear at Cairo, Ill., on the 24th ult., at St. Louis, May 8th, and in Leavenworth May 22d.

Artemus Ward is still upon his winding way. He appeared at Springfield, Ill., on the 2d ult., and was announced to bloom

at Bloomington on the 3d, Peoria 4th, Galesburg 5th, and at Burlington, Iowa, on the 6th of May.

Miss Avonia Jones arrived in New York on the 5th of April, from New Orleans, where she had been playing an engagement.

Forrest at last advices, was playing *King Lear* at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., to crowded houses.

Edwin Booth has returned to the Winter Garden, N. Y., after performing a successful engagement at Boston. He opened with *Richelieu*.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre, April 17th.

Mrs. John Wood was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on her re-appearance at the Olympic. *London Assurance* was performed, Mrs. Wood appearing as "Lady Gay Spanker" and Mr. Mortimer as "Dazzle."

Miss Bateman was playing *Leah, the Forsaken*, with great success at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

Barnum has a new novelty in the shape of a wax figure of John Kennedy, the incendiary and rebel spy, who was executed a short time since.

Max Maretzek was to receive complimentary benefits in New York and Brooklyn, tendered it is said, by the artists of the company.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has been revived at the Old Bowery with Mrs. G. C. Howard as "Topsy," the original representative of the character. It has made another *furor* and crowds the house every evening.

At the New Bowery, the *Gaelic Chief* has proved a great success.

Gaylor's burlesque of *Oil on the Brain* draws immense crowds at Wood's Minstrel Hall. It has been produced there in admirable style, with splendid scenery and scenic effects.

DIAMONDS—PHILOSOPHY.

ONE reason, perhaps, why ladies are so seldom learned is that Philosophy is the natural enemy of their most darling art—that of dress. It is always making some rude discovery or other with regard to their cherished ornaments. Beauty, sweeping to her triumphs at the opera or ball, stately in silks and radiant in jewels, is to unphilosophical eyes something marvellous. The common mind is satisfied to contemplate the delightful sight, and to believe that silks and satins, pearls and diamonds, all the armory of her charms in fact, were created on purpose to make her irresistible, from some such mysterious source of loveliness as herself. They are no more inclined to question whence and how all her weapons of gentle conquest are derived, than the enchanted world was to ask where Aphrodite came from when she rose one fine morning upon the waves of the Ægean Sea. But Philosophy is a morose and an insensible bore, who sneers at all these pretty things, and gets out his crucible and microscope to examine them. * * Even her jewels—the flashing lightnings of her Olympian throne—cannot escape Philosophy; her pearls, he says, are what an oyster does when he is tickled, instead of laughing; her malachites are carbonate of copper; her jaspers mere flint-stones; her jet is cannel coal; and her diamonds—her regal, glorious diamonds, which have come down in the family of Beauty ever since the sea-spray crystalized upon Venus into armlets, carcanets and parures about the neck and wrists of the Goddess of Love—Philosophy says they are nothing but carbon, and that some day, out of black-lead or coke, or common charcoal at sixpence a basket, he will make such glittering trash to any amount!

Nevertheless, Beauty wisely turns away from the horrid sage, and continues to dote upon diamonds; so do we all—those who own them, and those who only see them glitter through the jeweller's lattices, or upon the breasts of the Queens of Fashion. How much does it matter, after all, what they are, and what they are made of? for, if it come to that the lovely wearer herself is composed, as those disagreeable people tell us, of a lot of ugly chemicals, which never yet prevented a heart from breaking for her sake. "Down with philosophers," then, rather than dispense with those beautiful and rare stones, which sparkle in the lamp-light like earthly rainbows, and which condense upon a lady's little finger the wealth of a province or the ransom of a prince. They are lovely, and that is enough for Loveliness. They are rare too, and that is better still; for if Loveliness could wear the dew-drops of an April morning, of which the milkmaid's foot scatters ten thousand, we fear, besides being damp, that she would call them "common." Being beautiful and rare, however, the world is in love with them, and all of us are fascinated by the history of great diamonds. When the Exhibition of 1851 opened, people went first of all to the gold cage of the Koh-i-noor, to gaze at the little prismatic pebble on its violet cushion. An Indian historian has told us that that gem is unlucky, and has brought death or disaster to everybody that ever owned it. We think we know a great many persons who would chance the ill-luck to be master of "the Mountain of Light." Imagine yourself carrying a computed value of two millions sterling in the corner of a waistcoat-pocket, as you might do if you owned it. Then there is the famous Pitt or Regent diamond, which the Earl of Chatham's

grandfather bought for £20,000, and sold—keen old connoisseur—for £135,000; a stone that Napoleon I. wore on the hilt of his sword at his coronation, and which is still "the jewel" of the jewels of France. The Pigot diamond, too, which now glistens, as they say, upon the dusky Queen of an Egyptian harem; the Emperor of Austria's great egg brilliant: the Nassick stone, of the very finest water in the world; and that great Muscovite gem which was once the eye of Buddha till impious hands blinded the god and sold his "eyesight" to Prince Orloff, who got for it out of Catherine of Russia £90,000 in roubles, an annuity of £400 a year, and his patent of nobility. Beauty is quite right, that such historiettes are not trifling, and their subjects—their beautiful, dancing, glancing, gorgeous subjects—are things for the feminine heart to break about with admiration and longing. The dames of India call them affectionately "santosh," "contentments," as if there were not much left to long for in the world when once a fine and fair cut diamond glitters on breast or forehead.

Among "fashionable movements" recently recorded, one of this distinguished family, "the great Diamonds," has just changed its residence. The Sauci stone belonged, as far back as the heralds of the *Ars Lapidaria* trace it, to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. Thence it came into the keeping of the Italian House whose name it bears. But it was too magnificent for private life, and very early in its glittering career it passed into the jewel chamber of France. Louis XIV. wore it at his coronation, so did Louis XV.; it was set in a sceptre, and afterwards in a crown of state. But when the mob sacked the Tuileries, in 1789, the Sauci diamond got into sansculotte keeping, and was lost sight of till the Queen of Ferdinand VII. of Spain purchased it for a sackful of doubloons. She gave it to Godoy, Prince of Peace, and from his unworthy hands it passed to the Demidoffs, for your Russians are great collectors of diamonds. Now it has just been sold for £21,000 to Sir Jamesetjee Jejeebhoy, the Parsee Baronet, of Bombay, and even in India, the home of jewels, it is likely to shine peerless. What stories these great gems would tell if they could speak! and what is to come of them all, and what are we to do for proverbs of costliness and beauty, if Philosophy keeps its word, and some day manufactures their rivals of any size and water you like. Happily, though the philosophers can burn the diamond and make coke of the "Mountain of Light," they cannot yet crystalize it back again into the sparkling stone. The only sources still for these bright munitions of Beauty are mines like Golconda and Ellore, where the Hindoo bends for patient days over the gravel-drift, and the Brazilian streams, where the negro hunts for "the stone of seventeen carats" which gives him liberty. We cannot match Nature's workshop yet, at these dainty colors and imperishable crystals; we can melt our pearls, like Cleopatra, but we must go to the oysters to find them. The Czar of Russia is collecting, they say, a necklace for his Czarina of stones like a pigeon's egg, not one of which must ever have been worn on any neck before, and each of which must be of perfect hue and unimpeachable form. The Imperial fancy is not a folly yet. Her Majesty will long carry the reveries of a kingdom upon her breast and defy philosophers; while Beauty, taking heart at the Sauci diamonds, may still be proud of her jewel-case.—*English paper.*

INTERIOR ITEMS.

Robert Carter fell into a cellar in Nevada, May 6th, dislocating and otherwise injuring his thigh bone.

Hon. Alex. Badlam has been elected Secretary of the Napa Railroad Company.

A. G. Richardson has been elected President of the California Stage Company in place of James Hayworth, resigned.

The Fair of the State Agricultural Society, for 1865, will commence Monday, Sept. 11th, and continue six days.

The *Mariposa Gazette* of May 6th, says: "We are informed that Mason and Henry, the murderers, have been captured by a party of soldiers from Visalia. Mason, it is said, was killed."

The *Stockton Independent* of May 9th states that since the 1st of January, 1,309 tons of copper ore have been shipped from that city.

Dick Durand, well known as a minstrel, was shot and killed at San Lorenzo, recently, while quarreling with a person whose name is not given.

Opals, believed to be genuine, have been found in Calaveras county. They are not first-class stones, but the owners hope, from present indications, they will soon get those of the finest quality.

The Sacramento Valley and Placerville railroad is completed to Dugan's station, six miles from Latrobe and forty-two miles from Sacramento. The road is graded and ready for the rails to Shingle springs, ten miles from Placerville.

The *Jackson Despatch*, a violent secession sheet, has been suppressed by order of Gen. McDowell. L. P. Hall and Penney, who have been connected with the paper, are in custody.

The *Stockton Independent* appeared May 6th in a new dress, and enlarged. It is one of the most enterprising and ably-edited newspapers in California, and we observe with pleasure these evidences of prosperity.

"FURTHERUPTOWN."

[The latest parody on "Excelsior" is contained in the following letter to the *New York Evening Post*. The sentiment belongs to no peculiar latitude and will be equally appreciated by house-hunters in San Francisco. Says the writer: "The following stanzas, lately recovered from unpublished manuscripts of the nineteenth century, and attributed to a writer of the middle age, are believed to have suggested to the poet Longfellow the form of his famous poem, 'Excelsior.' They were lately sung by a distracted house-hunter in this city to a social assembly, comprising certain other distracted house-hunters, by whom it was resolved that they be sent to the *Evening Post* :]

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway one night there passed
A youth who wore a pretty nice
Umbrella, with this strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

His anxious eyes and wreny feet
Hunted the houses in each street;
And like a New-Year's fish-horn rung
The accents of that unknown tongue
"Furtheruptown!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Beyond, the spectral street-lump shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said;
"A tenement house is just ahead—
A public school is by its side;"
Then loud that clarion voice replied,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest;
This brown stone house will suit you best."
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
Sadly he said, "The rent's too high;"
"Furtheruptown!"

"Beware of the livery stable's smell,
Beware the engine-house as well!"
This was the agent's last good-night—
A voice replied, far out of sight,
"Furtheruptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park policemen stared,
Watching the gathering sunbeams there,
A voice rang through the startled air,
"Furtheruptown!"

By following up the unusual sound,
A dying traveller they found,
Still grasping his no longer nice
Umbrella, with the strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

There, in the Reservoir, they say,
"Drowned!" but beautiful he lay,
While somewhere over Bloomingdale
A voice fell like a rocket's tail,
"Furtheruptown!"

THE VILLAGE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

THE minister of a small village in Germany had been six weeks in possession of his new parsonage. He had duly visited his new neighbors; the domestic arrangements were completed; and his accounts with the widow of his predecessor were finally adjusted. Pleased at the termination of this important business, which, owing to the integrity of both parties, had been transacted without the intervention of lawyers, the pastor left his study, delivered the parcel containing the balance which he had yet to pay, to be forwarded to the widow, and then seated himself under the lime-trees which overhung the entrance of his habitation. Here he was soon joined by his affectionate wife; they entered into conversation on the cheering prospect which promised them a decent provision, and the approach of those parental joys which they had not yet tasted.

A country blooming as a garden was extended before them. After a long succession of sultry days, a storm about noon had cooled the atmosphere. All nature had assumed a fresher appearance; the flowers were attired in gayer colors, and exhaled more fragrant perfumes; the soft breeze wanted about the glowing cheek of the husbandman, who, summoned by the evening bell, slowly returned with his implements to the peaceful cots of his village.

"Dear Dorothy," said the pastor, when his wife rose to make preparations for supper, "the heat from the past sultry weather is still very perceptible in the house. Suppose we take our supper this evening here under the lime-trees? We shall thus have an opportunity of airing the house thoroughly, and shall enjoy the beauty of the evening an hour longer in the open air."

"You take the word out of my mouth," replied his wife. "The evening, indeed, is too fine, and we shall certainly relish

the pigeons, which are at the fire, and a nice salad, as well again here as in the close rooms."

No sooner said than done. With cheerful industry Dorothy hastened to the kitchen; the pastor fetched the table and chairs, laid the cloth, and even brought a bottle of wine out of the cellar. According to his general custom, this indulgence was reserved for Sundays or particular occasions; but this day, when, as the reader has been informed, he had so happily terminated the business of settling his accounts, seemed to him worthy of being made an exception: it was an important day for him, as it was not till now that he felt himself completely installed in his office and habitation. Dorothy soon made her appearance with the pigeons, and she, with her husband and his sister, who had followed them to lend her assistance in removing, and in their new domestic arrangements, sat down to the rural repast. It was seasoned by cheerful conversation and innocent mirth, whilst a late nightingale charmed their ears with his strains, and the worthy pastor quaffed the generous beverage out of a goblet on which, as an heir-loom of his grandfather's, he set a particular value, till the joyous tone of his mind was plainly expressed in his countenance. Thus the night stole upon them almost without their perceiving its approach. Dorothy was going to fetch a candle, but her husband detained her. "The evening, to be sure, is still fine," said he, "but the air grows cooler. You know, Dorothy, that you must take care of yourself. As soon as I have finished this glass, we will go in together." Scarcely had the pastor finished speaking—scarcely had Dorothy taken her seat again, when all at once both the females started up with shrieks of terror. The pastor looked about, and to his utter astonishment an apparition stood beside him.

It was a tall, elegant figure. The face, of exquisite beauty, seemed tinged with the roseate glow of evening; a rose-bud decorated its hair, which flowed in charming ringlets over a neck of snowy whiteness; a robe of azure blue, studded with stars of gold, covered its form; an effulgence resembling sunbeams encircled the angelic vision, which, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, seemed to invite the pastor to follow it.

The two ladies, as the reader has been already informed, had flown from their seats. The divine, attracted by the enchanting appearance of the phantom, rose and followed it. His wife and sister would have detained him, but he disengaged himself. When, however, the figure, moving on before him, directed his course towards the churchyard, his wife once more went up to him, clasped him in her arms, and entreated him with such earnestness and alarm to proceed no farther, that, in consideration of her state, he desisted from his intention. He turned back with her, promising not to follow the apparition; but he could not help asking, over and over again, how she could be afraid of a being, which, so far from having anything terrifying about it, rather looked like an angel from heaven, whose invitations could only be designed for some good purpose. Both stepped before the house-door, and watched the spirit, which proceeded to the wall of the churchyard, rose to the top of it, and disappeared.

The consequences of this adventure were, however, far from agreeable to the worthy pastor. The report of it was soon spread with various additions over the whole country; the minister acquired the character of a visionary, and the neighboring clergy, at the mention of his name, would turn up their noses, significantly shrug their shoulders, and talk a great deal about Swedenborg, Schropfer and Co.; nay, there were persons ill-natured enough to express their conviction that the phantom was created by the wine alone. The superintendent himself, who came a few weeks afterwards to introduce the pastor to his new congregation, when the other guests had retired after the dinner given on the occasion, began to make very circumstantial inquiries concerning the health of his host. "You are a man," continued he, "who are fond of the sciences, who have little domestic occupation, and, on account of the sequestered situation of the place, cannot expect much society. Under these circumstances, I am afraid you will stick too closely to your books and your writing-table, neglect that exercise which is so essentially necessary, and thus lay the foundation of those numberless complaints, which sooner or later are the attendants of hypochondria. Let me persuade you to avoid this, my dear colleague. Rather take abundance of exercise, and consider your studies as a medium of conveying aliment to your mind and assuaging your thirst of knowledge, but which should by no means be purchased at the expense of your health and cheerfulness."

"I can assure your reverence," replied the pastor, "that I have nothing to fear from the attacks of melancholy. I delight in rambling abroad to enjoy the beauties of Nature, and the charming environs of this place present irresistible inducements to me to gratify this inclination. I am likewise very fond of gardening, with which I amuse myself several hours a day. I sleep well, and my digestion is good. I have a flow of spirits that very rarely fails me, and I cultivate the sciences in such a manner that they rather afford me matter

for recreation, and consequently for pleasure, than for gloomy meditations."

"Ah! yes," rejoined the superintendent, "this is always the language of you gentlemen: but such diseased persons are in the most dangerous way as fancy that they ail nothing. Beware my dear friend, and let me recommend to you plenty of exercise and a due proportion of medicine."

Our clergyman now began to imagine that there must be some particular reason for these exhortations. After pausing for some time, he thus addressed his visitor: "I am infinitely obliged to your reverence for the interest you take in my health; but it appears to me that you must have some particular motive for your well-meant advice, and therefore earnestly entreat you to favor me with an explanation."

"Well, then," answered the superintendent, "if you wish to know the real truth, I will tell you: I am informed you believe in the appearance of spirits. I have received such positive assurances of this fact, and from such respectable sources, that I cannot have any doubt on the subject. I have far too good an opinion of your understanding to seek the reason of it there, and must, of course, attribute it to some of those obstructions which at times operate so powerfully on the imaginations of persons possessing the strongest minds."

The matter was now perfectly clear to our divine. He perceived that the report of the apparition had reached the metropolis, and had occasioned the marked behavior of the superintendent, but from which business had before prevented him from paying so much attention as he had done on this day. He therefore related to him the whole affair with the utmost fidelity and simplicity, and added, "It could not be an optical deception; for whence could it have proceeded in a lonely village, so far from any high road? Neither could it have been any delusion of the senses; for the figure was not only seen at the same moment, and watched till its disappearance, by himself, but likewise by my wife, my sister, neighbor A.'s man, and neighbor B.'s maid, who all give the same description of it. What it was, or what it meant, whence it came, or whither it went, I know not, and I can do no more than repeat Hamlet's common-place observation, so often quoted on similar occasions: 'There are many things between heaven and earth which were never dreamt of by our philosophy.'"

The superintendent smiled, shook his head, and said no more; but next morning, as he mounted his chaise, he could not forbear calling once more to the pastor, "Remember the conversation we had yesterday, and my good advice. Plenty of exercise," etc., etc. The pastor bowed with a smile, which expired on his lips, as if suddenly checked by a sharp twitch of the toothache.

One day, in the summer of 17—, a stranger came to me, and delivered a letter from the lady of General M., who informed me in it, that "the bearer, Mr. S—, was an artist of great skill in optical deceptions, and who, in several exhibitions at H., had given great satisfaction to the public. As he intended to exhibit the same at C., she should consider herself obliged if I would endeavor to promote the views of Mr. S., who she was particularly anxious to serve." Mr. S., a man of considerable talents and prepossessing manners, soon found means to interest me in his favor, and I prevailed upon my father to allow him the use of a large empty apartment in the mansion in which we resided. As this apartment was upon the same floor with my room, I could not help having almost hourly occasions of seeing and speaking to the artist whilst employed in making his various arrangements. Sometimes he explained to me this or that part of his apparatus; at others he entertained me with an account of his travels, his residence in the principal cities of Germany, and his various adventures. Thus, among other things, he related to me what follows:

"In one of my journeys from Dresden to Frankfurt, I took it into my head to visit the beautiful valley of A. I therefore turned off from the high road, but about noon was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to stop at a village, because my automata had got wet under the canvas which covered my carriage. Whilst I was drying them, I availed myself of the opportunity to clean my mirrors, and was just going to pack up my apparatus again, when my wife pointed out to me a party, consisting, as I afterwards learned, of the minister of the place and two females, who were supping under the shade of the lime-trees before the door of the parsonage. In a fit of playful humor, she persuaded me to dish up an apparition, as a dessert for the company; and, as the parsonage was exactly opposite to my room on the ground floor of the inn, and only at a moderate distance, as the windows were low, and the party remained till late, I could not have had a better opportunity for complying with the wish of my frolicsome wife. I directed my mirror, and sent over a figure which I intended them to see. The ladies started with affright from their seats, but the pastor, a courageous man, followed the apparition, till one of the ladies, probably his wife, pulled him back, and I made the figure disappear at the wall of the churchyard. This event raised a great noise in the village. As I had entered the inn-yard by the back way, I had been noticed but by a few persons; on account of my

puppets, I had kept my door locked; there were no children in the house, and at the time the apparition was seen, my host and his people, who took me for a dealer in toys, were engaged in housing a wagon-load of hay which had come in very late. I had therefore plenty of time to remove my apparatus, and thus to obviate all suspicion of my having any hand in the affair. The apparition was regarded as supernatural, and several of the inhabitants who talked over the subject, under my window, were of opinion that it was a token of death that would speedily happen at the parsonage, not only because the apparition had directed its course from that place to the churchyard, but also because the pastor's wife was, for the first time, in an 'interesting condition.'

"I know not how it happened," continued Mr. S., "that I purposely left these people in their error. I well knew how to appreciate the moral object of such phantasmagoric exhibitions; namely, to form delusive figures by the aid of optics, and by explaining the natural means employed for the purpose, to destroy the belief in supernatural appearances: I knew, moreover, that no man can calculate the consequences of an action, and it was therefore doubly my duty to clear up the matter as soon as the danger of my deception was exhibited in pretty strong colors by those superstitious expressions. Notwithstanding all this, I left the people in their absurd notions; and the mischief which I may have then occasioned still sometimes lies heavy upon my heart."

"As for this cause of uneasiness," I replied, "I am glad to have it in my power to relieve you from it. The family of the pastor of A. still enjoys good health; instead of having diminished, it has been increased by three robust, hearty boys; and the character of a visionary, which he acquired, may now be done away by the very natural explanation of this occurrence. At the same time it may serve to convince him and his colleagues, that it is extremely silly to maintain, because we cannot account for any particular circumstance, that it must necessarily be inexplicable."

OUT AT ELBOWS.

SOME people are always out at elbows. Give them to-day a new coat made of the thickest broadcloth, and sewed with the stoutest thread, and to-morrow there will be a hole, with the protruding ulna thrusting itself into public notice as usual. No amount of broadcloth will keep their elbows decent; and you may stitch up all the chasms of the Alps sooner than you can keep their seams together; the man, or the woman born out at elbows will die out at elbows, and though their friends spend their lives in darning over the rents, the darns will be only Penelope's webs at the best, and the night will undo what the day has wrought. As well might you try to fill Chat Moss with garden-mould shovelled in by spadesful as to knit up certain lives into good order and a tolerable sufficiency: you may give money, help, advice, example, till you are weary—you may go to unheard-of trouble to get this presentation and that office—you may do a little bit of jobbery and a great deal of nepotism, some bribery and more cajolery, to have them settled and comfortably clad and provided for. It is all to no good. Seams will still unrip and elbows still protrude. These persons are destined by an inexorable fate and an unlucky constitution to be always in tatters.

By no means absolute to poverty is out-at-elbowism; for poverty has often a scrupulous regard for rents and seams. Go into a house where elbows are out—no matter what the means, no matter how they may be sought to be hidden—there they are, obtrusive, denuded, dominant. Whatever the wealth in such a house, there will be the elbows—thrust into your face at every turn. Dine at this house: the dinner of rich meats will be served on a soiled, perhaps a tattered, tablecloth; the massive silver forks will be tarnished; the service will be fragmentary; the organization incomplete; some want will be sure to be seen in every corner, and elbows, naked, red and pointed, where should have been a fluting of velvet or an eider-down cushion. Magnificent furniture, which the housemaid does not consider is in her wages to dust; large rooms with grand ceilings, and the stifled atmosphere of a house never thoroughly cleansed and never thoroughly opened; gorgeous apparel costing many sums, but a purple cap-string floating on a blue bosom, or—my dear madam, what is that dark shade I see just below your chin? It contrasts a little awkwardly with the brilliants below and the point-lace above; and do you not think it would be as well to employ the chemistry of Brown Windsor, and the dynamics of a Baden towel, to try and remove its unpleasant suggestions? That is a form of protruding elbowism not infrequently seen with certain people not to the manner of close seams and perfect material born—is, indeed, rather an emblem and ensign of the small beginnings which never thought it worth while to learn the fit assignment of great endings.

There is the out-at-elbow look of the shut-up house where everything seems afraid of the daylight; and the out-at-elbow look of the breezy house—the house which always has all its doors and windows open, with never a chimney corner from garret to basement, whose inhabitants are amphibious and catarrh proof, and where a headache is a misdemeanor, and chilliness but a shade lighter than immorality. A charming

place to stay at, but as little home to the four walls and window-loving Englishman as a tent on a mountain-top, or one's mattress spread in an eastern khan: perhaps as healthy and as free as both, or either, but not a whit cozier—a perforated life, with ventilating holes bored in every hat crown and rents at every elbow point—free and easy and healthful and breezy, and all that, but wanting knitting up, and stitching together and putting into shape; wanting, in fact, its elbows covered up in duffel and a comforter about its neck.

Then there is the out-at-elbow look of the untidy middle-class house, where domestic refinement is an exotic not grown, and with no seed-bed. This is the house where the ladies are for ever found in a state of unpreparedness and disorder; the drawing-room littered with stockings to mend and flannel petticoats to make; the hearth unswept: the luncheon crumbs upon the floor; and my lady and her daughters muffled up in old shawls and comfortable but unlovely jackets, generally with colds in their heads (untidy people are often afflicted with catarrh,) and always dreadfully busy, and dreadfully ashamed.

As a race, artists are of the out-at-elbow class: for the most part jagged and unordered, disconnected and in fragments; as if life was a series of patchwork, no matter whether held together or no, so long as each part is complete in itself. What does it signify if but the hexagon is true whether it is stitched into a counterpane, good against the cold on winter nights, or left loose in a box of odds and ends? The beauty of a part, not the fitness of the whole, is what most artists crave; and if a bit of scarlet is wanted in the right hand corner—why, paint that protruding elbow scarlet, and let the dull critics abuse you if they will for unfitness and misuse. What matters? you have your bit of scarlet in the right-hand corner, and your soul rests and is satisfied.

Authors are sad sinners in this direction: that is, as a class; for there are illustrious exceptions. There are officers of literature who are as punctual and rational as other men of business; men who can keep their books and attend to their accounts—places where proofs issue clean and to their time, where things are put straight when they go awry, and where dust, crooked lines, and topsiturniness generally, would be official misdemeanors met with a severity not to be lightly encountered. I know such an office as this of my own experience: and a pleasant office it is too, for business and other matters. I also know an artist's studio—the Italianized word is dying out, and study is taking its place—which does not smell of stale cigars, where the painter looks like a Christian and not like a wild man of the woods lately dressed in Holy-street, and where Clytie and the Milo Venus are in their natural colors and not grimed an inch thick with dust; and, by-the-by, why should artists' casts always be so grimed? Is there an artistic value in the deepened shadow, and more pronounced lines, which is of ever so much greater worth than the snobbish good of cleanliness and Mary's duster?

An artist's life is a strange out-at-elbowy kind of existence altogether. The ideal artist of a certain school knows nothing either of the two and two, or of the final disappearance of the eaten cake. He has been slow to learn the worth of common sense indeed in most things; slow to learn the value of well-clothed elbows—slower than any other class undoubtedly; but he is rationalizing now, darning up his rents, and stitching together his seams, and putting in both patches and padding, as is needful to a working world; specially against the knees and elbows. Privileged classes are fast becoming an anachronism: and swept away with the rest, happily, is the privileged out-at-elbowism of the artist world.

It is very sad to watch the gradual falling into out-at-elbowism of things new and bright and lovely; the gradual decay and disintegration of what once looked as solid as granite, and as durable as the everlasting hills. For things, as well as people, get out at elbows; and time wears holes in feelings as well as in velvet and corduroy. Love and hope and happiness and aspiration all go threadbare, and fall into rents as the months pass on and winter frosts wither up and blight the last of the summer flowers. In the youth and heyday of our life our moral elbows are covered an inch thick with generous padding; and we scout as sacrilege the idea that we shall ever go ragged, whatever happens to our neighbors. Impossible that we, burning fiery hot with poetry and zeal, should ever calm down into prose and vulgar fractions—that our philanthropic designs for regenerating mankind should subside into trading on our neighbors' necessities—that our poetic flights into the regions of the beautiful and the true should end in the Icarian sea of the useful and the expedient.

Look at the wedding coat, and the wedding gown too, for the matter of that. Bright, new, glossy, stainless, intact, do they not look as if fashioned for a lifetime? as if their brightness never could fade? their gloss be never rubbed away? their wholeness never broken? And yet what is the truth of that wedding wardrobe? In many cases out-at-elbowism before the year is fulfilled; in some before the wedding feast is cold; in almost all before life is ended; in only a gracious few, so few that we can all count up on our fingers the rare examples known to us, the seams kept close and the nap

unrubbed to the last, and the gloss and the beauty and the wholeness the same in the end as was in the beginning. Only a few gracious instances of this preservation of the wedding garment known to any of us; but scores of those in which there are threadbare places, and jagged holes, and elbows all abroad, and premature dilapidation, and bitter repentance for the special pattern accepted—others so much more suited, maybe, rejected!—and enduring irritation with the "fit." Enduring indeed, oftentimes to the life's end. And when elbows once get adrift from the padding and close stitching of the wedding garments, I doubt if any amount of darning and fine drawing can re-cover them before they get swathed for everlasting in the shroud. You may darn up any other hole but this; bankruptcy, insolvency, even a hole in your good name, a hole in your heart, and the doctors say one in your head, friendship out of order (though this is difficult,) habits out at elbows (and this is difficult too,) anything, in short, may be mended and restored—but when once the wedding coat gets threadbare, and the bride's white satin soiled, and the state of conjugal out-at-elbowism sets in, bid good-by to needle and thread, for there will be no darning of those rents, and no restoring of those stains!

How terribly lives get out at elbows sometimes! Once off the rails is, with some people, to be always with their elbows in the mud, trying vainly to work their way back to the tram-road of success again. Shabby, ill-found, hopeless, desperate—will those ragged elbows ever get themselves cleansed from the mire and decently clothed in honest broadcloth again? In some cases certainly not, where fate and nature have predestined: in others, mayhap, yes; but out-at-elbowism is more often a permanent institution, than a temporary disease, and seams once unripped are not so easily restitched. Very bad is this state when it comes to a man on the lower half of the great highway; when the energy and hope of youth are dimmed, and the shadows are lengthening in the evening sunset. It is very rare when a man can patch up his elbow-rents after fifty; for once in tatters always in tatters, according to some, and it is difficult to convince the hard-headed that elbows now naked can ever clothe themselves in decent array again. Strong, too, is the clothed man's instinct against denuded elbows—strong as the horror of the plump ortolan when the lean snake fixes on him the charmed eye which presages a transfer of adipose tissue. Denuded elbows, like lean snakes, have little shame and no mercy. The natural man protruding through the artificial covering of conventional tailordom demands boldly his natural inheritance, and, never stopping to ask how your porridge-pot is filled or if you have supper enough left for yourself, undauntedly thrusts his elbow in your face, and claims a share of the beer he has not brewed and of the bread he has not baked. But then, he is naked and hungry; and can we wonder?

There are two sides to everything; and though all manner of help and kindness and generosity and patching up of our neighbor's ragged elbows—taking our own coat if need be, for the tailoring of mercy—is of the pure law of God in the dealings of man with his fellows, yet there is also a good in the sturdy appreciation of self-help and independence, which may (it has this dangerous tendency, I admit,) run into hardness and want of charity towards the troubles which a little sympathy could avert, and a little timely help tide over into the current of success again. Still, turning the thing round once more, it is a truth, though sorrowful and humiliating, that if there was always a tailor for every hole, elbows would be perpetually unripping without ever an attempt at self-darning, sure that some one would be found to take that labor on himself, and rig up the luckless ragamuffin as good as new again, and at his own cost. And it is a question whether the loveliness of universal charity would compensate for the ugliness of chronic out-at-elbowism content to be pauperized, to be fed with food it has not earned, and to live on labor it will not share. After all, a man's elbows are his own; and when they do get denuded it is his duty, and none other's, to re-cover them decently and to patch up the holes discreetly. —*All the Year Round.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON THE WAR.—This famous lady thus addresses the *Boston Gazette*: "Perhaps you don't know Isaac has gone to the contented field; he was grafted last fall in one of the wings of the army, I suppose the flying artillery. I wrote to Mr. Stanton telling him not to put Isaac where he would get shot, as he wasn't used to it. I know what influenza you must have with the President, and I write this to you to get Isaac on a furlong, so he can get his mended pantaloon, for he writes me two of their 'parrots' burst their breeches, and I think what an awful thing it would be if Isaac was a parrot. When Isaac used to sing, 'I want to be an angel,' I did not think he would so soon be with 'the swamp angels' down in Charleston. He says the war will be over soon, and he will come back a Victoria. I'm sure I wish it was over now, or hadn't commenced yet."

No writer who deserves to succeed and who has faith in himself, is likely to suffer much, in the long run, by adverse criticism. Bentley uttered but the simple truth when he said: "No man was ever written down but by himself."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 415 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1865.

THE NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE man whose buggy wheels first strike the Nicholson pavement on Montgomery street does not allow any consideration of expense or durability to qualify his fullest praise. The noiseless roll of his vehicle and its even motion, the soothing, half-muffled beat of his horse's hoofs touch his sensibilities in a way that he cannot withstand. It seems a pity that there should be any appeal from this instinctive verdict. Unfortunately, this *prima facie* evidence of excellence is enough to excite suspicion in a good many people, to whom elegance and ease are believed to be incompatible with strength and utility, and who would be more apt to place confidence in the strength of a pavement that thoroughly bruised them than the one over which they rode with pleasure and security. Numberless old ladies are still to be found who prefer stone bridges, and could not be made to cross the new tubular structures. Many good people still wear rough clothes, imagining that they outlast the finest broadcloth. The religion of a large class of mankind is formed on the hypothesis that ugliness is wholesome, and discomfort dutiful, that skepticism and infidelity are somehow connected with spring mattresses and easy chairs, and that the world is destined in some mysterious manner to lapse into righteousness by a return to barbaric customs.

But the pavement is as strong as it is elegant. If the question of durability were confined to the experiment in this city, the burden of proof would of course fall upon the Nicholson party, and, with the usual fate of inventors, it would be difficult for them to prove the permanency and durability of a novelty. But the evidence shows that this pavement has been laid for nine years in Chicago, and during that time has worn down only but three-fourths of an inch. The Mayor, City Surveyor and Controller of Milwaukee, say "the question as to its durability, economy and beneficial effect upon the streets paved with it have been so satisfactorily settled in its favor, and the pavement is now held in such esteem, that when the subject of paving a street is being agitated the Nicholson is the only kind spoken of." Again, the Common Council of New York recently appointed a corps of engineers to visit Chicago and report upon it, which they have done so favorably that Broadway is to be paved with the Nicholson during the present year. These Eastern testimonials are so cumulative and convincing, that we believe the only objection against accepting them here is that the peculiarities of our climate may affect the conditions under which the pavement was elsewhere so successful—an objection which has not yet been stated with force enough to pass beyond a mere suggestion. To offset this, we have the peculiar construction and component details of the invention, too well known to the public to need repetition here, which would seem calculated to meet any exigencies of climate.

To return to our original proposition, we trust that the instinctive verdict of every one who has used the Nicholson pavement will obtain as final, leaving the question of durability in the rear of neatness, beauty, elegance and comfort. Let us enjoy the luxury of thoroughly comfortable streets for a few years, even if it bring chaos and confusion at the end of that time. After us, a deluge of mud and general ruin, if necessary. Let us be satisfied, however, that whatever the climax may be, it cannot produce anything worse than our present condition. Let the City Government grant to footsore and travel-jolted San Franciscans surcease of suffering, if it only be for a few years, and, if needs be, let future taxpayers suffer. By that time some newer and more elegant pavement may be introduced, which would involve the necessity of change any way. But in the interval there seems to be no plan which as fully and generally meets the exigencies of the case, no relief so speedy and effectual, no improvement that will so surely benefit the city, as that afforded by the Nicholson pavement.

Gov. Low has appointed Thursday, June 1st, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, issued in consequence of the "untimely death of him who was the friend and guardian of the nation."

WANTED—A PARK.

THE few warm days of last week, which interrupted the usual shrill asperities of our San Francisco summer, would have suggested to any but San Franciscans the advantage of possessing some other breathing place than those few barren squares which the city has so generously set aside for their recreation. Our citizens have trusted so much to the sanitary qualities of the winds which half-yearly blow them off their feet and fill their eyes with sand, as to believe themselves exempt from the ordinary hygienic conditions of other growing cities. They have argued that the sterility of the soil prevented any cultivation without extravagant outlay, and have urged, with some show of reason, that owing to the peculiarities of climate there were but few hours of a summer's day when a park could be used comfortably as a means of recreation. They would be apt to see, in any attempt to purchase land for such a purpose, only the schemes of speculators and land-jobbers, and would plead outstanding debts and an exhausted treasury against any civic or legislative appropriation.

But these arguments are by no means infallible. The sanitary winds that sweep away miasma and noisome exhalations are not always to be depended upon, and the experience of the last few years has shown us that even this climate is subject to extreme capriciousness. And, admitting that these tonic breezes are perpetual, it is possible to profit by their curative properties without experiencing their discomforts, and we think a public park might be so sheltered by shrubbery as to temper those winds, which in a milder form are elsewhere appreciated. The vigor and luxuriance of private gardens in the very heart of the city would seem to disprove the arguments of sterility, and Mr. Sanford's experiment in the Custom House grounds shows with what ease and expedition public grounds may be decorated. With a large park, properly shielded from the violence of the winds, the conditions of another objection would be altered, and people might possess one locality where they might gather when dust is whirled through the city thoroughfares and the streets are almost impassable to promenaders. The final objection, that in purchasing grounds for this object more or less contract-jobbing would ensue, has some weight; but as THE CALIFORNIAN has nobody's private purpose to serve, and no particular locality to advocate, it may venture to urge with entire disinterestedness some principles to be taken into consideration in the selection of a situation.

The park should be liberal in size, and suited to the growing requirements of our metropolis. Squares of the same area as those set apart in this city have been long discarded as inadequate for most cities of any pretension. One hundred acres, at least, are wanted. Its locality should be selected with an eye to our future limits, far enough removed from the present business centre to obtain perfect freedom and reticacy, and yet near enough to be accessible to pedestrians. That fertile area, now covered by market gardens and nurseries, lying east and south of the Mission Dolores, would comprise these advantages, with arable land and diversified surface. The grounds might be laid out in a style corresponding with the New York Central Park, containing the usual "drives," "rambles," "ponds," and "rustic bridges." Dwarf-oaks and willows—the only umbrageous products of San Francisco—are within this fertile zone, and would suffice until cultivation could produce something better. A greater portion of this locality has been under tillage for the past ten years, and the improvements, if they enhanced its value, would also save a good deal of the expense of preparing waste and barren sand hills. Or, should the design we have imperfectly sketched above be too ambitious for consideration at present, another plan may be suggested. Grounds, suitably shaded, might be purchased in the southern portion of the city, fronting the bay, and protected by a sea wall, affording a promenade something like the Battery of New York in its palmiest days, which, while combining the advantages of a sea view and fresh air, would be less exposed to the violence of the winds than North Beach or Meigs' Wharf. The multitudes which on Sundays and holidays flock to these latter places is a presumptive proof of the popularity which would be accorded to a more secure and comfortable place of resort.

As mere suggestions, these plans are open to much modification. Either or both may be adopted or supplanted by some other project of equal benefit; but it seems to us all-essential for the comfort, health and reputation of the city that its facilities for public recreation, by some such means as we have shown, should be greatly increased. The few suburban places of resort that we possess, the Willows, the Cliff House and Thorpe's, are at expensive distances, and not always readily accessible to men of moderate means and large families—to say nothing of the bibulous atmosphere which slightly dims their glory. Business men have already admitted the necessity of some recreation for their hard-worked employes by granting them a half-holiday on Saturday afternoons. It should be the privilege of the city to grant them some healthful place where they can rationally and beneficially enjoy their leisure. With improved sanitary conditions, better morality and higher tastes among her citizens, the city would be amply repaid for any outlay for the object we have solicited.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

"TROVATORE" was repeated on Saturday evening at Maguire's Academy of Music. Miss Phillips' "Azucena" was, as usual, pre-eminently good; if the tenor would pretermitt some of his remarkable embellishments he would please better. Verdi's original score of this opera has always appeared to us to be tolerable enough for San Francisco, but we may be mistaken. *Lucrezia Borgia* on Tuesday evening was well sung—Miss Phillips' pure contralto in the famous brindisi seemed to melt, like Cleopatra's pearl, in the cnp. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given on Thursday night. The duet of the tenor and soprano, at the end of Act 1st was very cleverly executed, and the two actors were called before the curtain. The quintette, in the second act was deservedly encoored. We are glad to state that *Lucrezia Borgia* will be given to night out of regard to the wishes of the admirers of Miss Phillips, who fills so capitably the role of "Maffio Orsini." On Tuesday *Rigoletto* will be produced, and on Thursday, *Ernani*.

Lucia di Lammermoor was also performed at the Metropolitan Theatre on Wednesday evening. The audience were not large in numbers but were powerful in expression and demonstrative to a superlative degree. Perhaps something of partisan rivalry mingles slightly with the musical enthusiasm of our opera-goers. The acting of this opera was very spirited, and the *finale* in the second act, the duet of the baritone and tenor in the third act, and the closing *finale* were warmly commended. *Ernani* was given last evening.

A full attendance greeted Gottschalk at the Academy of Music on Wednesday night. His reputation as a pianist is national, his works as a composer are household words, and his style, ably analysed by the best musical authorities, is so well known that further description would seem superfluous. None but a musician could fairly criticise his genius, and simple praise gives no idea of his ability. The visible manipulation, and the lightning-like play of his fingers, made his performance something extraordinary as a spectacle. In the "Eolian Murnurs" his delicacy was especially shown; under his marvellous touch the faintest musical tremor seemed to rise and swell into a volume of sound, hardly conceivable as the ordinary compass of his instrument. Possessed of so much artistic taste and genius, it seems strange that he does not give a more decided preference to classical music in his selections.

Of this manual dexterity, the *Bulletin* says: "We see a piece of minute and yet most powerful machinery remorselessly attacking the key board—there is no pause, no indecision. Like the 'devil' in a cotton factory, his fingers clutch the raw material—the undeveloped sounds that lurk in the quiescent instrument—and tear from them the delicate fibres of melody, which he draws, twists and combines into most exquisite harmonies."

Miss Simons, possessed of a high but somewhat thin soprano voice, was warmly applauded on her *debut*. Her execution is brilliant and remarkable, her style exceedingly artistic, and only marred by a tendency to overload with ornament, which, in the first part of her song from the *Child of the Regiment*, seemed rather distasteful to the ear. A violin solo by Schmidt, and two songs by Mr. Leach, very creditable to those gentlemen, made up the programme.

Gottschalk will give a "Matinée" this afternoon at the Academy. A superior programme is offered.

U. S. GOVERNMENT LOAN. — A telegram from Philadelphia of May 7th says that the 7-30 Loan, during the last six days, amounted to over forty millions. On the 9th, over fifteen millions were subscribed, one New York banking house taking five millions. About four millions of these bonds are now on their way to this State, and Mr. Cooke, of Jay Cooke & Co., is here to assist in perfectly placing them before the people. It is to be hoped that Californians will not show themselves behind their eastern brethren in this practical display of confidence in the Government and its institutions, even if the interest does not approach the height of some of the California rates. Four millions is a small amount for the capital California represents. The Secretary of the Treasury would be justified in looking with skeptical eyes on our prosperity and financial ability, as well as questioning the disinterestedness of our patriotism, if we, who yearly swamp capital in wild-cat stocks and hair-brained speculations, permit this Loan of the Government to go begging, or fall far behind eastern capitalists in our subscriptions.

Those of our readers who have become interested in "Only a Clod," must necessarily be disappointed this week. The advance sheets of the serial from which we obtain the story as its publication progresses, did not arrive by last steamer. Next week we will have an ample supply, and the various characters in this charming novel will move on "as though nothing had happened."

We have received from A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street, the following books to late for review this week: *Social Statics*, Emerson's *Poems*, Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, Lorrimer Littlegood and *Trial of John Y. Beall*.

(For the Californian.)

FURTHER OF MR. MARK TWAIN'S IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

I PROMISED, last week, that I would publish in the present number of THE CALIFORNIAN the correspondence held between myself and Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Cummings of Chicago, but I must now beg you to release me from that promise. I have just received telegrams from these distinguished clergymen suggesting the impolicy of printing their letters; the suggestion is accompanied by arguments so able, so pointed and so conclusive that, although I saw no impropriety in it before, I am forced now to concede that it *would* be very impolitic to publish their letters. It could do but little good, perhaps, and might really do harm, in awakening a diseased curiosity in the public mind concerning the private matters of ministers of the gospel. The telegrams and accompanying arguments are as follows:

FROM REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday, May 12.

MR. MARK TWAIN: * Am told you have published Bishop Hawks' letter. You'll ruin the clergy! Don't—don't publish mine. Listen to reason—come, now, don't make an ass of yourself. Draw on me for five hundred dollars.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

[Although I feel it my duty to suppress his letter, it is proper to state for the information of the public, that Phil. gets a higher salary where he is, and consequently he cannot come out here and take charge of Grace Cathedral. *Mem.*—He is in petroleum to some extent, also.—M. T.]

FROM REV. DR. CUMMINGS.

CHICAGO, Thursday, May 11.

MR. MACSWAIN: * Have you really been stupid enough to publish Bishop Hawks' letter? Ge-whillikins! don't publish mine. Don't be a fool, Mike.* Draw on me for five or six hundred.

REV. DR. CUMMINGS.

[I am conscious that it would be improper to print the Doctor's letter, but it may be as well to observe that he also gets a higher salary where he is, and consequently he cannot come out here and take charge of Grace Cathedral. *Mem.*—He is speculating a little in grain.—M. T.]

I am afraid I was rather hasty in publishing Bishop Hawks' letter. I am sorry I did it. I suppose there is no chance now to get an Argument out of him, this late in the day.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

I am a suffering victim of my infernal disposition to be always trying to oblige somebody without being asked to do it. Nobody asked me to help the vestry of Grace Cathedral to hire a minister; I dashed into it on my own hook, in a spirit of absurd enthusiasm, and a nice mess I have made of it. I have not succeeded in securing either of the three clergymen I wanted, but that is not the worst of it—I have brought such a swarm of low-priced back-country preachers about my ears that I begin to be a little appalled at the work of my own hands. I am afraid I have evoked a spirit that I cannot lay. A single specimen of the forty-eight letters addressed to me from the interior will suffice to show the interest my late publication has excited:

FROM REV. MR. BROWN.

GRASSHOPPER CHATEAU, 1865.

BRO. TWAIN: I feel that the opportunity has arrived at last for me to make a return somewhat in kind for the countless blessings which have been poured—poured, as it were—upon my unworthy head. If you get the vacancy in Grace Cathedral for me, I will accept of it at once, and at any price, notwithstanding I should sacrifice so much here in a worldly point of view, and entail so much unhappiness upon my loving flock by so doing—for I feel that I am "called," and it is not for me, an humble instrument, to disobey. [The splotch you observe here is a tear.] It stirs the deepest emotions in my breast to think that I shall soon leave my beloved flock: bear with this seeming childishness, my friend, for I have reared this dear flock, and tended it for years, and I fed it with spiritual food, and sheared it—ah, me, and sheared it—I cannot go on—the subject is too harrowing. But I'll take that berth for less than any mau on the continent, if you'll get it for me. I send you specimen sermons—some original and some selected and worked over. * * *

Your humble and obedient servant,
T. ST. MATTHEW BROWN.

They all want the berth at Grace Cathedral. They would all be perfectly satisfied with \$7,000 a year. They are all willing to sacrifice their dearest worldly interests and break the tenderest ties that bind them to their rural homes, to come and fight the good fight in our stately church. They all feel that they could do more good and serve their master better in a wider sphere of action. They all feel stirring within them souls too vast for confinement in narrow flats and gulches. And they all want to come here and spread. And worse than all, they all devil me with their bosh, and send me their sermons to read, and come and dump their baggage in my hall, and take possession of my bed-rooms by assault, and carry my dinner-table by storm, instead of inflicting these miseries upon the vestry of Grace Cathedral, who are the proper victims, by virtue of their office. Why in thunder do they come harassing me? What have I got to do with the matter? Why, I do not even belong to the church, and

have got no more to do with hiring pastors for it than the Dey of Algiers has. I wish they would ease up a little on me; I mixed into this business a little too brashly—so to speak—and without due reflection; but if I get out of it once all right, I'll not mix in any more—never any more; now that's honest—I never will.

I have numerous servants, but they are all worked down. My housekeeper is on the verge of open rebellion. Yesterday she said: "I lay I'll take and hyste some of them preachers out of this mighty soon, now." And she'll do it. I shall regret it. I could entertain no sentiment but that of regret to see a clergyman "hysted" out of my establishment, but what am I to do? I cannot help it. If I were to interfere I should get "hysted" myself.

My clerical guests are healthy. Their appetites are good. They are not particular as to food. They worry along very well on spring chickens. I don't feel safe with them, though, because if it is considered that a steamboat on the Mississippi is inviting disaster when she ventures to carry more than two ministers at a time, isn't it likely that the dozen I have got in my house will eventually produce an earthquake? The tradition goes that three clergymen on a steamboat will ground her, four will sink her, and five and a gray mare added will blow her up. If I had a gray mare in my stable, I would leave this city before night.

MARK TWAIN.

*Excuse the unhappy telegraph—it never spells names right.—M. T.

(For the Californian.)

A FEW OPERATIC CRITICISMS.

I WOULD state at the beginning of this article that I am not an opera critic, and do not wish to be confounded with any of those amiable gentlemen who write the regular notices, whose facile handling of musical terms always impresses me, and who, with their other varied talents seem to be gifted with a prescience which not unfrequently enables them to pen a fair description of a performance before it has taken place. But I deem it only just to these gentlemen to say that their criticisms partake of all the vagueness and obscurity of the prophetic statement, are susceptible of a variety of meanings, and convey a certain impressiveness which a careful analysis fails to substantiate.

My object being to ask rather than give information, to make suggestions rather than statements, I find myself at this point somewhat embarrassed by my style, which has in the first paragraph unwittingly assumed something of the didactic and critical quality I have deprecated. Writing purely from a sense of ignorance I find myself unconsciously in that oracular attitude which any excess of this quality is apt to produce. To come to the point from which I have been straying, I should like to proponnd a few questions.

Why are baritones—with the exception of "Don Giovanni," "Plunkett" and a few others—always either unsuccessful in love or inimical to its expression? Why are they invariably jilted lovers, cruel parents or hated elder brothers? Is there anything in their quality of voice which precludes a perfect illustration of reciprocal passion? Believing this arbitrary rule would fail in real life, it has occurred to me that it might be an interesting experiment for the tenor and baritone to sometimes change places. But then, it has also occurred to me that the tenor, owing to what I conceive to be his natural weakness, would fail completely; his vindictiveness would be apt to be feminine and hysterical, his malice would be inconceivably shrill, and would naturally take small methods of expression; instead of using the dagger he would probably pinch the soprano and call the baritone bad names. His passion is of a quality so evidently made to be appreciated—his existence is so peculiarly dependent upon the soprano who is the female of his species, that I shudder to think of his conduct under any of those conditions which bring out the baritone so splendidly. As the tenor voice expresses the highest musical standard of masculine perfection, I have sometimes wondered if the weaknesses I have described were not incidental to other qualities of perfection. But I fear that I am wandering from the subject at this point, and pass on to the next question.

Why are the chorus always so unanimous in their expressions of sympathy? Would not some slight diversity of opinion, or a little independence of character on the part of one or two, be an agreeable relief, besides throwing a little more sincerity into their condolence or congratulations? But I have noticed that in spite of this apparent sympathy for the principal actor, they invariably ignore each other's acquaintance on the stage, and stand apart even while uttering a sentiment in which they all concur. Their relations are so evidently to the baritone or tenor, and so little to each other, that if I were a composer I should consider it my duty to write an opera that should be all chorus, just to throw these gentlemen back upon themselves and develop their individuality. They are so utterly dependent upon the principal characters for their ideas, and sometimes even for their language, that the spectacle often becomes humiliating to the sensitive man, and I can readily imagine that a continued habit of chorus singing is dreadfully shattering to character. I am not prepared to say

that their peculiarities are unreal, or their conduct unnatural. On the contrary, I have met in this real world one or two distinguished men who seem to have been attended through life by just such sympathizing choruses. Like these operatic brethren, this worldly chorus have neither reciprocity nor individuality; they are not warmed by the sentiments they echo, and if the actor to whom they are related is removed they have nothing to do but transfer their relations to some other. Born to the chorus they never rise in their profession—but feeling that I am guilty of a certain complicity with T. S. Arthur and Miss Braddon in the construction of this moral, I leave the sentence unfinished.

Why does the vernacular in English Opera—particularly in recitative—always affect us unpleasantly, irrespective of its musical infelicity? Perhaps we instinctively acknowledge a certain discord between our real sentiments and expression and the delightful shams and tinselled rhetoric set up before us. I have noticed that as long as the language of the libretto is confined to the French and Italian idioms, we seldom trouble ourselves about its morality or truthfulness to Nature, and rather believe that the responsibility in some way devolves on those nations in whose language the opera is written. The scrupulous sentiment of Camille, so unbearable in the dialogue of the English play, is altogether changed in the delicious music and "soft bastard Latin" of Traviata. For these reasons I am inclined to believe that those barbarians who decry Italian opera because they cannot understand the language, are not as honest as they would have us think. What business have they to want to understand it? Why should they drag the prosaic utterances of their every day life into the region of romance and poetry?

But the philosopher who analyses his pleasures loses half his enjoyment, and the gods destroy those who scrutinize their gifts. Wherefore, O reader, let you and I proceed quietly to the temple of enchantment, in which a questioning word or doubt dissolves the charm. Let us look cheerfully upon this brilliant assembly, and the lovely creatures attired in that charming full dress in which, alas, so few of the real heroic duties of womanly life are performed. The curtain rises. Smile not, scoffer, because the silver moon, which ascends with such alarming rapidity over the Druid groves, is several times larger than the one with which thou art familiarly acquainted. Pretermit the jest which rises to thy lips at the imperial which the stoutest Druid, who is unfamiliar with early English history, sports upon his chin. Question not the theology of the Priestess, for the rippling curls of the lady before thee are false, the diamond that glitters on the bosom of yonder snob is paste. We are such stuff as operas are made of, and our little life is rounded by the fall of the green curtain.

BRET.

WHAT THE ENGLISH JOURNALS WILL SAY.—Those English journals which have generously espoused the weaker, and, as it seemed to them, romantic and chivalrous side of our National struggle, would seem to be just now entitled to our especial sympathy. It was comparatively easy for them to gloss over the taking of Richmond, and find some compensation therefor in the terms which Johnston extracted from Sherman. The flight of Jefferson Davis they might have excused, for even Kings have sometimes preferred that method to the old heroic fashion of dying on the battle-field. But the spectacle of the exalted head of the Confederacy placarded through the country as a felon and the cowardly accomplice of an assassin—liable to arrest in any civilized community for a common crime against society—is something that exceeds most of the conditions of romance. Perhaps, however, that poetry which clothed with an heroic atmosphere the chronometer-thief and pirate Semmes, would have no difficulty in glorifying the assassin Davis. But our English cousins do not stand in need of sympathy. That sublime conceit which enwraps them like the fog of their own dear metropolis, if it clouds their perception of surrounding objects, conceals their own persons from the searching shafts of ridicule. So, whether they offer an asylum to the outlaw, should he escape, and smother him with sympathizing resolutions, or with consistent inconsistency suddenly wheel about and lampoon him in *Punch*, we have no fears but that English journalists will do what will seem in their own eyes eminently wise, just and proper under the circumstances.

C. B. MILLER, at his Floral Repository, No. 200 Bush street, opposite the Cosmopolitan Hotel, has a rare and beautiful Cactus now in bloom. The flower is about nine inches in length, and of the most beautiful pink color, mottled with white. It is called the *Echinocactus Eyresii*, from *echinos*, a hedge-hog, and *cactus*, a name given by Theophrastus to a spring plant. These plants are of great beauty and interest on account of their singular and grotesque appearance, the arrangement of their spines and the beauty of their flowers. The plant referred to is from South America.

A LADY in Sacramento, recently, after partaking of rhubarb pie, became suddenly and violently ill. Upon investigation, it was found that the rhubarb had been cooked in a copper vessel, and the acid acting on the metal had produced verdigris. Prompt medical treatment relieved the lady from the danger to which carelessness had subjected her.

A THRILLING NOVEL BY "McARONE."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a night of August, 1804, that a gray-haired and respectable lieutenant of the Irish navy sat in the fore-chains of the frigate *Sunburst*, keeping watch.

The vessel lay in the harbor of Havana, but the city lights were almost hidden by the snow and sleet that drove thick upon the pitiless blast, and the thunderous crash and crackle of the ice against the sterile Cuban beach.

Day at last broke upon the dismal scene. The aged lieutenant arose from the forechains, shut up his telescope, blew out the binnacle lights, and called: "Watch, watch, watch!"

The Dog Watch came, and the wearied officer retired to his cabin to refresh himself with slumber.

Ah, little did he know of what was about to befall him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

During his sleep he died... cruelly murdered.

The same hand that slew him then fired the goodly ship.

She was soon a sheet of flame, went on her beam-ends, burst her boiler, burned to low-water mark, and sunk. Vessel and cargo a total loss. Insurance unknown.

Turn we to other scenes.

CHAPTER III.

A gentleman of wealth and distinction, living near Patchogue, L. I., was walking up and down his apartments, clad in a splendid dressing-gown of gold brocade, and slippers of sheep's fur. He passed his jewelled fingers through the curls that clustered about his lily-white brow, and murmured convulsively:

"I am the guardian of the Lady Eveleen. Her father was murdered. I had charge of her splendid fortune. I have lost it at draw-poker. I now intend to marry her, in order to conceal the loss. This is the dreadful mystery that embitters my life. Not a soul must know it. That's why I speak of it now alone, to myself."

At this moment, the door opened as if by magic... the usual custom of doors in romances... and a young man with auburn hair and a bull-terrier pup entered.

"Good morning, John," said he: "how are you now?"

"I am wretched, Adolphus," replied the other.

"You have, then, a secret sorrow?"

"I have. In vain I dance and sing to drive away dull care. I go a-fishing, and the fish don't bite; I seek nepentho on the road, but it's a hard road to travel; I hoe in the garden, but it's a hard row to hoe; I whistle at the plow, but the plow won't come. All is empty!"

Adolphus gazed at a black bottle that reposed on the étagère.

"It is!" he said, mysteriously.

"Now what would you advise me to do?" asked John.

"By my troth," responded his friend, "I should say that the charms of a hymeneal life might dissipate your gloom. The Lady Eveleen is more than passing fair, and is of age to wed. Why not fling your name and fortune at her fairy feet and bide the issue at her smiling lips. Good sooth indeed is meet to win a gladsome prize!"

He didn't know precisely what he meant by this last expression, but, like other characters in novels, thought he might say anything that sounded well.

"Adolphus," said John, "I will do it!"

The friends stood long in a silent embrace, with tears coursing down their noses, while the bull-terrier pup nipped the calves of their legs playfully.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lady Eveleen sat in a second-story bower with folding-doors. Vases of purple porphyry, gleamed darkly through the weird obscurity which fell from the dead sheen of crimson curtains, and a he bulbul, in a cage of golden filagree, sang mournful memories of the rose-gardens of sunny Labrador. A crystal chalice of pellucid water hung by the eage, and from it the bulbul occasionally sluiced his melodious gob.

"How are you, bulbul?" said the Lady Eveleen, archly.

And the bird, who had just heard of the fall of Richmond, cleared his throat, and, without apology, sang "Yankee Doodle." Hardly had the bulbul finished his exquisite strain, when the door of Eveleen's bower flew open, also as if by magic, and her guardian entered.

"Will you marry me?" said he.

"O, go way!" said she.

"Eveleen, I mean it," he went on, in a voice tremulous with passion; "I love you as no man ever loved no woman, and if you do not bid me hope, I shall be real mad."

"Sir," she said, "you flatter me by your preference, but I'd rather not."

"You love another!" he muttered hoarsely: "you know you do."

"You speak truly," she said, while a tender crimson like that of a young radish overspread her delicately-chiseled cheek; "I cannot give you a heart that is not mine. I... I have... a sort of sneaking notion... for... for Adolphus!"

"No! Pshaw!"

"I have!"

"'Tis hopeless. Even now he advised me to wed you."

"He did? Then it is, alas, too true! Woe is me!"

She then tore her hair, until her waterfall was in danger of coming off, when she desisted.

CHAPTER V.

A cold, stern-faced man stood on a bleak hillside watching the angry sunset. He was pale and careworn; one of those men whose faces you will remember, if you see them often enough. He walked slowly and thoughtfully up the hill, with an expression in his eyes like that of a man who seeks for nothing and finds it. At his heels waddled a fat bull-terrier pup, with pink eyes.

Ha! you have already guessed that this man is Adolphus!

The north-wind blew chill, and seemed to wail with a saddened voice. He wondered, with a vague unrest, whether, if the wind were conscious, it might not know things that he didn't know; and whether it were of any use to know things that the wind, if it were not conscious, couldn't know, and so forth. He thought all this, because he was that kind of a man. When he reached the top of the hill, he burst into tears.

"It cannot be!" he said; "she loves me, but how can I make her mine? Her guardian loves her to madness—be is my friend—honor forbids me to see her more. My lot is hard... ay, harder than hinges!"

He kicked his dog to conceal the emotion which unmanned him. Then he strode rapidly away, down the hill, and was lost to sight.

And the sun went on setting, just as before, in its couch of angry flaming clouds, and the wind wailed more sadly as the purple shadows of night crept up that now deserted hillside.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Eveleen sat on the shore of the doubtful and mysterious ocean, and its waves chased each other playfully up, as if to kiss her fairy foot. (When I say foot, I mean feet; but we novelists consider the singular number more elegant, in such cases.)

All of a sudden, the fair girl continued to sit on the sands, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted, ah, who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber, and emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish!

At this moment, a black shadow gradually fell athwart the tawny sands, and rested on the book which Eveleen held listless in her lap. She looked up, and started with affright. Her guardian stood before her.

"Alone here, Eveleen?" he murmured in low and musical tones, like the first tremulous notes of an accordeon touched by a master-hand.

"I am," she said.

"Once more," he added, murmuringly, "I ask you, will you ever be thus alone, or will you thread life's pleasant paths with me?"

She was about to reply in English, when she reflected that she had, thus far, used no French phrases, without which no romance can be complete now-a-days.

"*Je vivrai seule,*" she said, with emphasis; "*je le jure par le saint tissonnier de Moïse!*"

"Consider well," he said; "you won't have many more chances."

"I don't want any more chances," replied she. "I tell you, once for all, that I will not wed with you!"

He scratched his head thoughtfully with his little finger.

"I am your guardian," said he at length; "I command you to marry me!"

She sprang to her feet, turned her large tobacco-colored eyes toward heaven, and placed her snowy hand on the jewelled hilt of a poignard such as heroines usually carry in their bosoms.

"One step nearer," she cried, "and we both perish by this highly-tempered and carefully-whetted blade! I scorn you! Death before dishonor! Hah, hah, ha—a—a!"

The wily monster recoiled in horror from the beautiful but wrathful phantom he had himself aroused. She seized the opportunity and flew to a boat which had been left, quite conveniently, on the shore; stepped in, took an oar, and paddled far out upon the raging billows.

"I guess I've rather got you now!" she shrieked; and laughed with cruel glee to see her guardian fall swooning upon the beach.

CHAPTER VII.

Penniless, desperate, a voluntary exile from her luxurious bome, the Lady Eveleen paddled her light bark manfully onward till she arrived in Liverpool. It there occurred to her that it was high time for her to succumb to the fact of her class, and to become a governess. She accordingly rang at the door of a palatial mansion in the most aristocratic portion of the city, and asked to see the lady of the house.

The servant showed her into a parlor where a middle-aged woman sat, magnificently dressed, reading a novel, and caressing a King Charles spaniel; the only two occupations of any lady who desires a governess.

"Do you wish," said Eveleen, stifling all feelings of pride (for she too could read a novel and caress a spaniel as well as the next woman), "do you wish, madame, to engage a governess?"

"No... I believe I don't want nobody just now," replied the lady.

"You should say, 'I don't want anybody,' madame," said Eveleen.

"Well, child," the lady said, looking up, "you seem to have a superior education. I'll engage you at once!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A year rolled by.

One morning, Eveleen went to a grocery to buy some herrings for lunch, and the grocer wrapped them in an old newspaper. On arriving at home, my heroine meditatively consumed her fish, and read scraps of news from the paper half unconsciously, till she came to this item:

AMERICAN DUPE.—The New York papers relate the story of a man named John, who had a young lady ward, whom he wished to marry. She confessed her love for a friend of his, named Adolphus, and fled to avoid her guardian's persecutions. Recently, John challenged Adolphus, and the two met at Hoboken, where, after exchanging seventy-nine shots each, without effect, Adolphus's pistol exploded, and blew his head off. John is missing.

Now most girls would have fainted, or ruptured a blood-vessel, or died of heart-disease, or gone into a rapid decline, on learning such news. But Eveleen was not of common clay, and moreover, I have promised to bring this story to a purely original end. I have had no difficulty with it, so far; having, in fact, written it with only one hand, as easy as smoking a pipe. Let me hasten to make a finish.

Eveleen, after reading the intelligence of Adolphus's death, quietly but sadly ate the last herring, and then, calling her youthful charges, went on being a governess, and made a very good one indeed!

McARONE.

SUPERIOR NONSENSE VERSES.

[The following is a clever imitation of a certain style of popular poetry much extant. Each verse is a *non sequitur*, and the concluding four lines, though apparently explanatory, give no clue to the meaning of the preceding stanzas:]

HE comes with herald clouds of dust;
Ecstatic frenzies rend his breast;
A moment, and he graced the earth—
Now, seek him at the eagle's nest.

Hark! seest thou not the torrent's flash
Far shooting o'er the mountain height?
Hear'st not the billows' solemn roar,
That echoes through the vaults of night?

Anon the murky cloud is riven,
The lightnings leap in sportive play,
And through the clanging doors of heaven,
In calm effulgence bursts the day.

Hope peering from her fleecy car,
Smiles welcome to the coming spring,
And birds with blithesome songs of praise
Make every grove and valley ring.

What though on pinions of the blast
The sea-gulls swing with leaden flight?
What though the watery caverns deep
Gleam ghostly on the wandering sight?

Is there no music in the trees
To charm thee with its frolic mirth?
Must Care's wan phantom still beguile
And chide thee to the stubborn earth?

Lo! Fancy from her magic realm
Pours Boreal gleams adown the pole.
The tidal currents lift and swell—
Dead currents of the ocean's soul.

Yet never may their mystic streams
Breathe whispers of the mournful past,
Or Pallas wake her sounding lyre
Mid Ether's columned temples vast.

Grave History walks again the earth
As erst it did in days of old,
When, seated on the golden throne,
Her hand a jewelled sceptre held.

The Delphic oracle is dumb,
Dread Cumea wafts no words of fate
To fright the eager souls that press
Through sullen Lethe's iron gate.

But deeper shadows gather o'er
The vales that sever night and morn;
And darkness folds with brooding wing
The rustling fields of waving corn.

Then issuing from his bosky lair
The crafty tiger crouches low,
Or thunders from the frozen north
The white bear, lapped in Arctic snow.

Thus shift the scenes till high aloft
The young moon sets her crescent horn,
And in gray evening's emerald sea
The heauteous Star of Love is born.

SOMEBODY has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the day-time. A Schenectady daguerreotypist has missed several from the frames that hang by his door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

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BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

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DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGURY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single use has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

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The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that our nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "Fetridge Co."

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372 Broome street, New York.

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE, and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES,

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REDUCTION and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over

all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine ore or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration, particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or millers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent,

Southeast corner of Montgomery and California street, San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO., New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17

Have received a Large Stock of GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND— FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling AT VERY LOW PRICES. Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO., Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers Fine Clothing —AND— GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, TUNES, VALISES, CARRIAGE BAGS, &c., 206 & 208 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY, No. 427 Broome street, New York.

A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. ap29-1f

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

METALLURGIC INSTITUTE,

FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing.

The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations. fe25-1f

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO— Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF, EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-1f

J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

fy2

SAN FRANCISCO

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,



WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22-3m

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET!

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO., Nos. 510 and 523 Washington street. mh25-1f

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have leased the large three-story Building, Nos. 425 and 427 BATTERY STREET, near Washington street, in connection with our store on MONTGOMERY STREET, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants

Contractors, and the public generally, with the

best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge.

BOWEN BROTHERS.

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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Westons' and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

Now work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS, mn4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

M. H. GARLAND,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Confectioner,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street, SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22 1f

THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES.

JEFF. DAVIS, Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Saunders, W. C. Clevery and other prominent rebels and traitors, having been, it appears, directly implicated in the murder of the late President, the President of the United States offers a reward of \$100,000 for the arrest of Davis, \$25,000 each for Clay, Thompson and Tucker, and \$10,000 for Clevery, late a clerk in Clay's employ.

Payne, the assassin of Seward, made a full confession of his guilt.

Dick Taylor, it is believed, has surrendered his forces to Gen. Canby.

The Hon. A. Burwell appeals by letter to his fellow-citizens of Mississippi to take the oath of allegiance.

An expedition against the guerrillas of Brownsville, Tennessee, was successful.

A number of Booth's accomplices have been arrested. The *World*, in a long and graphic account of the plot against the rulers of the nation, gives the following particulars:

Booth was the original projector of the crime, seconded by parties in Canada. He was furnished with a murderous accomplice in Payne from that section. Mrs. Surratt was the mother of the *cenci*, and Booth found another bloody accomplice in A. T. Surratt.

The route for escape was planned weeks previous to the act. When Booth escaped, Harrold left with him; they reached Surratt's at midnight, stopping at Lloyd's hotel to get a bottle of whisky, Booth remaining on his horse while Harrold went up stairs and got one bottle. Caroline Lloyd offered another, but Harrold said Booth had broken his leg and could not carry it. As they rode off, Booth called to Lloyd: "We have murdered the President and the Secretary of State." They reached Dr. Mudd's house before sunrise, and Booth had his broken leg set.

Among those under arrest as direct accomplices, are Spangler, the stage carpenter at Ford's Theatre; Samuel Arnold, of Baltimore, who claims to have backed out of the plot; Capt. Itell, who took Booth and bound him on his horse at Surratt's house—he was assigned to kill the Vice President; Mrs. Surratt, the mistress of the conspiracy; McLaughlin, a friend and confederate of Booth; Dr. Mudd, who set Booth's leg; Lloyd, who entertained the assassins and gave them a carbine; Sam Coxer, who concealed and fed Booth; Harrold, who was captured with Booth; Surratt, who shared the secret of the meditated crime; Payne, who attempted the life of Secretary Seward; Mrs. Adams, of Newport, who is believed to have assisted Booth; and Mr. Wilson, of Newport, who, though cognizant of the crime, did not assist justice.

The Executive order of November 21st, 1862, prohibiting the exportation of arms and ammunition from the United States, and the order of May 13th, 1863, prohibiting the exportation of horses, mules and live stock were rescinded by President Johnson.

Mosby took leave of his guerrillas at Salem, Fauquier county, Va., telling them to return home. He said he was bound for Texas.

Rebel treasury notes are selling at the rate of \$2 to \$5 per \$1,000, as souvenirs.

The treasure removed from Richmond in the flight of the rebels did not amount to over \$200,000. The train broke down, and the boxes were either broken up and destroyed, or divided, grab-fashion, among the soldiers.

The main portion of Sherman's army was *en route* to Washington.

Ex-Governor Aiken of South Carolina, was arrested and sent to the Federal capital, but was released by order of the President. He claims to be a Union man, and has shown every disposition to aid the Government—since the recent crushing defeats to the rebel arms—in re-establishing its authority and procuring the submission of his people without further useless resistance.

G. B. Lamar, a notorious secessionist, of Georgia, has been arrested.

Fifteen hundred Union soldiers formerly imprisoned at Andersonville, were transported down the Florida Central road on the 28th, to within 10 miles of Jacksonville, and unconditionally released.

On the 4th of May, the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in the United States, unanimously passed both Houses of the Legislature of the State of Connecticut.

Gen. Wilson's expedition through Alabama, made fearful havoc with the rebels in that State. In an engagement with Forrest near Plantersville, he captured 3000 prisoners and 3 guns. Selma, with 12 guns in position, 25 arsenals, 3 rolling mills, a naval foundry and arsenal, with gunpowder works and magazines fell into our hands. Montgomery surrendered without an assault. Foundries, magazines, railroad cars, steamboats, nitric works, etc., were destroyed here. Columbus was carried by assault, 1,200 prisoners, 53 guns, 100,000 bales of cotton, and immense quantities of ordnance and quartermasters' stores were captured. Wilson's total loss in the expedition was 350 men.

It is intimated that a demand was made by the Government on the Canadian authorities, for the surrender of such of the assassins and conspirators as may be within its jurisdiction. Tucker and Saunders have disappeared from Montreal.

The people of the interior of the State of Virginia were found in a state of great suffering, owing to the rule of the rebel military. Thousands were saved from starvation by the supplies of food which the United States Commissioners furnished them.

Robert Ould, late Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, W. H. Hatch, his assistant, and several other attaches of the Richmond Bureau, have been arrested on orders from Washington.

The country on the east side of the Mississippi from Tunicia Landing to Bayou Sara, is completely inundated for 35 miles; many of the inhabitants are starving. Morganza is abandoned on account of the flood. Fears are entertained at New Orleans of a more destructive overflow than ever occurred before.

The Army of the Potomac is *en route* to Washington. Its heavy equipments and paraphernalia go round by water.

Jeff Davis is still in rapid flight southward, pursued by Stoneman, and surrounded by Grierson and Wilson. Reports say that he can scarcely escape. It is said that, in the event of his escape, the evidence in the possession of the Government of his complicity with the late assassination is such, that no foreign government will hesitate in giving him up.

The civil machinery is being put in operation in Virginia. The State is divided into four districts, and the Secretary of the Treasury has appointed a number of assessors and collectors.

The President has issued an executive order, re-establishing the authority of the United States and the execution of its laws within the geographical limits of Virginia.

CITY AND COUNTY TICKET FOR 1865.

For Mayor, HENRY P. COON.	For Coroner, S. R. HARRIS, (Full term.)
For County Clerk, WILLIAM LOEWY.	For Sheriff, HENRY L. DAVIS.
For Recorder, THOMAS YOUNG.	For Assessor, WILLIAM R. WHEATON.
For District Attorney, NATHAN PORTER.	For Superintendent of Common Schools, WILLIAM SHERMAN.
For Harbor Commissioner, HENRY CARLTON, JR.	For Harbor Master, NELSON PIERCE.
For Coroner, S. R. HARRIS, (Unexpired term.)	For Surveyor, GEORGE C. POTTER.
For Supervisors,	
DISTRICT.	DISTRICT.
II.—R. P. CLEMENT.	VIII.—G. W. BELL.
IV.—WILLIAM S. PHELPS.	X.—GARRETT WELTON.
VI.—E. N. TORREY.	XII.—CHARLES H. STANYAN.
For School Directors,	
DISTRICT.	DISTRICT.
II.—HIRAM T. GRAVES.	X.—C. S. BUGREE.
IV.—JOSEPH W. WINANS.	XII.—CHAS. M. PLUM, (Unexpired term.)
VI.—A. C. NICHOLS.	XII.—CHAS. M. PLUM, (full term.)
VIII.—GEO. C. HICKOX, (Unexp. term.)	
VIII.—GEO. C. HICKOX, (Full term.)	
For Inspectors,	
DISTRICTS.	For Judges of Election,
I.—Jabish Clement,	Benjamin Sheldard,
II.—William Snook,	Henry Lawrence,
III.—Benjamin Smith,	William F. Dewey,
IV.—George F. Bragg,	R. G. Brown,
V.—Jacob Underhill,	Emile V. Sutter,
VI.—W. G. Wendel,	James C. Harvey,
VII.—C. S. Hobbs,	B. C. Howard,
VIII.—J. W. Crossley,	C. Steiman,
IX.—James Dows,	N. K. Masten,
X.—George W. Snell,	D. P. Bilknap,
XI.—Volney W. Still,	H. N. Turner,
XII.—J. B. Morton (1st precinct)	William F. Canham,
XII.—C. P. Kimball (2d precinct)	E. Heath.

CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—In response to the duty imposed upon us, "The People's Nominating Committee," we now present a ticket to be voted at the coming election. The offices to be filled are important—the faithful, or mal-administration of the affairs of which, vitally affects your interests. Your Committee have conscientiously and persistently kept this in view.

We believe in the men now presented, and place every name before you, confident of your approval. A majority of these are tried men—long known to you, and against the administration of whose trusts no word of censure is uttered. We have been exacting in regard to loyalty, and on this point we know all our candidates to be thoroughly sound.

Fellow-citizens—we appeal to the record, and show that the People's Party has done well by you. It has brought order out of chaos—economy in place of reckless waste—full protection to life and property—an honest ballot box, with vigilant watchfulness of all your interests—in place of all that was the reverse. Shall this continue? Is the policy of keeping our Municipal affairs distinct from all general party issues sound, or shall we go back to the old dark days of bargain and sale, waste and corruption?

We believe you will overwhelmingly reaffirm your previous endorsement.

Respectfully,
WALTER VAN DYKE, President.
James B. Stetson,
Isaac S. Josephi,
F. F. Belcher,
Seixas Solomons,
A. J. Kellogg,
James McMechan,
W. K. Vanderslice,
W. H. Lyon,
T. S. Barker,
J. Roome Lewis,
Robert J. Tiffauy,
J. O. Eldridge,
John Barton,
C. H. Wetherbee,
Christinn Kirk,
George C. Shreve,
Benjamin Brewster,
F. W. Brooks,
A. D. McDonald,
J. S. Hutchinson,
Dr. E. F. Bunnell,
David Pomeroy,
G. C. BOARDMAN, Secretary.

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANOS.—The *Evening Post*, speaking of these, says: One of the interesting musical events of the season is the competition in instruments, and the success that has attended the exhibition of Bradbury's Piano Fortes at the several fairs recently held. This success is the more remarkable from the fact that a new competitor for public favor has always to contend with the prejudices of those who are interested in keeping their old favorites in the front rank; and it is only when the intrinsic merits of a new instrument are so apparent as to render opposition to it hazardous to their professional reputation that it can get a fair start.

There was a large number of fine pianos in this exhibition, and the managers of it devoted to them the largest and most prominent space in the main hall of the Academy building. Among these the beautiful square piano contributed by the manufacturer, William B. Bradbury, maintained a first place, being remarkable for power, brilliancy, richness, purity and equality of tone, combined with delicacy of touch, strength of frame and general excellence of mechanical manipulation. This piano has Mr. Bradbury's new and improved scale, which is now receiving the highest commendations from first class musical authority as well as the public generally.

It was awarded the first prize (a Gold Medal) at the fair of the American Institute, of this city, by Gotschalk, Beames, Berg and F. H. Brown.

We are informed by the managers that Mr. Bradbury did not manufacture this instrument especially for exhibition, but that it was taken promiscuously from his general stock.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

In accordance with the statutes made and provided, public notice is hereby given that the Annual Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco will be held on TUESDAY, May 16, 1865; and the qualified Voters of said City and County are hereby called upon to meet in their respective Districts for the purpose of electing the following named officers at said Election, to wit:

Mayor; Sheriff; County Clerk; Recorder; Treasurer; Assessor; District Attorney; Superintendent of Common Schools; Surveyor; Harbor Master; Harbor Commissioner; Coroner, unexpired term; Coroner, full term;

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following Districts: 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, for the full term. Also, one School Director in the 8th District for unexpired term; and one School Director in the 12th District for unexpired term.

One Inspector and two Judges of Election for each of the twelve Districts; also one Inspector and two Judges of Election for the Second Election Precinct of the Twelfth District. In the election of Inspectors and Judges of Election, each qualified voter shall vote for one Inspector and one Judge of Election only, and the person having the highest number of votes for Inspector, shall be declared elected Inspector, and the two persons having the highest number of votes for Judges, shall be the Judges of Election for the respective Districts. (See Laws of 1857, page 210.)

Public notice is hereby given that the several Districts, as provided in the redistricting Act, approved March 21, 1864, are bounded and described as follows, to wit:

First District—Bounded by Washington street on the south, Kearny street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north and east.

Second District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Vallejo street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north.

Third District—Bounded by Washington street on the north, Kearny street on the west, California street on the south, and Market street on the east, and the Bay of San Francisco on the south.

Fourth District—Bounded by Vallejo street on the north, Kearny street on the east, Washington street on the south, and Larkin street on the west.

Fifth District—Bounded by California street on the north, Kearny street on the west, and Market street on the south and east.

Sixth District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Pine street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Washington street on the north.

Seventh District—Bounded by Harrison street on the south, Second street on the west, Market street on the north, and the Bay of San Francisco on the east.

Eighth District—Bounded by Kearny street on the east, Market street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Pine street on the north.

Ninth District—Bounded by Harrison street on the north, Seventh street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the south and east.

Tenth District—Bounded by Market street on the north, Seventh street on the west, Harrison street on the south, and Second street on the east.

Eleventh District—Bounded by Seventh street on the east, by Market street and Ridley street in a direct line to the Pacific Ocean on the north, by the Pacific Ocean on the west, and by the line of San Mateo County and the Bay of San Francisco to the line of Seventh street on the south and east.

Twelfth District—Bounded by Larkin street on the east, by Market street and Ridley street in a direct line to the Pacific Ocean on the south, and by the Pacific Ocean and the Bay of San Francisco on the west and north.

"All the islands in the Bay of San Francisco, or in the Pacific Ocean within the limits of said city and county, shall, for all election purposes, be included in the First District."

Due notice will be given of the places for holding the Polls in each district.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-ninth day of April, 1865.

H. P. COON,
Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco.
Attest: CHARLES L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

POLLING PLACES.

The following named places have been designated for holding the polls at the Municipal Election on the 16th day of May, 1865:

FIRST DISTRICT—On Davis street, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Vallejo on the south, Larkin street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north and east. Residents of islands in the Bay vote in the First District.

SECOND DISTRICT—At No. 627 Union street, near Powell.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Vallejo on the south, Larkin street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north.

THIRD DISTRICT—A. Willey's Building, Halleck street, below Sansome street.

Boundaries—Washington street on the north, Kearny street on the west, California street on the south, and the Bay on the east.

FOURTH DISTRICT—At No. 9 Engine House, on Stockton street between Pacific street and Broadway.

Boundaries—Vallejo street on the north, Kearny street on the east, Washington street on the south, Larkin street on the west.

FIFTH DISTRICT—At Justice Robbins' Court Room, Bush street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

Boundaries—California street on the north, Kearny street on the west, and Market street on the south and east.

SIXTH DISTRICT—At St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company's House, on Dupont street, between Clay and Sacramento streets.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Pine street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Washington street on the north.

SEVENTH DISTRICT—On First street, two doors south of Clementina street.

Boundaries—Harrison street on the south, Second street on the west, Market street on the north, and the Bay on the east.

EIGHTH DISTRICT—At Thru Verein Hall, Bush street.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Market street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Pine street on the north.

NINTH DISTRICT—At South Park Hose Company's House, corner of Brynau and Third streets.

Boundaries—Harrison street on the north, Seventh street on the west, and the Bay south and east.

TENTH DISTRICT—Fourth street, near Howard street.

Boundaries—Market street on the north, Seventh street on the west, Harrison street on the south, and Second street on the east.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT—In Welch's Building, corner of Sixteenth and Valencia streets.

Boundaries—Seventh street on the east, Market and Ridley to the ocean on the north, the ocean line of San Mateo county and bay to the foot of Seventh street on the west, south and east.

TWELFTH DISTRICT—First Precinct at the Spring Valley House, Presidio Road.

Boundaries—Larkin street on the east, Bush street on the south, the ocean on the west and north.

Second Precinct—At Pavilion, Hayes' Valley. Boundaries—Larkin street on the east, Bush street on the north, the ocean on the west and Ridley and Market streets on the south.

Published by order of Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, May 10th, 1865.

JAMES W. BINGHAM, Clerk.

THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.

A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jovian's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist coiffeurs will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the coiffure of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents, Over Parrott's Bank. 'y30-1m

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—AND—
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DR. H. A. BENTON,
Electro-Magnetic Physician,
OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suite of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:
Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.
Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms. ap15-1m **H. A. BENTON.**

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ANNS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1,000 "
\$1 " " " \$5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia. ap29-3m

March 25, 1865.

HOOGS & MADISON
HAVE REMOVED
TO NO. 316 MONTGOMERY STREET,
First door South of the Eureka Theatre.
Between California and Pine streets.
ap29-1m

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,
Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,
STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,
(Late of Third street, corner of Sborwood Place.)
Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free. ap22-tf

A NEW INVENTION!
LEWIS'S
Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-tf

CONSTITUTION
LIFE SYRUP!
COMPOSED OF
Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Lungwort, Augusture Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!
A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an impure state of the Blood, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,
And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!
Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breasts.

As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.
Price—\$1 per bottle; six Bottles for \$5.
Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay, San Francisco. ap29-tf

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!
THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERNATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco. au27

DR. STEPHENS'
CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!
AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,
Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lacrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco. au27

Tyler Brothers,
No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Special attention given to
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.
VISITING CARDS
ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!
ja28-tf

ATKINS MASSEY,
UNDERTAKER,
(At the Old Stand.)
No. 651.....SACRAMENTO STREET,
First house below Kearny street.
Agent for Fisk's Metallic Cases. Office of the City and County Coroner. de3-tf

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS. de17-3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
517
CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern my25

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS
PAIN RELIEVING AND
STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco. de17-3m

Sold by all Druggists.

PISCO!
G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.
V. SQRZA,
For sale by 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco. ja28-tf

MARKET STREET RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.		
9:40	10:20	11:40
FROM THE CITY		
10:00	10:40	11:20
And so on till 6 o'clock.		

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent my26

THE AESTHETICS OF EATING.

SAVARIN'S *Hand-book of Dining*, noticed in our last issue, opens with the following eminently characteristic

APHORISMS.

I.

The universe without life would be nothing, and all that lives must be fed.

II.

Animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.

III.

The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.

IV.

Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are.

V.

The Creator, in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences.

VI.

Good living is an act of our judgment, by which we give a preference to things agreeable to taste, to those which do not possess that quality.

VII.

The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they remain to console us for their loss.

VIII.

The dinner table is the only place where men are not bored during the first hour.

IX.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet.

X.

Men who eat hastily or get drunk do not know how to eat or drink.

XI.

Comestibles vary from the most substantial to the most light.

XII.

Beverages range from the mildest to the strongest and most delicately flavored.

XIII.

To say that a man ought not to vary his wine is heresy: the palate becomes deadened; after the third glass the finest wine in the world becomes insipid.

XIV.

A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

XV.

Cookery is a science. No man is born a cook.

XVI.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same must be said of guests.

XVII.

To wait too long for a guest is a breach of politeness towards all who have arrived punctually.

XVIII.

A man who invites friends to dinner, and takes no personal interest in his dinner, is not worthy of friendship.

XIX.

The lady of the house should always take care that the coffee is excellent; and the master of the house should be sure that the liqueurs are of the first quality.

XX.

When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands.

As a pendant to philosophy of this exalted character, the reader will not be surprised to meet the following dramatic episode on the subject of "Frying." Observe with what graphic and artistic taste the scene opens:

HOW TO FRY.

It was a fine May day; the sun shed its warm rays on the roofs of the houses of the great city of delights, and the streets (a rare occurrence) were free from mud and dust.

The heavy diligence had for some time ceased to shake the pavements; luggage vans were silent, and only a few open carriages, full of fair ladies with elegant bonnets, passed at intervals.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when the professor sat down in his arm-chair to meditate. His right leg rested vertically on the carpet; his extended left leg formed a diagonal; his back reposed comfortably on the cushions, and his hands rested on the lion-heads that adorned the arms of that venerable household relic. His elevated brow indicated deep thought, and his mouth betrayed amiable distractions. His whole attitude was one of meditation; and any one beholding him would have mentally observed: 'That is a sage!'

Thus established, the professor sent for his head cook; and shortly he entered, ready to receive advice, lessons or orders:

"Maitre la Planche," said the professor, with that grave accent which penetrates every heart, "every man who dines at my table proclaims you a *potagiste de premiere de classe*;

that is well, for the *potage* is the first consolation of a hungry stomach; but I am sorry to find that you have much to learn in the art of frying.

"I heard you fry yesterday, when that magnificent sole was served up pale, soft and discolored. My friend R. shot a glance of disapprobation toward you; M. H. R. turned his gnomonic nose to the west, and President S. deplored the failure as a public calamity.

"This misfortune has befallen you for having neglected theory, the full importance of which you do not appreciate. You are a little obstinate, and I have some difficulty in making you understand that the phenomena which takes place in your laboratory are nothing else than the results of eternal laws of nature; and that certain things which you do carelessly, simply because you have seen others do so, emanate, nevertheless, from the highest abstractions of science.

"Listen to me, then, with attention, and learn, that you may not again have to blush at your performance.

"Liquids exposed to the action of fire do not all attain the same degree of heat; nature has made them unequal in this respect; it is an order of things, the secret of which she reserves, and which we call caloric capacity.

"Thus, you may with impunity dip your finger in boiling spirits of wine; you would draw it out very quickly from brandy; still quicker from water, and a rapid immersion in boiling oil would make a cruel wound, for oil is capable of three times the heat of water.

"It is consequent upon this disposition that boiling liquids act differently upon solid bodies thrown into them. Those put into water become soft, dissolve, and form a soup: those, on the contrary, put into oil, condense, acquire a hue more or less brown, and end by carbonizing.

In the former case, the water dissolves, and extracts the internal juices of the substances thrown in; in the latter, those juices are preserved, because oil cannot dissolve them; if those substances dry up, it is because a continuation of the heat finally makes them evaporate in humidity.

"The two methods have also different names; the process of boiling substances intended for the table in oil or grease is called '*frying*.' I think I have already explained to you that oil and grease are almost synonymous, grease being simply condensed oil, and oil liquid grease.

"Fried things are pleasant dishes; they make a tasty variation; the whole merit consists in the formation of the crust, or, to use the proper word, '*la surprise*.' To do this well, the boiling liquid must be sufficiently hot for its action to be sudden and instantaneous: it requires a good well-kept-up fire to procure this result. To ascertain whether the liquid is hot enough, dip a piece of bread into the frying-pan and keep it there for five or six seconds; if you withdraw it firm and colored, make your fry at once; if not, stir your fire and try it again. The *surprise* or immersion once done, moderate your fire that the juices thus imprisoned may undergo, under a prolonged heat, the change which unites them and enhances their flavor.

"You will, doubtless, have observed that the surface of well-fried objects will not dissolve either salt or sugar, which, nevertheless, they need according to their peculiar nature; therefore you must reduce both those ingredients to the finest powder and use a sprinkling box.

"I will not tell you what oil or grease to use; your library contains sufficient books on that subject.

"However, you must not forget that when you have to fry trout, which scarcely exceed a quarter of a pound, which have been caught in some running stream, you must take the very best olive oil; this simple dish, well fried and adorned with slices of lemon, is worthy to be offered to a cardinal."

MUSICAL ACCENT. — At a trial in the Court of King's Bench (June, 1863), between certain publishing Tweedledums and Tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of "The Old English Gentleman," T. Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said: "Now, sir, you say the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean, sir?" Tom promptly answered: "I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent." Sir James: "What is a musical accent?" Cooke: "My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.) Sir James (rather ruffled): "Don't mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?" Cooke: "No." Sir James: "Can you feel it?" Cooke: "A musician can." (Great laughter.) Sir James (very angrily): "Now pray, sir, don't beat about the bush; but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent." Cooke: "Accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note—as you would lay a stress on any word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say, 'you are an ass,' it rests on *ass*; but were I to say, 'you are an ass,' it rests on *you*, Sir James." Reiterated shouts of laughter by the court, in which the bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Denham, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the chopfallen counsel: "Are you satisfied, Sir James?" Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become scarlet in more than name, and, in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

SUNDRIES.

The prisoners in the St. Petersburg insolvent debtors' jail have sent a telegram to their brethren at Paris congratulating them on the abolition of imprisonment for debt.

The author of a satire on Cæsar, M. Rogeard, has had to fly to Belgium. He drew too great a parallel between Cæsar and Rome and Napoleon and France.

An eminent London publisher, it is rumored, has made arrangements for printing the recent travels and theatrical adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

Laura Keene, the actress, has purchased a fine farm of one hundred and thirty acres, a few miles north of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Morning dancing parties are the fashion at Nice, just now.

Garibaldi gave a piece of ground at Naples for the erection of an English church, which has been duly consecrated.

Hugh W. Hoyles, who has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland, is a native of the island. The Home Government has never heretofore conferred this high place upon a native.

It is rumored that the Emperor Napoleon will visit Algiers during the present month, and proceed thence to Oran and Constantine.

A begging letter addressed to the Emperor Napoleon began: "Sire, I received, under your late uncle, two mortal wounds—one at Wagram, the other in the leg."

As soon as the Indian telegraph is completed to Ceylon, England will get news from Australia in twenty-two days.

What an aggravating reminder, says *Punch*, to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dnn ponies.

Queen Victoria is expected to visit Edinburgh soon, to inaugurate the Museum of Science and Art, the laying the foundation stone of which institution was the last public act of the Prince Consort's life.

William Cullen Bryant has purchased a homestead in Cummington, Massachusetts, (his native town,) and will beautify and improve it for a summer residence.

"It goes far," said Lady Montague, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no danger of marrying one." No man could for a moment entertain so ridiculous a thought.

M. Adolfe Sax, of Sax-horn note, has brought an action against Mdle. Marie Sax for the illegal use of that name, under which she has gained such success as a singer. Her real name is said to be Marie Constance Sasse.

There is such a demand for Napoleon's *Life of Cæsar* in Austria and Germany, that the Vienna bookseller, Gerold, will hardly fail to make a large profit, although he has to pay the Paris publisher 85,000 francs for the copyright.

Cassell's autograph electric telegraph is now used on one set of wires between Paris and Lyons. Telegrams for it have to be written on sheets of metal which are sold by the telegraph office at four sous each sheet. The cost of despatching them is reckoned at the rate of four sous the square centimetre. Despatches cost 6, 12, 18 and 24f.

The American skater, Jackson Haines, at St. Petersburg, gave an exhibition of his skill, recently, which drew him in fifteen hundred roubles. One of his most daring feats is to lean back while skating backward till his hair touches the ice, and then, without help, recover a perpendicular position—a feat easy enough for any one, with the trifling exception of the "recover" clause.

It is a rather startling suggestion to make, but we believe it is nevertheless true, that the chemicals now used in the shape of bleaching powders, etc., in the manufacture of paper, and the effect of printer's ink upon paper thus constituted will in the course of two hundred years reduce all the books of the present day to dust.

Two hundred years ago the freemen of Massachusetts, voting in State elections, used corn and beans as indicative of yeas and nays, the corn being counted as yea and the beans as nay in the balloting; and when the beans were in the minority they acknowledged the corn.

Alex. Dumas heard of a sad case of distress at Antwerp, and sent 100f. and a letter full of sympathy to the widow. He then took a second thought which does him and his generous soul much honor. He wrote to the Mayor for permission to give a reading on behalf of the poor woman, got the influential people of the town to organize the matter, and went all the way thither and back at his own expense to give the reading.

The Dante Monument at Florence consists of a pedestal twenty-two feet high, having bas-reliefs on three sides, surmounted by a figure of Dante, eighteen feet high, executed by the sculptor Pazzi, of Ravenna. The author of the *Divina Comedia* is in the habit of a Franciscan monk, but without a scapula and hood; the head is encircled by a laurel wreath. The features were carefully worked from the cast taken after death, and now in the possession of the Torrigiana family.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent, on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent, declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent, on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.
CASH ASSETS, \$660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders:
Dividend 1861, 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, \$175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
GENERAL AGENTS.

ap29-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases
and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers
or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
San Francisco.

fe11-6m

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL.

This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and, as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.

Terms easy.

fe18-1f

FRANK JOHNSON.

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRETIEN PFISTER,

oc15-1f No. 221 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

CALIFORNIA

Home Insurance Company,

Capital.....\$300,000

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.

DIRECTORS:

John Parrott, Leopold Cahn, T. E. Baugh, Thomas H. Selby, A. J. Coghill, A. Block, E. H. Parker, J. H. Redington, C. J. Deering, A. B. McCreery, C. Duisenberg, C. J. Janson, Charles Hosmer, J. G. Parker, Jr., H. Heynemann, R. G. Smith, C. F. MacDermot, J. C. Wilmerding, Levi Stevens, Elias H. Jones, Hall McAllister, Albert Miller, B. F. Lowe, A. H. Titcomb, J. B. Roberts, F. J. Thibault, S. Hemenway, G. H. Eggers, D. Callahan, James Michael.

OFFICE—Nos. 224 and 226 CALIFORNIA STREET.
B. F. LOWE, President.
JOHN G. PARKER, Jr., Secretary. no5-3m

WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY
INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA
S. W. COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
HENRY B. PLATE, President.
J. GREENEBAD, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BUREN, Secretary.
S. ROSENBAUM, Attorney. m25-3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tiltman & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.
W. M. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
no19-3m

RUPTURE.



RADICAL CURE OF
Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empressing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machine-ist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street, Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,
No. 51 THIRD STREET,

Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.
DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,
SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,
And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh25-3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALED AS A FAMILY MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

Having removed from 617 Clay street

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anesthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House ball door. de10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

PORK TRIMMINGS ½ GIVENAWAY.

WILSON & STEVENS,

HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER OF Broadway and Sansome streets to their new store,

No. 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending through to Sutter, a few doors below the Metropolitan Market, and

"ARE ½ GIVING AWAY!"

Hogs' Spare Ribs, Ribs roast, Pork Chops, Hogs' Heads, Tender Loins, Kidneys, Pigs' Feet, Premium Hams, Sides, Lard, Pickled Pork, cheaper and better than at any other place in the City

WILSON & STEVENS,

No. 506 MARKET STREET, and

ap8-1m

No. 7 SUTTER STREET.

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,

SAN FRANCISCO

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.

feb11-3m.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAELEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap8-1f-1nc

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

AT

No. 7 Montgomery street,

At Reduced Prices,

300 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$1 50 each.
250 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$1 75 each.
500 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$2 each.
450 Dolaine Dress Patterns, at \$2 50 each.
5,000 yards Dress Goods, at 37 1/2 cts per yard.
4,000 yards Dress Goods, at 50 cents per yard.

Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percales, Cambrics, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Black Alpacas, at 37 1/2 cents per yard.

And a large assortment of new and desirable MOURNING GOODS, comprising 4-4 and 6-4 very fine Black Alpacas, English and French Bombazines, Black Byzantines, Tamise and Empress Cloths, Love and Crape Veils, Mourning Shawls, Crape Collars and sets, at reduced prices.

1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 per yard.
1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 25 per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 50 per yard.
3,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at 75 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at \$1 per yard.
8,000 yds from \$1 25 per yard to \$8.

And a large assortment of new Chene Silks, Rep and Moires, which they offer at very low prices.

4,000 pairs Ladies' White Cotton Hose, at 25c per pair.
500 dozen from \$5 to \$7 per dozen.

Also, a full assortment of English, German and Balbriggan Hose and half Hose, Ladies', Misses and Boys' Merino Vests, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

100 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, \$1 37 1/2 per dozen.
125 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, \$2 50 per dozen.
250 Linen Sets, Embroidered, at 37 1/2 cents.

Also, a full line of Embroidered Bands, Edgings and Insertings, at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 cases 4-4 fine Water Twist Muslin, at 20 cents per yd.
6 cases 4-4 best New York Mills, at 30 cents per yd.
35 cases of all the other standard brands, such as Hope, Lonsdale, White Rock, Androscoogin, Wauhegan, and Wamsutta, which we will offer at prices to suit the times.
8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
9-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 50 cents per yard.
10-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 55 cents per yard.
3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 4-4 Irish Linens, (very heavy,) at 50 cents per yard.
1,000 yards 8-4 Bleached Table Linen, at \$1 per yard.

And a very superior lot of real Barnsley Table Linen, at reduced prices.

2,000 yards Domet's Flannel, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 yards Shaker Flannel, at 37 1/2 cents per yard.
3,000 yards All Wool Shaker Flannel, at 45 cents per yard.

Also, a large and varied assortment of Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Piano Covers, Lace Curtains, Quilts and Blankets, all of which are offered at reduced prices.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST QUALITY OF KID GLOVES.

100 dozen Misses', at \$1 25 per pair.
500 dozen Ladies', at \$1 50 per pair.
200 doz. Gents', (double stitched,) at \$1 50 per pair.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,

my13-1m

No. 7 Montgomery street.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, below Montgomery.

GOTTSCALK'S
Grand Gala Matinee!

This Saturday, May 13th, at 2 P. M.,
a full PROGRAMME will be given.

MONDAY, MAY 15.....AT 8 O'CLOCK,
THIRD SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK,
MISS LUCY SIMONS.
THIRD GRAND CONCERT.

THE GREAT MUSICAL SENSATION OF
THE SEASON.

NEW PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING.

MUSICAL CELEBRITIES.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, MISS LUCY SIMONS,
SIGNOR MUZIO, STEPHEN W. LEACH,
LOUIS SCHMIDT.

Musical Director and Conductor, - - - SIG. MUZIO.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress and Family Circle, One Dollar; Orchestra, One Dollar; Gallery, Fifty Cents; Reserved Seats, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; Private Boxes, Ten and Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock; Concert will commence at 8 o'clock.

Sale of Tickets Every Day, from 10 to 5 o'clock.
The grand pianos used by L. M. Gottschalk are from the celebrated factory of Chickering & Sons of Boston. They are furnished by Messrs. Badger & Lindenberg of this city. my13

SILKS! SILKS!

TAAFFE & CO.,
HAVE JUST RECIVED FROM AUCTION,
and will offer, on

MONDAY, at their RETAIL STORE, at 30 per cent.
LESS THAN COST OF IMPORTATION:
200 Dresses good Gros de Rhine Silks, \$14 per dress.
125 Dresses good Gros de Rhine Silks, \$15 per dress.
100 Dresses Bischoff's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$16 per dress.
150 Dresses Bischoff's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$18 per dress.
200 Dresses Ponson's Gros de Rhine Silks, \$20 per dress.
120 Dresses Bonnet's Taffetas Silks, \$22 per dress.
100 Dresses Bonnet's Taffetas Silks, \$25 per dress.

ALSO,

SUPERIOR DRESS AND CLOAK SILKS, by the yard,
from \$1 to 8.

ALSO,

300 Dresses Glace Silks, \$15 per dress.
150 Dresses Glace Silks, \$20 per dress.
200 Dresses Glace Silks, \$25 per dress.

ALSO,

A large line of RICH AND ELEGANT FANCY DRESS SILKS, from \$15 to \$150 per dress.

The above are all First Class Goods, new styles, and warranted PERFECT, and upon examination will be found the largest display of rich Dress Silks ever offered in the market of San Francisco.

TAAFFE & CO.,

my13-11 9 Montgomery street, Lick House Block.

FAMILY DRY GOODS.

AT THE RETAIL STORE OF TAAFFE & CO.,

Purchasers will find, at very reasonable prices, a large and superior stock of

Table, Sheet and Shirting Linens;
Napkins, Towels and Towelling;
Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings
Blankets, Quilts, Flannels;
Cloakings, Cloths and Cassimeres.

Also, from Auction,

200 pieces Real Welsh Flannels.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.
JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6-3m Proprietor.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - TREASURER.

Engagement of the Celebrated Comedian,

MR. DAN SETCHELL,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, May 13th, 1865.

Dan Setchell!

-AND-

Dombey & Son,

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS,

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, May 13th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS,

AND

ONE THOUSAND MILLINERS WANTED.

MONDAY EVENING,

Pul Pry,

AND

THE MUMMY.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - \$1 00
Parquet - 50 cents
Gallery - 25 cents
Private Boxes, \$5 and \$10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Pine street, near Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 13th,

MAGUIRE'S

Italian Opera Troupe

Will give Donizetti's grand Opera of

LUCREZIA BORGIA!

Lucrezia Borgia.....Signorina Oliva Sconchia.
Maffio Orsini.....Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Genuaro.....Signor Giovanni Sbriglia.
Don Alphonso D'Este.....Signor D. Orlandini.
Gubetta.....Mr. John De Hagu.
Kustigbello.....Mons. Charles.
Averlo.....Mons. Heurico.
Leverrotti.....Herr Moran.
Vittellozzo.....Mons. Parodi.
Petrucci.....Herr Wunderlich.
Gazella.....M. Hennecart.

ANTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

Tuesday Evening—Verdi's grand Opera of
RIGOLETTO.

Seats can be secured two days in advance.

Books of the Operas can be purchased at the Box Office.

Dress and Family Circle.....\$1 00
Orchestra Seats.....\$1 00
Gallery.....50 cents
Private Boxes.....\$10 and \$5
Reserved Seats.....\$1 50

THE WILLOWS!

The HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort was opened to the public on SUNDAY, the 21 of April, 1865; also the grounds were thrown open to those who wish to spend a few hours of recreation and pleasure; also the Lodging Apartments, Restaurants, and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will be in readiness for occupancy.
The Shooting Gallery, Ten Pin Alleys, and Shuffle Boards have been replaced, and are now ready for public patronage, as well as the Flying Horses for Children, which are now in readiness to perform daily duty.
Ample Stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.
The THEATRE has been newly decorated, and rendered more comfortable for public use, in which there will be a grand instrumental concert every Sunday Afternoon to be followed by a GRAND BALL.
The Grounds are thrown open to Military Companies, as well as for Schools, for Picnics, Military Parades, etc.
The Restaurant and Refreshment Saloons will be under the charge of WIMMER, the celebrated Caterer.
The Bars will be stocked with all the best brands of LIQUORS AND WINES, and nothing will be left undone to make the WILLOWS the grandest place of resort on the Pacific Coast. The Proprietors hope, by reason of experience and strict attention to the comforts of their guests to secure a share of the patronage of the public.
North Beach and Mission. Railroad Company Cars leave the corner of Montgomery and California streets every eight minutes for the Willows.
Programmes and Posters will be distributed throughout the city for Saturday and Sunday Performances.
JACOB WIMMER,
ap15 Manager.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 323 Montgomery street, 387 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.

d-81-3m

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

-OF-

WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the “medicinal gum” of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the “utmost bounds of the earth,” without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass., and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of “I. BUTTS,” “SANFORD & PARK,” and “H. WISTAR, M. D.”

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Is for sale by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,

mh4-tf

San Francisco.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Fetors, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS
GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammation, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

416 and 418 Front street,

mh4-tf

SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

MAY 18th.....SACRAMENTO
From Folom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

mh25

Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS
A VEIN FOR THE SILVER
AND A PLACE FOR GOLD
WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME II., No. 25.
Office, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 20, 1865.

TERMS, \$5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE.
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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PROSE ARTICLES—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:	THE MOUSE-TRAP:
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Invention of Printing.—Translated for THE CALIFORNIAN.	THEATRICAL TALK:
The Weeping Willow.—By "Iris."	The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.
The Alhambra.	Eastern Theatricals.
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Musical Matters.	NEW BOOKS:
Editorial Paragraphs.	A Review of Recent Publications.
THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES:	
A Condensation of the Telegraphic News of the Week.	

(For the Californian.)

IN MEMORIAM

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

Repudiator, Speculator, Dictator;
Who enjoyed the distinction of being the first
And last

President of the Southern Confederacy.
A Christian and Chivalrous Gentleman,
He starved Union Captives in his Prisons,
And sanctioned the Massacre of Fort Pillow.
But his manners were courtly and elegant,
And his State papers models of excellence.
He was remarkable for his executive wisdom:
To provide material for his forces,
He ordered corn to be planted instead of cotton,
Which enabled Sherman to march through Georgia.
He perpetuated a Slave Empire,
Whose bondsmen were guides to the Union Armies.
Consistent in his inconsistencies,
He connived at the assassination of the only man
Who could have saved him from the gallows.
The incarnation of dignity and heroism,
He was taken disguised in his wife's petticoats,
Claiming exemption from capture
On the grounds of his femininity.
As such, friends, respect his weakness,
And that of the few who still admire him.

H.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE President of "the so-called Confederate States," if the telegraphic accounts are to be believed, did not make a very graceful exit from the stage of political life. He is reported to have disguised himself in his wife's skirts and fled to the woods. When he was taken he complained bitterly at the manner in which the Government hunted down women and children! He could not persuade his captors that he was a woman, in consequence of the unladylike manner in which he flourished his bowie-knife. He could not make them believe it was a miss-take. We trust that one of our historical painters will transfer the scene of the capture of the President of the Confederate States to canvass; it would make a grand painting. The unhappy, hunted-down President trusted to his legs, and they betrayed him; his hoots were manly, if nothing else about him was. When those boots betrayed him, his heart sank into them; his sole chance of escape was gone. After all, Jefferson Davis may have been libelled again, as he was when he was reported to have sold off his furniture at auction. Perhaps he was not taken disguised in his wife's skirts in the forest, but simply captured disguised in the skirts of the forest! The telegraph does make such blunders!

The *Call* says: "In the early days of its organization the People's Party adopted '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*' as its motto. It should add to that legend, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.'" Certainly it should, and "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and "*Vox populi vox Dei*," and "*E pluribus Unum*." Bless your heart, the little *Call* will find lots of Latin for you in the back part of *Webster's Unabridged*!

The interior newspapers complain of "periodical beggars." We wonder if they mean canvassers for needy "literary" journals.

THE rebels comforted themselves while Grant was before Richmond with a little bit of Shakespeare:

"God and good angels fight on Richmond's side."

This was perfectly true, but they fought on the *out-side*—not the *lec-side*.

In Sacramento, on the news of Jeff Davis' capture being received, they hung him in effigy. Jeff was once rather a notable scoundrel, but now, "*f-i-g for Jeff!*" is the cry.

SOME one wishes to know the meaning of "*Flectus, sed non fractus*." We should say it might be translated, "I may go on a bender, but I won't get broke."

THE poor, war-worn South will now, it is hoped, gladly return to the Union. The author of her misery, has reached, or soon will reach, the end of his rope. The South is tired of him—it is considerably J. D'd.

GOTTSCALK this week went over to Oakland to soothe Pacific females with strains of delicious music, in the college instigated for the instruction of young ladies of that description.

A MAN of the name of Velly, was arrested this week for setting his dog on a Chinaman. His excuse was, that the celestial made use of the expression "no velly good," which he considered a personal reflection. The Chinaman, however, had reference to the other brute which harked at him as he passed.

THREE men on the Union ticket were elected. Pelton was supported because he was a martyr; the public like martyrs. Harloe had the Steam Navigation Company to back him, and Laidley got support from the same quarter. Others on this ticket would probably have been elected had they been sufficiently popular to gain votes enough to counterbalance those lost to them by the fact that the *Flag* favored their election.

OUR President, Andrew Johnson, has been sneered at by copperheads because he is a tailor; but he has a tailoring job in hand which requires some skill; he has to mend the breaches of the Union with a peace. His work is cut out for him, and he will no doubt finish it up in workmanlike style. The seat of rebellion is a good deal worn out, and will require a little patching, but Andy is no hotcher, and his work, when finished, will wear well.

THE works of William Shakespeare are pretty well known, and it grieves us when we see him misquoted. Surely even the *Alta* office boasts a copy of Shakespeare. Yet it would seem not, or that paper would have had the kindness to set Mr. Burnett right. This gentleman in returning thanks for a photographic album presented to him by the members of Col. Bulkeley's party, is reported by the *Alta* to have said:

"With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to express his love and friendship to you,
Heaven willing shall not lack."

This is a little too bad. Two errors in a four line quotation from Hamlet! We cannot allow the right of either Mr. Burnett or the editor of the *Alta*, to substitute "friendship" for "friending," and "Heaven" for "God."

MAN is fearfully and wonderfully made; but how much more so is a fashionable lady. What mysterious things are the advertisements of milliners and dressmakers. We have before us now the advertisement of Mrs. Read, especially addressed to ladies. It is headed, "Ladies, attention!" then follows "Mrs. Read," which does very well instead of "Misses, read!" Mrs. Read furnishes ladies with "supporters." These are not husbands, but mysterious pieces of machinery to hitch up dresses and keep them out of the mud. She promises to give the ladies "perfect fits." Alas! we often hear of ladies' "supporters" giving them perfect fits about their dresses, and the bills incurred in providing them! We can understand all about the "supporters," but what does this mean? "Mrs. Read also has a beautiful style of bust, indispensable in a lady's toilette?" Evidently ladies as well as gentlemen go on "busts!" Mrs. Read does not confine herself to adorning, renovating and repairing the female form alone; she also has gentlemen's suspenders. She could doubtless furnish a suspender for Jefferson Davis, Esq., not that he is a gentleman or anything like one. We expect it is all right, and that ladies who wish for supporters, will not find they are leaning on a broken reed in trusting to this advertisement, even if Mrs. Read does advertise a "bust."

WHAT is the antithesis of "The goose hangs high?" "Swan's down?"

Maximilian, on reaching Orizaba, heard of the fall of Richmond and the capitulation of Lee, whereupon he hastened back to the capital, and dispatched his Chief of Cabinet, M. Elome, to the United States.—*Telegraph Dispatch.*

Max a trouvé qu'en Mexico,
Il a trop grande ane poignée,
Il dit a Eloise qu'il préfère,
Tres promptement d'être éloignée.

\$5 REWARD.—LOST—On Sunday noon, May 14th, near Peter Job's Restaurant, a small black and white spaniel dog, blind of the left eye. The above reward will be given for his return, or information leading to his recovery.

We trust the owner of this one-eyed dog does not mean to cast any insinuation on Peter Job by stating that he was lost near his restaurant. He has, we hope, no misgiving that, "in eating mutton pies, he'll plainly recognize the flavor of his old dog Tray." Poor dog! Only one eye and the eye left blind. We sincerely hope the man may recover his dog and the dog may recover his sight. Stupid dog, to get lost. He should have kept an eye on his master, if he did only have one. If he strayed into the restaurant, and a French cook got hold of him, we can only say, "Peace to his (h)ashes."

WE notice an advertisement calling for "two good miners, one blaster and one striker." We can recommend an English friend of ours for the first position; he has for the last year been "blasting" all the mines in the country; having been unsuccessful in striking anything, he would not do for the latter. We suppose the "striker" would be required to produce proofs of his ability to strike a lead. We know of one man who invariably strikes for wages. We wonder whether he would suit.

IN the opera of *Poliuto*, or *I Martiri*, Mr. John De Haga took the character of "Calisthenes." A music-teacher in this city advertises instruction in "vocal gymnastics;" this is incorrect, but it might be allowable to call Mr. De Haga's singing "Calisthenics," on the occasion referred to, more particularly when he executed the perilous feat of swinging from A flat to B sharp—that is in music, of course; we do not intend it to be understood that Mr. De Haga changed from a flat to be sharp. There was not a flat on the stage on the occasion of the production of *I Martiri*, except those which were necessary on all occasions it being impossible to shift without them.

The special musical critic of the *Alta* evidently made mischievous notice of the first production of *Faust*, which was a fine specimen of trying to be honest and, at the same time, kind. He damned with faint praise. In consequence of this, he, it seems, is not to be trusted to write about the Opera at the Metropolitan—he is too honest. The old hand has gone back to the bellows, and this is what he makes of the job:

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—*Faust* will be given this evening, for the second time. The musical riches of this great work require many hearings to be fully appreciated, and we trust the management will give us frequent opportunities to correct and strengthen first impressions.

Does the critic wish the public to have opportunities to "strengthen first impressions?" It will be had for the management if first impressions are strengthened. "Correct first impressions," that's what he means. What does he mean? Can anyone tell? Oh, Messrs. proprietors of the *Alta*, you'd better put your "special" on again, even he has a bad habit of telling the truth. The other man has never yet, in one single instance, succeeded in finding the right words to express his meaning. In five hundred "criticisms" five hundred grammatical errors appear. He is always using such ill-matched verbs as "strengthen" and "correct," and fancies they will travel side by side and pull together. When will he learn to bring forth his words as the beasts were led forth from the Ark, in pairs, instead of setting by the ears?

THEM.

HUNTING *versus* DANCING.—A correspondent, signing herself "A Sportswoman," writes as follows to the London *Pall Mall Gazette*: "*Paterfamilias*' has given us a most deplorable picture of ourselves as we appear after a run; but let me ask him, are there not many amusements besides fox-hunting in which 'red faces, torn dresses, and lank hair,' may be seen? What does he say to a crowded ball-room at five in the morning? There has been crushing, tearing, fuming, perspiring, to a far greater extent than any hunting-field. Such red faces! Such rough hair! Such tattered garments! Such lacerated arms! A lady's dress in the hunting-field is really one of the most modest in the world. Even if she falls, there is no revelation more indiscreet than a few inches of a neat Wellington boot, or a close-fitting trouser. Again has '*Paterfamilias*' ever beheld a run after a crack sensational preacher at a crack sensational chapel? I have, and know that it beats fox-hunting into fits. The lady who was with me had her hair torn down, her bonnet crushed, her shawl carried away, her crinoline (thank goodness, there's none in the hunting-field) destroyed, and her temper—let me drop a veil upon it discreetly."

MITHRIDATES.

I CANNOT spare water or wine,
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose;
From the earth poles to the line,
All between that works or grows,
Everything is kin of mine.

Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat:
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes;

From all natres, sharp and slimy,
Salt and basalt, wild and tame:
Tree and lichen, ape, sea-lion,
Bird, and reptile, be my game.

Ivy for my fillet band;
Blinding dog-wood in my hand;
Hemlock for my sherbet canl me,
And the prussic juice to lull me;
Swing me in the upas boughs,
Vampyre-fanned, when I carouse.

Too long shut in strait and few,
Thinly dieted on dew,
I will use the world, and sift it,
To a thousand humors shift it,
As you spin a cherry.
O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry!
O all yon virtues, methods, nights,
Means, appliances, delights,
Repented wrongs and braggart rights,
Smug routine, and things allowed,
Minorities, things under cloud!
Fither! take me, use me, fill me,
Vein and artery, though ye kill me!
God! I will not be an owl,
But sun me in the Capitol.

[R. W. Emerson.]

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE first thing a man generally does when he gets into a new room, is to look out of the window.

And this is what I did, following the traveller's instinct, when I got into my bedroom at the Fonda Minerva, Acerra del Darro Carrera del Xenil, Granada. I had come in from a long ride across broad sandy suburbs, and through villages where old knights' arms were carved over every door; and now, having refreshed myself by slices of juicy melon and the sweet opiate of a cheroot, I ran to the window and got on the balcony, which looked out on the river and the street.

"Whereabouts is the Alhambra, then?" I said to the waiter who was obsequiously shifting a chair, looking out into the intense sunlight, that made me let go of the balcony frame as if it had been red-hot.

"Up there, señor," said the waiter, pointing to a hill rising above the line of range which my eyes had been skimming.

I looked, and saw a sharp-edged, square, red tower, rising out of trees on the hill before me. My first impression is of a cork model; of a pastille-box; of something almost toy like; but I remember the old Moorish inscription in the Alhambra bath-room: "What is most to be wondered at, is the felicity which awaits men in this palace of delight." So I cram down all depreciatory doubts, and start off to scale the steep Calle de los Gomeles, that leads to the gate de las Granadas, by which you enter the palace jurisdiction. That small trim summer-house-looking tower, not bastioned and bulwarked, like our own Gothic towers of strength, that deride the thunder and bare their breasts for the lightning to splinter on, raises fears in me, and I hasten to see if the Alhambra is a palace of the Arabian Nights, or only a mere tawdry ruin, bedaubed with faded color, like a bruised moth's wing.

I pass a fountain-square; and guided by where the citadel must be, begin to wind and climb. I observe that as Seville is duller and more monastic than Cadiz, so Granada is more lifeless than Seville, which is its hated rival. There are no jaunty majos; the women are not flitting about, but slough along, instead of stepping like deer; the houses are poorer, the streets narrower; the exquisite grated doors of iron filagree have thickened to jealous and suspicious-looking wood; the court-yards are smaller and less palpably Roman; the balconies seem less places of gathering and of gossip; there are fewer marble pillars and bananas; no diligences jingle and jumble at the doors. I ask the way to the Alhambra of a tinker who is soldering a kettle under a wall in the open air. He says: "It is only a casa de ratones" (a rat-hole.)

A Spaniard, not yet forgetting the old quarrel, cannot understand why you want to see an old Moorish ruin. The smart new casino in the Bull Plaza street is something; but that old kennel—bah!

What contempt the man who has been a day in a place has for the man who has just arrived! Just as I left the Fonda I spied an Englishman arrive, and instantly set out to scale the Tarpeian rock, for fear of being obliged to share in his crude view of the Moorish city of Boabdil. The last traveller I had met had a genius for contradiction, and a passion for discovering in every place a resemblance to Constantinople; so

I thought I would be more cautious this time, and be off with my superior wisdom of one day.

I expected a few olives, or some dusty-leaved vegetables, as I passed a lolling group of thirsty soldiers seated at the Horseshoe gateway, and entered the Alhambra precincts. I rubbed my eyes. Was I already in Fairyland? Why, it was English park—a great sloping hill-growth of spindly, wispy elms; real English elms, tall and broomy—run to seed, as it were, from over heat, perpetual irrigation, and want of thinning. Delicious green roofs they formed against those arrowy sunbeams, but no more in keeping with the Old Moorish palace than Bolton Abbey woods would be with the Pyramids. No wonder they form the special pride of favored Granada, that sweats up the hill to get cool under its shade, and listen to the nightingales, who, like the souls of dead Moorish women, sing all the noon-day long, in this English bramble-chained wood. But, why English? Why, simply because this wood was the present of the Iron Duke, who had the estate of Soto de Roma, with its four thousand once pheasant-haunted acres given him reluctantly by the grateful Ferdinand the Seventh, and who sent out these spindly elms, now spoiled by ill-culture, from England. There is a breezy stir amongst them as I pass. I think they know I am an Englishman, and want to ask me about their kindred; but I don't know the tree language; and I am in a feverish hurry to see the house the Moors built and colored for Time to make a meal of.

But still as I toil for the great wooden cross Cardinal Mendoza set up, and the ugly fountain beyond, I turn to look down delighted through the hundred yards or two of cool shade walk, at the great yellow glare of the street beyond, seen through the Horse-shoe entrance gate. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death and Bunyan's Bright City conjoined into one. I go on and on, turning to the left, by a half-ruined tower, at the foot of which is a fonda, where some red-faced men from Gib are frothing up recurrent glasses of beer, and discussing Irving's Legends of Giant Moors, pass round a garden-walk at the foot of the wall, and reach the grand entrance, the Gate of Judgment, where, like Job or Samuel, the Sultan, or Cadi, sat and judged, grave in his green turban. Ever since thirteen hundred and seventy-eight that inscription of Yusuf, the founder, has been there over the inner doorway: "May Allah make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." The sons of Islam wrote over the inner brick doorway the name (which still remains there) of the warlike and just Sultan Abulwadi, Abn Maser, the Commander of the Moslems of Granada; and, as the inscription in the long-barred Cufic letters tell us, the door was closed for the first time in May, the month of the birth of the Prophet, when all the almond-trees in the Alhambra and gardens must have been in a tender pink bloom, when the white scented flower was on the orange, and the blood-red blossoms on the pomegranate. This was one of the four entrances to the old fortress. The others were: the Tower of the Seven Stories, through which Boabdil the Unfortunate went out, and which, as being unlucky, was afterwards walled up; the Tower of the Catholic Kings; and the Armory Tower; all built of tenacious concrete, the doorway jambs being of white marble, close-grained and crystalline, and the omega-arches of the hygone race, moulded of sharp red brick. I pass through the winding passages between the two arches, intended to make them stronger for defence in case of a rush of spearmen—who by these angles would be broken into detail and chopped up in detachments—and observe the blind beggars, who chatter perpetually of their infirmity, underneath the tawdry painting of a Virgin, covered with a sort of dairy-grating of wire, such as you put over meat in hot weather. Over that curious horse-shoe arch is a quaint open hand, carved, which has a talismanic and Arabian Night effect. Some say it typifies the hand of God, the symbol of power and providence; other mental spiders, who rejoice in spinning out fine silken threads of fancy, suppose it to be a type of the five commandments of Islam—to fast, give alms, to smite the Infidel, make pilgrimages to Mecca, and perform purifications. But the keenest of all steps in, and says it is only the old Roman talisman against the Evil Eye, such as we see in coral on Neapolitan lockets: the evil eye is specially dreaded by the Spaniards even now, their cathedral-towers being generally left unfinished, to ward off such malign influences.

Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, which critics, who always agree, decide was a badge of honor, and an emblem of the Prophet's power, like St. Peter, to open Hell or Heaven's gates. Our keen man, however, again stepping in, pushes by the crossed swords of controversy, and says the key was an old Cufic emblem, intimating Allah's power to open the hearts of true believers. It was a badge on the Almohades' banners, and is seen in many Moorish castles. There was an old legend before the Conquest, that the Christians would never take this red castle till the outer hand gripped the inner key: a story something like the old prophecy of evil to London when the dragon on Bow steeple met with the grasshopper of the Exchange; a meeting, which after the fire at Gresham's building, really took place, but without producing

any special earthquake, or even raising the price of turtle soup.

I pass through the strong gates, now unwarded from the Infidel; pass the silent guard-room, where an old woman knits under the supposed miraculous picture of the Virgin, painted by Saint Luke, file up an enclosed lane—a sort of valley between fortress walls—and enter a space, under which are the old Moorish cisterns, which the donkeys that toil up for water from the low town of Granada have special reasons to curse. I cast a hasty look at the burnt brown giant stones that were heaped up by Charles the Fifth, to form his never-finished palace which the earthquake frightened him out of—and I run up the Torre de Vela, to see the magical bell that peasant girls use still for their love incantations, and read the inscription relating, with the exultant freshness of recent conquest, how Cardinal Mendoza, the night of the surrender, waved upon this tower, the flag of Leon and Castile, crying, con altus voces, (with a loud voice,) "Granada, Granada is taken!" I see the distant Sierra of Alhama, the gorge of Loja, the spot where Columbus turned back recalled by the messenger of tardily repenting Isabella, the old Roman Illiberis, the rocky defile of Moelin, the chains of Jaen, and mountains where the mules brought the snow for the Sultan's sherbet from, and the gate where the brave Moorish Decius, seeing the city was lost, sallied, as Irving tells us, to die in the camp of the Spaurard.

I pass through the obscure door that leads to the Court of the Fish-pond, repeating the verse of the Arab poet: "This is a palace of transparent crystal; those who look at it imagine it to be the ocean. My pillars were brought from Eden, my garden is the garden of paradise. Of hewn jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. The columns are blocks of pearl by night, by day perpetual sunshine turns the fountain to trickling gold."

I left behind me a burning town; I passed through English plantations to a convict's prison, a deserted palace, an unguarded fortress. Now I pass through a rude door, and up some steps, and am in the palace of Haroun; Granada changes to Damascus. The Moorish arches, with their slender palm-tree shafts, rise round me, the walls are no longer stone-ramparts, but pierced trellises, that turn sunshine and moonshine into patterns, and seem like so much Venetian filagree. Surely they are needlework turned to stone, or some great Sultan has built them with panels cut from casquets of Indian ivory, though the piercing be not seen. The myrtles grow green and glossy round the great marble tank chest, one hundred and fifty feet long, which flows with mellow water, in which burnished fish—some apparently red-hot others of pliant silver—steer, flirt, skim, and splash. Never stop to think that the dry, whitish-brown, tubular-tiled, sloping roofs ought to be flat, and are not now Moorish. Do not stop to imagine the pierced marble balustrade that once walled in this bathing-place of the dark-skinned people; nor picture glowing Bathsebas—Roben's group of floating and laughing Sultanas, with female black slaves watching their innocent Diana gambols from corner stations under the shady portico. Air and water are the perpetual treasures of this place, and I tasted them both gratefully as I strode under the pointed arches, away from the burning lashes of the sun that drove me under cover. Beyond where the fountain bubbles like a singing slave (whose language I can only decipher as perpetual lamentation for the exiled Moor,) I pass through the oblong Hall of blessing, which is still as radiant with colors as the edge of a fading evening cloud, and where the cornices of inscriptions sing to the praise of some long dead Sultan, who conquered twenty fortresses, whose excellence ran clear through his great deeds, like "the transparent silk thread that joins a necklace of pearls." I learn from the rivers of poems that fret the wall that this unknown dead warrior made the very stars quiver in heaven, yet guarded the tender branch of the young-tree from harm. I learn that the stars shook when he stamped, yet that the bough of the willow bent before him in adoration.

Now I enter—intoxicated with the fragile yet imperishable beauty of the palace—the Hall of the Ambassadors, the golden saloon, with a dome which burst like a flower-bell sixty feet high up, is the Tower of Couares. An ingenious friend of mine, clever at theorizing (which is a sort of mental tight-rope dancing,) thinks the Moorish dome was suggested by the scooped out half of a melon; a theory which I cap by deriving the scalloped edge of the engrailed arches from the jagged edge of the aloe's leaf. In sober truth, I do not think much of any fanciful architectural theories, believing that sober, drudging necessity suggested architectural shapes, and that ornament was quite a superadded subsequent luxury. We first get our shirt, and then we put on the ruffles. We first roof ourselves in, and then go on refining about the shape of the windows.

The most beautiful thing about these Moorish domes is—not their grand poise and balance, or the spontaneity of their spring—but the airiness of them. They seem mere resting clouds swelling round you and canopying you with color

You have no sense of their weight or means of permanency. The stalactite ornament, too, as it is called, seems fashioned in emulous rivalry of prisoned, golden-ceiled honey-comb, in which honey still rests; honey, dyed by the juices of the flowers from which it has been drawn.

I go into the Sala of the two Sisters; so called from two gigantic sister slabs of Macaei marble, which pave the centre of the floor. I creak my neck with looking up, and let my eye soar upward and flutter like a bird in and out of those flower-cup cells; which seem the first creative types of some fresh world of fairy blossoming. A severe scientific American from "Bawst'n" will insist on telling me that the thing is very simple: it is a beauty put together by mere receipt. Those colored cells, so shapeless yet so harmonious, are mere prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surface, consisting of seven different forms, proceeding from three primary figures—the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, and the isosceles triangle. These components are capable of millions of combinations, just like the three primitive colors, or the seven notes of the musical scale. A simple receipt; yet no one can, now-a-days, cook anything like it. And grand, too, to think of the old artist, sitting down with his palette of changes on his thumb, with the three primary triangles, and three primary colors, producing in this one conical, helmeted roof alone, with his heels and plaster, an almost eternal sheltering of beauty, and some five thousand prismatic changes! "The carpentry of the roofs is tarnation 'cutely done," says my friend Spry, "and was derived by the Moors from the Phœnicians and Egyptians." (This is the vermilion roof mentioned by Jeremiah.) "But you should see the tower hall at Bawst'n!"

The Moors had a keen sensual sense of the necessities of climate. They were always thinking of the Arab tent. They wanted air and lightness. These marble pillars are the tent-spears grown to stone. This network lace veil that flanges every wall with cobwebs and harmonious color, is the old tent tapestry, the Cordovan stamped leather hangings, the Indian shawls that canopied the wandering and victorious horseman's tent. They did not want the Titan-dome of the Pantheon, or the great metal hell that hollows over St. Peter's; they wanted mere pendant flowers woven together into roof and gossamer-pierced panels, that hardly arrest the air. Everything must float and sway; they would not bar out the chirp of the dripping silver water in the garden-court without.

The pillars they thinned and shaved till they were no longer round blocks of rock, but mere banded flower-stalks, or young palm-trees, slender as spear-shafts. The spandrils are not corbelled beams, faced with figure-head monsters, but perforated props, as to some princess's cabinet. They have no Samson pillars that bear up the Atlas-load, and that, if falling, would bring down roof-tree and bower, in one common destruction. There is nothing to hold up, only ivory-patterned walls, and a honey-combed dome that floats in the hot air. As for the ornamentation—away with your Arabic Euclids and triangles! It was thus devised. The great architect, Ibn Aser, had roofed out the burning blue sky and the lightning heat with a plain bell-dome, after the manner of the Romans; but his soul was not satisfied, and he sat cross-legged on his prayer-carpet between the palm-pillars, looking up, and praying to Allah for more light of divine wisdom. At that moment came dancing in, with shell-shaped castanets, calabash guitars, Moorish cymbals, and the nose-flutes of Barbary, a band of Christian and negro slaves, waiting for their fair mistress, Nourmahal, the light of the world. Wanton in their joy, they flung about their arms, which, mingling together black and white, looked like night, just when it is changing into day. They began to pelt each other with handfuls of snow, which lay there in huge matted baskets, brought that morning on mules from the bosom-clefts of the Sierra Nevada; and the snow on the black faces fell as swan's down, but on the fairer faces it was as ice-dew on the early roses. Then, tired of this amusement, they began to toss hundreds of snow-halls aloft up at the domed roof, seeing which of them could make most snow adhere to the hollow globe; and when one obtained the victory, she laughed with a laugh that was a peal of silver bells. Then came the loud clapping of a black eunuch's hands, the signal that Nourmahal needed their services with perfumes and syrups in the bath-room, and they all fled like a herd of fawns when a wolf breaks from the oleander bushes. Then the architect, looking up smilingly at the clotted snow, hanging in bosses and tufts, cells and pendants, fell on his knees, and thanked Allah for so graciously answering his prayer. This roof (you will find the story in the Arabian Nights, or somewhere else) was fashioned from the melting roof of a snow-drift—it suggests delicious coolness—and the soft fretted hollows of half-thawed snow, flung up to the roof by playful hands, and modelled ere it fell.

But what about the color as it exists? Is it emeraldine, like humming-birds' wings, or plaited flowers? No, we must tell the sober truth. To call a rose a tulip is no pleasure to our mind. The color is dim and faded; buried under white flaky icicles of accursed whitewash, or blurred and besmirched

as a dead butterfly's plumes. Here and there are revived bright scraps of azure, gold, and vermillion; but generally, it is dull of outline, and dim as a washed-out sign-post. It is not a bit like the hard, opaque, staring red and blue color you see in Mr. Owen Jones's, at the Crystal Palace—and it never was like that, I am thinking. Blue predominates; red and yellow are subordinated in geometric traceries of starred and crystalline harmonies. The walls are like pages of illuminated missals, framed by cornices of poem and prayer. Where the Spaniards coarsely imitate the Moorish work, the debased greens and purples obtrude, and show how inferior in decorative art civilization is to instinct. The dados, or low wainscoting, are of square glazed tiles, which form a glittering breast-high coat of mail up to the lower third of the palace walls. Here the colors are the same as those of the old Majolica china; the Raphael ware, which originated in the East, and may be seen now in any London curiosity shop window. The dyes are the same—orange-purple, dull sage-green and a reddish-brown. Sometimes these Azulejo tiles, with their low-toned enamel colors, are formed into pillars, or pave the floors in squares of fleurs-de-lis, or heraldic emblems, the willow-pattern blue predominating. The low, deep, shadow tone of these tile wainscots seems to me quite to disapprove Mr. Owen Jones' staring vermilion and opaque blues. In a country where the sun is solid fire, the Arabs wanted shade; and, in the dados, color is seen in the shade, such as you find in their Turkey carpets, deep, soft, and subdued. They did not want the red and blue stripes you see on child's peppermint. Mr. Jones will have it, too, that all the hundred and twenty pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, that in sisterly groups, as of hewn ice, support the pavilions and porticos of the Court of Lions, were originally of a flaming gilt. Only imagine the Moors cowering under windowless roofs and domes, which were perpetual caves of seented shadow, looking out on a fountained garden, barred in with burning pillars of burnished glass! These would have scorched their eyes out. There is, in fact, no trace of gold on the pillars—no shining streak or dull spot, or single dot of glitter. And, to prove our case still more, the ornaments of their strange basket-work blocked out capitals, are of white ornaments on a blue ground; the blue, the blue of the salvia flower; the white leafy tracery, the white surface of the original marble. Sometimes it is red with blue leaves, or blue on white with gilt bands and perpetual pious ejaculations of "Blessing! There is no conqueror but God!" Mr. Jones may say that white too is blinding; but marble, exposed to the air, soon grows of a soft mellow cream color. These phylactery sentences everywhere on the wall are traces of a custom that the Chinese still retain. When one or two lines perpetually stare at you from a wall the effect would become wearisome, or else the sentence would soon altogether cease to catch the eye or rouse the mind. Just as old Montaigne, talking of habit, says, in his quaint Gascon way, that after a day or two he ceases to smell his perfumed pounced leather doublet, therefore, what use was it? A dreadful argument upon the wearisomeness of repetitions. But these geometric Cufic letters crying aloud from the walls, of God's greatness, goodness, and power; of the builder's magnificence; of the Sultan's splendor, are so countless, harmonious, and interweaving—producing such cross-lights of poetry and praise, and sink, when the mind is torpid or indifferent to them, naturally and gracefully into mere surface ornament—that they are never out of place; but always an unsatiating charm. The long broken-shaped African letters wed to the Arabic scrolled writing, which is a later and more current hand; the one, like the Roman originated in stone inscriptions before men wrote much anywhere but on great men's tombs; the other, in parchment scrolls of physicians and Aristotle commentators. They both, though dumb to us, have a strange enchanted look to the Geringhee stranger.

There has been a great deal of dull disputation about the Alhambra, now ended, though it never should have begun. For instance, on each side of the ante-room of the Hall of the Ambassadors are too high cupboard-looking recesses, or niches, like the piscinas of our country churches. Blunder-wise men would have it, that this was where the attendants put their slippers before entering to an audience, till an Arabic scholar coolly pointed to an angular inscription round the aperture, which said, "If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet and without mixture." Any Spaniard ought to have known that here was where the Alegraza, or porous earthen bottle common to all, was placed; just as it is now placed in Andalusian gentlemen's halls, or on the bench at inns. In Spain, water is a necessity of life. In England, we wash with it and do not drink it; in Spain, they drink it, but do not wash with it.

Facing these apertures, Boabdil's throne was placed. Those living inscriptions still speak of it, like old babbling servants in some deserted country-house, now used as a show place. Hear them how they cry perpetually, "This dome is our father, and we, the recesses, his daughters. We are members of the same body, but the throne in the heart from whence our soul derives energy and life. Yusuf, my master,

has decorated me (the throne) with robes of glory, and I am as the sun; these recesses being as a sign of the zodiac, in the heaven of this dome."

Now we go down beneath this throne-hall, to a network of dungeon-like passages, by which sultans often escaped in treasonable revolts, when the angry seimaitars were glittering in the fountain-courts, or when the Abencerrages were tossing their threatening spears in the buzzing city below.

It puzzles me always in a ruin to realize the actual life of the old inmates. Where did they keep their cold meat? sounds tolling in my ears. Where did they put their coals? Did they bruise their own oats? or did they double up their perambulators? are not questions more often and pertinaciously suggested to me. There seem no nooks; no corners; no lumber-rooms; no billiard-rooms, no pantries, no wine-cellar. True, there are their bath-rooms and alcoves; their little bins or windowless sleeping-rooms, as in Pompeian houses; their doorless porticoes and recesses, which gold tissue tapestries, and Mamelukes with drawn sabres, may have made private. But where are their kitchens? where are their store-rooms? It is true that, opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages where they show you a damp-red stain which is devoutly believed to be their blood, there is the Hall of the Two Sisters, where the Moorish King resided. Out of this there are square cells, for sleeping on cushions, just as if sleep was not a regular meal, but only a sort of lunch, to be taken in hasty snatches in lulls of business, as Napoleon took it. And, if you pass under the engrailed arches—like so many lace collars copied large in gilded stucco—you see curiously bolted Oriental doors; and a high latticed corridor, whence ladies in the Harem could look down at audiences or public dinners, seeing but unseen. When you go up, you fancy a sort of rose perfume, as from Damascus silk, still lingers about the place; you look round, and see it is only Bensaken, the famous guide, lighting his cigarette. Again, if you turn to the right from the Hall of Ambassadors and pass down a heavy Charles the Fifth gallery, you come to what Ford calls "a Bathsebah mirador," which is what the grumbling Spaniards, who hate Moorish antiquities, designate "the Queen's dressing-room." Chilly Flemish Charles blocked up the Moorish colonnade, which was draughty in winter, and daubed this boudoir well with sprawling Italian frescoes of the battle of Lepanto, which his brave bastard won. Thousands of Smiths and Joneses have scratched their names since on these green frescoes, and will obtain, doubtless, the degrading immortality they courted. Certainly there is in the corner a marble slab drilled with holes like a sink; through which, foolish guides say, perfumes were smoked up, while the radiant Sultana put on her rose silks and pearls above.

We also get a glimpse of life as we grope about passages with broken walls, that show the dark hollows of subterranean aqueducts. We come to the Moorish bath-rooms, stupidly called the dungeons of Ayesha. There is, as at Cairo, an entrance undressing saloon, and an inner vapor and shampooing bath, the separate seats of the Sultana being duly pointed out with the peculiar exactitude of guides. The vapor bath has a blue-dome roof, punched into star-shaped holes; just as you would pierce a pumpkin's rind. Shrieking the ponderous-panelled blue, red, and gilt covered ceilings of Charles the Fifth's apartments which look on the orange gardens of the Lindarajah, I come to the mosque, afterwards a chapel, purged and consecrated by Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada. The door was once plated with bronze, and, like all the rest of the palace, stripped and spoiled by succeeding generations of guardian thieves who allowed no one else but themselves to steal. You still see above the door the exquisite laced niche where the Koran used to be placed by the green-turbaned moollahs. The inscriptions which were dumb to the conquerors, still protest for the old faith, and cry aloud from barge board and netted rafter, "Be not one of the negligent." "There is no conqueror but God." "God is our refuge in every time of trouble."

I look through the mosque-grated window into the luxuriant garden run wild with a frolic luxury and intoxication of growth. I drag through a stray bunch of transparent gold grapes that sway at the bars around which its tendrils cling and twine like a creature loving its prison. As I pick the fruit the yellow and black-banded wasps follow each grape to the very door of my teeth. I hear the swallows speaking to me inarticulately from the burnt-up tiles.

Last of all, at least in this day's visit, Bensaken and my vivacious American friend, who still persists that "it is nothing to what we have in Bawst'n," drag me to the Hall of Justice, with its three court-rooms or apses, now blazoned with the royal Spanish badges of the yoke and the bundle of arrows. These three saloons are at the east end of the Court of the Abencerrages which faces the Lion Court, and indeed forms one side of it, with its forest of marble pillars and pavement channels for running water. Here, on the ceiling, are the curious old frescoes, painted on vellum in a rude sort of Byzantine manner by some Christian renegades, it is supposed; for the Moors think it impious to draw the human figure.

As the blue of dusk gets deeper, and the guide looks uneasily at his keys, I descend through the long avenue walk of the Alhambra, listening to the clatter of castanets from the fonda dancing-booths, and descend to my hotel, through winding, narrow defiles of streets paved with black and white pebbles arranged in scrolls and flowery branches.—Charles Dickens.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"OH, MY AMY, MINE NO MORE!"

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN drove his friend down to Richmond at a rattling pace; but he scarcely spoke half a dozen words throughout the journey, and Harcourt Lowther, keeping the watchful eye of the master upon his pupil, saw that something was amiss.

Now although the Cornishman's guide and mentor had his plans, very definite plans, as clearly drawn out as the great Duke's arrangements for Waterloo, which wondrous victory was not quite the lucky accident our neighbors imagine it to have been; yet he was far too wise a diplomatist not to ignore the sublime opportunities which chance sometimes throws in the way of a schemer, shattering the complicated machinery so dexterously and patiently put together, and opening a new and easy way to success over the ruins of the old road.

Mr. Lowther was quite prepared to make good use of any accident which seemed likely to help him. He was like a chess player who takes his place before the board with a perfect plan of action mapped out in his mind, and who may see his entire scheme overthrown, his most brilliant arrangements stultified by the first move of his adversary; but who will win the game nevertheless, after his enemy's fashion, if not after his own, being no enthusiastic advocate of pet theories, but only a man of the world, resolutely bent on success. Upon this particular afternoon Harcourt saw that something had gone amiss with his friend, and he was bent on discovering what the something was. With this view he had resort to that imaginary instrument which his companions of Bohemia called the "pump handle;" but on letting down a moral plummet into the depths of Mr. Tredethlyn's mind, he found himself in much deeper water than usual, and quite unable to reach the bottom.

"If he has secrets from me, he'll throw all my machinery out of gear," mused Mr. Lowther; "and yet I don't quite know that—a secret might be worked into something *with* her. What a wonderful creature that 'Iago' was, by-the-by! especially when one considers that he took all that trouble for no better motive than jealous twinges about a wife whom he treated like a dog, and an envious grudge of 'Cassio's' advancement. Ah, my divine Williams, that's the only flaw in your *magnum opus*; your motive power isn't equal to your ponderous machinery! Now if 'Othello' had been the owner of thirty thousand a year and a beautiful wife whom 'Iago' loved, there might have been some reason for the exhibition of a little Italian diplomacy. But revenge! Bah! The luxury of a maniac. The pet wickedness of a woman. Your novelist cannot write a story, your playwright cannot devise a drama; but he must have recourse to revenge to keep the action going. Yet in the history of men, how small and pitiful a part the heroic passion plays!"

With such random reflections as these, Mr. Lowther beguiled the silence of the drive to Richmond. During dinner and throughout the evening he watched his friend closely; but all the fascinations of Bohemia were powerless to arouse Francis Tredethlyn from the thoughtful mood.

Watch him as closely as he would to-night, there was something in Francis Tredethlyn's mind which Harcourt Lowther could not read quite as easily as a page in an open book, and as it was his habit to read most things relating to the Cornishman.

"What does it matter?" thought Mr. Lowther, abandoning himself to reflection again during the homeward drive; "let him keep his secret from me if he likes, and I'll use it for my own benefit when he plays against me. He is my dummy, and he plays *my* game. When he leads a suit of his choosing I am ready on his right hand with a cluster of small trumps. Play as he will he can scarcely throw me out. What does it matter *how* the game is won as long as one scores the odd trick?"

The day after this Richmond dinner was Sunday; but even that circumstance did not prevent Francis Tredethlyn from taking preliminary steps towards finding the missing girl whom he fancied quite within his reach now; since it seemed certain that the face he had seen on the stage of Drury Lane was the face of his uncle Oliver's daughter, and no other. It had been his habit until very lately to accompany Maude every Sunday morning to a fashionable place of worship, not very far from Sloane street, where miserable sinners lamented their iniquities, and their wretchedness, amid the subdued rustling of silk at a guinea a yard, and in at atmosphere that was odorous with Jockey Club and Ess: Bouquet. But "Star and Garter" dinners, and evenings "finished" in mysterious localities at the West End are by no means conducive to early rising; and now the Sabbath bells that Mr. Tredethlyn had been wont to hear ringing blithely in the morning air while he breakfasted with his wife, were apt to mingle with his feverish morning dreams, and to transform themselves into the shrill peal of an alarm bell summoning the fireman's succor for perishing wretches in some blazing habitation, or the bell on board a boat leaving a pier—a boat which the dreamer was, oh, so eagerly striving to reach, but never, never could; for just as his foot was going to step upon the deck, the plank on which he trod would give way and tilt him into the waking world; with a ringing headache perhaps, and a dull ceaseless pain in his breast, which he scarcely cared to acknowledge by its ugly name of Remorse.

So now Mr. Tredethlyn was apt to spend the earlier part of his day in the society of his devoted friends. Unhappily Mephistopheles has such a knack of making himself useful, that after once enjoying his society, Faust is apt to find life very dreary without that fatal companionship. Drifted away

from the simple life that was natural to him, Francis was only a helpless creature, with all the dismal blank of existence to be filled up somehow or other.

But upon this particular Sunday he had a purpose of his own, and the honest energy with which he set about the achievement of that purpose, transformed him into a new being.

Harcourt Lowther might have felt a little twinge of alarm had he seen his pupil, as he walked away from the stuccoed district, with the old light in his eyes, the old lightness in his firm tread. Francis forgot that he had an empty life to drag out, and an idolized wife who did *not* love him. He forgot everything except that he had to redeem his half-forgotten vow, to fulfil a long-neglected duty.

"My uncle Oliver's money brought *her* peace of mind, and prosperity for the father she loves so dearly," thought Mr. Tredethlyn. "Let me remember that, when I think of his disinherited daughter."

Crumpled in one of the pockets of his over-coat, Francis had found the programme of the performance at Drury Lane, and in the long list of names crowded together at the bottom of the programme, he discovered—half hidden amongst Percies and Vavasours, Vane Tempests, and Leweson Gowers, and such appellations as the *corps de ballet* modestly chooses for its own—the vulgar name of Turner. He concluded, therefore, that his cousin had called herself Turner at Drury Lane Theatre, as well as at Coltonslough, and he did not anticipate much difficulty in finding her. The search after any information upon theatrical matters might have seemed rather a hopeless thing on a Sunday, but Francis Tredethlyn's energy was not to be damped by small difficulties.

"I have wasted too many hours already," he thought; "where my poor lost girl is concerned, every moment of delay seems a new wrong."

He took a hansom and drove straight to the theatre, but Drury Lane on a Sunday seems an utterly hopeless and impracticable place. The stage-door was closed. The box-office might have been the tomb of the Pharaohs for any appearance of life within its portals. Happily Francis was not to be disheartened. He walked up and down the street until the clock struck one, and a dense crowd began to pour out of a chapel in Crown Court, and disgorge itself into Little Russell street. Then when the doors of the public-houses were opened, he entered a tavern nearly opposite the stage door and made his inquiries.

The barmaid at the tavern was able to tell him where the stage-doorkeeper lived, but she was not able to give him any information as to the habitations of the ladies of the ballet.

"Most of them live out at Camberwell, or up Islington way, though how they manage it, poor things, walking backwards and forwards through all sorts of weather, is more than I can tell. They send over here when there's long rehearsals for their half-pint of porter and their sandwich, and that's about all the dinner they get on such days, I dare say."

Thus, discursively, the barmaid, Francis left her, and made his way to the adjacent court in which the doorkeeper was to be found in his private capacity. That gentleman was in the midst of a very greasy dinner and in the bosom of his family, when Mr. Tredethlyn intruded on him, and was at first inclined to resent the interruption.

"I don't carry two hundred and forty-nine addresses in my blessed head," he remarked, in an injured tone; "which our company at the beginning of this season numbered over two hundred and forty-nine; and I don't care to be hunted up on Sundays when I'm eating of my dinner for a pack of ballet girls. I don't get paid for *that* when I take my salary. If any young swell wants to find out one of our ladies' address to leave 'em a bokay, or to take a ticket for their benefit or such like, I should think they could find it out of a week-day, and not come chivving of a man over his Sunday vittles."

But a judiciously administered half-sovereign had a very soothing effect upon the mind and manners of the doorkeeper. There are so few things in a small way that cannot be done with half a sovereign. The man laid down his knife and fork and applied himself to serious reflection, while his wife and family suspended their operations to stare admiringly on the fashionably-dressed intruder.

"Let me see," said the doorkeeper, scraping his stubby chin as he mused, "there's such a many of 'em that I may sit here trying to remember where this here Miss Turner lives till doomsday, and not be no wiser. I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir; I've got the addresses of every member of this company in my book over the way. I'll slip over and get Miss Turner's direction while you wait here, if you like."

"Over the way," was Drury Lane Theatre. The doorkeeper took some ponderous keys from a nail over the mantelpiece, and put on his hat. Francis Tredethlyn went with him.

"Turner," said the man; "Turner? A pale-faced young woman, ain't she? Looks as if she'd gone through no end of trouble. She's only an extra, took on for this here great piece that's just done with."

"An extra?" inquired Francis.

"Yes; a sort of supernumery; not a regular ballet girl, can't dance, or anything of that sort, only fit to go on in crowds, and so on. I remember her, a very quiet, civil-spoken young person."

The address was soon found; it was at a house in Brydges street. Francis left the doorkeeper with his heart beating tumultuously, his face pale with emotion that was half joy, half pain—joy at finding her at last, when hope had almost died out into forgetfulness—pain at finding her thus. Ah, yes! it was very painful to remember the innocent rosy face peeping out of a dimity bonnet, and to know that sorrow had set its undefaceable hand upon that rustic beauty, and that the face he remembered had no more a place upon this earth.

"Miss Turner and Miss Willoughby live together over an eating-house in Brydges street," the doorkeeper had told Francis, with the further information that he was to pull the top bell twice. Mr. Tredethlyn found the eating-house, which was ostensibly closed; but the door of the shop was ajar, and the atmosphere about and around it seemed greasy with the steam of suet pudding and boiled meat. The bell which Francis rung was answered by a care-worn looking woman of doubtful age, who had an air of faded gentility, a flimsy smartness of apparel, which was more than demonstrative

of poverty than the shabbiest garments that ever hung together loosely upon the figure of a slattern.

"Miss Turner lives here, I believe?" Francis said eagerly; "I wish to see her, if you please."

"Miss Turner *did* live here," the woman answered, "but she has left."

"Left? Why I saw her at the theatre only the night before last, and the doorkeeper has just directed me here."

"Miss Turner's engagement expired last night, sir, and she left London this morning."

"This morning, only this morning! But of course you can tell me where she has gone? I am her first cousin, her only surviving relative. If I had known that there was the least chance of her leaving London, I should have tried to find her last night. Will you be good enough to direct me to her?"

The woman shook her head.

"I don't know where Miss Turner has gone,"

Tredethlyn's face whitened to the very lips.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "is there a fatality in this business? am I never to find her?"

Then addressing himself to the woman with sudden earnestness he said—

"For pity's sake, if you can help me in my difficulty, do so with all your might. You do not know how much depends on my finding her. I scarcely think I should say too much, if I were to tell you that it is a matter of life and death, for I saw my cousin's face the night before last, and it looked to me like a face that is fading away from this earth. You have been told, perhaps, to give no one her address; but she did not think that her cousin Francis would come to ask for it. Pray trust me and believe in me; I am the only friend that poor girl has in all this world."

"I have told you the truth, sir," answered the woman, quietly; "I do not know where Miss Turner has gone. Anything I can tell you about her, I shall be happy to tell," she added, as if answering the look of blank despair in Francis Tredethlyn's face; "but it is very little. Will you step up stairs to my room? It is only a humble place, but it will be quieter there than here."

This could scarcely fail to be true, for during the very brief interview which had just taken place, Francis had been brushed against and flouted some half-dozen times by young persons with jugs and door-keys, going to and from a neighboring public-house. It was the popular dinner-hour in Drury Lane, and four separate floors, with their minor divisions of backs and fronts, were more or less engaged in the business of dining.

Francis followed his cousin's late associate, Miss Willoughby, up three steps of rather dingy stairs, upon which little colonies of children had established themselves here and there with their toys. One young gentleman of tender years was trying to fly a kite in the well of the staircase, with a persevering disregard of atmospheric difficulties and the heads of the passers below, while a young lady, belonging to an adjacent tribe of settlers, took her doll for an airing in a lobster shell, drawn by a string which wound itself about Mr. Tredethlyn's legs and had to be unwound like a bandage. Occasional skirmishers from distant settlements came sliding down the bannisters, which, compared to the stairs, were as the modern railroad to the ancient highway, assailing peaceable families with the war-whoop of defiance; and the cries of "Shan't," "Do it again, then, there!" "Wouldn't you just like to, now?" "Won't I tell my mother, that's all?" "Telltale tit, yah!" resounded in a delightful confusion of voices from the first floor to the attics.

Miss Willoughby conducted Francis to a back room upon the third floor, a dark, gloomy little room, hung with chocolate and drab paper, but enlivened by a little gallery of theatrical photographs, and some engraved portraits cut out of Tally's *Shakspeare*, neatly arranged over the mantel-piece.

It was not very difficult to perceive that the anomalous piece of furniture, which was too vividly brown for mahogany, too elaborately grained for nature, and which was not quite a chest of drawers, nor altogether a ward-robe, was neither more nor less than a member of the mysterious family of press-bedsteads. It was not difficult to perceive that industrious poverty and simple independence reigned in that three-pair-back, whose pitiful goods and chattels, and worthless scraps of ornament, were arranged with as exquisite a neatness as might pervade the chambers of a bachelor in the Albany, or a gandin of the Faubourg St. Honore.

"I shall miss your cousin very much," said Miss Willoughby; "we got on so nicely together."

"She lived with you? Here?" asked Francis.

"Yes; we shared this apartment. It made the rent come lighter for both of us, and apartments are so dear in London; and of course it was the same advantage in coals, not that we wanted many for our little bit of cooking, but one can't even boil a kettle without a fire; and saveloys and sandwiches are apt to pall upon one after a long continuance; so having Miss Turner to live with me made it altogether come much pleasanter; besides which we always were the best of friends."

Mr. Tredethlyn was slow to answer. He was looking round the room, and out at the leaden ball floating on the surface of a dingy leaden cistern, visible athwart some scarecrow geraniums, which looked as if they had been put upon a short allowance of mould. Everything in the place, from the scrimped morsel of worn carpet, which only made an oasis of Kidderminster in a dreary desert of boards, to the handful of red coals that burned brightly between massive embankments of brick, bore mute evidence to the poverty which struggles and endures. An open cupboard stared Francis in the face, and he saw, oh, such a pitiful morsel of sickly complexioned ham, lying cheek by jowl with the rag end of a stale half-quartern loaf. He looked at these things, and remembered the house in which he lived, the reckless extravagance that pervaded all his life.

"Does a curse cling to the gold of a miser?" he thought; "and is my uncle Oliver's child never to know any profit from the wealth her father scraped and pinched together, at the cost of everything that makes life endurable?"

He roused himself from his brief reverie to appeal once more to the elderly ballet girl, who had seated herself by the little Pembroke table, on which lay a newspaper evidently borrowed from the establishment below, and transformed into a kind of parchment by the action of grease.

"Give me what information you can about my cousin," he said, imploringly; "and if you will accept any little present from me in acknowledgment of your kindness, I will send you a cheque to-morrow morning, and you shall purchase what you please as a memorial of your friendship for my poor little Susy."

A faint flush kindled in Miss Willoughby's pale cheeks. A cheque! Oh, bright representative of an El Dorado, only to be thought of in some happy dream. Clara Willoughby, otherwise Mary Anne Jones, had not seen such a thing as a cheque since the happy time in which she had been columbine at the tumble down little theatre in a garrison town, and the colonel himself had taken five pounds' worth of tickets for her benefit.

"You are very kind," she said; "but I don't want any payment for the little help I can give you. Miss Turner is a very quiet young person; and though we were so friendly together, she never told me anything of her history; and when she went away this morning, having only been taken on as an extra, and her engagement expiring last night, she said, 'You've been very good to me, Clara, and I shall always remember you kindly; and if things go well with me, I'll write and tell you where I am. You mustn't be offended because I don't tell you where I am going. I don't quite know myself. I have not made up my mind yet; there's a place I want to go to, and friends I want to see, but I don't think I shall ever bring my mind to go there, or to see them.'"

"I think I understand her," said Francis. "I think the place she means is her old home. If she goes there I shall hear of her immediately; but if—if she should not be wise enough to return to the friends who would be so glad to shelter her—Did she ever speak of her home, or of her cousin Francis Tredethlyn?"

"Never! She seemed to have some settled grief upon her mind; and having known trouble myself, I know how hard it is to be worried by strangers' questions and strangers' pity, even when it's meant ever so kindly; so I never asked her to tell me so much as one word about her former life."

"But how did she come to be at the theatre with you? I should think of all ways of earning a living, that must be the very last that would occur to my cousin Susan."

"That's very true," answered Miss Willoughby; "but it doesn't take a woman long to come to the last way by which she can earn her bread—the ways are not so many. I can tell you how your cousin came to be at Drury Lane, for I was the means of getting her engaged; and it all came about, as one may say, quite promiscuously. I suppose you know that Susan Turner is a married woman?"

"Yes, I do know of her unhappy marriage."

"She called herself Miss Turner in the bills, because, you see, in the theatrical profession a single female is always considered more attractive; though why it should be so, unless with regard to boys in jackets in the Christmas holidays being so apt to fall in love with the columbine, and might find it damping to their spirits to know she was the mother of a family, I really can't imagine. However, Susan was Miss Turner in the bills, and I am Miss Willoughby for the same reason, although I've been thirteen years a widow come next boxing-night. Perhaps you may remember the sprite who was killed by a fall off a flying bridge in *Harlequin Buttercup*, or the *Maiden all Forlorn*; the *Fairy Queen of the Daisies*, and the *Cow with the Crumpled Horn*, twelve years ago last Christmas? Not being professional yourself you may not happen to remember the circumstance; but Signor Wilsonio was my husband. He was not an Italian, and his name in private life was Wilson. We had been married two years, and he left me with a little boy just six months old."

Francis listened very respectfully to this fragment of family history, but he chafed under its infliction nevertheless.

"If you will tell me how you came to—" he began.

"I am just coming to that," answered Miss Willoughby, with dignity. "My poor husband, not having anything to leave me, except a complimentary benefit, which the manager of the theatre allowed me on account of my bereavement, I was obliged, of course, to continue in the profession; and oh, sir! nobody that hasn't gone through it can tell the pain of having to change your widow's weeds for white muslin and spangles, and put away your baby from your breast to go and slap cheesemongers' shops into furnished lodgings with a harlequin's wand. As soon as I could get over the dreadful kind of numbness that came upon me in the first of my troubles, I looked out for some one who could take care of my child; for I need not tell you that you can't leave an infant in arms in unfurnished lodgings without attendance, and with black looks from your landlady if you so much as ask for your fire to be poked once in an evening in a friendly way, and much less a child, which is apt to be trying to the best of tempers. Well, sir, inquiring of one and another, I heard of a very respectable, elderly person who had seen better days; and it does seem odd, but people connected with bringing up children by hand always have seen better days. The elderly person lived down Chelsea way, close to the water, which was considered healthy, and next door but one to a cowkeeper—also considered healthy, especially if predisposed to consumption."

"If you would only—" murmured Francis, despondently.

"Which I am just coming to," answered the *ci-devant* columbine, again with dignity. "The long and the short of it is, I took my baby to the respectable, elderly person at Chelsea, and there he's been ever since, at seven shillings a week, which is a hard struggle sometimes now, though light enough when I was engaged as columbine; but dancing has made such progress, and unless you can take flying leaps from one side of the stage to the other, a manager won't look at you."

"But with regard to—"

"Which I am about to explain," continued Miss Willoughby, with unshaken calmness. "It was at the respectable elderly person's that I first met Miss Turner; for my darling baby having learnt to call his nurse Nungey, and taking so to her, and not taking to anybody else, and she so attached to him, that she froze my very blood by talking of Battersea Bridge in quite a meaning way when I spoke of taking him away. Owing to this and one circumstance and another, Harry has stopped at Chelsea till he's quite a big boy. So, course, I very often go to see him, not that he takes to me

so much as he ought to do, being so wrapped up in his Nungey. And one day, about three years ago, I went there quite promiscuously, and found Harry walking up and down before the door with a baby in his arms; and the nurse told me that she'd put an advertisement in the paper, and the very day it was inserted a lady came to her—a sweet looking creature, she said—and left this baby, which might be going on twelve months old. Well, the long and the short of it is, that this was your cousin Susan's baby; and going there off and on, I saw a good deal of your cousin; but see her as much as you would she was so quiet and reserved, that you never got anything like intimate with her. At first she was dressed like a lady, and she had a pretty little gold watch and chain and many things that had cost money; but little by little all these disappeared, and she seemed to get very poor. One day, when I was there, it came out somehow that she was doing plain needlework for one of the great cheap outfitters' houses in the City, and it came out what a hard life it was, and, worse than hard—uncertain; so then, knowing there were 'extras' wanted for the new piece, I proposed to her that with my help she should try and get engaged. It would be much lighter work than the plain sewing, and better pay. Well, at first she was very much against it, but after a deal of persuasion she gave way, and I got her the engagement for her. That was full five months ago; for the piece had a long run. She had been lodging in one room at Chelsea until then, for the sake of being near her boy, and she left that lodging to come and share mine."

"And do you think she will go back to the old lodging?" "I doubt it. She seemed so uncertain that I really don't think she'd made up her mind where to go."

"But she is likely to have gone straight to her child!" cried Francis. "Will you give me the address of the old woman at Chelsea? Oh, I thank you so much for giving me this clue. I must find my poor girl now!"

The sprite's widow opened a little portfolio and wrote an address on a scrap of paper, while Francis stood by, eager to take it from her.

"Do you know that there has been an advertisement, appealing to my cousin, in the columns of the *Times* newspaper a hundred times within the last two years?"

"Dear! dear!" murmured the ballet dancer; "and she going through so much, with rich friends looking for her all the time. But you see, poor people can't afford to take in a newspaper, and there might be only a threepenny paper standing between a man and a million of money, and he nouse the wiser."

She handed Francis the address which was a very long one. And then she gave him divers verbal directions, the gist of which was, that he was to find a certain public-house, called "The Man in the Moon," and was then to inquire of anybody for a certain street, and was to go a little way further and inquire again, thus accomplishing his journey by easy stages and frequent inquiries.

But Francis was much too full of hope to be dashed by any small difficulties. He grasped the dancer's hand in his heartiest way, and left Brydges street in impetuous haste. The Hansom cabman, who met him at the corner of Russell street, and drove him thence to "The Man in the Moon," was a lucky individual, and went home rejoicing to the bosom of his family. But after dismissing the cabman, Francis had to thread his way through intricacies which would have been maddening in a Hansom cab, and were only to be overcome by repeated inquiries and frequent reference to Miss Willoughby's written direction.

At last, however, while the bells were still ringing for afternoon services, Francis Tredethlyn found the place, which was a damp little street without any thoroughfare, called Pollard's Row. Pollard's Row, with the summer sunlight on it, and given up entirely to the occupation of one mongrel dog, which was lying with his head upon his fore-paws, snapping at imaginary flies, was a dreary place to contemplate; but Francis Tredethlyn troubled himself very little about the aspect of the neighborhood. He walked rapidly past the little row of houses until he came to No. 17, which was occupied by the respectable elderly person, otherwise Mrs. Clinck.

The elderly person made some faint show of a commercial character in the shape of three very green pickle bottles containing confectionery, all more or less melted out of its normal mould by long exposure to the sun, and some gingerbread figures of a weird and ghastly outline, supposed to represent the human form. A tattered ehintz curtain hung upon a limp string, and made a background to these wares. Looking across this curtain Francis Tredethlyn saw a woman sitting in the ruddy glow of the fire, with a child in her lap, and knew by the beating of his heart that he had found his cousin Susan.

The door of No. 17 stood ajar. Francis pushed it open and went into the passage. Three steps brought him to the door of the little room, which was a compound of shop and parlor, with a slight flavor of bedroom. A woman—a girlish creature still, but pale and worn-looking—was sitting in a low nursing-chair, with a child of four years old in her arms. Alas for the handiwork of Sorrow, the destroyer! the soft brown hair, the tender hazel eyes, alone remained of the rustic beauty which Francis Tredethlyn remembered smiling at him upon the moorlands of his native county.

"Susie, my darling, my pet. At last, at last I have found you!"

The boy slid from his mother's arms, frightened by this tumultuous stranger. Susan rose pale and trembling, and shrank away with her hands spread before her face, as if even now she would have hidden herself from her cousin.

"Oh, Francis," she cried, "don't come near me—don't look at me. Oh, Heaven have pity on me! I have so prayed that none who ever knew me in my childhood should see me now."

"But, my darling, why, why should you hide yourself from those who love you so fondly?"

She made no direct answer, but covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my shame—my shame! Who will believe me when my father would not?"

(To be continued.)

(For the Californian.)

THE WEeping WILLOW.

(SALIX BABYLONICA.)

THE Latin name, *Salix*—signifying to spring up—well describes the rapid growth of the Willow tribe. This characteristic, as well as its choice of situation, is beautifully alluded to in Isaiah, xlv., 4: "They shall spring up as among grass: as willows by the water-courses."

Over one hundred and fifty different species of the *Salix* have been enumerated and described by Sir James T. Smith. The one denominated *Salix Babylonica*, the Weeping Willow, is a native of the Levant, the coast of Persia, and other places in the East. The manner of its introduction into England is curious. The account is as follows: Pope, the celebrated poet, having received a present of Turkey figs, observed a twig of the basket in which they were packed putting out a shoot. This twig he planted in his garden; it soon became a fine tree, and from it all the weeping willows of England have descended. This particular tree was felled in 1861, a circumstance which all regretted.

The *Salix Babylonica* is generally planted by a still pool of water, to which it is a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and when, in misty weather, drops of water are seen distilling from the extremities of its branches, nothing can be more descriptive than the title it has obtained of Weeping Willow.

"Thus o'er our streams do eastern willows lean

In pensive guise, whose grief inspiring shade

Love has to melancholy sacred made." [Deille.

Ovid gives a very good description of the situation in which willows generally grow:

"A hollow vale, where watery torrents gush,

Sinks in the plain; the osier and the rush,

The marshy sedge and bending willow, nod

Their trailing foliage o'er the oozy sod."

Among the British poets who have sung of this plant, most have alluded to the willow being considered the emblem of despairing love. Herrick says:

"A willow garland thou didst send,

Perfumed, last day, to me;

Which did but only this portend,

I was forsook by thee.

Since so it is, I'll thee what:

To-morrow thou shalt see

Me wear the willow, after that

To die upon the tree."

And Spencer calls the tree,

"The willow worn by forlorn paramour."

Shakspeare thus represents Dido lamenting the loss of Aeneas:

—"In such a night

Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,

Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love

To come again to Carthage."

And again in relating the death of Ophelia:

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,

Of crow flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples.

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke;

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell on the weeping brook."

Cowper says:

"We pass a gulf in which the willows dip

Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink."

Montgomery has also alluded to it:

"Odors abroad the winds of morning breathe

And fresh with dew, the herbage sprung beneath;

Down from the hills that gently sloped away

To the broad river shining into day

They passed; along the brink the path they kept

Where high aloof o'er-arching willows wept,

Whose silvery foliage glistened in the beam,

And floating shadows fringed the chequered stream."

And in Holy Writ we find: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

Every production of nature alluded to in the Bible is at once invested with a sacred character and possesses an indescribable interest. It is this which gives the willow a claim on our regard very far beyond what it might derive the graceful effect of its drooping boughs, or, indeed, from any other quality by which it is distinguished. At the Feast of Tabernacles, when, in commemoration of their fathers dwelling in tents during their forty year's sojourn in the wilderness, the Israelites were commanded to dwell in booths made of "goodly trees, and rejoice before the Lord their God seven days," those selected for the occasion were "branches of the palm trees and willows of the brook;" to which Nehemiah adds branches of olive, pine and myrtle. Those being all tied together with gold and silver strings, were carried in procession by the people during the feast. IRAS.

A DIAMOND offered for sale in London, is valued at \$200,000.

THE MEETING.

I MET her in the quiet lane
One Sabbath morning early;
The sun was bright, although the rain
Still glittered on the barley.
The lark was singing to his mate,
The wild bells chimed their warning,
We paused awhile outside the gate;
We lingered till it was too late
To go to church that morning!

Again we met. The whispering leaves
Glanced nigh in sight and shadow;
The reapers piled the yellow sheaves;
The bees humm'd o'er the meadow.
The royal sun rose up in state,
Our marriage-day adorning;
The bells rang out; wide stood the gate,
And neither of us was too late
To go to church that morning!

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

ON the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Me-gisserie quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely, however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit, or an expected one, will by and by appear; but, in the first place, it is necessary to tell who the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the moustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which beer-drinking and smoking held so prominent a place, as to swallow almost half the pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honor, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that the step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Mary. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy, Jules, he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three of years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was the neigteen, as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as the sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first cause. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on that score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty, but neat, domicile, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post-mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus: "Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presunable that to you reverts the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased's relatives. Of course, you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out, by way of thankfulness, into a few of the common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate number of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl, read—read this. Read, my darling! Five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands! All right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the Emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs a-piece. In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris, totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and foguery must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B—. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the twenty-fifth day of December, 1835. It was then she heard three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules?" she said at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed, "Gained! What then means this—this—" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes, I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and placing a massive pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done you; here are five hundred bank-notes, of 1,000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorized by you."

Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Won't you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder, there is something here! Marie, girl, tell me why you weep!"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she; "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, but does so no more, since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimperer means." "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you. I leave Paris—" "Jules, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring through the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by the influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time, too. Only, I thought I could bestow on you nought but the *pearl*; but you shall now have the *setting* along with it, my lad. It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a year to keep you going? Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this

money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you! Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point their finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity to see other suitors, more worthy her condition, at her feet. Oh, why did I gain this cause!"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain, when Bertrand, who had, in the meantime, taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause, by thus addressing him: "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is, then, this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl? Ah; well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book far out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunderstruck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules!" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman, I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. To-morrow you will marry her if you are a man of honor. If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominoes with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest incitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand considerably staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor, weak human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from those deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the ordering of the marriage-festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank-note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, a minority at least of the gentlemen were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of these friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals, and crosses and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushing began the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah, ha!" cried Pierre, triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well stuffed and marked with gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book!

Jules did not require his worthy father-in-law's laughter to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out, and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his *scruples*, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honored advocate.

At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses, the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said: "Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?" "No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said one traveller. "Well, then," said the station-keeper, "help yourself to the mustard!"

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT.

THIS lighthouse, known to mariners as the Cape Cod or Highland Light, is one of our primary sea-coast lights, and is usually the first seen by those approaching the entrance of Massachusetts Bay from Europe. It is forty-three miles from Cape Ann Light, and forty-one from Boston Light. It stands about twenty rods from the edge of the bank, which is here formed of clay. I borrowed the plane and square, level and dividers, of a carpenter who was shingling a barn near by, and using one of those shingles made of a mast, contrived a rude sort of quadrant, with pins for sights and pivots, and got the angle of elevation of the Bank opposite the lighthouse, and with a couple of clod-lines the length of its slope, and so measured its height on the shingle. It rises one hundred and ten feet above its immediate base, or about one hundred and twenty-three feet above mean low water. Graham, who has carefully surveyed the extremity of the Cape, makes it one hundred and thirty feet. The mixed sand and clay lay at an angle of forty degrees with the horizon, where I measured it, but the clay is generally much steeper. No cow nor hen ever gets down it. Half a mile farther south the bank is fifteen or twenty-five feet higher, and that appeared to be the highest land in North Truro. Even this vast clay bank is fast wearing away. Small streams of water trickling down it at intervals of two or three rods, have left the intermediate clay in the form of steep Gothic roofs fifty feet high or more, the ridges as sharp and rugged-looking as rocks; and in one place the bank is curiously eaten out in the form of a large semi-circular crater.

According to the lighthouse keeper, the Cape is wasting here on both sides, though most on the eastern. In some places it had lost many rods within the last year, and, ere-long, the lighthouse must be moved. We calculated, from his data, how soon the Cape would be quite worn away at this point, "for," said he, "I can remember sixty years back." We were even more surprised at this last announcement—that is, at the slow waste of life and energy in our informant, for we had taken him to be not more than forty—than at the rapid waste of the Cape, and we thought that he stood a fair chance to outlive the former.

Between this October and June of the next year, I found that the bank had lost about forty feet in one place, opposite the lighthouse, and it was cracked more than forty feet farther from the edge at the last date, the shore being strewn with the recent rubbish. But I judged that generally it was not wearing away here at the rate of more than six feet annually. Any conclusions drawn from the observations of a few years or one generation only are likely to prove false, and the Cape may balk expectation by its durability. In some places even a wrecker's footpath down the bank lasts several years. One old inhabitant told us that when the lighthouse was built, in 1798, it was calculated that it would stand forty-five years, allowing the bank to waste one length of fence each year, "but," said he, "there it is," (or rather another near the same site, about twenty rods from the edge of the bank.)

The sea is not gaining on the Cape everywhere, for one man told me of a vessel wrecked long ago on the north of Provincetown whose "bones" (this was his word) are still visible many rods within the present line of the beach, half-buried in sand. Perchance alongside the timbers of a whale. The general statement of the inhabitants is, that the Cape is wasting on both sides, but extending itself on particular points on the south and west, as at Chatham and Monomoy Beaches, and at Billingsgate, Long, and Race Points. James Freeman stated in his day that above three miles had been added to Monomoy Beach during the previous fifty years, and it is said to be still extending as fast as ever. A writer in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, in the last century, tells that "when the English first settled upon the Cape, there was an island off Chatham, at three leagues' distance, called Webbs' Island, containing twenty acres, covered with red-cedar or savin. The inhabitants of Nantucket used to carry wood from it;" but he adds that in his day a large rock alone marked the spot, and the water was six fathoms deep there. The entrance to Nauset Harbor, which was once in Eastham, has now travelled south into Orleans. The islands in Wellfleet harbor once formed a continuous beach, though now small vessels pass between them. And so of many other parts of this coast.

Perhaps what the ocean takes from one part of the Cape it gives to another—robs Peter to pay Paul. On the eastern side the sea appears to be everywhere encroaching on the land. Not only the land is undermined, and its ruins carried off by currents, but the sand is blown from the beach directly up the steep bank where it is one hundred and fifty feet high, and covers the original surface there many feet deep. If you sit on the edge you will have ocular demonstration of this by soon getting your eyes full. Thus the bank preserves its height as fast as it is worn away. This sand is steadily travelling westward at a rapid rate, "more than a hundred yards," says one writer, within the memory of inhabitants now living; so that in some places peat-meadow has made its appearance on the shore in the bank covered many feet deep, and peat

has been cut there. This accounts for that great pebble of peat which we saw in the surf. The old oysterman had told us that many years ago he lost a "crittur" by her being mired in a swamp near the Atlantic side east of his house, and twenty years ago he lost the swamp itself entirely, but has since seen signs of it appearing on the beach. He also said that he had seen cedar stumps "as big as cartwheels" (!) on the bottom of the Bay, three miles off Billingsgate Point, when leaning over the side of his boat in pleasant weather, and that that was dry land not long ago. Another told us that a log canoe known to have been buried many years before on the Bay side at East Harbor in Truro, where the Cape is extremely narrow, appeared at length on the Atlantic side, the Cape having rolled over it, and an old woman said: "Now, you see, it is true what I told you, that the Cape is moving."

The bars along the coast shift with every storm, and in many places there is occasionally none at all. We ourselves observed the effect of a single storm with a high tide in the night, in July, 1855. It moved the sand on the beach opposite the lighthouse to the depth of six feet, and three rods in width as far as we could see north and south, and carried it bodily off no one knows exactly where, laying bare, in one place, a large rock five feet high, which was invisible before, and narrowing the beach to that extent. There is usually, as I have said, no bathing on the backside of the Cape, on account of the undertow, but when we were there last, the sea had, three months before, cast up a bar near this lighthouse, two miles long and ten rods wide, over which the sea did not flow, leaving a narrow cove, then a quarter of a mile long, between it and the shore, which afforded excellent bathing. This cove had from time to time been closed up as the bar travelled northward, in one instance imprisoning four or five hundred whiting and cod, which died there, and the water as often turned fresh and finally gave place to sand. This bar, the inhabitants assured us, might be wholly removed, and the water six feet deep there in two or three days.

The lighthouse keeper said that when the wind blew strong on to the shore, the waves ate fast into the bank, but when it blew off they took no sand away; for in the former case the wind heaped up the surface of the water next to the beach, and to preserve its equilibrium a strong undertow immediately set back again into the sea which carried with it the sand and whatever else was in the way, and left the beach hard to walk on; but in the latter case the undertow set on, and carried the sand with it, so that it was particularly difficult for shipwrecked men to get to land when the wind blew on to the shore, but easier when it blew off. This undertow, meeting the next surface wave on the bar which itself has made, forms part of the dam over which the latter breaks, as over an upright wall. The sea thus plays with the land, holding a sand-bar in its mouth awhile before it swallows it, as a cat plays with a mouse; but the fatal gripe is sure to come at last. The sea sends its rapacious east wind to rob the land, but before the former has got far with its prey, the land sends its honest west wind to recover some of its own. But, according to Lieutenant Davis, the forms, extent and distribution of sand bars and banks are principally determined, not by winds and waves, but by tides.

Our host said that you would be surprised if you were on the beach when the wind blew a hurricane directly on to it, to see that none of the driftwood came ashore, but all was carried directly northward and parallel with the shore as fast as a man can walk, by the inshore current, which sets strongly in that direction at flood tide. The strongest swimmers also are carried along with it, and never gain an inch toward the beach. Even a large rock has been moved half a mile northward along the beach. He assured us that the sea was never still on the back side of the Cape, but ran commonly as high as your head, so that a great part of the time you could not launch a boat there, and even in the calmest weather the waves run six or eight feet up the beach, though then you could get off on a plank. Champlain and Pourtrecourt could not land here in 1606, on account of the swell, (*la houle*), yet the savages came off to them in a canoe. In the *Sieur de la Borde's Relation des Caraïbes*, my edition of which was published at Amsterdam in 1711, at page 530, he says:

"Couromon, a Caraïbe, also a star, [*i. e.*, a god,] makes the great *lames a la mer*, and overturns canoes. *Lames a la mer* are the long *vagues* which are not broken, (*entrecoûpées*), and such as one sees come to land all in one piece, from one end of a beach to another, so that, however little wind there may be, a shallop or a canoe could hardly land (*aborder terre*) without turning over or being filled with water."

But on the Bay side the water, even at its edge, is often as smooth and still as in a pond. Commonly there are no boats used along this beach. There was a boat belonging to the Highland Light which the next keeper after he had been there a year had not launched, though he said that there was good fishing just off the shore. Generally the life-boats cannot be used when needed. When the waves run very high it is impossible to get a boat off, however skillfully you steer it, for it will often be completely covered by the curving edge of the approaching breaker as by an arch, and so filled with water, or it will be lifted up by its bows, turned directly over

backwards and all the contents spilled out. A spar thirty feet long is served in the same way.

I heard of a party who went off fishing back of Wellfleet some years ago, in two boats, in calm weather, who, when they had laden their boats with fish, and approached the land again, found such a swell breaking on it, though there was no wind, that they were afraid to enter it. At first they thought to pull for Provincetown, but night was coming on, and that was many miles distant. Their case seemed a desperate one. As often as they approached the shore and saw the terrible breakers that intervened, they were deterred. In short, they were thoroughly frightened. Finally, having thrown their fish overboard, those in one boat chose a favorable opportunity, and succeeded, by skill and good luck, in reaching the land, but they were unwilling to take the responsibility of telling the others when to come in, and as the other helmsman was inexperienced, their boat was swamped at once, yet all managed to save themselves.

* * * * *
We read that the Clay Ponds were so called, "because vessels have had the misfortune to be pounded against it in gales of wind," which we regard as a doubtful derivation. There are small ponds here, upheld by the clay, which were formerly called the Clay Pits. Perhaps this, or Clay Ponds, is the origiu of the name. Water is found in the clay quite near the surface; but we heard of one man who had sunk a well in the sand close by, "till he could see stars at noonday," without finding any. Over this bare Highland the wind has full sweep. Even in July it blows the wings over the heads of the young turkeys, which do not know enough to head against it; and in gales the doors and windows are blown in, and you must hold on to the lighthouse to prevent being blown into the Atlantic. They who merely keep out on the beach in a storm in the winter are sometimes rewarded by the Humane Society. If you would feel the full force of a tempest, take up your residence on the top of Mount Washington, or at the Highland Light, in Truro.

It was said in 1794 that more vessels were cast away on the east shore of Truro than anywhere in Barnstable county. Notwithstanding that this lighthouse has since been erected, after almost every storm we read of one or more vessels wrecked here, and sometimes more than a dozen wrecks are visible from this point at one time. The inhabitants hear the crash of vessels going to pieces as they sit round their hearths, and they commonly date from some memorable shipwreck. If the history of this beach could be written from beginning to end, it would be a thrilling page in the history of commerce.

* * * * *
In the year 1717, a noted pirate named Bellamy was led on to the bar off Wellfleet by the captain of a *scow* which he had taken, to whom he had offered his vessel again if he would pilot him into Provincetown harbor. Tradition says that the latter threw over a burning tar-barrel in the night, which drifted ashore, and the pirates followed it. A storm coming on, their whole fleet was wrecked, and more than a hundred dead bodes lay along the shore. Six who escaped shipwreck were executed. "At times to this day," (1793,) says the historian of Wellfleet, "there are King William and Queen Mary's coppers picked up, and pieces of silver called cob-money. The violence of the seas moves the sands on the outer bar, so that at times the iron caboose of the ship, [that is, Bellamy's,] at low ebbs has been seen." Another tells us that, "For many years after this shipwreck, a man of a very singular and frightful aspect used every spring and autumn to be seen travelling on the Cape, who was supposed to have been one of Bellamy's crew. The presumption is that he went to some place where money had been secreted by the pirates, to get such a supply as his exigencies required. When he died, many pieces of gold were found in a girdle which he constantly wore."—*Thoreau's Cape Cod*.

NAPOLEON AND THE MUSICAL CLOCK.—On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlotteburg, during his campaign in Germany, his slumber was disturbed. In Frederick William's dining-room close to the conqueror's bedchamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began; trumpets echoed through the palace; the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself, leaped out of bed, and every one believed it a surprise. But soon everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where the trumpets were. Sentinels were posted, a part of the adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detached before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the destroyer of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock!

THERE is a hotel in Springfield that only charges half-price for lovers; and yet the proprietor says he makes more money out of this class of boarders than any other people about the house. "Let a youth," he says, "set up with a yellow spencer and blue eyes on Sunday night, and he will feel so heavenly that he won't get down to pork and beans again till the latter part of the week."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN, No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.

WHITE & BAUER, News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for THE CALIFORNIAN in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

RETRIBUTIONS OF THE WAR.

WE doubt if the history of any nation can show as perfect illustrations of poetical retribution as have been slowly but surely developed during the progress of the war. The mind of poet could hardly imagine a denouement to some fanciful history of crime and wrong that could express such perfect compensation and retribution as that which Providence has meted out to the authors and abettors of the rebellion. Charleston, the cradle of the slaveholder's conspiracy, which was to be razed to the ground before the foot of the Yankee vandal should profane its soil, was quietly taken possession of by a negro regiment. The first men to enter its streets were the freed soldiers of the old despised race, placed in the front, and who, as it were, accepted the submission of the masters who had for years oppressed them. The flag of Fort Sumter, lowered amid the jeers and bravado of a "superior race," was four years after lifted to its place by the same commander who had saved it from dishonor, with "mercenary hirelings" standing by, and Henry Ward Beecher (above all men the hated adversary of slavery, for whose blood the South had thirsted,) addressing the multitude beneath its folds, and breathing a spirit of forgiveness and good will to the men who listened and applauded. Had the assassin of the President been subjected to those refinements of torture which the middle ages decreed the traitor, he could not have suffered greater physical anguish than physicians have declared must have been the effect of the chance shot of his captor. During the funeral procession of the President through the streets of New York, the negroes, who two years ago were hunted like wild beasts through the same thoroughfares, were applauded and cheered till their progress was, in the words of the chronicler, "a perfect ovation." The corn which, to feed Jeff Davis' army, by his edict supplanted the usual crop of cotton, fed the soldiers of Sherman in his march through Georgia. The slaves, familiar through hardships and pursuit with the swamps and morasses, piloted the Northern armies by paths and trails unknown to none but themselves and the bloodhounds that of old pursued them. Lastly, we have the representative of Southern Chivalry—the high-minded and lofty souled leader of the rebellion, the idol of European eyes, the incarnation of desperate and unyielding valor, condemned by the same inexorable law of compensation to run away from his army, to be branded as an assassin without a chance of exhibiting the assassin's reckless courage, to be finally taken in women's petticoats, and to querulously chide the soldiers who captured him with not according to him the courtesy which belonged to his assumed sex. What greater exhibition could an indignant and long-suffering people ask than this? Into what more ridiculous postures could the wheel of fortune have thrown these men who had assumed the romantic and heroic attitude before mankind? Verily, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

THE U. S. 7-30 LOAN.—Jay Cooke, Subscription Agent of the 7-30 Loan, telegraphs that he has commenced issuing the third series of the \$230,000,000 called for. These bonds are precisely like the others, except that they are dated July 15th, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 in currency. As there is every prospect that the bonds will soon command a handsome premium, the Loan offers a good opportunity for investment. The people of the East appreciate it and are availing themselves of its advantages with eagerness. Perhaps, also, patriotic pride has something to do with their action in the matter. Does it furnish no incentive to our people? We hope to hear of a call for these bonds in California, soon, which will exhaust the \$4,000,000 allotted to our citizens.

THE present number of this paper terminates its second volume. The prospects of THE CALIFORNIAN have steadily brightened, and no effort will be spared to maintain its present pre-eminence in popular favor.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to a social party of the State Guard, given last evening, at their armory, No. 729 Market street.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have received the following books from A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street:

Poems. By R. W. Emerson. 12mo. pp. 254. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The blue-and-gold edition of Emerson's poems contains nothing of later date than the previous volume issued by Ticknor & Fields. Yet in its more convenient and portable size it seems to claim greater popularity, and is brought into closer and more familiar relations to the reader. Those who admire more melodious versification and finely-woven fancies and sentiments, may find little to attract them in these rugged monoliths which Mr. Emerson has set up for us to wonder and marvel at in this volume, and which often speak as mysteriously and require as much interpretation as the obelisks of Egypt, or the monuments of Stonehenge. But as the familiar contemplation of these latter wonders serve to impress us with their true sublimity and meaning, so a closer inspection brings out the grandeur and moral beauty of our poet, and makes even the apparent discord of his numbers approximate to harmony. The well-known "Threnody" upon the death of his son closes the book. Though we have already copied freely from this volume, we are tempted to make the following extract from that beautiful poem:

Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
The school-march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed
To watch the convoy on the road;
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed:
With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined;
And he the chieftain paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.
From the widow I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played;
A music heard by thee alone
To works as noble led thee on.
Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood;
The kennel by the corded wood;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall,
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned:
His daily haunts I well discern—
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged;
The wintry garden lies unchanged;
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

The essence of all that is pure or noble in Mr. Emerson's philosophy is contained in the following lines:

The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me.
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau. 16mo. pp. 252. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

There is a breezy atmosphere about this book which is quite as invigorating to the reader, during this languid spring weather, as a stroll along one of those sea beaches which Mr. Thoreau has so capably described. He seems to have also thoroughly mastered the mysterious language of the sea-shore, and to have interpreted it to us in a style which mingles with his deep admiration for nature less misanthropy than is his custom. His philosophy is enlivened by pleasant satire here and there, and his pictures of nature are very graphic. Nobody but Thoreau would have thought of rambling up and down this sandy cape in a rain storm, and nobody else could have succeeded in making a book upon it so original and entertaining. Everybody knows where Cape Cod is, but very few, we venture to predict, ever thought of it in the connection suggested by this paragraph:

"Cape Cod is the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts; the shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay; the elbow, or crazy-bone, at Cape Mallebarre; the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown—behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her Bay—boxing with north-east storms, and, ever and anon, heaving up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of earth,—ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann."

We have given a more extended extract in another column.

Lorrimer Littlegood. By Frank E. Smedley, author of "Frank Fairleigh," etc. 8vo. pp. 322. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

Lorrimer Littlegood belongs to the light-comedy-and-genteel-farce school of novel founded by Mr. Smedley, and of which Frank Fairleigh is the best example. The objection to this style is that it is not entirely free from certain theatrical gagging and slang, and sometimes becomes careless and slovenly. Mr. Smedley's books, however, are replete with funny "situations" and practical jokes. The preternaturally sharp valet of the modern farce, and the rollicking young Oxonian, his master, whose vices are relieved by gleams of moral principle—too often the least interesting feature in his character to the general reader—are the heroes who walk through his novels. Lorrimer Littlegood contains all these distinguishing peculiarities. It is the history of a good-natured but vain young spendthrift, who runs through a small patrimony in a fashion that is highly entertaining to the reader, whose moral judgment is appeased by the hero's coming out all right at the end of the last chapter.

Social Statics; or, the Conditions essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of them Developed. By Herbert Spencer, author of "Illustrations of Progress," etc. 8vo. pp. 523. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

An American edition of a well-known English work.

Mr. C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street, has laid on our table A Pastoral Address by the Bishop of Honolulu, which seems to be a reply to certain animadversions of the Rev. R. Anderson, D. D., in his work entitled The Hawaiian Islands. Copies of the address are for sale by Mr. Beach.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

VERDI'S *Rigoletto* was given by Maguire's Italian Opera troupe at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening. The plot taken from Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, is intensely dramatic, and the role of the jester "Rigoletto," played by Orlando, was a severe test of his powers as a good buffo and melo-dramatic artist. Perhaps his athletic proportions somewhat militated against the effect of the jester's antics and gambols, but he overcame these physical impediments by careful acting. Miss Phillips, whose role of "Madeline," did not bring her upon the stage until the last act, contrived nevertheless, to win her usual crowning chaplet. She looked very pretty in her coquettish costume, and acted with consummate ability, while her rich, full, sympathetic voice satisfied the ear. "The Duke," (Spriglia,) sang with considerable ability, and rendered the famous "Donna e mobile" very creditably. *Il Poliuto* was given on Thursday evening, and was very fairly rendered. The audience, though not as large as on former occasions, were very demonstrative in their appreciation, and called the principal actors before the curtain. The getting up of these operas, and the drilling of the choruses, (who are very good,) reflect great credit on Mr. Rieff, under whose management the troupe have performed labors and achieved successes that might almost seem impossible for the time employed in rehearsal.

Gottschalk's *matinée* of last Saturday was well attended. The programme was the same as his first performance. On Monday evening his third grand concert was given at the Academy, with what we thought were improvements on his previous selections. An *andante* from Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," and Chopin's "Prelude Religious," were most noticeable and were beautifully rendered. Miss Simons sang "La Boubonnaise," from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*, with excellent execution; also an original waltz by Gottschalk, composed for this lady, entitled "La Californienne." Another *matinée* was given at the Academy on Wednesday. Mr. Gottschalk's audiences, though comparatively good, are not overflowing, nor are they enthusiastic, nor do they seem to actively demonstrate their appreciation of the genius of this extraordinary composer and performer. The opportunity they have is one rarely vouchsafed to them, and it is due to the merit of Mr. Gottschalk and their own reputation for musical taste, to bestow upon this first-class artist some of the practical commendation which they boisterously exhibit for inferior ability. While on this topic we are reminded of a paragraph in regard to this gentleman, which appears in the New York correspondence of *Dwight's Journal of Music*:

"Gottschalk has left us, after a few *concerts d'adieu*, which were of course highly appreciated and largely attended by his admirers. Accompanied by Signor and Madame Muzio, he proposes making a visit to California, British India, the Mauritias, Polynesia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and who knows where? Let us hope he will find more appreciation in those regions than did Mr. Charles Wehle, the German pianist, whose *spirituelle* letters from thence were so instructively, interestingly, but by no means (to musical *voyageurs*) inducively written."

Gounod's *Faust* was the opening opera of Bianchi's second season on Wednesday night, as well as the first performance of this musical novelty on this coast. With a few exceptions—a waltz and the well-known march—the music of this opera was unfamiliar to a majority of the audience, and although a very popular opera in Europe, they did not seem to appreciate it, and were cautious in their commenda-

tion. The first act suggests the incantation music of Von Weber's *Der Freischütz*. The artists were not quite up in their parts, and some discord in the choruses, which was observable, was probably owing to the difficulties attending a first representation. The military march and chorus, a striking but by no means the most artistic feature of the opera, were loudly encored. The scenic effects were excellent, although some odd mistakes happened in the first performance. The dissolving vision of "Marguerite" which Mephistopheles shows to Faust, was somewhat marred by the introduction of half a scene from the pantomime of *Mother Goose*, representing the exterior of a Ladies' Bathing Establishment. Morrelli's "Mephistopheles" was very good, but the other characters cannot be fairly criticised under the circumstances. Morley's hoarseness seemed to have returned. The opera was repeated last evening, but too late for a notice in this issue.

As the only published "Arguments" of *Faust* are exceedingly long, we have endeavored to condense it, as follows:

MARGARET had yellow hair,
And a taste for jewelry;
So a chain she used to wear,
Given to her by the D.

She loved Faust, whose beard was curled,
But who once, when he was vexed,
Sold for profit in this world
All his prospects in the next.

When the *post obits* were due,
Faust and Margaret and chain
Naturally reverted to
Mephistopheles again.

And the moral of this tale,
Told by Goethe and Gounod,
Is: The profits of the sale,
With the soul, belong below.

(For the Californian.)

STORIES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

I HAVE noticed with some indignation a tendency, in the popular stories of childhood, to give all the heroic enterprises to boys, and to utterly ignore girls as adventurous heroines. As daughters predominate in my own family, I humbly protest against their being put off with such feeble notoriety as "Cinderella" affords them, or such doubtful fame as belongs to "Little Red Riding Hood." Firmly believing in the superior energy, tact and invention of the sex, I consider the latter story of a wolf deceiving a little girl by personating her grandmother, as the puerile invention of some envious old bachelor, and have felt a consciousness of imbecility in reading it aloud to young ladies, any one of whom I am satisfied would have detected Mr. Wolf in his first hypocritical sentence. As to Cinderella, we all know she had no interest except that conferred on her by the Prince. In point of fact, Contrairy Mary seems to have been the only young lady in childish fiction, who is recorded to have had any independence of character; but even here the masculine chronicler, by simply stating the fact of "contrarieness" without explanation, unfairly leaves us to suppose that it was of a purposeless and ineffective quality.

Not content with merely lifting my voice against this injustice, I am convinced that if I have any particular mission, it is to fill this void in the literature of children. The ages have waited for this event, and childish fingers, among which the thumb of Jack Horner appears pre-eminent, point to me as the man. I shall not shrink from the appointed task. A shrill chorus of infantine voices applaud my resolution, and with fingers trembling with excitement, I dash into my first effort which is

THE STORY OF MISS MARY CRUSOE.

At the age of fifteen, Miss Mary Crusoe undertook a voyage to the South Pacific to visit her desolate aunt, whose husband, a worthy missionary, had lately furoished, in his own person, food and raiment for the benighted islanders. As he did not survive this Christian act, Miss Crusoe's aunt sent for her niece to relieve her increasing loneliness. The voyage had been quite prosperous, but one day a terrific storm came on, and the vessel struck on a rock. Miss Crusoe was the only one that escaped. Buoyed up by her crinoline on a monstrous wave, she was washed on a desert island where she lay for a few moments insensible.

When she recovered her senses, she rose and carefully removed her stockings and spread them on a rock to dry. For a moment she regretted not having brought a change with her from the ship—but a sense of gratitude to Providence for her deliverance checked the foolish thought. She then made a tour of the island, meeting only a few crabs on the beach, who turned quite red at the spectacle of her bare little ankles, and walked away holding their claws before their eyes. But Miss Crusoe did not despair. Finding one of the ship's sails on the beach, she drew a housewife from her bosom, and taking a needle and scissors therefrom, in a very short time made and fitted to her pretty figure a coarse but neat morning wrapper, which she fastened around her waist

with the bolt ropes. Having lost her comb in the surf, her back hair came down. A rusty spike which she picked from a portion of the wreck served her for a hair-pin, and the seaweed which still clung to it added ornament to the *coiffure*. As Miss Mary glanced at her reflection in a pool of water beside her, a pleasurable blush untailed her cheek at the becoming effect of her costume. But she sighed at the thought that there was no other human eye to behold it.

With a broom made of dried boughs and leaves fastened to a piece of bamboo, Miss Mary swept away the sand from the leeward-side of a large rock so as to form a comfortable couch. This she draped with fragments of the old sail, and saying her prayers like a good girl, laid down her fair head on a sandy pillow, and presently fell asleep. The moon came up, and touching the little island here and there with silver radiance, out of respect to Miss Mary's modesty, left her sleeping place in shadow. The waves talked in whispers so as to not to disturb her, and the sea-breeze sang a pleasant lullaby. So passed the first day in the island.

The next morning, after a careful toilette and a breakfast of wild grapes, which grew plentifully on the rocks beside her, Miss Mary hastened to the beach. Here she found the sea had providentially washed ashore from the wreck the following articles: A tea-kettle and canister of tea, a bottle of Eau de Cologne, a set of crochet needles, a few pounds of worsted, some tape, a guitar, an assortment of hair-pins, and a box of matches. [If any objection be made to this list as improbable, I point to the masculine inventory of Robinson Crusoe's spoils as a precedent.] After making a cup of tea, Miss Mary confessed she felt better, and at once began the construction of that bower which for years afterward formed her residence on the island. In this she was assisted only by her needle, thread and scissors. The climate was miraculously mild, and admitted of the lightest material for building purposes. A wild kid which Miss Mary caught during this week, was of some service to her as a household pet; this family was afterward increased by two caoaries, a pet field-mouse and a jarboe. Not having the slightest idea what this latter animal may be, I am unable to describe it. It is peculiar to desert islands I am told.

But even these companions failed to give Miss Mary suitable society. Her domestic duties were growing exceedingly onerous. She was in despair, and her young cheek grew pale and thin. One day, while walking on the beach at the extremity of the island, she perceived a foot-print in the sand. It was of a female gaiter of a large size, evidently a No. 10, while Miss Mary wore a 2½, narrow. There could be no mistake; some other woman had trodden the lonely shore. When Miss Mary had recovered from the shock of her surprise, she deliberated calmly. With feminine quickness she reasoned that it would be impossible for two women to live on equal terms together on a desert island. Some one must dominate. Miss Mary, with a determined shake of her pretty head, made up her mind who that one should be. The next day the beach was strewn with fragments of a wreck, and she discovered that an emigrant ship from Ireland to Australia had gone ashore upon the fatal rocks. Providence again smiled kindly on Mary Crusoe. She encountered the mysterious castaway, who proved to be a stout woman with a North-country accent. The astonished Celt instinctively saluted Miss Crusoe as "Missus." This settled the matter. Miss Crusoe engaged her on board-wages, and called her Biddy, which is the feminine for "Man Friday."

The history of Miss Mary Crusoe from this point to her final deliverance from the island, becomes somewhat uninteresting. As she married the young sailor who rescued her, the merit of the story as a narrative of purely feminine adventure of course is lost. She brought her pets with her to New York, and, as her female acquaintances declare, a good many foreign airs also. She stuck up her nose at the best hotels of that city, and talked somewhat ostentatiously about "her island." For this reason I deem it prudent to end her history here.

The above is merely a specimen of what I expect to do in the way of filling the void I have spoken of. I propose hereafter to give a short sketch of "Susan the Giant Killer," and "Jane and her Rose Tree." Until then, I wait the recognition of a grateful juvenile public.

BRET.

JAMES B. JONES was killed at Grass Valley by Haskins Walker, a negro, recently, under the following circumstances: Jones went to the house of a courtesan in search of a man named Chase. Not finding him, he made an assault upon the woman, who fled to Walker's house for protection. Jones pursued her, threatening to kill Walker if he interfere. Walker did interfere, however, manfully, and received several severe wounds from a drawing-knife in the hands of the woman-whipper. Finally, Walker took down a gun which hung over the door, and fired at Jones, killing him instantly. Walker was arrested, but upon examination in a Justice's Court, was discharged from custody.

(For the Californian.)

THE AGED STRANGER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I WAS with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?—
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,
Said the farmer, "Say no more;"

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou'ldst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I can not tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois,
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war!

H.

THEATRICALS AT THE EAST.

THE theatres in New York were all closed on the 15th of April, and were to remain so for a period of time to be fixed by the Managers' Association. The act was voluntary on the part of all the theaters except Mrs. John Wood's Olympic. The reason given by her business manager was that it was a benefit night. It was not until the artists refused to act, that the theatre was closed. Mrs. John Wood was in no way connected with the affair.

Billy Birch, Dave Wambold, Charley Backus and W. Bernard, are still on their travels. They were to appear at Heller's Salle Diabolique on Broadway, May 8th. May they meet with as good success there as they did in our "land of gold."

Ben Cotton, Little Benny and Joe Murphy, performed in New London, Conn., on the 14th of April, to a crowded house. From there they would go to Norwich, Middletown, New Britain, and Waterbury. They are very popular with the theatre-goers of the East.

Heller's season at the Salle Diabolique, would close on the 6th of May, when he starts on a tour through the principal cities of the East.

Lucille Western, accompanied by her husband and James W. Collier, sails for Europe on the 14th of June.

Forrest has thrown *King Lear* and *Othello* aside, and was at last accounts playing *Jack Cade*, assisted by Manager Wheatley, at Niblo's Garden.

Miss Emily Thorne closed an engagement on the 15th of April, at Indianapolis. On the 10th, she appeared in the *Hidden Hand*.

At Wood's Theatre, Chicago, a new version of the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man* is now running a successful season. The characters are the same, but the plot is changed.

At McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Mrs. Lander, nee Davenport, commenced a short but most successful engagement on the 10th of April, in *Adrienne the Actress*, before large and fashionable audiences.

Mlle Marietta Ravel has been very successful at Griswold's Opera House, Troy. She will appear soon in the military drama of the *French Spy*.

Mr. Ford intends producing *Enoch Arden* with great splendor at his Washington Theatre, with Edwin Adams as "Enoch Arden," and Mme. Scheller as "Annie Lee."

Christy's Minstrels and the George Moore troupe were at North Briton, Scotland, March 25th.

Miss Avonia Jones remains at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, to fulfil another engagement.

Professor Anderson, the wizard, commenced a five nights' engagement at Merrill Hall, Detroit, May 4th.

Leslie, styled the "American Blondin," has been walking across the streets of Buffalo, on a tight-rope, with an old woman in his arms. (Why not carry a young woman?)

Jeems Pipes, (Stephen Massett,) gave "Drifting About," at Masonic Hall, New Orleans, March 31st. The house was densely crowded with a delighted audience.

John Owens ended his first series of performances on the 14th of April, at the Broadway, his wind-up being attended by a large audience. He gives up a couple of weeks to the Keans, and then returns again.

Orrin & Sebastian's Circus was doing well at last accounts, at Falmouth, Jamaica.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BARON DE BRETIOLLE, a colonel in the Danish service, was ordered by the king to proceed with all possible despatch on a secret mission to the fortress of Rendsborg. He set off without delay to execute the commands of his Majesty, attended by one of his most trusty servants. Unaccustomed in such cases to heed any inconvenience, he disregarded fogs and darkness, tempests and rain. On this occasion, however, he was obliged to yield to circumstances. A tremendous storm, profound darkness, and the badness of the road, compelled him reluctantly to stop at a small village. At this place there was no inn, but only a pot-house, where nothing either to eat or drink was to be had, and where the very sight of the bed was sufficient to take away drowsiness. Bretiole, as a soldier, had long since learned, in case of emergency, to make shift with a bundle of straw for his couch; but fasting was a thing to which he could not so easily reconcile himself.

"Is there no gentleman's house in this village?" asked he.—"No," was the reply.—"No parsonage either?"—"Oh, yes.—"Are you on good terms with the parson?"—"Yes: he is a very worthy, excellent man."—"John, go to the parsonage, and inquire if we can have a lodging there to-night." The clergyman, a man of hospitable disposition, and not without breeding, cheerfully promised to accommodate him, and the colonel would have been equally welcome, even though he had not been a favorite of the king's, and travelling on a special commission. His host seasoned the simple repast prepared in haste with agreeable conversation, and the colonel ordered one bottle after the other of the wine that he had brought with him to be fetched out.

The conversation turned, among other things, on the ancient castle situated in the village. Throughout the whole country, far and wide, it had the character of being haunted by blood-thirsty spirits. Not a creature passed it without feeling a secret horror, and ejaculating a prayer. Bretiole, who never believed in real ghosts, but had long wished for a rencounter with reputed spectres, resolved to avail himself of this first opportunity that occurred for gratifying his curiosity, and therefore requested the ecclesiastic to permit him to sleep in the castle.

His host entreated him, for Heaven's sake, to relinquish his design. "I have no doubt," said he, "that you are superior to the popular notions concerning apparitions; but consider, colonel, that your temerity will infallibly cost you your life. You are not the first man of courage whose melancholy fate we have had occasion to deplore. Of all those who have hitherto ventured to pass the night in this fatal castle, there is no one but has been carried away by the evil spirits, either natural or supernatural. Why will you wantonly expose yourself to dangers which even the bravest and stoutest heart, owing to the inequality of the contest, cannot hope to surmount?"

The colonel, nevertheless, adhered to his resolution, trusting to the approved excellence of his pistols. "As I am travelling on his Majesty's business," thought he, "I may certainly venture to show any spirit that approaches too near me how well I can hit my mark."

The worthy divine, whose eloquence was incapable of shaking his determination, parted from him with evident emotion, persuaded that he should never more behold him alive. "God be with you!" emphatically cried he, more than once. Bretiole, on the other hand, hastened with youthful impatience to the castle: he carried the lantern himself, while his servant and the parson's man followed with bed and bedding.

Close to the entrance into the deserted castle, of which owls and mice seemed to be the only tenants, there was on the right a staircase which conducted into the great hall on the first floor. This hall had two doors leading into two contiguous rooms, one of which, being that nearest to the staircase, the colonel selected for his bed-chamber. He ordered two candles to be lighted, and, by way of precaution, had the lantern also placed near his bed. The parson's man was overwhelmed with fright; cold perspiration covered his brow, and he trembled in every joint. He earnestly entreated that the colonel's servant might accompany him with the lantern to the outer door of the castle, or he should certainly die. The colonel himself went with him, and then, having carefully charged his pistols, and laying his drawn sword by his side, he retired to bed without undressing.

About eleven o'clock he was roused by a tremendous noise. It was as though a regiment of hussars was entering the castle on horseback and marching up-stairs, trailing their clattering sabres after them. None but the most determined slanderer could have charged the colonel with cowardice; but he acknowledged, himself, that at this moment he felt a sensation more unpleasant than he had ever before experienced. It seemed as if some one was pouring a bucket of cold water over him; his hair began to stand on end, and he trembled all over. The appalling din lasted for some time, and gradually approached his chamber.

Seizing his sword with his right hand, and a pistol with his left, the colonel boldly awaited the assault. All at once, the

door flew open as if by enchantment. At the terrific appearance of the spectre which entered, Bretiole's nerveless hands dropped the sword and pistol; for, to his inexpressible horror and astonishment, the moment the hideous apparition met his sight both candles were extinguished, but by what means he was utterly at a loss to conceive. The figure had fiery eyes, roared like an enraged lion, and rattled glowing chains. An infernal uproar now commenced over head: it seemed as if a hundred cannon-balls were rolling to and fro. Presently was heard a dismal howling and mewing, as though from a thousand dogs and cats; and the neighing of horses swelled the hellish concert. All at once there was a stunning report resembling that of a twenty-four pounder. This was succeeded by the harmonious chime of bells, and, last of all, was heard a piercing shout of *Victory!* A death-like silence ensued.

The colonel lay like one inanimate. The spectre thumped him and his servant unmercifully, and beat them both with chains. It retired, and descended the stairs with a prodigious clatter. The colonel, who had been only taken by surprise, and who was not deficient either in presence of mind or firmness, soon recovered himself. "If this spectre be a man," thought he to himself, "he must certainly have protected his body against steel and bullets; but if it be a spirit, neither sword nor pistol will be able to make any impression upon it. Should the ghastly figure return, I will muster courage and softly follow it as it retires." In this design he so confirmed himself, that he was resolutely bent on executing it, let the consequences be what they might.

In about an hour the goblin again came up stairs with as frightful a noise as before. Bretiole, whose heart was in the right place, was not to be driven from his purpose. He patiently submitted to the discipline which the hideous being again bestowed on him and his servant. At length it rushed out at the door with the same clattering and clanking noise which accompanied its entrance.

The colonel, true to his purpose, involuntarily grasped a pistol and cautiously pursued the spectre. Seemingly aware of his intention, it retired with its face towards him, so that its fiery eyes served him instead of a lantern. The flaming spectre suddenly disappeared: all around was now dark as pitch, and Bretiole was obliged to pause. He had previously imagined that he could hear that the spectre was preceded by several persons, the sounds of whom suddenly ceased before he lost sight of the figure. At the same time he heard his servant above, shrieking and howling in the most lamentable manner.

Hundreds, had they been in the place of our hero, would long ere this have been heartily sick of the nocturnal adventure, and after the first departure of the spectre would have quitted the haunted castle forever. Bretiole, however, was not yet daunted. Without further consideration he formed the desperate resolution of pursuing his way along the dark passage till he should reach the end of it. Scarcely had he proceeded a few paces, when down he sunk into an abyss. At the bottom of it he fortunately found himself on a heap of hay and straw. In the fall he had involuntarily pulled the trigger of his pistol, which was cocked, and fired. At the report, four sturdy fellows approached him with lights. "Audacious dog!" cried one of them, "how darest thou to presume to come hither?" They seized him by the arms, and dragged him like a criminal into a room where upwards of twenty persons, some of whom seemed to be of the higher class, were seated round a table. The apartment was elegantly furnished, and adorned with costly tapestry. The eyes of all were instantly fixed upon him; and they seemed to be not less astonished at his appearance than he was at theirs.

"Rash mau!" at length said one of them, "what hath induced thee to come to this castle? Has no one warned thee, no one told thee that thy temerity would infallibly cost thee thy life? Prepare to die—for die thou must."

"Die!" replied Bretiole; "I swear by the king that ye will pay dearly for my death!"

"Away with the impudent dog!" cried another: "we will show him that we heed not his threats."

At these words, the four fellows again seized him, and shut him up in a dark, narrow dungeon. The colonel was by this time thoroughly convinced that he was not among spectres, but among men who were here assembled on some important but mysterious business. He perceived a ray of light which penetrated his prison by a knot-hole in the door. He clapped his ear to this aperture, and could hear his judges debating how the danger which menaced them from his intrusion could best be averted. Some voted, without hesitation, for the death of the adventurer; but others were of a different opinion. At length it was agreed that he should be again brought before them and examined, and then they would consider of his sentence.

The colonel acquainted them with his rank, the object of his journey, and his motive for passing the night in the castle: he acknowledged, unasked, that the parson had urgently dissuaded him from an encounter with the spirits which haunted this place, and stated the motives for his advice. "For the rest," he continued, "I leave it for your consideration, gentlemen, whether my death or my life is likely to be more danger-

ous to you. For my part, I am of opinion that the first would, and for these reasons: I am the bearer of despatches from the king, the forwarding of which to their destination is of far greater importance than my life. Here are those despatches, sealed, as you see, with the royal seal. The clergyman of this place and his family know that I have taken up my lodging in this castle. If you deprive me of life, or merely of liberty, I shall instantly be missed, and the king, whose especial favor I am happy enough to possess, will not fail to command the utmost recesses of this castle to be ransacked, and the motives of your presence here, be they what they may, will inevitably be brought to light. I am a gentleman, and if I am not mistaken, there are among you persons who are my equals in that respect. These must know that I may be relied on when I pledge my word of honor never to betray the secret of this castle. Should you, however, deem an oath more binding than my word of honor, I am ready to swear."

The judges looked at one another, seemingly not a loss what to reply, till at length a blood-thirsty wretch broke silence and said, in a firm tone, "For my part, I think this fellow only wishes to lull us to sleep with his smooth tongue. My advice is, that he be put to death without farther delay." "I am of the same opinion," cried a second. "And so am I," said a third.

"Take him away," said the president of this infernal tribunal. The judges were for some time engaged in vehement discussion, but the majority were not only for sparing the colonel's life, but also for setting him at liberty, on his giving his word of honor: and their opinion ultimately prevailed. Bretiole awaited the final result of this long consultation in his prison. As a man, he could not hear this decision of his fate from the lips of the subterranean president without evident demonstrations of joy.

He was now dismissed in the politest manner. Two of the attendants accompanied him to the passage through which he had come in the dark, and conducted him by a secret door to the staircase where he had commenced his pursuit of the spectre. The colonel thanked Heaven that he had got off with a whole skin, and hastened to his servant, whom he found half dead with fright on his bed. The sight of his master revived the faithful fellow like a cordial; and both hastened from the den of murderers to the parsonage. The clergyman had been unable to sleep a wink for anxiety, and he was transported with delight, when, contrary to his expectations, he beheld the colonel in his house again alive.

Some years after this event, Bretiole, who had meanwhile been appointed privy-councillor, was residing on his estate in Jutland. He was just entertaining a party of the neighboring gentry, when a servant entered and informed him that a groom, with three led horses, desired particularly to speak to him. Bretiole went out, and the groom delivered to him a letter, saying, that it was a present from some gentleman of his acquaintance. Putting the bridles of two exquisitely beautiful chestnut horses into the hand of his attendant, the groom darted away with the other like a bird. The letter, which enclosed a finely executed gold medal of the value of twenty ducats, contained the following passage:

"The subterranean society which you once fell in with is dissolved, and therefore releases you from your promise and oath. It admires your silence, for which it is desirous of expressing to you its acknowledgments. The enclosed medal will enable you to guess its object, and though you know none of its members, either by name or rank, still they cannot deny themselves the pleasure of presenting to you the two horses sent herewith as a token of their esteem."

With a lightened heart Bretiole related to his guests the whole adventure, and all did him the justice to declare that the pranks of these coiners were so artfully devised, and so cleverly executed, that every one of them in his place would, in his first fright, have been convinced that he had seen a real spectre.

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4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

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In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs. in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The millers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The millers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the millers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the millers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the millers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

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401 Battery, cor. Clay,
San Francisco. ja25-tf

REGENERATING Extract of Millefleurs!

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANSSES**—AND— BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR!**

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this **INVALUABLE** Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGURY, CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. **TRY IT** in these cases, and you will give praise to **CONSTITUTION WATER!**

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.
Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "**BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS**" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "**Edridge & Co.**"
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents, San Francisco. ja25-tf

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

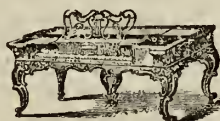
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
—AND—
Fine Clothing
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARRIAGE BAGS, &c.,
240 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



WM. B. BRADBURY'S
New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY,
No. 427 Broome street, New York.
A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. aj29-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the **FIRST PRIZE MEDAL** at the late great **INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON**, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the *New York Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

"A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,"

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

METALLURGIC INSTITUTE,

FIRST STREET,

McKibbin's Railing Works (up stairs.)

CONDUCTED BY

G. F. DEETKEN,

MINING ENGINEER.

The only Thorough Metallurgic and Engineering School on the Coast.

THEORETIC-PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in Metallurgic Roasting Operations, Amalgamation, Chlorination and Smelting of Gold and Silver Ores.

Also, on Mechanics, Mine Surveying, Topographic and Mechanical Drawing.

The attention of Superintendents of Mills and Mines is particularly directed to this excellent facility of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Metallurgic operations. fe25-tf

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no6-tf

J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

FURNITURE**Closing Out at any Price!**

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22 3m

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

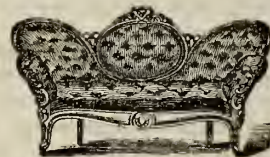
Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of **PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS**, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 523 Washington street.

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have leased the large three-story Building, Nos. 425 and 427 **BATTERY STREET**, near Washington street, in connection with our store on **MONTGOMERY STREET**, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge.

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22 3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's, Westons' and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
mh4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco.

M. H. GARLAND,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioner,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-tf

THEATRICAL TALK.

WHO dare say that the public of San Francisco are fickle, when every night for two weeks they have crowded Maguire's Opera House, and sat and laughed at Mr. Dan Setchell's impersonations from the rise of the curtain until its fall. Mr. Dan Setchell is a very amusing low comedian—almost the best we have ever had here—and has the faculty of making people laugh; but then, how ready they are to laugh, and how fearful of omitting the laugh when they are expected to! Mr. Setchell has shown considerable versatility, playing low comedy, high comedy, and eccentric comedy parts to the perfect satisfaction of the audience. His "Captain Cuttle" is an immense favorite with the public and to gratify the popular demand for it, the drama of *Dombey and Son* has been played, night after night. Last night, Mr. Setchell appeared in five different characters with immense success. I prefer Mr. Wheatleigh's "Hugh de Brass," to Mr. Setchell's, the latter being too heavy, physically, for light comedy. The period at which the public will weary of their present favorite is yet far distant. No man can do more to deserve public patronage than does Mr. Setchell. When called before the curtain, which happens every night, he is always ready with a neat and often very witty little speech, at which shouts of merriment break forth. Every night

"The whole quire hold their hips and loffe;
And yexen in their mirth, and weeze and swear.
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

This afternoon Mr. Setchell will appear in his immense character of "Captain Cuttle."

THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES.

COL. PRITCHARD, with 150 picked men, came up with Davis near Irwinsville, Ga., on the 9th inst., at 3 A. M. Davis put on his wife's dress, and endeavored to escape to the woods, but his boots betrayed his sex, and the soldiers commanded him to halt and surrender. Jeff, then brandished a howie knife and threatened mischief, but yielded to the persuasion of revolvers. Mrs. Davis remarked to one of the officers, after the capture was effected, that the soldiers had better not provoke "the President," or he might hurt some of them!

After the fall of Mobile, General Steele, with a body of troops, ascended the Alabama, on transports, as far as Selma, where he heard of the surrender of Johnston and the suspension of hostilities. He found that immense quantities of cotton had been concealed in that section of Alabama. The transports carried down to Mobile twenty-five hundred bales.

Loyal Mississippians are preparing to restore civil government in their State. Their convention will meet at Vicksburg on the 1st of June.

Chief Justice Chase is making a tour along the coast of the rebel States. At Wilmington he informed the North Carolinians that a military force would be retained in the rebel States until the people accepted the policy of immediate emancipation. Vance, having failed to get permission to return, as Governor, to Raleigh, has retired to his home in Buconombe county. Leading slaveholders have been trying to postpone emancipation, but have learned that the policy of the Government is fixed.

Wm. Holden, a strenuous opponent of secession for the past three years, is the Union emancipation candidate for Governor. The State Convention of North Carolina will meet on the 24th of May.

Bishop Johns of Virginia has issued a letter directing the restoration of the form of service used before the rebellion, and expressing the hope that the new order of things will prosper in his diocese. The Pierrepont State Government commences its labors in Richmond this week.

The trial of persons implicated in the assassination plot is proceeding in open court. The evidence of guilt is said to be conclusive. The conspiracy dates back to the summer of 1863. Booth was furnished with money from Richmond, and visited various parts of the country to consult with Saunders, Clay, Huleomb, Thompson and others. It is now stated that a letter from Jeff. Davis was found on Booth's body—a letter which amply justifies the charge that Davis was accessory to the murder of President Lincoln.

Late advices from England exhibit a friendly feeling on the part of the Queen, Parliament, *Times* and everybody else toward our country, and the warmest sympathy in our great bereavement.

Recruiting for the Republican army of Mexico is represented as being very brisk in the East. The news of the fall of Richmond created a great sensation in Mexico, giving fresh spirit to the Liberals and alarming the Imperialists. Maximilian was looking after his communications with Vera Cruz.

The rebels west of the Mississippi still talk fight. At a meeting at Shreveport, La., Col. Flournoy of Texas eulogized Booth, the assassin, comparing him to Brutus.

Dick Taylor surrendered with his command at Citronville, Ala., May 4th, on the same terms granted Lee.

The New York *Herald's* Washington despatch says it has been ascertained that nearly all the emigration schemes now creating so much excitement are totally unauthorized, and it is intimated that some of them have been instigated and managed by French emissaries, with the view to induce the Government to prohibit emigration.

Panama dates to the 5th state that the news of the assassination of President Lincoln cast a gloom over the entire community. A large meeting was held at the American Consulate, at which appropriate resolutions were adopted; half-hour guns were ordered to be fired, and a monument subscription of one dollar each was also started.

President Murillo has consented to act as mediator between Costa Rica and other Central American States.

A disturbance occurred at Bogota, owing to the refusal of

some of the members of Congress to uncover their heads while a religious procession was passing. Several persons were shot. General Barrios has left Costa Rica, en route to San Salvador, with the object of heading the Liberal Party of that Republic in a revolution.

The Peruvian brig *Admiral Guisse*, with General Castella aboard a prisoner, had arrived at Acapulco, Mexico.

Spain had made claims against Chili, and munitions of war have been sent south by Chili to protect the places likely to be attacked.

The trouble between Uruguay and Paraguay is not yet settled.

The revolution in Peru progressed but little, and it is thought it will be put down.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.]

IN a beautiful manuscript copy of the collection of *Gratian's Canons*, preserved with much care in the library of the Celestins in Paris, the copyist, who tells us his name and his country, adds that he devoted twenty-one months to the completion of this copy.

At this rate, it would be necessary either to employ four thousand copyists for nearly two years, or one copyist for about eight thousand years, to produce four thousand copies of this collection, which to-day may be printed in three months and distributed in the same time, among four thousand readers.

No one better understood, and no one has so clearly traced the history of this happy discovery, as the celebrated Trithemius, who often conversed upon the subject with Peter Schaeffer of Gernsheim, partner of the two first inventors, and the one without whose industry the new project would perhaps have amounted to nothing. Relying chiefly upon his testimony and upon the account of the origin of printing contained in the second volume of the annals of the Abbey of Hirsauge, we cannot doubt for a moment that John Gutenberg of Mentz, in Germany, about the year 1440, had the first idea of this new art. He exhausted all his resources in unsuccessful attempts at realizing his conception, and finally formed a partnership with John Faust, a rich citizen of the same city, and Peter Schaiffer of Gernsheim, clerk of the Diocese of Mentz.

The purse of Faust and the industry of the young Schaiffer, who attached himself to his service, produced several very fair initial works, of which the most famous are the *Compilation of Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetry*, etc., by Jean de Genes, and the *Mirror of Man's Salvation*, (*Speculum Humane Salvationis*), which is a rhymed prose of very inferior latinity, with linear and unshaded figures at the top of the pages.

These first impressions were made upon tablets of wood in the same manner as practiced before in China and in Japan. They first wrote and sketched upon a transparent sheet the subject matter; then covering the written side with a thin glue or paste, they reversed the sheet and applied it to a tablet of suitable size. In this manner the figures and characters remained visible, but reversed and running from right to left. When the paper was quite dry they cut away, with sharp tools, all the wood which surrounded the letters and the margins of the figures, so as to give sufficient relief to the traced lines. They then covered the salient parts with an ink of suitable thickness of which they had considerable difficulty in forming the proper consistence. A sheet of paper extended over the whole and properly pressed, took the imprint of the figures and letters, all the rest remaining white.

It was not easy to make an impression on the back of the leaf without blotting it, and the better to sell these impressions, while giving them the appearance of manuscripts, they printed upon the obverse of one leaf and upon the reverse of the next. The two white sides thus faced each other, and pasting them together they had a leaf written as usual upon both sides. The copy of the *Mirror of Salvation*, in the library of the Celestins in Paris, has this peculiarity, that the leaves are not pasted, but have throughout two printed sides adossed by two white, with the evident design of having them pasted together, which plainly reveals the artifice of these first productions.

Our inventors soon tired of this process. A leaf badly pasted caused the loss of a copy where the tablet was worn out. Besides, these engraved tablets could only serve for a single work.

These inconveniences and the paucity of their profits, inspired one of them—perhaps John Faust—with the idea of working with separate characters, which could be conjoined and disjoined and employed on different pages of the same work and then upon other works. But wooden blocks or pegs, terminated by a character in relief, being alternately blackened, washed, dried, remoistened, swelling and shrinking, speedily became warped and worthless. Difficulties multiplied under their feet. They had recourse to the metals. They tried to cast, in molds, little columns of lead or of copper, each terminated by a letter. But lead and brass were too soft. Iron and copper were too brittle. Everything continued clumsy, shapeless and unserviceable.

At last, after repeated trials and many failures, the industrious Schaiffer crowned the joy of his partners by showing

them punches which he had devised to form the hollow molds and an alloy suitable for the castings, which he had discovered, after trying various combinations of the metals, with a view of correcting the brittleness of one by the softness of another without prejudice to the hardness of the compound. Thus was attained a degree of perfection in the art. Faust so appreciated the skill and perseverance of Schaiffer that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and bequeathed him his property; and Schaiffer, after the death of Gutenberg and of Faust, continued to carry on the printing establishment at Mentz. The first valuable print of this last discovery is the beautiful Bible finished in 1462, of which Faust carried copies to Paris, which are still preserved there.

It has been a matter of surprise that the names of the printers are not found in the impressions from wood of the *Speculum Salvationis*, and that the name of Gutenberg is not found at the end of the beautiful Bible printed with the first metallic characters. The reason of the first omission proceeds from the fact that they wished to give to these works the air of manuscripts, and concealed their art as their names, wishing to derive a profit by selling copies at the same rate as those made with the pen.

The reason of the other omission is that Gutenberg, having been required to make, to the firm, certain advances that he thought were not due from him, became disgusted, and withdrew before 1455.

He went to reside successively in Strasburg and in Harlem, then returned to Mentz, where he died about 1468.

The establishment of his printing house at Strasburg, where he worked with John Mentel, and at Harlem where he worked apparently with Lawrence Coster afterwards, gave currency to the opinion that in one or the other of these two cities it was necessary to look for the cradle of the art of printing, and gave rise to fine stories; as well of Coster—from whom it has been said Faust stole the molds of his letters and the honor of the invention—as of Mentel from whom it has been said Gensfleisch made a similar theft to impart the whole to Gutenberg, although Gensfleisch and Gutenberg are the same man.

In the beautiful Bible of 1462, in the Psalter of 1457, in Cicero's *De Officiis* of 1465, and in many other works, we always find Faust and Schaiffer in company until 1466, when Schaiffer appears alone after the death of his father-in-law. Not only did they affix their names to these works but they took pride in the new invention. The matter could not, in fact, be kept secret after the withdrawal of Gutenberg, but as it was not yet known in Paris in 1462, Faust bethought himself to detach the last leaf from his Bible, and in its place to insert another in which he abstained from speaking of the method of multiplying books. The beauty of these pretended manuscripts enabled him to get for them in Paris all he chose to ask. But when he perceived that they began to reason much upon the astonishing resemblance of all his copies, and began to get wind of the new invention, he promptly lowered the price and regained Mainz, to avoid prosecution on the charge of extortion.

Two beautiful monuments in Germany, one erected in the public square in front of the Cathedral at Mentz, the other in the market place of Strasburg, commemorate the genius of Gutenberg. They are both in the form of statues, the former erect, the latter seated. The one at Strasburg excels as a work of art, and besides the noble face and form of Gutenberg, has an elaborate quadrangular base, on the four sides of which are represented in relief the triumphs of printing in the four quarters of the globe.

The side representing America, presents, as a prominent feature, Franklin with his printing press—a very good likeness of our patriot philosopher, surrounded by other worthies of our early history.

F.

THOS. I. JACKSON, treasurer of the Winter Garden Theatre, was arrested on the 16th of April, in New York, for using exceedingly traitorous language. He said he was glad that the President was assassinated; that he would have shot him himself, if Booth had not. He tried to deny the charge, but several witnesses appeared to testify to its truthfulness. He was taken to police headquarters and detained pending the decision of General Dix.

ACCORDING to the Russian custom, the wife of the late Duke de Morny cut off her hair and put it in his coffin, as a pledge not to marry again.

HOW PROFESSIONALS LIKE THE "BRADBURY."—Harry Sanderson, the celebrated pianist, writes:

After having tried and thoroughly tested the piano fortes of every first class maker in this city, I hesitate not to say that Bradbury's "Grand Scale Square" is by far the most powerful, brilliant, pure and even-toned of any square piano of any make whatever with which I am acquainted. It is truly a wonderful instrument, combining the power and singing qualities of the full-sized "Grand," with the beautiful, round, pure and delicate tones of the "Square." I most fully coincide with the other musical gentlemen recently assembled at Mr. Bradbury's warehouses, in pronouncing these instruments the best square pianoforte I have ever played upon.

Very truly yours,
HARRY SANDERSON.
New York, Feb. 17, 1865.

THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.

A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, \$6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents, Over Parrott's Bank.

7y30-1m.

J. THOMPSON & CO.,

BOOK, CARD

—AND—

JOB PRINTERS,

NO. 505 CLAY STREET,

Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates. mh25 tf

VANDALL, CARR & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, NO. 410 CLAY STREET,

(North side, between Sansome and Battery.

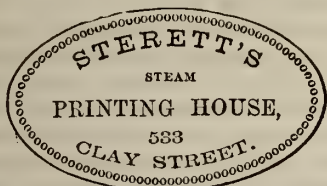
Particular attention paid to the printing of Briefs and Records. fe11 tf

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates. BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.



PRINTING! PRINTING!!

H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,

NO. 522 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city. fe4 tf

NATHANIEL GRAY, UNDERTAKER, CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON, 641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB, Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS. de17-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL, 1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it. Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works, Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOH'N KELLY, Jr., Proprietor. my6 3m

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are new worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker. The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a \$50 note.	
Two cents " " \$100 "	
Ten " " \$500 "	
20 " " \$1,000 "	
\$1 " " \$5,000 "	

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia. ap29-3m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY, JUNE 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK! VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON TUESDAY, - - - - - JUNE 13th.

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR in July.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, Up stairs, San Francisco. my20

\$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

TRICOMALICUM!

known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

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CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

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Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

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Are Palatable to the Taste.

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BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

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It needs no care and requires no exertion,

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

UNA WAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

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For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. aj8 tf

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This new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and, as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.

Terms easy.

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RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and enoposessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupit of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms. ju25

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

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The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bonquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bonquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S

206 Bush street,

Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

THE LAST ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE COUNTRY.

PROBABLY all men in all quarters of the world, who read President Lincoln's last Inaugural Address, were impressed by the evident tone of solemnity in it, and the want of any expression of personal exultation. There he stood, after four years of such trial, and exposed to such hate and obloquy as no other great leader in modern history has experienced, successful, re-elected, his policy approved by the people and by the greater test of events, the terrible rebellion evidently coming to its end, and he himself now certain of his grand position in the eyes of history—and yet not a word escaped him of triumph, or personal glory, or even of much hopefulness. We all expected more confidence—words promising the close of the war and speaking of the end of our difficulties. Many hoped for some definite line of policy to be laid out in this address. But instead, we heard a voice as if from some prophet, looking with solemn gaze down over the centuries, seeing that both sides in the great contest had their errors and sins, that no speedy victory could be looked for, and yet that the great Judge of the world would certainly give success to right and justice. The feeling for the bondmen and the sense of the great wrong done to them, with its inevitable punishment, seemed to rest with such solemn earnestness on his soul, that to the surprise of all and the derision of the flippant, an official speech became clothed in the language of the Bible. The English and French critics all observed this peculiar religious tone of the Inaugural, and nearly all sensible persons felt it not unsuited to the grandeur and momentous character of the events accompanying it. Many pronounced it a Cromwellian speech; but it had one peculiarity, which Cromwell's speeches never possessed—a tone of perfect kindness and good-will to all, whether enemies or political opponents.

"With charity to all and malice for none," President Lincoln made his last speech to the world. Men will reperuse that solemn address with ever-increasing interest and emotion, as if the shadow of his own tragic fate and the near and unseen dangers to the country, rested unconsciously on its words. It will seem natural that no expression of exultation or personal triumph escaped the great leader of this revolution, but that his mind was filled with the impressive religious lessons of the times. It will be thought characteristic of his sense of justice and his sincere humanity, that his last public address to the country was most of all occupied by the wrongs done to the helpless race, whose friend and liberator he had been. And it will seem but a part of this wonderful spirit of good-will to all, that not a syllable of bitterness toward the enemies of his country, to the traitors at home, or his personal revilers escaped his lips.

It is such a speech to the world as a Christian statesman would gladly have his last—earnest, humane, truly, but not technically, religious, filled with forgiveness and replete with good will.

When generations have passed away, and the unhappy wounds of this war are healed, and the whole nation is united on a basis of universal liberty, our posterity will read the dying words of the great Emancipator and leader of the people with new sympathy and reverence, thanking God that so honest and pure a man, so true a friend of the oppressed, and so genuine a patriot, guided the nation in the time of its trial, and prepared the final triumph which he was never allowed to see.—*N. Y. Times.*

"We stand in the presence of a mighty sorrow," was said on an occasion of melancholy import, but who can measure the sorrow that fills the public heart to-day in view of the dire calamity that has fallen upon it? The transition from joy to grief was like some retroaction of the seasons that returned the chills of winter to blight and destroy the flowers of spring. At the time of the most joyful anticipations, when hope of speedy peace was at its height, through the wisdom and ability of the great man whom Providence seemed to have raised up for the purpose of securing it, the telegraph brought us the intelligence of the assassin's work, and our eyes were shocked with the recital of the unparalleled horror. It is the culminating step in the suicidal policy of the South and its sympathizers—who have from the first struggled, as if with a design to bring woe upon their own heads, while threatening ours—for they have overthrown the power which meant them no evil—one who was striving to bring them again into the fold as a free people, with all his generous nature alive to their subsequent interest and good. *Boston Evening Gazette, April 15th.*

Every portion of our country must feel the calamity of this fiendish act—the assassination of President Lincoln—and none ought to be more startled by it than the insurgents of the South, for they have lost the man, of all others in the North, whose natural kindness and abounding humanity inclined him to the side of mercy in their case. But yesterday the face of the land was bright with the smile of hope. To-day it is covered with sadness and doubt. What further trial an inscrutable Providence may have in store for us none may know. In this awful moment of our bereavement we can only think of our loss, and pray that Almighty God will give us wisdom and strength to follow in the footsteps of his great example.—*Home Journal.*

THE MOURNING OF THE SLAVES.

ONE of the Commissioners for Emancipation was at Hill-tou Head in the earlier part of the war, and overheard a gang of negroes, working for the Government, talk about their final chances for liberty. The question was raised among them whether the President knew their condition and would liberate them. An aged slave among them, who seemed a "class-leader," stopped his work, and, in the most impressive manner, said to them, with a certain awe which they all evidently responded to: "De President! Why, ob course he knows! He is ebrywhere! He is like de bressed Lord; he walks de waters and de land!" This gentleman afterward related this incident to Mr. Lincoln, and the kind-hearted man had to turn away to the window to hide his tears at this instance of touching confidence and superstitious reverence in this simple-minded race toward himself.

In this time of national mourning, when the badges of sorrow cover the dwellings of the rich, when funeral drapery festoons the public halls and the churches, when organs peal the notes of grief to weeping audiences, when the voices of the clergy repeat in moving tones the virtues of the deceased, and call up again the nation's loss, and a whole people is bowed in affliction, there will be no deeper mourning for the beloved and honored head of the Republic than in the cabins of the slaves. In lonely huts, where the news of the great crime has penetrated, in the villages of the emancipated from Virginia and the Carolinas, in the crowded haunts of the poor negroes within the great cities, there will be grief to-day, such as needs no funeral orations, or badges of gloom and mourning. The tears of the forgotten and outcast and oppressed slave, now redeemed to his manhood, will be the sincerest tears that fall on the grave of the President. From the cottages of the poor and the down-trodden will come his truest requiem. And hundreds of thousands of honest hearts, whom the world knows not of, will mourn this day the loss of their best friend and their emancipator. It has long been known to those dealing with the freedmen of the South, that in the eyes of that simple people, Mr. Lincoln was a kind of a prophet and divine leader. His Proclamation of Emancipation has echoed in every slave settlement of the rebel States. He was known to be their great friend, and was looked forward to as their deliverer. All the armies and navies of the Union were supposed by many of them to be merely the instruments of this powerful and good redeemer. Whatever disasters occurred, these persons never doubted of final success to the arms of Master Lincoln.

There is a historical appropriateness in the fact that President Lincoln should be mourned most of all by the slaves. History judges men especially by their relation to great ideas and great movements. The removal of slavery from this continent will by and by be thought the grand act of this century; an era like the Reformation in Europe, or the establishment of a republic on this side of the Atlantic. Public men will be measured by their opposition to or approval of it. Mr. Lincoln will be especially remembered as the great emancipator, and the leader of the American Republic when she first shook off the fearful burden of slavery. The "Friend of the Slave" will be his lasting title with posterity. Men will not cease to remember and relate his gradual, reasonable, patient efforts to rid the nation of this curse: his sympathy with those in bonds, the tenacity with which he adhered to his policy of emancipation, his increasing sense of the guilt of slavery, and his final tragic death, suffered in part from his devotion to an oppressed race.

It is most fitting that for such a statesman the poor and the bondmen should most of all mourn, and that with the tears of the nation he led to a higher justice and unity, should fall also the tears of the subject race for whom he effected so much while living, and for whom, in part, he died.

The *Washington Star* of April 15th, speaking of the last moments of President Lincoln, says: "His countenance assumed an expression of perfect serenity. There were no indications of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether. Mrs. Lincoln, with female friends, remained in an adjoining room, occasionally visiting the dying man, who loved her so devotedly. The last visit is described as having been affecting in the extreme. As she entered the room and saw her beloved husband's features were disturbed and discolored, she fell back on the floor. Restoratives were applied, and she was soon supported to the bedside, when she frantically addressed the dying man. 'Live!' she exclaimed; 'live if but for one moment, to speak to me once more!—to speak to our children!' But she was not again to hear the voice that had cheered her life, and no sign of recognition gladdened her grief-stricken heart."

* * * "Mr. Lincoln lived to witness the beginning of the end of his work in behalf of freedom, in the destruction of the foe of his country and in the restoration of our flag to every State in the great compact. He has gone down to the tomb full of honors, and his memory will be cherished by millions of freemen in every quarter of the globe."—*New York Clipper.*

JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.

THIS base wretch, who has made his name infamous, was a native of Maryland. He was born in Baltimore, not thirty years ago. The precise date cannot be accurately ascertained, nor is it important. In appearance J. Wilkes Booth was singularly prepossessing. His bearing was so youthful, his eye so round and clear that he scarcely seemed—a month ago—to have passed his majority. The Booth family is well favored, not merely in the physical lines that indicate beauty, but in a settled thoughtfulness of expression which suggests earnest introspection. J. Wilkes Booth possessed less of this latter quality than his brother Edwin. His eye was black, piercing and rather hard; quick, excitable and at times fierce. His face was bloodless, but clear, healthy and fascinating in its pallor. Its usual expression indicated firmness, but not brutality. He was about five feet nine or ten inches in height; of slight but well-knit proportions; of active and energetic habits, and of no settled purpose. Inheriting the honored name which he has disgraced, he early became an actor. Any one called Booth could do well in that profession. He adopted it, therefore, as a ready means of subsistence, played with moderate success in the principal cities of the Union, and a few years since fulfilled a short engagement at Wallack's old Theatre, now known as the Broadway. He was spoken of as an impetuous, uneven, ill-balanced performer, who yet displayed moments of power. More than a year ago he temporarily abandoned the stage for a profession that required less study, and afforded a wider margin for his desultory habits. Bold, quick-sighted, unscrupulous, he became a speculator. He visited the oil regions of Pennsylvania and Western Virginia, and entered largely into the operations that the new mania gave birth to. So completely did he identify himself with this interest that he spoke freely of never acting again until he had made a fortune by it. Only on Tuesday of last week, he met a friend in Broadway who desired to sell him some oil lands. Booth thought favorably of the proposition, and said that he would select an acre here and there, as an investment, but that he could not do so until he returned from Washington. His friend expressed some surprise at the circumstance of his wanting to go to the Capital, but Booth said that it was imperative. We know now for what he went.

He was a bitter Secessionist, and sought no opportunity of disguising the fact; demonstrating it not with blatant tongue and fierce gesture, but with nerves trembling, lips twitching and a voice sibilant with intensity. In such moments the still, marble face was suffused with blood, and he became almost unconscious. Quite recently his brother Edwin ejected him from his house in New York simply because his expressions were unhearable to a man of loyalty and intelligence. And here it is only thoughtful and honest to say that the Union cause has had no stronger or more generous supporter than Mr. Edwin Booth. From the commencement he has been earnestly and actively solicitous for the triumph of our arms, and the welfare of our soldiers. An incident—a trifle in itself—may be recalled at this moment when the profound monotony of grief overwhelms us. Not a month since, Mr. Edwin Booth was proceeding to Washington. At Trenton there was a general scramble to reach the cars, which had started, leaving many behind in the refreshment saloon. Mr. Edwin Booth was preceded by a gentleman whose foot slipped as he was stepping upon the platform, and who would have fallen at once beneath the wheels had not Mr. Edwin Booth's arm sustained him. The gentleman remarked that he had a narrow escape of his life and was thankful to his preserver. It was Robert Lincoln, the son of that great, good man who now lies dead before our blistered eyes, and whose name we cannot mention without choking.

In some way the incident came to the knowledge of Lieut.-General Grant, who at once wrote a civil letter to Mr. Edwin Booth, and said that if he could serve him at any time he would be glad to do so. Mr. Booth replied, playfully, that when he (Grant) was in Richmond, he would like to play for him there. It is a trifle, but it is just to remember trifles when a man so stricken and overburdened with woe as is Mr. Edwin Booth is spoken of.

John Wilkes Booth was a person of not absolutely intemperate habits, but under the influence of stimulants he was uncontrollable, offensive and violent. His last appearance in public was at the Winter Garden, on the evening of Nov. 23, 1864, when a performance was given in aid of the Central Park Shaksperian statue fund. On that occasion the three male members of the family were present, namely, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth—the latter being the youngest. An aged mother, we grieve to say, survives the ignominy of her child.

A Boston paper refers to the last appearance of J. Wilkes Booth in that city, (about one year ago,) with the remark: "At that time he was so vehement and bitter in his denunciations of Mr. Lincoln and his Administration, and was so violent in his expressions of joy over every Union defeat, that he was frequently cautioned and finally avoided by his brother actors."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
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DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Angusture Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Cauler Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nerve root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wu-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an impure state of the Blood, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,

NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,

Solo Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—\$1 per bottle; six Bottles for \$5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

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Deposit in San Francisco.....\$75,000

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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

\$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

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And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

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SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

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CASH ASSETS.....\$600,000
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This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders:

Dividend 1861, - - - - -	60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - -	60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - -	60 per cent.
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They have paid to assured, \$175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
GENERAL AGENTS.

ap29 3m

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The highest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BUREN, Secretary.
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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CAPITAL STOCK.....\$300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

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INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, \$11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, \$75,000. Limit on single Risks, \$100,000. Bankers, Messrs. Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

J. W. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

no19-3m

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;

STEAMBOAT GIN;

OLD TOM GIN;

IRISH WHISKY;

from Bond direct.

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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholera and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless in Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26

San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

Having removed from 617 Clay street
To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the month are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession. Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platinum, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door.

de10 3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued.

de3-3m

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especially attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.
mh11-3m.

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,
(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place.)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.
aj22-tf

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
aj22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ANALIE J. R. SCHAELEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A. SCHAELEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LITCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8 aj8-inc

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

AT

No. 7 Montgomery street,

At Reduced Prices,

300 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$1 50 each.
 250 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$1 75 each.
 500 Calico Dress Patterns, at \$2 each.
 450 Delaine Dress Patterns, at \$2 50 each.
 5,000 yards Dress Goods, at 37 1/2 cts per yard.
 4,000 yards Dress Goods, at 40 cents per yard.

Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percaloes, Cambrics, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
 2,000 yds Black Alpacas, at 37 1/2 cents per yard.

And a large assortment of new and desirable MOURNING GOODS, comprising 4-4 and 6-4 very fine Black Alpacas, English and French Bombazines, Black Byzantines, Tamise and Empress Cloths, Love and Crape Veils, Mourning Shawls, Crape Collars and sets, at reduced prices.

1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 per yard.
 1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 25 per yard.
 2,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at \$1 50 per yard.
 3,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at 75 cents per yard.
 2,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at \$1 per yard.
 8,000 yds from \$1 25 per yard to \$8.

And a large assortment of new Chene Silks, Rep and Meires, which they offer at very low prices.

4,000 pairs Ladies' White Cotton Hose, at 25c per pair.
 500 dozen from \$5 to \$7 per dozen.

Also, a full assortment of English, German and Balbriggan Hose and half Hose, Ladies', Misses and Boys' Merino Vests, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

100 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, \$1 37 1/2 per dozen.
 125 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, \$2 50 per dozen.
 250 Linen Sets, Embroidered, at 37 1/2 cents.

Also, a full line of Embroidered Bands, Edgings and Insertings, at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 cases 4-4 fine Water Twist Muslin, at 20 cents per yd.
 5 cases 4-4 best New York Mills, at 30 cents per yd.
 35 cases of all the other standard brands, such as Hope, Lonsdale, White Rock, Androsoggin, Wauhegan, and Wamsutta, which we will offer at prices to suit the times.

8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
 9-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 50 cents per yard.
 10-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 55 cents per yard.
 3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
 5,000 4-4 Irish Linens, (very heavy,) at 50 cents per yard.
 1,000 yards 8-4 Bleached Table Linen, at \$1 per yard.

And a very superior lot of real Barnsley Table Linen, at reduced prices.

2,000 yards Domet's Flannel, at 31 cents per yard.
 6,000 yards Shaker Flannel, at 37 1/2 cents per yard.
 3,000 yards All Wool Shaker Flannel, at 45 cents per yard.

Also, a large and varied assortment of Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Piano Covers, Lace Curtains, Quilts and Blankets, all of which are offered at reduced prices.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST QUALITY OF KID GLOVES.

100 dozen Misses', at \$1 25 per pair.
 500 dozen Ladies', at \$1 50 per pair.
 200 doz. Gents', (double stitched,) at \$1 50 per pair.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,

my13 1m

No. 7 Montgomery street.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Fine street, below Montgomery.

GOTTSCALK'S
Grand Gala Matinee!

This Saturday, May 20, at 220 P. M.,
 a full PROGRAMME will be given.

MONDAY, MAY 15, AT 8 O'CLOCK,
 THIRD SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK,
 MISS LUCY SIMONS.
 FIFTH GRAND CONCERT.

THE GREAT MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

NEW PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING.

MUSICAL CELEBRITIES.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, MISS LUCY SIMONS,
 SIGNOR MUZIO, STEPHEN W. LEACH,
 LOUIS SCHMIDT.

Musical Director and Conductor, - - - SIG. MUZIO.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress and Family Circle, One Dollar; Orchestra, One Dollar; Gallery, Fifty Cents; Reserved Seats, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; Private Boxes, Ten and Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock; Concert will commence at 8 o'clock.

Sale of Tickets Every Day, from 10 to 5 o'clock.
 The grand pianos used by L. M. Gottschalk are from the celebrated factory of Chickering & Sons of Boston. They are furnished by Messrs. Badger & Luederger of this city. my13

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
 C. L. GRAVES - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
 W. STEVENSON - - - - - TREASURER.

Engagement of the Celebrated Comedian,

MR. DAN SETCHELL,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, May 20th, 1865.

BENEFIT of the JACKSON DRAGOONS

Dan Setchell!

IN

MARRIED LIFE!

AND

A POPULAR AFTERPIECE.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, May 13th,

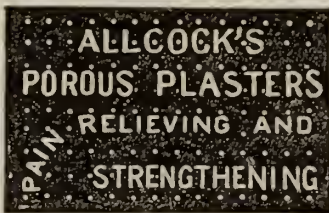
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

Dombey & Son.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - \$1 00
 Parquet - - - - - 50 cents
 Gallery - - - - - 25 cents
 Private Boxes, - - - - - \$5 and \$10
 Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.



THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly bump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the howels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,

"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,

San Francisco.

Sold by all Druggists. del7 3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
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FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00
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And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

F. MCCOPPIN, Superintendent

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Fine street, near Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
 JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20th,
 MAGUIRE'S

Italian Opera Troupe

Will produce Bellini's Tragic Opera of

NORMA!

Nornia.....Signorina Olivia Sconcia.
 Adalgisa.....Miss Adelaide Phillips.
 Pollione.....Signor Giovanni Sbrigha.
 Orovio.....Mr. John De Haga.
 Flavio.....Mons. Charles.

ANTHONY REIFF, JR., Conductor of Orchestra.

Tuesday Evening—Verdi's grand Opera of RIGOLETTO.

Seats can be secured two days in advance.

Books of the Operas can be purchased at the Box Office.

Dress and Family Circle.....	\$1 00
Orchestra Seats.....	\$1 00
Gallery.....	50 cents
Private Boxes.....	\$10 and \$5
Reserved Seats.....	\$1 50

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!

TAFTE & CO.

ARE OFFERING. AT THEIR RETAIL STORE, GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS IN

Gentlemen's Ladies', and Children's Undergarments, in

MERINO, SILK AND COTTON,

Consisting in part of
 100 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, \$1 per pair.
 200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, \$1 25 per pr.
 80 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, \$1 50 per pr.
 75 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, \$2 per pair.
 200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, from \$2 50 to \$8.
 1000 doz Gent's Cotton Half Hose, \$3 per doz.
 500 doz Gent's Cotton Hose, \$3 50 to \$7.

ALSO,

Ladies' Cotton, Merino, Lisle Thread and Balbriggan Hose—all at package prices.

Children's do do at package prices.

Gent's Linen and Cotton Shirts

Pocket Handkerchiefs, in Linen and Silk.

Cravats, Neck Ties, Gloves, etc.

Upon examination these goods will all be found FROM 20 TO 50 PER CENT. LESS than such goods are usually sold.

Terms Cash, and only ONE PRICE ASKED.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET.

my20 1tc LICK HOUSE.

REDUCED PRICES!

TAAFFE & CO.

WILL CONTINUE TO SELL AT REDUCED PRICES!

THEIR EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Rich Black, Colored and Plain DRESS SILKS.
 Poplins, Winseys, Linseys, Mohairs, Alpacas, Merinos
 DeBages, Delaines, Traveling Dress Goods, etc.

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings; Linen Sheetings and Shirtings; Table, Damasks, Napkins, Towels and Toweling.

Jackenets, Swiss, Mull and Nainsook Muslins, in Plain Plaid and Striped, Laco and Muslin Curtains, Table and Piano Covers.

Blankets, Flannels, Quilts, Cloth Cloakings, etc.
 Mourning Goods, in Bombazines, Alpacas, Empress and Ottoman Cloth, Merinos, Silks, Challis, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

Also, French, English and American Prints, Ginghams, etc.

Purchasers will please to examine their stock before buying elsewhere, as they are offering great inducements.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET.

my20 1t LICK HOUSE.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:

Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
 C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
 Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
 Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
 I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
 Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
 Sidney Smith, Sacramento.
 Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
 ap15 1m H. A. BENTON.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

—OF—

WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
 E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
 Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
 R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
 W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
 W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
 Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
 H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "utmost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass., and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK," and "H. WISTAR, M. D."

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Is for sale by

REDINGTON & CO.,

No. 416 and 418 Front street,

mb4-tf San Francisco.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
 Burns, Cuts,
 Flesh Wounds, Boils,
 Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
 Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
 Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
 Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

416 and 418 Front street,

mb4-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

JUNE 31 - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually.

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

mb25 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.















